George Gordon Battle

Geo

Since 1900

Mandeville's Voyages and Travels

Kinglake's Eothen

Aldine Edition

Cy commence le liure de messire guillaume de mandeuille

Comment messire guillaume de mandeuille ten ala oultre mer

Comme il soit aussi que la terre oultremer cest assez
uour la sainte terre de promission en tres toutes les
autres terres cest la plus excellente et la plus digne
et dame souueraine de toutes autres terres et honneur
et sainteste et consacree du precieux corps et du precieux
sang nre seigneur ihesu crist. ou ly pleut soy enom-
brer en la glorieuse uierge marie et prendre charna
maine et nourricon et la terre marcher et enuiron-
de toues et la nouli il mant miracles faire et prescher et enseigner la foy et la
loy de nous crestiens comme a les enfans. et de cette terre uoult singuliere

FAMOUS AND UNIQUE MANUSCRIPT AND BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS.

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THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

The book from which this plate is taken was written at the order of Jean "Sans Peur," Duke of Burgundy, some time within the first twenty years of the fifteenth century, as a present for his uncle the Duke of Berri, who was the most distinguished connoisseur and munificent patron of art of his age. The book, which required the services of celebrated artists for many months, contains the travels of Marco Polo, Mandeville, and others, and every page is ornamented. This picture is the first illustration in the part assigned to Mandeville and represents the traveler taking leave of the King previous to his departure.

Voyages and Travels

By

Sir John Mandeville

Edited by Arthur Layard

With a Critical and Biographical Introduction
by Jacques W. Redway

Illustrated

New York
D. Appleton and Company
1899

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

TO almost every one sooner or later comes a time when the chosen idol is thrown headlong from the niche of honour, and lies hopelessly shattered; for even though Aberglaube may never have invaded the sanctuary, the strokes dealt by the Zeitgeist are none the less destructive. The results of iconoclasm may seem unnecessarily harsh, but the process itself, after all, is an evidence of intellectual growth. So, too, the fact of tearing his nerve-wrought flesh from the old shell is doubtless a painful process to the crab; yet when he is possessed of a new one, he is conscious that his former garment was outgrown.

These thoughts recur as I recall the time when the haps and mishaps of Robinson Crusoe, my erstwhile idol, grew dim and tarnished, all for a cause. And the cause, I am both amused and ashamed to say, — the marvelous adventures of a certain Sir John Mandeville, Knight, — was a new idol. With each chapter reread I exalted his position until it surmounted the highest pinnacle. Then came the Zeitgeist — and lo, the golden image was a shapeless pile of rag and paper tinsel. Sir John the Marvelous, stripped of armor and helmet, was only a spurious nobody; even his much bespangled garb of mendacity would not hold intact his skeleton of borrowed sticks and fagots. So much for the imaginary character of the doughty traveler.

It is in the imaginary character, however, that we must look for the real entity of the alleged knight-errant; for the process of analysis presents many difficulties, and the various biographical sketches of the character, real or imaginary, — perhaps I should say, real *and* imaginary, — omit almost everything tangible about the man. The character sketches, moreover, are remarkable mainly for their diversity. Here

are two: one from a mutilated edition of Chambers' "Cyclopedia," — much advertised for its educational value; the other cited anonymously by John Cameron Grant in his preface to a recent edition of the "Adventures." From the first: —

"An old English traveler born at St. Albans about the year 1300. Prompted by curiosity or love of adventure, he left his native country about 1327, visited the Holy Land, served under the Sultan of Egypt and the great Khan of Cathay [China]; and after 33 years' wandering through Europe, Asia, and Africa, returned to England where he wrote an account of his travels in Latin, French, and English. He died at Liège, Nov. 17, 1372. Mandeville's work is not of great value for historic geography, as he not merely states what came under his own observation, but what he heard; and he was credulous enough to admit what are now regarded as the most absurd and monstrous fables. . . . Several of his statements, once regarded as improbable, have since been verified. The common notion of his being preeminently a lying traveler, is therefore in all likelihood not well founded"!

The second opinion forms a rather strong contrast: —

"There was never a Sir John Mandeville in existence, and the renowned book of travels which goes by his name was a compilation by a physician of Liège, Jehan de Bourgogne by name. . . . Doctor John of Burgundy was a smart man, and understood the literary taste of his time, so he concealed his identity under the pseudonym of Sir John Mandeville, Knight, of St. Albans in England."

Perhaps the first quoted sketch may be commended for the absence of the dogmatic opinion that pervades the second; but the ridiculousness of it is wofully apparent as one reads even the first chapters of the "Adventures." Nor can it with certainty be affirmed that the original Sir John is identical with the good Burgundian leech, for Jehan de Bourgogne had troubles of his own, and from their historic recital the connection of the two characters seems improbable, if not impossible. There certainly was the tomb of a knight in the abbey of the Guilelmites at Liège, and the name of the knight is said to have been Mandeville; but it is equally certain that the coat of arms was quite unlike that of the Mandevilles. The original inscription contained practically nothing that

identifies the personality of the man entombed there; a later Latin inscription asserts the tomb to be Mandeville's, but unfortunately the Latin inscription confounds the alleged Sir John with a physician Jehan de Bourgogne (or Bourgoigne) who is distinguished as "dit a la Barbe." The individual bearing this name and distinction was certainly a physician and a writer on medical subjects; but whether the physician was Sir John, or Sir John was the physician, will probably never be known. If the physician was Sir John, and if he used his imagination as freely in the practise of physic as he has in his "Adventures," then may kind heaven help the poor mortals upon whom he exercised his art.

In the introductory chapter the author styles himself a knight, born in St. Albans, England. Beginning his travels Michaelmas day, 1322, he affirms that he "passed through Tartary, Persia, Ermony [Armenia] the Little and the Great; through Libya, Chaldea, and a great part of Ethiopia; through Amazonia, Ind the Less and the More, a great part; and throughout many other isles that be about Ind." Elsewhere he claims by implication to have visited most of the countries of Europe, the Holy Land, and China. Certain it is, too, that Sir John was something of a lion during his time; for his wonderful tales touched a popular chord, and his book, written originally in French, was translated into English, Latin, and indeed most other European languages.

But under modern laboratory methods of investigation we do not always need corroborative evidence either to confirm or to disprove, and when these methods are applied to the analysis of the author's personality, certain conclusions are quickly in evidence. Foremost among these is the verdict concerning his education and training; and it takes but little to show that he is not guilty of the charge of being a knight. Perhaps for a time he may have been a Sancho Panza to some peripatetic Don Quixote, but his alleged knighthood was won, probably not by a feat of arms, but by virtue of a disordered imagination. Reading between lines we may easily reach the conclusion that Sir John's education savors of the monastery; certainly it was not the sort of training that a page at court would receive. Moreover, knights of the fourteenth century were not given

to indulgence in literature, nor were their infrequent literary efforts overwhelmed with extravasations of monkish Latin.

That much of the Levant and the Holy Land were familiar to Sir John, goes without saying; but I imagine that his acquaintance came about, not because of a knightly pilgrimage, but rather because of his employment as a notary in the retinue of some official person. That his acquaintance beyond the commonly traveled routes to the Holy Land is fictitious or second-hand, is likewise very apparent. Not only does his geography of location get some queer twists, but now and then a suspicion comes that many of those same localities exist solely in his imagination. As a knight-errant, therefore, we may feel sure that he was a stranger to armor, spurs, or horse. If, as has been surmised, he was the useful Burgundian leech, then he settled into his well-filled place in the same easy manner that the "foreign count" in America often becomes a model head waiter. Of one thing, however, his readers may be certain — as a resourceful liar he is unapproachable and without equal. This I affirm not because, as Mr. Grant puts it, "the old scoundrel took me in," but rather because he wrote from the standpoint that human gullibility is boundless.

Turning now to the book itself — and it is not a little difficult to separate it from the personality of the author — we must apply laboratory methods to its analysis also. This Mr. Halliwell and, more recently, Mr. Yule and Mr. Nicholson of the Bodleian Library have done so thoroughly, that any effort of mine in that direction would be useless, even if it were not crude and unskilful. The results of analysis show that as a literary pirate and general pillager, Sir John was free and liberal; he took about everything in sight and trusted to invention for the rest. The only book of travels that appears to have eluded his notice was that of Marco Polo. Just how such a mine of information escaped him, is not easy to learn. Each one has a quiet, offhand way of annihilating space and distance, it is true; but beyond this neither in style nor in method are the two books comparable.

First of all we turn to the narrative of Odoric, a Franciscan friar who was despatched to the East about 1316, and remained fourteen years in Asia. His route lay through Trebi-

zond, Tabriz, Bagdad, Ormus, and India, and thence to the East Indies, China, and Tibet. About forty manuscripts of his travels, mainly of the fourteenth century, are still in existence to show the popularity of his narrative. Thereupon, Sir John, having finished with the Holy Land, swings practically over the same circle; and not only does he appropriate Friar Odoric's narrative, root, trunk, and branch, but he stuffs and packs it *ad libitum* with dragon-yarns drawn from his ever-fertile imagination.

A second source of information from which he drew quite freely, is the itinerary of William of Boldensele, a German knight. This narrative furnished certain very interesting information about the Levant and the Holy Land, and it is by no means improbable that it did itself suggest Sir John's book. Of Boldensele's itinerary Mr. Nicholson says, "A comparison of this with Mandeville leaves no doubt of the fact that the latter has followed its thread, using its suggestions and on many subjects its expressions, though digressing and expanding on every side, and too often eliminating the good of the German traveler." In my own mind there is a suspicion that Sir John borrowed his knighthood from the same source.

The book of an Armenian monk, Hetoume, or Hayton, yielded a small but distinct budget of information. Before taking holy orders Hayton had been a soldier and a traveler. A prince by heritage, he had been well schooled, and as a geographer his writings are of much worth. Hayton's book was dictated at Poictiers about 1307, after he had taken orders.

The famous work of John of Pian del Carpini, a Franciscan, furnished not a little material for rounding out the few pages devoted to Tartary. I am inclined to the belief, however, that the substance appropriated from this source came not from the original, but from a condensed compilation. Friar John was the bearer of letters from Innocent IV. to the Khan of Tartary, and performed his mission in 1245 and the two years following. He recorded the information obtained in his journey in a work entitled "Historia Mongolorum quos nos Tartaros appellamus." The book is somewhat defective in details and therefore suggested but little to the flighty imagination of Sir John.

The chapter in which the author of the "Adventures" appears chiefly to let loose the fiery steeds of his imagination is given to the description of Prester John and his Royal Estate. Prester, or Presbyter, John, it may be said, was a mythical Christian potentate who, in the middle of the twelfth century, broke the power of Islam in the western part of Asia and built a great empire there — at least, so common rumor and superstition had it.[1] According to vulgar belief, too, Prester John was leading an invincible army toward Jerusalem in order to annihilate the Mussulmans and reestablish the Holy City as the capital of the Christian Empire. About the time when gossip began to wane appeared a letter from the artful presbyter addressed to Comnenus, Emperor of Constantinople. The letter described the empire of John the Presbyter in terms that must have brought gladness to the heart of John the Knight: it is a fanciful invention, probably written with intent to beguile, and the Oriental earmarks are only too plain. The great success and rapid spreading of Nestorianism lie at the foundation of the myth itself, and the letter is doubtless a whole-cloth fabrication of a Nestorian monk.

The last four or five chapters of the "Adventures" are built almost wholly on Prester John's epistle, and about every flight of fancy that escaped the author of the epistle was caught by Sir John and pressed into service. It is hardly necessary to say that these chapters are a fabric of mendacity from beginning to end. Everything landed by his net was fish, and so the story of the phœnix, that of the weeping crocodile, the legend of the grains from which grew the wood of the cross, the story of the dragon of Cos, and many others, current at that time, all found their way into the "Adventures."

In the matter of details, the analysis of Mr. Nicholson appears to me as the most logical I have seen, and I herewith take the liberty of copying it in a condensed form: —

[1] Marco Polo, the Venetian geographer who traveled through Tartary about the time when rumor was most active, identifies Unk, a Tartar Khan, as the original of Prester John. This warlike chief is said to have borne a Christian title also.

Prologue. — Original.
Chapters I–III. — Original and reasonably authentic.
Chapter IV. — First part from Boldensele; succession of Ayubite and Mameluke monks from Hayton.
Chapters V–X. — The most original and authentic part of the book; occasional facts from Boldensele.
Chapter XI. — Fairly accurate, but not from personal experience.
Chapter XII. — Partly based on Boldensele.
Chapters XIII–XX. — All based on Friar Odoric, with various interpolations.
Chapter XXI. — From Hayton and John Pian del Carpini.
Chapter XXII. — Mainly from Odoric.
Chapter XXIII. — Mainly from Pian del Carpini.
Chapter XXIV. — Chiefly from Hayton.
Chapters XXV–XXVI. — From Odoric and other sources.
Chapter XXVII. — From the epistle of Prester John, Odoric, and Hayton.
Chapter XXVIII. — From Odoric and other sources.
Chapters XXIX–XXX. — From the romance of Alexander, the epistle of Prester John, and Pliny.
Chapter XXXI. — From Odoric.

The oldest manuscript known, the Earl of Ashburnham's, bears the date of 1371. Of the various English translations all are more or less defective, and it is apparent to every critical student that not a single one of them was made by the author of the "Adventures" himself. All of them contain glaring and ridiculous errors of translation; some of them are abbreviated; and some have evidently suffered interpolation. Critical students are of the opinion that the Cotton manuscript of the British Museum represents the best form, and this is the one upon which most English versions are now based. In the present edition only such liberties have been taken by the editors as will make the book readable; and in view of the fact that there can be no "original" in English, such changes are perfectly legitimate.

As a specimen of one of the English versions I give the following, from Chapter XXIX, p. 191:—

"So it befelle, that this Emperour cam, with a Cristene Knyght with him, into a Chirche in Egypt: and it was Saterday in Wyttson woke. And the Bishop made Orders. And he beheld and listened the Servyse fulle tentyfly; and he askit the Cristene Knyght, what Men of Degree thei scholden ben, that the Prelate had before him.

And the Knyght answerede and seyde, that thei scholden ben Preestes, and then the Emperour seyde that he wolde no longer ben clept Kynge ne Emperour but Preeste: and that he wolde have the name of the first Preest that went out of the Chirche; and his Name was John. And so evere more sittiens, he is clept Prestre John."

Perhaps this form would have been pleasing as a novelty; but the great majority of readers, to whom the philological side presents no attraction, will always value the book for its literary art — and as a study in literature it is deserving of a place among the best of books.

To appreciate the "Adventures," one must put away the notion that the book is a geographical treatise. Whoever takes the volume in hand for this purpose would better lay it aside without even so much as turning the leaves: to read "Gulliver's Travels" for the acquisition of useful information would not be more absurd. Each, in its own way, is a brilliant example of the use of the imagination in literature, — the "Adventures," we may say, were written with a different intent; but stripped of their assumed character they are not out of place in the ranks of fiction. From a psychological aspect, too, they are interesting: scarce a leaf is turned that does not disclose the bumptious personality of Sir John. It is not an offensive personality — only self-assertive: shut your eyes tight as you can, and you still see his lips move, as the discourse rolls volubly out between them. And shall we condemn him because of the overwhelming flood of his mendacity? Perish the thought! Other liars have been callous and brazen: Sir John is always modest and conscientious. Does he not always excuse his most rousing whids with some such apology as — "Men seyne it, but I did not see it"? His kindness of heart, too, always crops out at the surface. He sees the better side only of the persons whom he describes; even his dragons and devils appear to be softened by the workings of the inner conscience.

But, when we turn the searchlight of modern criticism upon Sir John's book, and put it in its most unfavorable light, the sins of omission and commission are not vastly greater than those one finds in nineteenth-century literature. In the time of the author, neither piracy on the high seas nor robbery on

the highway was thought a grave crime: could one expect that plagiarism would be held more unrighteous? Moreover, even though he may have erred as grievously as I have pointed out, certain it is his punishment has been intolerable; for has he not had editors, and critics, and introductors, and redactors without number? Vale, Sir John!

JACQUES W. REDWAY.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

FOR as much as the Land beyond the Sea, that is to say the Holy Land, that Men call the Land of Promise or of Behest, passing all other Lands, is the most worthy Land, most excellent, and Lady and Sovereign of all other Lands, and is blessed and hallowed by the precious Body and Blood of our Lord Jesu Christ; in the which Land it liked Him to take Flesh and Blood of the Virgin Mary, to honour that Holy Land with His blessed Feet; and there He would of His Blessedness enshadow Him in the said blessed and glorious Virgin Mary, and become Man, and work many Miracles, and preach and teach the Faith and the Law of Christian Men unto His Children; and there it liked Him to suffer many Reprovings and Scorns for us; and He that was King of Heaven, of Air, of Earth, of Sea and of all Things that be contained in them, would only for all be clept King of that Land, when He said, "Rex sum Judæorum," that is to say, "I am King of the Jews"; and that Land He chose before all other Lands, as the best and most worthy Land, and the most virtuous Land of all the World: for it is the Heart and the Midst of all the World; witness the Philosopher, that saith thus, "Virtus Rerum in Medio consistit," that is to say, "The Virtue of Things is in the Midst"; and in that Land He would lead His Life, and suffer Passion and Death of the Jews, for us, to buy and deliver us from Pains of Hell, and from Death without End; the which was ordained for us, for the Sin of our Forefather Adam, and for our own Sins also; for as for Himself, He had no Evil deserved: for He thought never Evil nor did Evil: and He that was King of Glory and of Joy, might best in that Place suffer Death; because He chose in that Land rather than in any other, there to suffer His Passion and His

Death. For he that will publish anything to make it openly known, he will make it to be cried and pronounced in the middle Place of a Town; so that the Thing that is proclaimed and pronounced, may alike stretch to all Parts: right so, He that was Maker of all the World, would suffer for us at Jerusalem, that is the Midst of the World; to that End and Intent, that His Passion and His Death, that was published there, might be known alike to all Parts of the World.

See now, how dear He bought Man, that He made after His own Image, and how dear He again bought us, for the great Love that He had to us, and we never deserved it of Him. For more precious Chattel or greater Ransom might He not put for us, than His blessed Body, His precious Blood, and His holy Life, that He enthralled for us; and all these He offered for us that never did Sin.

Dear God! What Love had He to us His Subjects, when He that never trespassed, would for Trespassers suffer Death! Right well ought we to love and worship, to dread and serve such a Lord; and to worship and praise such an Holy Land, that brought forth such Fruit, through the which every Man is saved, but it be by his own Default. Well may that Land be called delectable and a fruitful Land, that was be-bled and moisted with the precious Blood of our Lord Jesu Christ; the which is the same Land that our Lord plighted us in Heritage. And in that Land He would die as seised, to leave it to us, His Children.

Wherefore every good Christian Man, that is of Power, and hath whereof, should strengthen him to conquer our right Heritage, and chase out all the misbelieving Men. For we be clept Christian Men, after Christ our Father. And if we be right Children of Christ, we ought to challenge the Heritage that our Father left us, and take it out of heathen Men's Hands. But now Pride, Covetousness, and Envy have so inflamed the Hearts of Lords of the World, that they are more busy to dis-herit their Neighbours, than to challenge or to conquer their right Heritage before-said. And the common People, that would put their Bodies and their Chattels to conquer our Heritage, they may not do it without the Lords. For an Assembly of People without a Chieftain, or a chief Lord, is as a Flock of Sheep without a Shepherd; the which

departeth and disperseth and wist never whither to go. But would God, that the temporal Lords and all worldly Lords were at good Accord, and with the common People would take this holy Voyage over the Sea! Then I trow well, that within a little time our right Heritage before-said should be recovered and put in the Hands of the right Heirs of Jesu Christ.

And, for as much as it is long time passed, that there was no general Passage nor Voyage over the Sea; and many Men desire to hear speak of the Holy Land, and have thereof great Solace and Comfort; — I, John Mandeville, Knight, all be it I be not worthy, that was born in England, in the Town of St. Albans, passed the Sea in the Year of our Lord Jesu Christ 1322, in the Day of St. Michael; and hitherto have been long time over the Sea, and have seen and gone through many diverse Lands, and many Provinces and Kingdoms and Isles, and have passed through Tartary, Persia, Ermony [Armenia] the Little and the Great; through Lybia, Chaldea, and a great Part of Ethiopia; through Amazonia, Ind the Less and the More, a great Part; and throughout many other Isles, that be about Ind; where dwell many diverse Folks, and of diverse Manners and Laws, and of diverse Shapes of Men. Of which Lands and Isles I shall speak more plainly hereafter.

And I shall advise you of some Part of Things that there be, when Time shall be hereafter, as it may best come to my Mind; and specially for them that will and are in Purpose to visit the Holy City of Jerusalem and the holy Places that are thereabout. And I shall tell the Way that they shall hold thither. For I have often times passed and ridden the Way, with good Company of many Lords. God be thanked!

And ye shall understand, that I have put this Book out of Latin into French, and translated it again out of French into English, that every Man of my Nation may understand it; and that Lords and Knights and other noble and worthy Men that know Latin but little, and have been beyond the Sea, may know and understand, that if I err in devising, from forgetting or other Thing, they may redress or amend it. For Things passed out of long time from a Man's Mind or from his Sight, turn soon into forgetting; because that the Mind

of Man may not be comprehended or withheld, by reason of the Frailty of Mankind.

The extent of Mr. Layard's work in modernizing the text may be seen from the following specimens from the original editions in English and French: —

"For als moche as the Londe bezond the See, that is to seye, the Holy Lond, that Men callen the Lond of Promyssioun, or of Beheste passynge alle othere Londes, is the most worthi Lond, most excellent and Lady and Sovereign of alle othere Londes, and is blessed and halewed of the Precyous Body and Blood of oure Lorde Jesu Christ; in the whiche Lond it lykede him to take Flesche and Blood of the Virgyne Marie, to envyrone that Holy Lond with his blessede Feet."

Comme il soit ainsi que la Terre doultre Mer cest aller voir le samte Terre de Promission en tres toutes les autres Terres, cest la plus excellente et la plus digne et Dame souveraine de toutes autres Terres et benoite et samtesie et consacree du precieux Corps et du precieux Sang notre Seigneur Jhesu Christ ou ly pleut soy enombrer en la glorieuse Vierge Marie et prendre Char humaine."

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A series of fac-similes, showing the development of manuscript and book illustrating during 4000 years.

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VOYAGES AND TRAVELS

CHAPTER I

To teach you the Way out of England to Constantinople

IN the Name of God, Glorious and Almighty!

He that will pass over the Sea, to go to the City of Jerusalem, he may go by many Ways, both on Sea and Land, after the Country that he cometh from; for many of them come to the one End.

But trow not that I will tell you all the Towns, and Cities and Castles that Men shall go by; for then should I make too long a Tale; but only some Countries and most principal Stages that Men shall go through to go the right Way.

First, if a Man come from the West Side of the World, as England, Ireland, Wales, Scotland, or Norway, he may, if that he will, go through Almayne (Germany), and through the Kingdom of Hungary, that marcheth with the Land of Polayne (Poland), and with the Land of Pannonia, and so to Silesia.

And the King of Hungary is a great Lord and a mighty, and holdeth great Lordships and much Land in his Hand. For he holdeth the Kingdom of Hungary, Sclavonia, and of Comania a great Part, and of Bulgaria that Men call the Land of Bougiers, and of the Realm of Russia a great Part, whereof he hath made a Duchy, that stretcheth unto the Land of Nyfland (Livonia), and marcheth with Prussia. And Men go through the Land of this Lord, through a City that is clept Cypron (Ödenburg), and by the Castle of Neasburghe (Meseburch), and by the evil Town, that sitteth toward the End of Hungary. And there Men pass the River of Danube. This River of Danube is a full great River, and it goeth

into Almayne, under the Hills of Lombardy, and it receiveth into him 40 other Rivers, and it runneth through Hungary and through Greece and through Thrace, and it entereth into the Sea, toward the East so rudely and so sharply, that the Water of the Sea is fresh and holdeth his Sweetness 20 Mile within the Sea.

And after, go Men to Belgrade, and enter into the Land of Bougiers; and there Men pass a Bridge of Stone that is upon the River of Marrok (Morava). And Men pass through the Land of Pyncemartz (Petschenegs), and come to Greece to the City of Nye (Sofia), and to the City of Fynepape (Philippoppolis), and after to the City of Dandrenoble (Adrianople), and after to Constantinople, that was wont to be clept Bezanzon (Byzantium). And there dwelleth commonly the Emperor of Greece. And there is the most fair Church and the most noble of all the World; and it is that of Saint Sophia. And before that Church is the Image of Justinian the Emperor, covered with Gold, and he sits upon an Horse a-crowned. And he was wont to hold a round Apple of Gold in his Hand: but it is fallen out thereof. And Men say there, that it is a Token that the Emperor hath lost a great Part of his Lands and of his Lordships; for he was wont to be Emperor of Roumania and of Greece, of all Asia the Less, and of the Land of Syria, of the Land of Judea in the which is Jerusalem, and of the Land of Egypt, of Persia, and of Arabia. But he hath lost all but Greece; and that Land he holds only. And Men would many times put the Apple into the Image's Hand again, but it will not hold it. This Apple betokeneth the Lordship that he had over all the World, that is round. And the tother Hand he lifteth up against the East, in token to menace the Misdoers. This Image stands upon a Pillar of Marble at Constantinople.

CHAPTER II

Of the Cross and the Crown of our Lord Jesu Christ

AT Constantinople is the Cross of our Lord Jesu Christ, and His Coat without Seams, that is clept "Tunica inconsutilis," and the Sponge, and the Reed, with which the Jews gave our Lord Vinegar and Gall, on the Cross. And there is one of the Nails, that Christ was nailed with on the Cross.

And some Men trow that half the Cross, that Christ was put on, is in Cyprus, in an Abbey of Monks, that Men call the Hill of the Holy Cross; but it is not so. For that Cross that is in Cyprus, is the Cross, on the which Dismas the good Thief was hanged. But all Men know not that; and that is evilly done, that for Profit of the Offerings, they say that it is the Cross of our Lord Jesu Christ.

And ye shall understand that the Cross of our Lord was made of four Manner of Trees, as it is contained in this Verse, —

"In Cruce fit Palma, Cedrus, Cypressus, Oliva."

For that Piece that went upright from the Earth to the Head was of Cypress; and the Piece that went overthwart, to the which His Hands were nailed, was of Palm; and the Stock, that stood within the Earth, in the which was made the Mortise, was of Cedar; and the Tablet above His Head, that was a Foot and a half long, on the which the Title was written in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, that was of Olive.

And the Jews made the Cross of these four Manner of Trees; for they thought that our Lord Jesu Christ should have hanged on the Cross, as long as the Cross might last. And therefore made they the Foot of the Cross of Cedar; for Cedar may not rot in Earth nor Water, and therefore they would that it should have lasted long. For they trowed that

the Body of Christ should have stunken; therefore they made that Piece, that went from the Earth upwards of Cypress, for it is well-smelling, so that the Smell of His Body should not grieve Men that went thereby. And the overthwart Piece was of Palm, for in the Old Testament it was ordained, that when one overcame he should be crowned with Palm; for they trowed that they had the Victory of Christ Jesus, therefore made they the overthwart Piece of Palm. And the Tablet of the Title they made of Olive; for Olive betokeneth Peace. And the Story of Noah witnesseth that when the Culver brought the Branch of Olive, that betokened Peace made between God and Man. And so trowed the Jews to have Peace, when Christ was dead; for they said that He made Discord and Strife amongst them. And ye shall understand that our Lord was a-nailed on the Cross lying, and therefore He suffered the more Pain.

And the Christian Men, that dwell beyond the Sea, in Greece, say that the Tree of the Cross, that we call Cypress, was of that Tree that Adam ate the Apple off; and that find they written. And they say also, that their Scripture saith, that Adam was sick, and said to his Son Seth, that he should go to the Angel that kept Paradise, that he would send him Oil of Mercy, to anoint his Members, that he might have Health. And Seth went. But the Angel would not let him come in; but said to him, that he might not have the Oil of Mercy. But he took him 3 Grains of the same Tree, that his Father ate the Apple off; and bade him, as soon as his Father was dead, that he should put these 3 Grains under his Tongue, and bury him so: and he did. And of these 3 Grains sprang a Tree, as the Angel said that it should, and bare a Fruit, through the which Fruit Adam should be saved. And when Seth came again, he found his Father near dead. And when he was dead, he did with the Grains as the Angel bade him; of the which sprung 3 Trees, of the which the Cross was made, that bare good Fruit and blessed, our Lord Jesu Christ; through whom, Adam and all that come of him, should be saved and delivered from Dread of Death without End, but it be by their own Default.

This Holy Cross had the Jews hid in the Earth, under a Rock of the Mount of Calvary; and it lay there 200 Year

and more, into the Time of St. Helen, that was Mother to Constantine the Emperor of Rome. And she was Daughter of King Coel, born in Colchester, that was King of England, that was clept then Britain the More; the which the Emperor Constantinus wedded as his Wife, for her Beauty, and begat by her Constantine, that was after Emperor of Rome.

And ye shall understand, that the Cross of our Lord was 8 Cubits long, and the overthwart Piece was of Length 8 Cubits and a half. And one Part of the Crown of our Lord, wherewith He was crowned, and one of the Nails, and the Spear Head, and many other Relics be in France, in the King's Chapel. And the Crown lieth in a Vessel of Crystal richly dight. For a King of France bought these Relics some time of the Jews, to whom the Emperor had laid them in Pledge for a great Sum of Silver.

And if it be so, as Men say, that this Crown is of Thorns, ye shall understand, that it was of Jonkes of the Sea, that is to say, Rushes of the Sea, that prick as sharply as Thorns. For I have seen and beholden many times that of Paris and that of Constantinople; for they were both one, made of Rushes of the Sea. But Men have parted them in 2 Parts: of the which, one Part is at Paris, and the other Part is at Constantinople. And I have one of those precious Thorns, that seemeth like a white Thorn; and that was given to me for a great Rarity. For there are many of them broken and fallen into the Vessel that the Crown lieth in; for they break for Dryness when Men move them to shew them to great Lords that come thither.

And ye shall understand, that our Lord Jesu, in that Night that He was taken, was led into a Garden; and there He was first examined right sharply; and there the Jews scorned Him, and made Him a Crown of the Branches of Albespine, that is White Thorn, that grew in that same Garden, and set it on His Head, so fast and so sore, that the Blood ran down by many Places of His Visage, and of His Neck, and of His Shoulders. And therefore hath White Thorn many Virtues, for he that beareth a Branch thereof on him, no Thunder nor no manner of Tempest may hurt him; nor in the House, that it is in, may no evil Ghost enter nor come

unto the Place that it is in. And in that same Garden, Saint Peter denied our Lord thrice.

Afterward was our Lord led forth before the Bishops and the Masters of the Law, into another Garden of Annas; and there also He was examined, reproved, and scorned, and crowned again with a White Thorn, that men call Barbarines, that grew in that Garden, and that hath also many Virtues.

And afterward He was led into a Garden of Caiphas, and there He was crowned with Eglantine.

And after He was led into the Chamber of Pilate, and there He was examined and crowned. And the Jews set Him in a Chair, and clad Him in a Mantle; and there made they the Crown of Jonkes (or Rushes) of the Sea; and there they kneeled to Him, and scorned Him, saying, "Ave, Rex Judeorum!" that is to say, "Hail, King of the Jews!" And of this Crown, half is at Paris, and the other half at Constantinople. And this Crown had Christ on His Head, when He was put upon the Cross; and therefore ought Men to worship it and hold it more worthy than any of the others.

And the Spear Shaft hath the Emperor of Almayne; but the Head is at Paris. And nevertheless the Emperor of Constantinople saith that He hath the Spear Head; and I have often time seen it, but it is greater than that at Paris.

CHAPTER III

Of the City of Constantinople, and of the Faith of the Greeks

AT Constantinople lieth Saint Anne, our Lady's Mother, whom Saint Helen did bring from Jerusalem. And there lieth also the Body of John Chrisostome, that was Archbishop of Constantinople. And there lieth also Saint Luke the Evangelist: For his Bones were brought from Bethany (Bithynia), where he was buried. And many other Relics be there. And there is the Vessel of Stone, as it were of Marble, that Men call Enydros, that evermore droppeth Water, and filleth himself every Year, till that it run over, besides what Men take from within.

Constantinople is a full fair City, and a good, and well walled; and it is 3-cornered. And there is an Arm of the Sea of Hellespont: and some Men call it the Mouth of Constantinople; and some Men call it the Brace (or Arm) of Saint George: and that Arm closeth the 2 Parts of the City. And upward to the Sea, upon the Water, was wont to be the great City of Troy, in a full fair Plain: but that City was destroyed by them of Greece, and little appears now thereof, because it is so long since it was destroyed.

About Greece there be many Isles, as Calliste, Calcas (Carki), Critige (Ortygia), Tesbria, Mynia, Flaxon, Melo, Carpate (Scarpanto) and Lemnos. And in this latter Isle is the Mount Athos, that passeth the Clouds. And there be many diverse Languages and many Countries, that be obedient to the Emperor; that is to say, Turcople, Pyneynard, Cornange, and many other, as Thrace and Macedonia, of the which Alexander was King. In this Country was Aristotle born, in a City that Men call Stagyra, a little Way from the City of Thrace. And at Stagyra lieth Aristotle; and there is an Altar upon his Tomb. And there make Men great Feasts for him every Year, as though he were a Saint. And at his Altar they hold their great Councils and their Assem-

blies, and they hope that through Inspiration of God and of him, they shall have the better Council.

In this Country be right high Hills, toward the End of Macedonia. And there is a great Hill, that Men call Olympus, that parteth Macedonia and Thrace. And it is so high, that it passeth the Clouds. And there is another Hill that is clept Athos, that is so high, that the Shadow of him reacheth to Lemne, that is an Isle; and it is 76 Mile between. And above at the Top of the Hill is the Air so clear, that Men may find no Wind there, and therefore may no Beast live there; and so is the Air dry.

And Men say in these Countries, that Philosophers sometime went upon these Hills, and held to their Noses a Sponge moisted with Water, to have Air; for the Air above was so dry. And above, in the Dust and in the Powder of those Hills, they wrote Letters and Figures with their Fingers. And at the Year's End they came again, and found the same Letters and Figures, the which they had written the Year before, without any Default. And therefore it seemeth well, that these Hills pass the Clouds and join to the pure Air.

At Constantinople is the Palace of the Emperor, right fair and well-disposed: and therein is a fair Place for Joustings, or for other Plays and Sports. And it is made with Stages, and hath Steps about, that every Man may see well, and not irk one another. And under these Stages be Stables well vaulted for the Emperor's Horses; and all the Pillars be of Marble.

And within the Church of Saint Sophia, an Emperor sometime would have buried the Body of his Father, when he was dead. And, as they made the Grave, they found a Body in the Earth, and upon the Body lay a fine Plate of Gold; and thereon was written, in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, Letters that said thus; "Jesu Christus nascetur de Virgine Maria, et ego credo in Eum;" that is to say, "Jesu Christ shall be born of the Virgin Mary, and I trow in Him." And the Date when it was laid in the Earth, was 2000 Year before our Lord was born. And the Plate of Gold is yet in the Treasury of the Church. And Men say, that it was Hermogenes the Wise Man.

And how be it that the Men of Greece be Christian yet

they vary from our Faith. For they say, that the Holy Ghost may not come of the Son; but only of the Father. And they are not obedient to the Church of Rome, nor to the Pope. And they say that their Patriarch hath as much Power over beyond the Sea, as the Pope hath on this side the Sea. And therefore Pope John XXII. sent Letters to them, how the Christian Faith should be all one; and that they should be obedient to the Pope, that is God's Vicar on Earth, to whom God gave plenary Power to bind and to assoil, and therefore should they be obedient to him.

And they sent back again diverse Answers; and among others they said thus: "Potientam tuam summam circa tuos subjectos, firmiter credimus. Superbiam tuam summam tolerare non possumus. Avaritiam tuam summam satiare non intendimus. Dominus tecum; quia Dominus nobiscum est." That is to say: "We trow well, that thy Power is great upon thy Subjects. We may not suffer thine high Pride. We be not in Purpose to fulfil thy great Covetousness. Lord be with thee; for our Lord is with us. Farewell." And other Answer might he not have of them.

And also they make their Sacrament of the Altar of Therf (or unleavened) Bread, for our Lord made it of such Bread, when he made his Maundy (or Last Supper). And on the Shere-Thursday make they their Therf Bread, in token of the Maundy, and dry it at the Sun, and keep it all the Year, and give it to sick Men, instead of God's Body. And they make but one Unction, when they christen Children. And they anoint not the sick Men. And they say that there is no Purgatory, and the Souls shall not have Joy or Pain till the Day of Doom. And they say that Fornication is no deadly Sin, but a thing that is natural: and that Men and Women should not wed but once, and whoso weddeth oftener than once, their Children be Bastards and begotten in Sin. And their Priests also be wedded.

And they say also that Usury is no deadly Sin. And they sell Benefices of Holy Church. And so do Men in other Places: God amend it when His Will is! And that is great Scandal, for now is Simony King crowned in Holy Church: God amend it for His Mercy!

And they say, that in Lent, Men shall not fast, nor sing

Mass, but on the Saturday and on the Sunday. And they fast not on the Saturday, at no time of the Year, but it be Christmas Eve or Easter Eve. And they suffer not the Latins to sing at their Altars; and if they do, by any Adventure, anon they wash the Altar with holy Water. And they say that there should be but one Mass said at one Altar upon one Day.

And they say also that our Lord did never eat Meat; but he made Sign of eating. And also they say, that we sin deadly in shaving our Beards, for the Beard is Token of a Man, and Gift of our Lord. And they say that we sin deadly, in eating of Beasts that were forbidden in the Old Testament, and of the old Law, as Swine, Hares and other Beasts, that chew not their Cud. And they say that we sin, when we eat Flesh on the Days before Ash Wednesday, and when that we eat Flesh the Wednesday, and Eggs and Cheese upon the Fridays. And they accurse all those that abstain them to eat Flesh the Saturday.

Also the Emperor of Constantinople maketh the Patriarch, the Archbishops and the Bishops; and giveth the Dignities and the Benefices of Churches and depriveth them that be unworthy, when he findeth any Cause. And so is he Lord both temporal and spiritual in his Country.

And if ye will here wot of A.B.C. what Letters they be, here ye may see them, with the Names that they call them there amongst them: α, Alpha; β, Beta; γ, Gamma; δ, Delta; ε, Epsilon; ζ, Zeta; η, Eta; θ, Theta; ι, Iota; κ, Kappa; λ, Lambda; μ, Mu; ν, Nu; ξ, Xi; ο, Omicron; π, Pi; ρ, Rho; σ, Sigma; τ, Tau; υ, Upsilon; φ, Phi; χ, Chi; ψ, Psi; ω, Omega.

And all be it that these Things touch not to one Way, nevertheless they touch to that, that I have told you, to shew you a Part of the Customs and Manners, and Diversities of Countries. And as this is the first Country that is discordant in Faith and in Belief, and varieth from our Faith, on this Half the Sea, therefore I have set it here, that ye may know the Diversity that is between our Faith and theirs. For many Men have great Liking, to hear speak of strange Things of divers Countries.

CHAPTER IV

Of the Way from Constantinople to Jerusalem. Of Saint John the Evangelist. And of the Daughter of Ypocras, transformed from a Woman to a Dragon

NOW return I again, to teach you the way from Constantinople to Jerusalem. He that will, goeth through Turkey toward the city of Nyke (Nicea), and passeth through the Gate of Chienetout (Gemlik), and always Men see before them the Hill of Chienetout, that is right high; and it is a Mile and a half from Nyke.

And whoso will go by Water, by the Brace of St. George, and by the Sea where St. Nicholas lieth, and toward many other Places — first Men go to an Isle that is clept Sylo (Scio). In that Isle groweth Mastick on small Trees, and out of them cometh Gum, as it were of Plum-trees or of Cherry-trees.

And after Men go through the Isle of Patmos; and there wrote St. John the Evangelist the Apocalypse. And ye shall understand, that St. John was of Age 32 Year, when our Lord suffered His Passion; and after His Passion, he lived 67 Year, and in the 100th Year of his Age he died.

From Patmos Men go unto Ephesus, a fair City and nigh to the Sea. And there died St. John, and was buried behind the high Altar in a Tomb. And there is a fair Church; for Christian Men were wont to hold that Place always. And in the Tomb of St. John is nought but Manna, that is clept Angels' Meat; for his Body was translated into Paradise. And the Turks now hold all that Place, and the City and the Church (and all Asia the Less is a-clept Turkey). And ye shall understand, that St. John let make his Grave there in his Life, and laid himself therein all alive; and therefore some Men say, that he died not, but that he resteth there till the Day of Doom. And, forsooth, there is a great Marvel; for Men may see there the Earth of the Tomb openly many times stir and move, as though there were alive Things underneath.

And from Ephesus Men go through many Isles in the Sea, unto the City of Patera, where St. Nicholas was born, and so to Martha (Myra), where he was chosen to be Bishop; and there groweth right good Wine and strong, and that Men call Wine of Martha. And from thence go Men to the Isle of Crete, that the Emperor gave some-time to the Genoese.

And then pass Men through the Isles of Colos and of Lango (Cos), of the which Isles Ypocras[1] was Lord. And some Men say, that in the Isle of Lango is yet the Daughter of Ypocras, in Form and Likeness of a great Dragon, that is a 100 Fathom of Length, as Men say, for I have not seen her. And they of the Isles call her Lady of the Land. And she lieth in an old Castle, in a Cave, and sheweth twice or thrice in the Year, and she doth no Harm to no Man, but if Men do her Harm. And she was thus changed and transformed, from a fair Damosel, into Likeness of a Dragon, by a Goddess that was clept Diana. And Men say, that she shall so endure in that Form of a Dragon, unto the Time that a Knight come, that is so hardy, that dare come to her and kiss her on the Mouth; and then shall she turn again to her own Kind, and be a Woman again, but after that she shall not live long.

And it is not long since, that a Knight of Rhodes, that was hardy and doughty in Arms, said that he would kiss her. And when he was upon his Courser, and went to the Castle, and entered into the Cave, the Dragon lift up her Head against him. And when the Knight saw her in that Form so hideous and so horrible he fled away. And the Dragon bare the Knight upon a Rock, maugre his Head; and from that Rock, she cast him into the Sea. And so was lost both Horse and Man.

And also a young Man, that wist not of the Dragon, went out of a Ship, and went through the Isle till that he came to the Castle, and came into the Cave, and went so long, till that he found a Chamber; and there he saw a Damosel that combed her Head and looked in a Mirror; and she had much Treasure about her. And he trowed that she had been a common Woman, that dwelled there to receive Men to Folly.

[1] Hippocrates, the celebrated physician, who was born at Lango (another name for Cos).

And he abode, till the Damosel saw the Shadow of him in the Mirror. And she turned her toward him, and asked him what he would? And he said, he would be her Leman or Paramour. And she asked him, if that he were a Knight? And he said, Nay. And then she said, that he might not be her Leman; but she bade him go again unto his Fellows, and make him Knight, and come again upon the Morrow, and she should come out of the Cave before him, and then he should come and kiss her on the Mouth and have no Dread, — "for I shall do thee no manner of Harm, albeit that thou see me in Likeness of a Dragon; for though thou see me hideous and horrible to look on, I charge thee to know that it is made by Enchantment; for without Doubt, I am none other than thou seest now, a Woman, and therefore dread thou nought. And if thou kiss me, thou shalt have all this Treasure, and be my Lord, and Lord also of all the Isle."

And he departed from her and went to his Fellows to the Ship, and let make him a Knight and came again upon the Morrow to kiss this Damosel. And when he saw her come out of the Cave in Form of a Dragon, so hideous and horrible, he had so great Dread, that he fled again to the Ship, and she followed him. And when she saw that he turned not again, she began to cry, as a Thing that had much Sorrow; and then she turned again into her Cave. And anon the Knight died. And since then might no Knight see her, but that he died anon. But when a Knight cometh, that is so hardy to kiss her, he shall not die; but he shall turn the Damosel into her right Form and natural Shape, and he shall be Lord of all the Countries and Isles above-said.

And from thence Men come to the Isle of Rhodes, the which Isle the Hospitallers hold and govern; and that took they some-time from the Emperor. And it was wont to be clept Collos;[1] and so the Turks call it yet. And Saint Paul in his Epistle writes to them of that Isle "ad Colossenses."[2] This Isle is nigh 800 Mile from Constantinople.

And from this Isle of Rhodes Men go to Cyprus, where be many Vines, that first be red and after one Year they

[1] From the Colossus of Rhodes.

[2] As a matter of fact, St. Paul's Epistle is to the people of Colossæ in Phrygia Major.

become white; and those Wines that be most white, be most clear and best of Smell.

And Men pass by that Way, by a Place that was wont to be a great City, and a great Land; and the City was clept Cathailye (Satalia), the which City and Land was lost through Folly of a young Man. For he had a fair Damosel, that he loved well for his Paramour; and she died suddenly, and was put in a Tomb of Marble. And for the great Lust that he had to her, he went in the Night unto her Tomb and opened it, and went in and lay by her, and went his Way. And when it came to the End of 9 Months, there came a Voice to him and said, "Go to the Tomb of that Woman, and open it and behold what thou hast begotten on her; and if thou fail to go, thou shalt have a great Harm." And he went and opened the Tomb, and there fled out an Head right hideous to see; the which all swiftly flew about the City and the Country, and soon after the City sank down. And there be many perilous Passages.[1]

From Rhodes to Cyprus be 500 Mile and more. But Men may go to Cyprus, and not touch at Rhodes. Cyprus is a right good Isle, and a fair and a great, and it hath 4 principal Cities within him. And there is an Archbishop at Nicosea, and 4 other Bishops in that Land. And at Famagusta is one of the principal Havens of the Sea that is in the World; and there arrive Christian Men and Saracens and Men of all Nations. In Cyprus is the Hill of the Holy Cross; and there is an Abbey of black Monks, and there is the Cross of Dismas the good Thief, as I have said before. And some Men trow, that there is half the Cross of our Lord; but it is not so, and they do Evil that make Men to believe so.

In Cyprus lieth Saint Zenonimus, of whom Men of that Country make great Solemnity. And in the Castle of Amours lieth the Body of Saint Hilarion, and Men keep it right worshipfully. And beside Famagusta was Saint Barnabas the Apostle born.

In Cyprus Men hunt with Papyonns, that be like Leopards, and they take wild Beasts right well, and they be somewhat more big than Lions; and they take more sharply the Beasts, and more nimbly than do Hounds.

[1] For ships, that is.

In Cyprus it is the Manner of Lords and all other Men to eat on the Earth. For they make Ditches in the Earth all about in the Hall, deep to the Knee, and they do pave them; and when they will eat, they go therein and sit there. And the Reason is that they may be the more cool; for that Land is much more hotter than it is here. And at great Feasts, and for Strangers, they set Forms and Tables, as Men do in this Country, but they had rather sit in the Earth.

From Cyprus, Men go to the Land of Jerusalem by the Sea: and in a Day and in a Night, he that hath good Wind may come to the Haven of Tyre, that is now clept Sur. There was some-time a great City and a good of Christian Men, but Saracens have destroyed it a great Part; and they keep that Haven right well, for Dread of Christian Men. Men might go more straight to that Haven, and touch not at Cyprus, but they go gladly to Cyprus to rest them on the Land, or else to buy Things, that they have need for their Living. On the Sea-side Men may find many Rubies. And there is the Well, the which Holy Writ speaketh of, and saith, "Fons Ortorum, et Puteus Aquarum viventium:" that is to say, "The Well of Gardens, and the Ditch of Living Waters."

In this City of Tyre, said the Woman to our Lord, "Beatus Venter qui Te portavit, et Ubera que succisti:" that is to say, "Blessed be the Body that bare Thee, and the Paps that Thou suckedst." And there our Lord forgave the Woman of Canaan her Sins. And before Tyre was wont to be the Stone, on the which our Lord sat and preached, and on that Stone was founded the Church of Saint Saviour.

And 8 mile from Tyre, toward the East, upon the Sea, is the City of Sarphen (Sûrafend) in Sarepta of the Sidonians. There was wont to dwell Elijah the Prophet; and there raised he Jonas, the Widow's Son, from Death to Life. And 5 Mile from Sarphen is the City of Sidon; of the which City, Dido was Lady, that was Eneas' Wife, after the Destruction of Troy, and that founded the City of Carthage in Africa, now clept Didonsarte. And in the City of Tyre, reigned Agenor, the Father of Dido. And 16 Mile from Sidon is Beirout. And from Beirout to Sardenare is 3 Days' Journey. And from Sardenare it is 5 Mile to Damascus.

And whoso will go long time on the Sea, and come nearer to Jerusalem, he shall go by Sea to the Port Jaffa. For that is the next Haven to Jerusalem; for from that Haven is not but one Day's Journey and an half to Jerusalem. And the Town is called Jaffa; for one of the Sons of Noah named Japhet founded it, and now it is clept Joppa. And ye shall understand, that it is one of the oldest Towns of the World, for it was founded before Noah's Flood. And even yet the Rock showeth there, how the Iron Chains were fastened, that Andromeda, a great Giant, was bounden with,[1] and put in Prison before Noah's Flood. And there be Bones of the Giant's Side 40 Foot long.

And whoso will arrive at the Port of Tyre or of Sur, that I have first spoken of before, may go by Land, if he will, to Jerusalem. And Men go from Sur unto the City of Acre in a Day. And it was clept some-time Ptolemaïs. And it was some-time a City of Christian Men, and full fair, but it is now destroyed; and it stands upon the Sea. And from Venice to Acre, by Sea, is 2080 Lombardy Miles; and from Calabria, or from Sicily to Acre, by Sea, is 1300 Lombardy Miles; and the Isle of Crete is right in the Midway.

And beside the City of Acre, toward the Sea, 120 Furlongs on the right Side, toward the South, is the Hill of Carmel, where Elijah the Prophet dwelled, and there was the Order of Friars Carmelites first founded. This Hill is not right great, nor full high. And at the Foot of this Hill was some-time a good City of Christian Men, that Men clept Caiffa, for Caiaphas first founded it; but it is now all waste. And on the left Side of the Hill of Carmel is a Town, that Men call Saffre (Sephoris), and that is set on another Hill. There Saint James and Saint John were born; and, in Worship of them there is a fair Church. And from Ptolemaïs, that Men now call Acre, unto a great Hill, that is clept the Scale (or Ladder) of Tyre, is 100 Furlongs. And beside the City of Acre runneth a little River, that is clept Belon (Belus).

[1] According to Greek mythology, Andromeda was the daughter of Cepheus, King of Ethiopia. The oracle having declared that her death was necessary to rid the Ethiopians of the plague of a sea-monster, she was chained to a rock, but was rescued by Perseus, who slew the monster. The version here is evidently Sir John's own.

And there nigh is the Foss of Mennon that is all round; and it is 100 Cubits of Largeness, and it is all full of Gravel, shining bright, of the which Men make fair and clear Verres (or Crystal Glasses). And Men come from far, by Water in Ships, and by Land with Carts, to fetch of that Gravel. And though there be never so much taken away thereof in the Day, at the Morrow it is as full again as ever it was; and that is a great Marvel. And there is evermore great Wind in that Foss, that stirreth evermore the Gravel, and maketh it troubled. And if any Man put therein any sort of Metal, it turneth anon to Glass. And the Glass, that is made of that Gravel, if it be put again into the Gravel, it turneth anon into Gravel as it was first. And therefore some Men say, that it is a Whirlpool of the gravelly Sea.

And from Acre, above-said, Men go forth 4 Days' Journey to the City of Palestine, that was of the Philistines, that now is clept Gaza, that is a gay City and a rich; and it is right fair and full of Folk, and it is a little from the Sea. And from this City brought Samson the Strong the Gates upon an high Land, when he was taken in that City, and there he slew in a Palace the King and himself, and great Number of the best of the Philistines, the which had put out his Eyes and shaved his Head, and imprisoned him by Treason of Delilah his Paramour. And therefore he made fall upon them a great Hall, when they were at Meat.

And from thence go Men to the city of Cesarea, and so to the Castle of Pilgrims (Athlêt), and so to Ascalon; and then to Jaffa, and so to Jerusalem.

CHAPTER V

Of many Names of Sultans, and of the Tower of Babylon

AND whoso will go by land through the Land of Babylon, where the Sultan dwelleth commonly, he must get Grace of him and Leave to go more securely through those Lands and Countries.

And to go to the Mount of Sinai, before that Men go to Jerusalem, they shall go from Gaza to the Castle of Daire (Daron). And after that, Men come out of Syria, and enter into a Wilderness, and there the Way is sandy; and that Wilderness and Desert lasteth an 8 Days' Journey, but always Men find good Inns, and all that they need of Victuals.

And Men call that Wilderness Achelleke. And when a Man cometh out of that Desert, he entereth into Egypt, that Men call Egypt-Canopac, and after other Languages, Men call it Morsyn. And there first Men find a good Town, that is clept Belethe (Belbais); and it is at the End of the Kingdom of Aleppo. And from thence Men go to Babylon and to Cairo.

At Babylon there is a fair Church of our Lady, where she dwelled 7 Year, when she fled out of the Land of Judea for Dread of King Herod. And there lieth the Body of Saint Barbara the Virgin and Martyr. And there dwelled Joseph, when he was sold by his Brethren. And there made Nebuchadnezzar the King to be put 3 Children into the Furnace of Fire, because they were in the right Truth of Belief, the which Children Men call Anania, Azariah, Mishael, as the Psalm of "Benedicite" saith: but Nebuchadnezzar clept them otherwise, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, that is to say, God glorious, God victorious, and God over all Things and Realms: And that was for the Miracle, that he saw God's Son go with the Children through the Fire, as he said.

There dwelleth the Sultan in his Calahelyke (for there is commonly his Seat) in a fair Castle, strong and great, and

well set upon a Rock. In that Castle dwell always, to keep it and to serve the Sultan, more than 6000 Persons, that take all their Necessaries from the Sultan's Court. I ought right well to know it; for I dwelled with him as Soldier a great while, in his Wars against the Bedouins. And he would have married me full highly to a great Prince's Daughter, if I would have forsaken my Law and my Belief; but I thank God, I had no Will to do it, for anything that he promised me.

And ye shall understand, that the Sultan is Lord of 5 Kingdoms, that he hath conquered and appropriated to himself by Strength. And these be the Names: the Kingdom of Canapac, that is Egypt; and the Kingdom of Jerusalem, where that David and Solomon were Kings; and the Kingdom of Syria, of the which the City of Damascus was chief; and the Kingdom of Aleppo in the Land of Mathe; and the Kingdom of Arabia, that belonged to one of the 3 Kings, that made Offering to our Lord, when He was born. And many other Lands he holdeth in his Hand. And therewithal he holdeth Caliphs, that is a full great Thing in their Language, and it is as much as to say King.

And there were wont to be 5 Sultans; but now there is no more but he of Egypt. And the first Sultan was Zarocon, that was of Media, as was Father to Saladin that took the Caliph of Egypt and slew him, and was made Sultan by Strength. After him was Sultan Saladin, in whose Time the King of England, Richard the First, with many others, kept the Passage, that Saladin might not pass. After Saladin reigned his Son Boradin, and after him his Nephew. After that, the Comanians that were in Servage in Egypt, feeling themselves that they were of great Power, chose them a Sultan amongst them, the which made himself to be clept Melechsalan: and in his Time entered into the Country of the Kings of France, Saint Louis, and fought with him; and the Sultan took him and imprisoned him; and this Sultan was slain by his own Servants. And after, they chose another to be Sultan, that they called Tympieman; and he let deliver Saint Louis out of Prison for a certain Ransom. And after, one of these Comanians reigned, that was called Cachas, and slew Tympieman, to be Sultan; and made himself be clept Melechmenes. And after was another that had to Name Bendochdare, that slew

Melechmenes to be Sultan, and called himself Melechdare. In his Time entered the good King Edward of England into Syria, and did great Harm to the Saracens. And after, was this Sultan empoisoned at Damascus, and his Son thought to reign after him by Heritage, and made himself to be clept Melechsache; but another that had to Name Elphy, chased him out of the Country and made himself Sultan. This Man took the City of Tripoli and destroyed many of the Christian Men, the Year of Grace 1289, but he was anon slain. After that was the Son of Elphy chosen to be Sultan, and called himself Melechasseraff, and he took the City of Acre and chased out the Christian Men; and this Sultan was also empoisoned, and then was his Brother made Sultan, and was clept Melechnasser. And after, one that was clept Guytoga took him and put him in Prison in the Castle of Mountroyal, and made himself Sultan by Strength, and called himself Melechadel; and he was of Tartary. But the Comanians chased him out of the Country, and did him much Sorrow, and made one of themselves Sultan, that had to Name Lachin. And he made himself to be clept Melechmanser, the which on a Day played at Chess, and his Sword lay beside him; and so it befell, that one angered him, and with his own proper Sword he was slain. And after that, they were at great Discord, to make a Sultan; and finally were accorded for Melechnasser, that Guytoga had put in Prison at Mountroyal. And this Sultan reigned long and governed wisely, so that his eldest Son was chosen after him, Melechmader, the which his Brother caused to be slain privily to have the Lordship, and made himself to be clept Melechmadabron, and he was Sultan when I departed from these Countries.[1]

And wit ye well that the Sultan may lead out of Egypt more than 20,000 Men of Arms, and out of Syria, and out of Turkey and out of other Countries that he holds, he may raise more than 50,000. And all those be at his Wages, and they be always with him, besides the Folk of his Country, that are without Number. And every one of them hath by the Year the Amount of 6 Score Florins; but it behoveth, that every

[1] By this we are able to settle the date of Sir John's leaving Egypt; this must have been at the end of 1341, as Melechmadabron reigned only six months, and was deposed on the 11th January, 1342.

one of them hold 3 Horses and a Camel. And in the Cities and in the Towns be Admirals, that have the Governance of the People; one hath to govern 4, and another hath to govern 5, another more, and another not a few more. And as much Pay taketh the Admiral to himself alone, as have all the other Soldiers under him; and therefore, when the Sultan will advance any worthy Knight, he maketh him an Admiral. And when there is any Dearth, the Knights be right poor, and then they sell both their Horses and their Harness.

And the Sultan hath 4 Wives, one Christian and 3 Saracens, of the which one dwelleth at Jerusalem, and another at Damascus, and another at Ascalon; and when they list, they remove to other Cities, and when the Sultan will he may go visit them. And he hath as many Paramours as he liketh. For he maketh to come before him the fairest and the noblest of Birth, and the gentlest Damosels of his Country, and he maketh them to be kept and served full honourably. And when he will have one to lie with him, he maketh them all to come before him, and he beholdeth them all, which of them is most to his Pleasure, and to her anon he sendeth or casteth a Ring from his Finger. And then anon she shall be bathed and richly attired, and anointed with delicate Things of sweet Smell, and then led to the Sultan's Chamber; and thus he doth as often as he list, when he will have any of them.

And before the Sultan cometh no Stranger, but if he be clothed in Cloth of Gold, or of Tartary or of Camaka, in the Saracens' Guise, and as the Saracens use. And it behoveth, that anon at the first Sight that Men see the Sultan, be it in a Window or in what Place else, that Men kneel to him and kiss the Earth, for that is the Manner to do Reverence to the Sultan of them that speak with him. And when that Messengers of strange Countries come before him, the People of the Sultan, when the Strangers speak to him, be about the Sultan with Swords drawn and Gisarmes[1] and Axes, their Arms lift up on high with the Weapons to smite upon them, if they say any Word that is Displeasure to the Sultan. And also, no Stranger cometh before him, but that he maketh

[1] Bills or battle-axes.

him some Promise and Grant if that the Stranger asketh reasonably; if it be so it be not against his Law. And so do other Princes beyond, for they say that no Man shall come before no Prince, but that he be the better, and shall be more gladder in departing from his Presence than he was at the coming before him.

And understand ye, that that Babylon that I have spoken of, where that the Sultan dwelleth, is not that great Babylon where the Diversity of Language was first made for Vengeance by the Miracle of God, when the great Tower of Babel was begun to be made; of the which the Walls were 64 Furlongs of Height; that is in the great Desert of Arabia, upon the Way as Men go toward the Kingdom of Chaldea. But it is full long since that any Man durst nigh to the Tower; for it is all deserted and full of Dragons and great Serpents, and full of diverse venomous Beasts all about. That Tower, with the City, was of 25 Mile in Circuit of the Walls, as they of the Country say, and as Men may deem by Estimation, from what Men tell of the Country.

And though it be clept the Tower of Babylon, yet nevertheless there were ordained within many Mansions and many great Dwelling-places, in Length and Breadth. And that Tower contained great Country in its Circuit, for the Tower alone contained 10 Mile square. That Tower founded King Nimrod that was King of that Country; and he was first King of the World. And he had made an Image in the Likeness of his Father, and constrained all his Subjects to worship it; and anon began other Lords to do the same, and so began first the Idols and Simulacres.

The Town and the City were full well set in a fair Country and a Plain that Men call the Country of Samar, of the which the Walls of the City were 200 Cubits in Height, and 50 Cubits in Breadth; and the River of Euphrates ran throughout the City and about the Tower also. But Cyrus the King of Persia took from them the River, and destroyed all the City and the Tower also; for he parted that River into 60 small Rivers, because that he had sworn, that he should put the River in such point, that a Woman might well pass there, without casting off of her Clothes, forasmuch as he had lost many worthy Men that trowed to pass that River by swimming.

And from Babylon where the Sultan dwelleth, to go right between the Orient (East) and the Septentrion (North) toward the great Babylon, is a 40 Days' Journey to pass by Desert. But the great Babylon is not in the Land and in the Power of the said Sultan, but is in the Power and the Lordship of Persia, and is held of the great Chan, that is the greatest Emperor and the most Sovereign Lord of the Parts beyond, and is Lord of the Isles of Cathay and of many other Isles and of a great Part of Ind, and his Land marcheth with Prester John's Land, and he holdeth so much Land, that he knoweth not the End: and he is more mighty and a greater Lord without Comparison than is the Sultan: of his royal Estate and of his Might I shall speak more fully, when I shall speak of the Land and of the Country of Ind.

Also the City of Mecca where Mohammet lieth is in the great Deserts of Arabia; and there lieth his Body full honourably in their Temple, that the Saracens call Mosque. And it is from Babylon the Less, where the Sultan dwelleth, unto Mecca above-said, near a 32 Days' Journey.

And wit well, that the Realm of Arabia is a full great Country, but therein is over-much Desert. And no Man may dwell there in that Desert for Default of Water, for that Land is all gravelly and full of Sand. And it is dry and in no way fruitful, because it hath no Moisture; and therefore is there so much Desert. And if it had Rivers and Wells, and the Land also were as it is in other Parts, it should be as full of People and as full inhabited with Folk as in other Places; for there is full great Multitude of People, where the Land is inhabited. Arabia endureth from the Ends of the Realm of Chaldea unto the last End of Africa, and marcheth with the land of Idumea toward the End of Botron (Bozra). And in Chaldea the chief City is Bagdad. And of Africa the chief City is Carthage, that Dido, that was Eneas's Wife, founded; the which Eneas was of the City of Troy, and after was King of Italy.

Mesopotamia stretcheth also unto the Deserts of Arabia, and it is a great Country. In this Country is the city of Haran, where Abraham's Father dwelled, and from whence Abraham departed by Commandment of the Angel. And of that City was Ephraim, that was a great Clerk and a great

Doctor. And Theophilus was of that City also, that our Lady saved from our Enemy.[1] And Mesopotamia endureth from the River of Euphrates, unto the River of Tigris, for it is between those two Rivers.

And beyond the River of Tigris is Chaldea, that is a full great Kingdom. In that Realm, at Bagdad above-said, was wont to dwell the Caliph, that was wont to be both Emperor and Pope of the Arabians, so that he was Lord Spiritual and Temporal; and he was Successor to Mahommet, and of his Lineage. That City of Bagdad was wont to be clept Susa, and Nebuchadnezzar founded it; and there dwelled the holy Prophet Daniel, and there he saw Visions of Heaven, and there he made the Exposition of Dreams.[2]

And in old Time there were wont to be 3 Caliphs, and they dwelled in the City of Bagdad above-said.

And at Cairo beside Babylon dwelled the Caliph of Egypt; and at Morocco, upon the West Sea, dwelled the Caliph of the People of Barbary and of the Africans. And now are there none of the Caliphs, nor nought have been since the Time of the Sultan Saladin; for from that Time hither the Sultan calleth himself Caliph, and so have the Caliphs lost their Name.

And wit well, that Babylon the Less, where the Sultan dwelleth, and at the City of Cairo that is nigh beside it, be great huge Cities many and fair; and the one sits nigh the other. Babylon sits upon the River of Gyson, sometimes clept Nile, that cometh out of Terrestrial Paradise.

That River of Nile, all the Year, when the Sun entereth into the Sign of Cancer, beginneth to wax, and it waxeth always, as long as the Sun is in Cancer and in the Sign of the Lion; and it waxeth in such Manner, that it is sometimes so great, that it is 20 Cubits or more of Deepness, and then it doth great Harm to the Goods that be upon the Land. For then may no Man travail to plough the Lands for the great Moisture, and therefore is there dear Time in that Country. And also, when it waxeth but little, it is dear Time in that Country, for Default of Moisture. And when the Sun is in

[1] Theophilus sold himself to the Devil, and, repenting, was saved by the Virgin Mary: a legend of the Middle Ages.

[2] A spurious book, popular in those times.

the Sign of Virgo, then beginneth the River to wane and to decrease little by little, so that when the Sun is entered into the Sign of Libra, then Men enter between these Rivers that are made. This River cometh, running from Terrestrial Paradise, between the Deserts of Ind, and after it smiteth into the Land, and runneth long time through many great Countries under Earth. And after it goeth out under an high Hill, that Men call Alothe, that is between Ind and Ethiopia the distance of 5 Months' Journeys from the Entry of Ethiopia; and after it environeth all Ethiopia and Mauritania, and goeth all along from the Land of Egypt unto the City of Alexandria to the End of Egypt, and there it falleth into the Sea. About this River be many Birds and Fowls, as Sikonies, that they call Ibes.

Egypt is a long Country, but it is strait, that is to say narrow, for they may not enlarge it toward the Desert for Default of Water. And the Country is set along upon the River Nile, so that that River may serve by Floods or otherwise, that when it floweth it may spread abroad through the Country; so is the Country large of Length. For it raineth not but little in that Country, and for that Cause they have no Water, but if it be of the Flood of that River. And forasmuch as it raineth not in that Country, but the Air is always pure and clear, therefore in that Country be the good Astronomers, for they find there no Clouds to hinder them. Also the City of Cairo is right great and more huge than that of Babylon the Less, and it sits above toward the Desert of Syria, a little above the River above-said.

In Egypt there be 2 Parts: the Upper, that is toward Ethiopia, and the Lower, that is toward Arabia. In Egypt is the Land of Rameses and the Land of Goshen. Egypt is a strong Country, for it hath many bad Havens because of the great Rocks that be strong and dangerous to pass by. And in Egypt, toward the East, is the Red Sea, that endureth unto the City of Coston; and toward the West is the Country of Lybia, that is a full dry Land and little of Fruit, for there is overmuch plenty of Heat, and that Land is called Fusthe. And toward the Meridional (South) Part is Ethiopia. And toward the North is the Desert, that endureth unto Syria, and so is the Country strong on all Sides. And it is well a

15 Days' Journey of Length, and more than twice so much of Desert, and it is but a 2 Days' Journey in Width. And between Egypt and Nubia it hath well 12 Days' Journeys of Desert. And the Men of Nubia be Christians, but they be black as the Moors for the great Heat of the Sun.

In Egypt there be 5 Provinces: that one is called Sahythe; that other Demeseer; another Resith, that is an Isle in the Nile; another Alexandria; and another the Land of Damietta. That City of Damietta was wont to be right strong, but it was twice won of the Christian Men, and therefore after that the Saracens beat down the Walls; and with the Walls and the Tower thereof, the Saracens made another City more far from the Sea, and called it the new Damietta; so that now no Man dwelleth at the former Town of Damietta. And that City of Damietta is one of the Havens of Egypt; and at Alexandria is the other. That is a full strong City, but there is no Water to drink, but if it come by Conduit from the Nile, that entereth into their Cisterns; and if any one stopped that Water from them, they might not endure there. In Egypt there be but few Forts or Castles, because that the Country is so strong of himself.

At the Deserts of Egypt was a worthy Man, that was an holy Hermit, and there met with him a Monster (that is to say, a Monster is a Thing deformed against Kind both of Man or of Beast or of anything else, and that is clept a Monster). And this Monster, that met with this holy Hermit, was as it had been a Man, that had 2 trenchant Horns on his Forehead; and he had a Body like a Man unto the Navel, and beneath he had a Body like a Goat. And the Hermit asked him what he was. And the Monster answered him, and said he was a deadly Creature, such as God had formed, and dwelled in those Deserts in purchasing his Sustenance. And he besought the Hermit, that he would pray God for him, the Which came from Heaven to save all Mankind, and was born of a Maiden and suffered Passion and Death (as we well know) and by Whom we live and be. And the Head with the 2 Horns of that Monster is yet at Alexandria for a Marvel.

In Egypt is the City of Heliopolis, that is to say, the City of the Sun. In that City there is a Temple, made round

after the Shape of the Temple of Jerusalem. The Priests of that Temple have all their Writings, under the Date of the Fowl that is clept Phœnix; and there is but one in all the World. And he cometh to burn himself upon the Altar of the Temple at the end of 500 Year; for so long he liveth. And at the 500 Years' End, the Priests array their Altar nobly, and put thereupon Spices and live Sulphur and other Things that will burn lightly; and then the Bird Phœnix cometh and burneth himself to Ashes. And the first Day next after, Men find in the Ashes a Worm; and the second Day next after, Men find a Bird alive and perfect; and the third Day next after, he flieth his Way. And so there is no more Bird of that Kind in all the World, but it alone, and truly that is a great Miracle of God. And Men may well liken that Bird unto God, because that there is no God but one; and also, that our Lord arose from Death to Life the third Day. This Bird Men see often-time flying in those Countries; and he is not much more big than an Eagle. And he hath a Crest of Feathers upon his Head more great than the Peacock hath; and his Neck is yellow after the Colour of an Oriel that is a fine shining Stone; and his Beak is coloured blue as Azure; and his Wings be of purple Colour, and the Tail is yellow and red, cast in Streaks across his Tail. And he is a full fair Bird to look upon, against the Sun, for he shineth full gloriously and nobly.

Also in Egypt be Gardens, that have Trees and Herbs, the which bear Fruits 7 Times in the Year. And in that Land Men find many fair Emeralds and enough; and therefore be they more cheap. Also when it raineth once in the Summer in the Land of Egypt, then is all the Country full of great Mires. Also at Cairo, that I spake of before, sell Men commonly both Men and Women of other Laws as we do here Beasts in the Market. And there is a common House in that City that is all full of small Furnaces, and thither bring Women of the Town their Eggs of Hens, of Geese, and of Ducks to be put into those Furnaces. And they that keep that House cover them with Heat of Horse Dung, without Hen, Goose or Duck or any other Fowl. And at the End of 3 Weeks or of a Month they come again and take their Chickens and nourish them and bring them

forth, so that all the Country is full of them. And so Men do there both Winter and Summer.

Also in that Country and in others also, Men find long Apples to sell, in their Season, and Men call them Apples of Paradise; and they be right sweet and of good Savour. And though ye cut them in never so many Gobbets or Parts, overthwart or endlong, evermore ye shall find in the Midst the Figure of the Holy Cross of our Lord Jesu. But they will rot within 8 Days, and for that Cause Men may not carry off the Apples to far Countries; and they have great Leaves of a Foot and a half of Length, and they be conformably large. And Men find there also the Tree of Adam's Apples, that have a Bite at one of the Sides; and there be also Fig Trees that bear no Leaves, but Figs upon the small Branches; and Men call them Figs of Pharaoh.

Also beside Cairo, without that City, is the Field where Balm groweth; and it cometh out on small Trees, that be none higher than a Man's Breeks' Girdle, and they seem as of Wood that is of the Wild Vine. And in that Field be 7 Wells, that our Lord Jesu Christ made with one of His Feet, when He went to play with other Children. That Field is not so well closed, but that Men may enter at their own List; but in that Season that the Balm is growing, Men put the Place into good Keeping, that no Man dare be hardy enough to enter.

This Balm groweth in no Place, but only there. And though that Men bring of the Plants, to plant in other Countries, they grow well and fair; but they bring forth no fruitful Thing, and the Leaves of Balm fall not at all. And Men cut the Branches with a sharp Flintstone, or with a sharp Bone, when Men will go to cut them; for whoso would cut them with Iron, it would destroy its Virtue and its Nature.

And the Saracens call the Word "Enonch-balse," and the Fruit, the which is as Cubebs, they call "Abebissam," and the Liquor that droppeth from the Branches they call "Guybalse." And Men make always that Balm to be tilled by the Christian Men, or else it would not fructify; as the Saracens say themselves, for it hath been often-time proved. Men say also, that the Balm groweth in Ind the Greater, in that Desert where the Trees of the Sun and of the Moon spake

to Alexander, but I have not seen it; for I have not been so far above upward, because that there be too many perilous Passages.

And wit ye well, that a Man ought to take good Care in buying Balm, but an if he know it right well, for he may right lightly be deceived. For Men sell a Gum, that Men call Turpentine, instead of Balm, and they put thereto a little Balm to give good Odour. And some put Wax in Oil of the Wood of the Fruit of Balm, and say that it is Balm. And some distil Cloves of Gilofre[1] and Spikenard of Spain and other Spices, that be well smelling; and the Liquor that goeth out thereof they call it Balm, and they think that they have Balm, and they have none. For the Saracens counterfeit it by Subtlety of Craft to deceive the Christian Men, as I have seen full many a time; and after them the Merchants and the Apothecaries counterfeit it soon after, and then it is less worth, and a great deal worse.

But if it like you, I shall show how ye shall know and prove it, to the End that ye shall not be deceived. First ye shall well know, that the natural Balm is full clear, and of citron Colour and strong smelling; and if it be thick, or red or black, it is sophisticated, that is to say, counterfeited and made like it for Deceit. And understand, that if ye will put a little Balm in the Palm of your Hand against the Sun, if it be fine and good, ye shall not be able to suffer the Heat of the Sun against your Hand. Also take a little Balm with the Point of a Knife, and touch it to the Fire, and if it burn it is a good Sign. After take also a Drop of Balm, and put it into a Dish, or in a Cup with Milk of a Goat, and if it be natural Balm anon it will take and curdle the Milk. Or put a Drop of Balm in clear Water in a Cup of Silver or in a clear Basin, and stir it well with the clear Water; and if the Balm be fine and of his own Kind, the Water shall never trouble; and if the Balm be sophisticated, that is to say counterfeited, the Water shall become anon troubled; and also if the Balm be fine it shall fall to the Bottom of the Vessel, as though it were Quicksilver, for the fine Balm is more heavy twice than is the Balm that is sophisticated and counterfeited. Now I have spoken of Balm.

[1] A kind of clove.

And now I shall speak of another Thing that is beyond Babylon, above the Flood of the Nile, toward the Desert between Africa and Egypt; that is to say of the Granaries of Joseph, that he had made, to keep the Grains for the Peril of the dear Years. And they be made of Stone, full well made of Masons' Craft; of the which 2 be marvellously great and high, and the tothers be not so great. And every Granary hath a Gate to enter within, a little high from the Earth; for the Land is wasted and fallen since the Granaries were made. And within they be all full of Serpents. And above the Granaries without be many Scriptures of diverse Languages. And some Men say, that they be Sepultures of great Lords, that were some-time, but that is not true, for all the common Rumour and Speech of all the People there, both far and near, is that they be the Granaries of Joseph; and so find they in their Scriptures, and in their Chronicles. On the other Hand, if they were Sepultures, they would not be void within; for ye may well know, that Tombs and Sepultures be neither made of such Greatness, nor of such Highness; wherefore it is not to be believed, that they be Tombs or Sepultures.

In Egypt also there be diverse Languages and diverse Letters, and of other Manner and Condition than there be in other Parts. As I shall advise you, such as they be, and the Names how they call them, to such Intent, that ye may know the Difference of them and of others, — Athoimis, Bunchi, Chinok, Durain, Eni, Fin, Gomor, Hecket, Janny, Karacta, Luzanim, Miche, Naryn, Oldache, Pilon, Quyn, Yron, Sichen, Thola, Urmron, Yph and Zarm, Thoit (θ).

Now I will return again, ere I proceed any further, to declare to you the other Ways, that draw toward Babylon, where the Sultan himself dwelleth, that is at the Entry of Egypt; for as much as many Folk go thither first and after that to Jerusalem, as I have said to you here before. For they fulfil first the more long Pilgrimage, and after return again by the nearest Ways, because that the more nigh Way is the more worthy, and that is Jerusalem; for no other Pilgrimage is like in Comparison to it. But to fulfil their Pilgrimages more easily and more securely, Men go first by the longer Way.

But whoso will go to Babylon by another Way, more short

from the Countries of the West that I have rehearsed before, or from other Countries next to them—then Men go by France, by Burgundy and by Lombardy. It needeth not to tell you the Names of the Cities, nor of the Towns that be in that Way, for the Way is common, and it is known of many Nations. And there be many Havens where Men take the Sea. Some Men take the Sea at Genoa, some at Venice, and pass by the Sea Adriatic, that is clept the Gulf of Venice, that parteth Italy and Greece on that side; and some go to Naples, some to Rome, and from Rome to Brindisi and there they take the Sea, and in many other Places where that Havens be. And Men go by Tuscany, by Campania, by Calabria, by Apulia, and by the Hills of Italy, by Corsica, by Sardinia, and by Sicily, that is a great Isle and a good.

In that Isle of Sicily there is a manner of a Garden, in the which be many diverse Fruits; and the Garden is always green and flourishing, all the Seasons of the Year as well in Winter as in Summer. That Isle holds in Compass about 350 French Miles. And between Sicily and Italy there is but a little Arm of the Sea, that Men call the Faro of Messina. And Sicily is between the Sea Adriatic and the Sea of Lombardy. And from Sicily into Calabria is but 8 Mile of Lombardy.

And in Sicily there is a kind of Serpent, by the which Men assay and prove, whether their Children be Bastards or not, or of lawful Marriage: for if they be born in right Marriage, the Serpents go about them, and do them no Harm, and if they be born in Adultery, the Serpents bite them and envenom them. And thus many wedded Men prove if their Children be their own.

Also in that Isle is the Mount Etna, that Men call Mount Gybelle, and the Volcanoes that be evermore burning. And there be 7 Places that burn and cast out diverse Flames of diverse Colour: and by the changing of those Flames, Men of that Country know when it shall be Dearth or good Time, or cold or hot or moist or dry, or in all other Manners how the Time shall be governed. And from Italy unto the Volcanoes is but 25 Mile. And Men say, that the Volcanoes be Ways to Hell.

And whoso goeth by Pisa, if that Men list to go that Way, there is an Arm of the Sea, where that Men go to other

Havens in those Coasts, and then Men pass by the Isle of Greaf (Corfu?) that is at Genoa. And after Men arrive in Greece at the Haven of the City of Myrok, or at the Haven of Valone, or at the City of Duras; and there is a Duke at Duras, or at other Havens in those Coasts; and so Men go to Constantinople. And after Men go by Water to the Isle of Crete and to the Isle of Rhodes, and so to Cyprus, and so to Athens, and from thence to Constantinople.

To hold the more straight Way by Sea, it is well 1880 Mile of Lombardy. And after from Cyprus Men go by Sea, and leave Jerusalem and all the Country on the left Hand, unto Egypt, and arrive at the City of Damietta, that was wont to be full strong, and it sits at the Entry of Egypt. And from Damietta go Men to the City of Alexandria, that sits also upon the Sea. In that City was Saint Catherine beheaded: and there was Saint Mark the Evangelist martyred and buried, but the Emperor Leo made his Bones to be brought to Venice.

And there is yet at Alexandria a fair Church, all white without Paintings; and so be all the other Churches that were of the Christian Men, all white within, for the Paynims and the Saracens made them white to do away with the Images of Saints that were painted on the Walls. That City of Alexandria is well 30 Furlongs in Length, but it is but 10 in Breadth; and it is a full noble City and a fair. At that City entereth the River Nile into the Sea, as I to you have said before. In that River Men find many precious Stones, and much also of Lignum Aloes; and it is a manner of Wood, that cometh out of Terrestrial Paradise, the which is good for many diverse Medicines, and it is right costly. And from Alexandria men go to Babylon, where the Sultan dwelleth; that sits also upon the River Nile: and this Way is the most short, to go straight unto Babylon.

Now shall I say to you also the Way, that goeth from Babylon to the Mount of Sinai, where Saint Catherine lieth. Ye must pass by the Deserts of Arabia, by the which Deserts Moses led the People of Israel. And then pass Men by the Well that Moses made with his Hand in the Deserts, when the People grumbled; for they found nothing to drink. And then pass Men by the Well of Marah, of the which the Water was at first bitter; but the Children of Israel put therein a

Tree, and anon the Water was sweet and good to drink. And then go Men by Desert unto the Vale of Elim, in the which Vale be 12 Wells; and there be 72 Trees of Palm, that bear the Dates the which Moses found with the Children of Israel. And from that Valley is but a good Days' Journey to the Mount of Sinai.

And whoso will go by another Way from Babylon, then go by the Red Sea, that is an Arm of the Sea-Ocean. And there passed Moses with the Children of Israel, overthwart the Sea all dry, when Pharaoh the King of Egypt chased them. And that Sea is well a 6 Mile of Largeness in Breadth; and in that Sea was Pharaoh drowned and all his Host that he led. That Sea is not more red than another Sea; but in some Place thereof is the Gravel red, and therefore Men call it the Red Sea. That Sea runneth to the Ends of Arabia and of Palestine.

That Sea lasteth more than a 4 Days' Journey, and then go Men by Desert unto the Vale of Elim, and from thence to the Mount of Sinai. And ye may well understand, that by this Desert no Man may go on Horseback, because that there is neither Meat for Horse nor Water to drink; and for that Cause Men pass that Desert with Camels. For the Camel finds always Meat in Trees and on Bushes, that he feedeth him with: and he may well fast from Drink 2 days or 3. And that may no Horse do.

And wit well, that from Babylon to the Mount Sinai is well a good 12 Days' Journey, and some Men make them more. And some Men hasten and pain themselves, and so they make them less. And always Men find Latiners or Dragomen to go with them in these Countries, and further beyond, until the Time they know the Language: and it behoveth Men to bear Victuals with them, that shall last them in those Deserts, and other Necessaries to live by.

And the Mount of Sinai is clept the Desert of Sin, that is to say, the Bush burning; because there Moses saw our Lord God many times in Form of Fire burning upon that Hill, and also in a Bush burning, and spake to Him. And that was at the Foot of the Hill. There is an Abbey of Monks, well builded and well closed with Gates of Iron for Dread of the Wild Beasts; and the Monks be Arabians or Men of

Greece. And there is a great Convent, and they all be as Hermits, and they drink no Wine, but if it be on principal Feasts; and they be full devout Men, and live poorly and simply with Joutes[1] and with Dates, and they do great Abstinence and Penance.

There is the Church of Saint Catherine, in the which be many Lamps burning; for they have of Oil of Olives enough, both to burn in their Lamps and to eat also. And that Plenty have they by the Miracle of God; for the Ravens and the Crows and the Choughs and other Fowls of the Country assemble them there every Year once, and fly thither as in Pilgrimage; and every one of them bringeth a Branch of Bays or of Olive in their Beaks instead of Offering, and leave them there; of the which the Monks make great Plenty of Oil. And this is a great Marvel. And since that Fowls that have no natural Wit or Reason go thither to seek that glorious Virgin, well more ought Men then to seek her, and to worship her.

Also behind the Altar of that Church is the Place where Moses saw our Lord God in a burning Bush. And when the Monks enter into that Place, they doff both Hose and Shoes or Boots always, because that our Lord said to Moses, "Do off thy Hose and thy Shoes, for the Place that thou standest on is Land holy and blessed." And the Monks call that Place Bezaleel, that is to say, the Shadow of God. And beside the high Altar, on 3 Steps of Height is the Feretrum or Shrine of Alabaster, where the Bones of Saint Catherine lie. And the Prelate of the Monks sheweth the Relics to the Pilgrims, and with an Instrument of Silver he fretteth the Bones; and then there goeth out a little Oil, as though they were in a manner sweating, that is neither like to Oil nor to Balm, but it is full sweet of Smell; and of that they give a little to the Pilgrims, for there goeth out but little Quantity of the Liquor. And after that they shew the Head of Saint Catherine, and the Cloth that she was wrapped in, that is yet all bloody; and in that same Cloth so wrapped, the Angels bare her Body to the Mount Sinai, and there they buried her with it. And then they shew the Bush, that burned and wasted

[1] An ancient dish in cookery, made probably of gourds.

nought, in the which our Lord spake to Moses, and other Relics enough.

Also, when the Prelate of the Abbey is dead, I have understood, by Information, that his Lamp quencheth. And when they choose another Prelate, if he be a good Man and worthy to be Prelate, his Lamp shall light with the Grace of God without touching of any Man. For every one of them hath a Lamp to himself, and by their Lamps they know well when any of them shall die. For when any one shall die, the Light beginneth to change and to wax dim; and if he be chosen to be Prelate, and is not worthy, his Lamp quencheth anon. And other Men have told me, that he that singeth the Mass for the Prelate that is dead—he shall find upon the Altar the Name written of him that shall be the Prelate chosen. And so upon a Day, I asked of the Monks, both one and other, how this befell. But they would tell me nothing, until the Time that I said that they should not hide the Grace that God did them, but that they should publish it to make the People have the more Devotion, and that they did sin to hide God's Miracle, as it seemed to me. For the Miracles that God hath done and yet doth every Day, be the Witness of His Might and of His Marvels, as David saith in the Psalter: "Mirabilia Testimonia Tua, Domine," that is to say, "Lord, Thy Marvels be Thy Witness." And then they told me, both one and other, how it so befell full many a time, but more I might not have of them.

In that Abbey entereth no Fly, neither Toads nor Newts, nor such foul venomous Beasts, neither Lice nor Fleas, by the Miracle of God, and of our Lady. For there were wont to be so many such manner of Filths, that the Monks were in Will to leave the Place and the Abbey, and were gone from thence upon the Mountain above to eschew that Place; and our Lady came to them and bade them turn again, and from this forwards never entered such Filth in that Place amongst them, nor never shall enter hereafter. Also, before the Gate is the Well, where Moses smote the Stone, from the which the Water came out plenteously.

From that Abbey Men go up the Mountain of Moses by many Steps. And then Men find first a Church of our Lady, where that she met the Monks, when they fled away for the

Vermin above-said. And more high upon that Mountain is the Chapel of Elijah the Prophet; and that Place they call Horeb, whereof Holy Writ speaketh, "Et ambulavit in Fortitudine Cibi illius usque, ad Montem Oreb;" that is to say, "And he went in Strength of that Meat unto the Hill of God, Horeb." And then nigh is the Vine that Saint John the Evangelist planted that Men call Raisins (Staphis[1]). And a little above is the Chapel of Moses, and the Rock where Moses fled to for Dread when he saw our Lord face to face. And in that Rock is printed the Form of his Body, for he smote himself so strongly and so hard into that Rock, that all his Body was bedded within through the Miracle of God. And there beside is the Place where our Lord took to Moses the 10 Commandments of the Law. And there is the Cave under the Rock where Moses dwelt, when he fasted 40 Days and 40 Nights.

And from that Mountain Men pass a great Valley to go to another Mountain, where Saint Catherine was buried by the Angels of the Lord. And in that Valley is a Church of 40 Martyrs, and there sing the Monks of the Abbey, often-time: and that Valley is right cold. And after Men go up the Mountain of Saint Catherine, that is more high than the Mount of Moses; and there, where Saint Catherine was buried, is neither Church nor Chapel, nor other dwelling Place, but there is an Heap of Stones about the Place, where her Body was put by the Angels. There was wont to be a Chapel, but it was cast down, and the Stones lie there yet. And albeit that the Collect of Saint Catherine says, that it is the Place where our Lord taught the 10 Commandments to Moses, and there, where the blessed Virgin Saint Catherine was buried, ye are to understand it as being in the same Country, or in one bearing the same Name; for both in one Place and the other is a Hill clept the Mount of Sinai. But it is a great Way from one to the other, and a great deep Valley between them.

[1] Greek: σταφυλη, a bunch of grapes.

CHAPTER VI

Of the Desert between the Church of Saint Catherine and Jerusalem. Of the Dry Tree; and how Roses came first into the World

NOW, after that Men have visited those holy Places, then will they turn toward Jerusalem. And then will they take Leave of the Monks, and recommend themselves to their Prayers. And then the Monks give the Pilgrims of their Victuals to pass therewith the Deserts toward Syria. And those Deserts last well a 13 Days' Journey.

In that Desert dwell many Arabians, that Men call Bedouins and Ascopards, and they be Folk full of all evil Conditions. And they have no Houses, but Tents, that they make of Skins of Beasts, as of Camels and of other Beasts that they eat; and beneath these they couch them and dwell in any Place where they may find Water, as on the Red Sea or elsewhere: for in that Desert is full great Default of Water, and often-time it befalleth that where Men find Water at one time in a Place it faileth another time; and for that reason, they make no Habitations there. These Folk that I speak of, they till not the Land, and they labour nought; for they eat no Bread, but and if they be any that dwell nigh a good Town, that go thither and eat Bread sometimes. And they roast their Flesh and their Fish upon hot Stones against the Sun. And they be strong Men and well-fighting; and there so is much Multitude of that Folk, that they be without Number. And they neither reck of anything, nor do anything but chase after Beasts to eat them. And they reck nothing of their Lives, and therefore they fear not the Sultan, nor any other Prince; but they dare well war with them, if they do anything that is a Grievance to them. And they have often-times War with the Sultan, and, to wit, at that Time that I was with him. And they bear but one Shield and one Spear, without other Arms; and they wrap their Heads and their Necks with a great Quantity of white linen

Cloth; and they be right felonous and foul, and of cursed Kind.

And when Men pass this Desert, in coming toward Jerusalem, they come to Beersheba, that was wont to be a full fair Town and a delectable of Christian Men; and there be some of their Churches there yet. In that Town dwelled Abraham the Patriarch, a long time. And that Town of Beersheba founded Bathsheba, the Wife of Sir Uriah the Knight, on the which King David begat Solomon the Wise, that was King after David over the 12 Kindreds or Tribes of Jerusalem and reigned 40 Year.

And from thence go Men to the City of Hebron, that is the Amount distant of 12 good Mile. And it was clept some-time the Vale of Mamre, and some-time it was clept the Vale of Tears, because that Adam wept there an 100 Year for the death of Abel his Son, that Cain slew. Hebron was wont to be the principal City of the Philistines, and there dwelled some-time the Giants. And that City was also Sacerdotal, that is to say, Sanctuary of the Tribe of Judah; and it was so free, that Men received there all Manner of Fugitives of other Places for their evil Deeds. In Hebron Joshua, Caleb and their Company came first to a-spy how they might win the Land of Behest. In Hebron reigned first King David 7 Year and a half; and in Jerusalem he reigned 33 Year and a half.

And in Hebron be all the Sepultures of the Patriarchs, Adam, Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob; and of their Wives, Eve, Sarah and Rebecca and of Leah; the which Sepultures the Saracens keep full carefully, and have the Place in great Reverence for the holy Fathers, the Patriarchs that lie there. And they suffer no Christian Man to enter into the Place, but if it be of special Grace of the Sultan; for they hold Christian Men and Jews as Dogs, and they say, that they should not enter into so holy a Place. And Men call that Place, where they lie, Double Spelunk (Spelunca Duplex), or Double Cave, or Double Ditch, forasmuch as one lieth above another. And the Saracens call that Place in their Language, "Karicarba," that is to say, "The Place of Patriarchs." And the Jews call that Place "Arboth." And in that same Place was Abraham's House, and there he sat and saw 3 Persons,

and worshipped but one; as Holy Writ saith, "Tres vidit et unum adoravit," that is to say, "He saw 3 and worshipped one:" and those same were the Angels that Abraham received into his House.

And right fast by that Place is a Cave in the Rock, where Adam and Eve dwelled when they were put out of Paradise; and there got they their Children. And in that same Place was Adam formed and made, after that, that some Men say (for Men were wont to call that Place the Field of Damascus, because that it was in the Lordship of Damascus), and from thence was he translated into the Paradise of Delights, as they say; and after he was driven out of Paradise he was left there. And the same Day that he was put in Paradise, the same Day he was put out, for anon he sinned. There beginneth the Vale of Hebron, that endureth nigh to Jerusalem. There the Angel commanded Adam that he should dwell with his Wife Eve, of the which he begat Seth; of the which Tribe, that is to say Kindred, Jesu Christ was born.

In that Valley is a Field, where Men draw out of the Earth a Thing that Men call Cambile, and they eat it instead of Spice, and they bear it away to sell. And Men may not make the Hole or the Cave, where it is taken out of the Earth, so deep or so wide, but that it is, at the Year's End, full again up to the Sides, through the Grace of God.

And 2 Mile from Hebron is the Grave of Lot, that was Abraham's Brother.

And a little from Hebron is the Mount of Mamre, from the which the Valley taketh his Name. And there is a Tree of Oak, that the Saracens call "Dirpe," that is of Abraham's Time: the which Men call the Dry Tree. And they say that it hath been there since the Beginning of the World, and was some-time green and bare Leaves, unto the Time that our Lord died on the Cross, and then it dried: and so did all the Trees that were then in the World. And some say, by their Prophecies, that a Lord, a Prince of the West Side of the World, shall win the Land of Promise that is the Holy Land with Help of Christian Men, and he shall have sung a Mass under that dry Tree; and then the Tree shall wax green and bear both Fruit and Leaves, and through that Miracle many Saracens and Jews shall be turned to Christian Faith: and,

therefore, they do great Worship thereto, and guard it full busily. And, albeit so, that it be dry, nevertheless yet it beareth great Virtue, for certainly he that hath a little thereof upon him, it healeth him of the Falling Evil, and his Horse shall not be a-foundered: and many other Virtues it hath, wherefore Men hold it full precious.

From Hebron Men go to Bethlehem in half a Day, for it is but 5 Mile; and it is a full fair Way, by Plains and Woods full delectable. Bethlehem is a little City, long and narrow and well walled, and on each Side enclosed with good Ditches: and it was wont to be clept Ephrata, as Holy Writ saith, "Ecce, audimus eum in Ephrata," that is to say, "Lo, we heard it in Ephrata." And toward the East End of the City is a full fair Church and a gracious, and it hath many Towers, Pinacles, and Corners, full strong and curiously made; and within that Church be 44 Pillars of Marble, great and fair.

And between the City and the Church is the Field "Floridus," that is to say, the "Field Beflowered." For a fair Maiden was blamed with Wrong, and slandered that she had done Fornication; for which Cause she was condemned to Death, and to be burnt in that Place, to the which she was led. And, as the Fire began to burn about her, she made her Prayers to our Lord, that as certainly as she was not guilty of that Sin, that He would help her and make it to be known to all Men, of His merciful Grace. And when she had thus said, she entered into the Fire, and anon was the Fire quenched and out; and the Brands that were burning became red Rose-trees, and the Brands that were not kindled became white Rose-trees, full of Roses. And these were the first Rose-trees and Roses, both white and red, that ever any Man saw; and thus was the Maiden saved by the Grace of God. And therefore is that Field clept the Field of God Beflowered, for it was full of Roses.

Also beside the Choir of the Church, at the right Side, as Men come downward 16 Steps, is the Place where our Lord was born, that is full well adorned with Marble, and full richly painted with Gold, Silver, Azure and other Colours. And 3 Paces beyond is the Crib of the Ox and the Ass. And beside that is the Place where the Star fell, that led the 3 Kings, Jaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar (but Men of Greece call them

thus, "Galgalathe, Malgalathe, and Seraphie," and the Jews call them in this manner, in Hebrew, "Appelius, Amerrius, and Damasus"). These 3 Kings offered to our Lord, Gold, Incense, and Myrrh, and they met together through Miracle of God; for they met together in a City in Ind, that Men call Cassak, that is a 53 Days' Journey from Bethlehem; and they were at Bethlehem the 13th Day; and that was the 4th Day after that they had seen the Star, when they met in that City, and thus they were in 9 Days from that City at Bethlehem, and that was a great Miracle.

Also, under the Cloister of the Church, by 18 Steps at the right Side, is the Charnel-house of the Innocents, where their Bodies lie. And before the Place where our Lord was born is the Tomb of Saint Jerome, that was a Priest and a Cardinal that translated the Bible and the Psalter from Hebrew into Latin; and without the Minster is the Chair that he sat in when he translated it. And fast beside that Church, at 60 Fathom, is a Church of Saint Nicholas, where our Lady rested her after she was delivered of our Lord; and forasmuch as she had too much Milk in her Paps, that grieved her, she milked them on the red Stones of Marble, so that the Traces may yet be seen, in the Stones, all white.

And ye shall understand, that all that dwell in Bethlehem be Christian Men.

And there be fair Vines about the City, and great plenty of Wine, that the Christian Men have made. But the Saracens till not the Vines, neither drink they any Wine: for their Books of their Law, that Mohammet gave them, which they call their "Al Koran" (and some call it "Mesaph," and in another language it is clept "Harme"),—the same Book forbiddeth them to drink Wine. For in that Book, Mohammet cursed all those that drink Wine and all them that sell it: for some Men say, that he slew once an Hermit in his Drunkenness, that he loved full well; and therefore he cursed Wine and them that drink it. But his Curse be turned on to his own Head, as Holy Writ saith, "Et in verticem ipsius iniquitas ejus descendet," that is to say, "His Wickedness shall turn and fall on to his own Head."

And also the Saracens breed no Pigs, nor eat they any Swine's Flesh, for they say it is Brother to Man, and it was

forbidden by the old Law; and they hold him accursed that eateth thereof. Also in the Land of Palestine and in the Land of Egypt, they eat but little or none of Flesh of Veal or of Beef, but if the Beast be so old, that he may no more work for old Age; for it is forbidden, because they have but few of them; therefore they nourish them to till their Lands.

In this City of Bethlehem was David the King born; and he had 60 Wives, and the first Wife was called Michal; and also he had 300 Lemans.

And from Bethlehem unto Jerusalem is but 2 Mile; and in the Way to Jerusalem half a Mile from Bethlehem is a Church, where the Angel said to the Shepherds of the Birth of Christ. And in that Way is the Tomb of Rachel, that was the Mother of Joseph, the Patriarch; and she died anon after that she was delivered of her Son Benjamin. And there she was buried by Jacob her Husband, and he made set 12 great Stones on her, in Token that she had born 12 Children.[1] In the same Way, half a Mile from Jerusalem, appeared the Star to the 3 Kings. In that Way also be many Churches of Christian Men, by the which Men go towards the City of Jerusalem.

[1] Rachel had twelve grandchildren.

CHAPTER VII

Of the Pilgrimages in Jerusalem, and of the Holy Places thereabout

AFTER, to speak of Jerusalem the Holy City. Ye shall understand, that it stands full fair between 2 Hills, and there be no Rivers or Wells, but Water cometh by Conduit from Hebron. And ye shall understand, that Jerusalem of old Time, unto the Time of Melchisadech, was clept Jebus; and after it was clept Salem, unto the Time of King David, that put these 2 Names together, and clept it Jebusalem; and after that, King Solomon clept it Jerosoloma; and after that, Men clept it Jerusalem, and so it is clept yet.

And about Jerusalem is the Kingdom of Syria. And there beside is the Land of Palestine, and beside it is Ascalon, and beside that is the Land of Maritaine. But Jerusalem is in the Land of Judea, and it is clept Judea, for that Judas Maccabeus was King of that Country; and it marcheth Eastward with the Kingdom of Arabia; on the South Side with the Land of Egypt; and on the West Side with the Great Sea; on the North Side, toward the Kingdom of Syria and to the Sea of Cyprus. In Jerusalem was wont to be a Patriarch; and Archbishops and Bishops about in the Country. About Jerusalem be these Cities: Hebron, at 7 Mile; Jericho, at 6 Mile; Beersheba, at 8 Mile; Ascalon, at 17 Mile; Jaffa, at 16 Mile; Ramath, at 3 Mile; and Bethlehem, at 2 Mile. And a 2 Mile from Bethlehem, toward the South, is the Church of St. Karitot, that was Abbot there, for whom they made much Dole amongst the Monks when he died; and they be yet mourning in the Wise that they made their Lamentation for him the first Time; and it is full great Pity to behold.

This Country and Land of Jerusalem hath been in many divers Nations' Hands, and often, therefore, hath the Country suffered much Tribulation for the Sin of the People that

dwell there. For that Country hath been in the Hands of all Nations; that is to say, of Jews, of Canaanites, Assyrians, Persians, Medes, Macedonians, of Greeks, Romans, of Christian Men, of Saracens, Barbarians, Turks, Tartars, and of many other divers Nations; for God will not that it be long in the Hands of Traitors nor of Sinners, be they Christian or other. And now have the Heathen Men held that Land in their Hands 40 Year and more; but they shall not hold it long, if God will.

And you shall understand, that when Men come to Jerusalem, their first Pilgrimage is to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where our Lord was buried, that is without the City on the North Side; but it is now enclosed in by the Town Wall. And there is a full fair Church, all round, and open above, and covered with Lead; and on the West Side is a fair Tower and an high for Bells, strongly made.

And in the midst of the Church is a Tabernacle, as it were a little House, made with a low little Door, and that Tabernacle is made in manner of half a Compass, right curiously and richly made of Gold and Azure and other rich Colours fully nobly made. And in the right Side of that Tabernacle is the Sepulchre of our Lord; and the Tabernacle is 8 Foot long, and 5 Foot wide, and 11 Foot in height. And it is not long since the Sepulchre was all open, that men might kiss it and touch it; but as Pilgrims that came thither laboured to break the Stone in Pieces or in Powder, therefore the Sultan hath made a Wall about the Sepulchre that no man may touch it: but in the left Side of the Wall of the Tabernacle is, well the Height of a Man, a great Stone of the Quantity of a Man's Head, that was of the Holy Sepulchre; and that Stone kiss the Pilgrims that come thither. In that Tabernacle be no Windows, but it is all made light with Lamps that hang before the Sepulchre. And there is a Lamp that hangeth before the Sepulchre, that burneth alight; and on the Good Friday it goeth out by himself, and lighteth again by himself at that Hour that our Lord rose from Death to Life.

Also within the Church, at the right Side, beside the Choir of the Church, is the Mount of Calvary, where our Lord was put on the Cross; and it is a Rock of White

Colour and a little mingled with Red. And the Cross was set in a Mortise in the same Rock. And on that Rock dropped the Wounds of our Lord when He was in Pain on the Cross. And that is clept Golgotha.

And men go up to that Golgotha by Steps; and in the Place of that Mortise was Adam's Head found after Noah's Flood, in Token that the Sins of Adam should be or redeemed in that same Place. And upon that Rock made Abraham Sacrifice to our Lord. And there is an Altar; and before that Altar lie Godefroi de Bouillon and Baldwin, and other Christian Kings of Jerusalem.

And there, nigh where our Lord was crucified, is this written in Greek: "Ὁ θεὸς Βασιλεὺς ἡμῶν πρὸ αἰώνων εἰργάσατο σωτηρίαν ἐν μέσῳ τῆς γῆς;" that is to say, in Latin,—"Deus Rex noster ante Secula operatus est Salutem, in Medio Terræ;" that is to say,—"God our King, before the Worlds, hath wrought Health in Midst of the Earth." And also on that Rock, where the Cross was set, is written within the Rock these Words: "Ὃ εἶδεις, ἐστί βάσις τῆς πίστεως ὅλης τοῦ κόσμου τούτου;" that is to say, in Latin,—"Quod vides, est Fundamentum totius Fidei hujus Mundi;" that is to say,—"That thou seest, is the Ground of all the Faith of this World."

And ye shall understand, that when our Lord was put upon the Cross, He was 33 Year and 3 Months old. And the Prophecy of David saith thus: "Quadraginta Annis proximus fui Generationi huic;" that is to say, "Forty Year was I Neighbour to this Kindred." And thus should it seem that the Prophecies were not true. But they be both true; for in old Time Men made a Year of 10 Months, of the which March was the first and December was the last. But Gaius, that was Emperor of Rome, put these 2 Months thereto, January and February, and ordained the Year of 12 Months; that is to say, 365 Days, without Leap Year, after the proper Course of the Sun. And therefore, after counting 10 Months to the Year, he died in the 40th Year, as the Prophet said. And after the Year of 12 Months, he was of Age 33 Year and 3 Months.

Also, within the Mount of Calvary, on the right Side, is an Altar, where the Pillar lieth that our Lord Jesu was bounden

to when was He scourged. And there beside be 4 Pillars of Stone, that always drop Water; and some Men say that they weep for our Lord's Death. And nigh that Altar is a place under Earth, 42 Steps of Deepness, where the Holy Cross was found, by the Wit of Saint Helen, under a Rock where the Jews had hid it. And that was tested as the true Cross; for they found 3 Crosses, one of our Lord, and 2 of the two Thieves; and Saint Helen proved them by a dead Body that arose from Death to Life, when that it was laid on it, that our Lord died on. And thereby in the Walls is the Place where the 4 Nails of our Lord were hid: for He had 2 in His Hands and 2 in His Feet. And, of one of these, the Emperor of Constantinople made a Bridle to his Horse to bear him in Battle; and, through Virtue thereof, he overcame his Enemies, and won all the Land of Asia the Less, that is to say, Turkey, Armenia the Less and the More, and from Syria to Jerusalem, from Arabia to Persia, from Mesopotamia to the Kingdom of Aleppo, from Egypt the High and the Low and all the other Kingdoms unto the Depth of Ethiopia, and into Ind the Less that then was Christian.

And there were in that Time many good Holy Men and Holy Hermits, of whom the Book of the Fathers' Lives speaketh, and they be now in Paynims' and Saracens' Hands: but when God Almighty will, right so as the Lands were lost through Sin of Christian Men, so shall they be won again by Christian Men through Help of God.

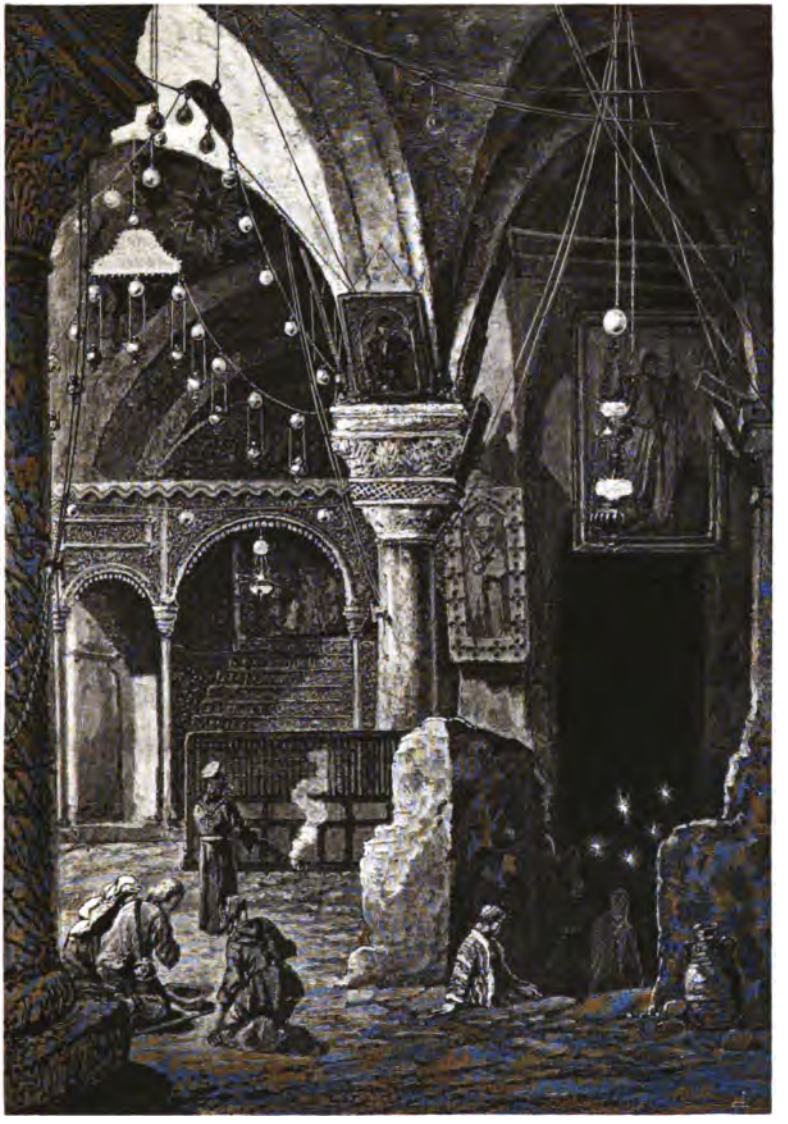
And in Midst of that Church is a Compass, in the which Joseph of Arimathea laid the Body of our Lord when he had taken Him down off the Cross; and there he washed the Wounds of our Lord. And that Compass, say Men, is the Midst of the World.

And in the Church of the Sepulchre, on the North Side, is the Place where our Lord was put in Prison (for He was in Prison in many Places); and there is a Part of the Chain that He was bounden with; and there He appeared first to Mary Magdalene when He was risen, and she thought that He had been a Gardener.

In the Church of Saint Sepulchre were wont to be Canons of the Order of Saint Augustine, and they had a Prior, but the Patriarch was their Sovereign.

THE CAVE OF THE CROSS.

Photogravure from an engraving.



And without the Doors of the Church, on the Right Side as Men go upward 18 Steps, said our Lord to His Mother, "Mulier, ecce Filius tuus;" that is to say, "Woman, Lo! thy Son!" And after that He said to John, His Disciple, "Ecce Mater tua;" that is to say, "Lo! Behold thy Mother!" And these Words He said on the Cross. And on these Steps went our Lord when He bare the Cross on His Shoulder. And under these steps is a Chapel, and in that Chapel sing Priests (Indians, that is to say, Priests of Ind), not after our Law, but after theirs; and always they make their Sacrament of the Altar, saying, "Pater Noster" and other Prayers therewith; with the which Prayers they say the Words that the Sacrament is made of, for they know not the Additions that many Popes have made; but they sing with good Devotion. And there near, is the Place where that our Lord rested Him when He was weary for the bearing of the Cross.

And ye shall understand that before the Church of the Sepulchre is the City more feeble than in any other Part, for the great Plain that is between the Church and the City. And toward the East Side, without the Walls of the City, is the Vale of Jehosaphat that toucheth to the Walls as though it were a large Ditch. And anent that Vale of Jehosaphat, out of the City, is the Church of Saint Stephen where he was stoned to Death. And there beside, is the Golden Gate, that may not be opened, by the which Gate our Lord entered on Palm-Sunday upon an Ass: and the Gate opened to Him when He would go unto the Temple; and the Steps of the Ass's Feet appear yet in 3 Places on the Stairs that be of full hard Stone.

And before the Church of Saint Sepulchre, toward the South, at 200 Paces, is the great Hospital of Saint John, of which the Hospitallers had their Foundation. And within the Palace of the Sick Men of that Hospital be 124 Pillars of Stone. And in the Walls of the House, beside the Number above-said, there be 54 Pillars that bear up the House. And from that Hospital to go toward the East is a full fair Church, that is clept "Nôtre Dame la Grande." And then is there another Church right nigh, that is clept "Nôtre Dame de Latine." And there were Mary Cleophas and Mary Magdalene, and tore their Hair when our Lord was in Pain on the Cross.

CHAPTER VIII

Of the Temple of our Lord. Of the Cruelty of King Herod. Of the Mount Sion. Of Probatica Piscina; and of Natatorium Siloe

AND from the Church of the Sepulchre, toward the East, at 160 Paces, is "Templum Domini." It is a right fair House, and it is all round and high, and covered with Lead. And it is well paved with white Marble. But the Saracens will suffer no Christian Man nor Jews to come therein, for they say that none such foul sinful Men should come in so holy a Place: but I came in there and in other Places where I would, for I had Letters of the Sultan with his great Seal, and commonly other Men have but his Signet. In the which Letters he commanded, of his special Grace, to all his Subjects, to let me see all the Places, and to inform me fully of all the Mysteries of every Place, and to conduct me from City to City, if it were needed, and buxomly to receive me and my Company, and to obey all my reasonable Requests if they were not greatly against the Royal Power and Dignity of the Sultan or of his Law. And to others, that ask him Grace, such as have served him, he giveth not but his Signet, the which they make to be borne before them hanging on a Spear. And the Folk of the Country do great Worship and Reverence to his Signet or Seal, and kneel thereto as lowly as we do to "Corpus Domini." And Men do yet full greater Reverence to his Letters; for the Admiral and all other Lords that they be shewed to, before ere they receive them, they kneel down; and then they take them and put them on their Heads; and after, they kiss them and then they read them, kneeling with great Reverence; and then they offer themselves to do all that the Bearer asketh.

And in this "Templum Domini" were some-time Canons Regular, to whom they were obedient; and in this Temple was Charlemagne when that the Angel brought him the Prepuce of our Lord Jesus Christ of his Circumcision; and after,

King Charles had it brought to Paris into his Chapel, and after that he had it brought to Peyteres (Poitiers), and after that he had it brought to Chartres.

And ye shall understand, that this is not the Temple that Solomon made, for that Temple endured but 1102 Year. For Titus, Vespasian's Son, Emperor of Rome, had laid Siege about Jerusalem to discomfit the Jews; for they put our Lord to Death, without Leave of the Emperor. And, when he had won the City, he burnt the Temple and beat it down, and all the City, and took the Jews and did them to Death, — 1,100,000; and the others he put in Prison and sold them to Servage, — 30 for one Penny; for they said they bought Jesu for 30 Pennies, and he made them more cheap when he gave 30 for one Penny.

And after that time, Julian the Apostate, that was Emperor, gave leave to the Jews to make the Temple of Jerusalem, for he hated Christian Men. And yet he was christened, but he forsook his Law, and became a Renegade. And when the Jews had made the Temple, came an Earthquaking, and cast it down (as God would) and destroyed all that they had made.

And after that, Hadrian, that was Emperor of Rome, and of the Lineage of Troy, made Jerusalem again and the Temple as Solomon made it. And he would suffer no Jews to dwell there, but only Christian Men. For although it were so that he was not christened, yet he loved Christian Men more than any other Nation save his own. This Emperor made enclose the Church of Saint Sepulchre, and walled it within the City; that, before, was without the City, long time before. And he would have changed the Name of Jerusalem, and have clept it Ælia, but that Name lasted not long.

Also, ye shall understand, that the Saracens do much Reverence to that Temple, and they say, that that Place is right holy. And when they go in they go bare-foot, and kneel many Times. And when my Fellows and I saw that, when we came in we did off our Shoes and came in bare-foot, and thought that we should do as much Worship and Reverence thereto, as any of the misbelieving Men should, and have as great Compunction of Heart.

This Temple is 64 Cubits of Wideness, and as many in Length; and of Height it is 120 Cubits. And it is within,

all about, made with Pillars of Marble. And in the middle Place of the Temple be many high Stages, of 14 Steps of Height, made with good Pillars all about: and this Place the Jews call "Sancta Sanctorum;" that is to say, "Holy of Holies." And, in that Place, cometh no Man save only the Prelate, that maketh here Sacrifice. And the Folk stand all about, in diverse Stages, according as they be of Dignity or of Worship, so that they all may see the Sacrifice. And in that Temple be 4 Entries, and the Gates be of Cypress, well made and curiously bedight: and within the East Gate our Lord said, "Here is Jerusalem." And in the North Side of that Temple, within the Gate, there is a Well, but it runneth nought, of the which Holy Writ speaketh and saith, "Vidi Aquam egredientem de Templo;" that is to say, "I saw Water come out of the Temple."

And on that other Side of the Temple there is a Rock that Men call Moriach (but after it was called Bethel) where the Ark of God with Relics of the Jews were wont to be put. That Ark or Hutch with the Relics Titus led with him to Rome, when he had discomfited all the Jews. In that Ark were the 10 Commandments, and Aaron's Yard (or Rod), and Moses' Yard with the which he made the Red Sea part, as it had been a Wall, on the right Side and on the left Side, whiles that the People of Israel passed the Sea dry-foot: and with that Yard he smote the Rock, and the Water came out of it; and with that Yard he did many Wonders. And therein was a Vessel of Gold full of Manna, and Clothing and Ornaments and the Tabernacle of Aaron, and a square Tabernacle of Gold with 12 Precious Stones, and a Box of green Jasper with 4 Figures and 8 Names of our Lord, and 7 Candlesticks of Gold, and 12 Pots of Gold, and 4 Censers of Gold, and an Altar of Gold, and 4 Lions of Gold upon the which they bare Cherubim of Gold 12 Spans long, and the Circle of Swans of Heaven with a Tabernacle of Gold and a Table of Silver, and two Trumpets of Silver, and 7 Barley Loaves and all the other Relics that were before the Birth of our Lord Jesu Christ.

And upon that Rock was Jacob sleeping when he saw the Angels go up and down by a Ladder, and he said, "Vere locus iste sanctus est, et ego ignorabam;" that is to say, "Forsooth this Place is holy, and I wist it nought." And there an Angel

held Jacob still, and changed his Name, and called him Israel. And in that same Place David saw the Angel that smote the Folk with a Sword, and put it up bloody in the Sheath. And on that same Rock was Saint Simeon when he received our Lord into the Temple. And on that Rock he set Him when the Jews would have stoned Him; and a Star came down and gave Him Light. And upon that Rock preached our Lord often-time to the People. And out of that said Temple our Lord drove the Buyers and the Sellers. And upon that Rock our Lord set Him when the Jews would have stoned Him; and the Rock clave in 2, and in that Cleaving was our Lord hid, and there came down a Star and gave Light and served Him with Clearness. And upon that Rock sat our Lady, and learned her Psalter. And there our Lord forgave the Woman her Sins, that was found in Adultery. And there was our Lord circumcised. And there the Angels shewed Tidings to Zacharias of the Birth of Saint Baptist his Son. And there offered first Melchisadech Bread and Wine to our Lord, in Token of the Sacrament that was to come. And there fell David praying to our Lord and to the Angel that smote the People, that he would have Mercy on him and on the People: and our Lord heard his Prayer, and therefore would he make the Temple in that Place, but our Lord forbade him by an Angel; for he had done Treason when he made slay Uriah the worthy Knight, to have Bathsheba his Wife. And therefore, all the Provision that he had ordained to make the Temple with took Solomon his Son, and he made it, and he prayed our Lord, that all those that prayed to Him in that Place with good Heart — that He would hear their Prayer and grant it them if they asked it rightfully: and our Lord granted it him, and therefore Solomon clept that Temple the Temple of Counsel and of Help of God.

And without the Gate of the Temple is an Altar where Jews were wont to offer Doves and Turtles. And between the Temple and that Altar was Zacharias slain. And upon the Pinnacle of that Temple was our Lord brought to be tempted of the Enemy, the Fiend. And on the Height of that Pinnacle the Jews set Saint James, and cast him down to the Earth, that first was Bishop of Jerusalem. And at the Entry of that Temple, toward the West, is the Gate that is

clept "Porta Speciosa" (the Gate Beautiful). And nigh beside that Temple, upon the right Side, is a Church covered with Lead that is clept Solomon's School.

And from that Temple towards the South, right nigh, is the Temple of Solomon, that is right fair and well polished. And in that Temple dwell the Knights of the Temple that were wont to be clept Templars; and that was the Foundation of their Order, so that there dwelled Knights and Canons Regular in "Templo Domini."

From that Temple toward the East, a 120 Paces, in the Corner of the City, is the Bath of our Lord; and in that Bath was wont to come Water from Paradise, and it droppeth yet. And there beside is our Lady's Bed. And fast by is the Temple of Saint Simeon, and without the Cloister of the Temple, toward the North, is a full fair Church of Saint Anne, our Lady's Mother; and there was our Lady conceived; and before that Church is a great Tree that began to grow the same Night. And under that Church, in going down by 22 Steps, lieth Joachim, our Lady's Father, in a fair Tomb of Stone; and there beside lay some-time Saint Anne, his Wife; but Saint Helen had her translated to Constantinople. And in that Church is a Well, in manner of a Cistern, that is clept "Probatica Piscina," that hath 5 Entries. Into that Well Angels were wont to come from Heaven and bathe within. And that Man, that first bathed him after the moving of the Water, was made whole of what manner of Sickness that he had. And there our Lord healed a Man of the Palsy that lay sick 38 Year, and our Lord said to him, "Tolle Grabatum tuum et ambula;" that is to say, "Take thy Bed and go." And there beside was Pilate's House.

And fast by is King Herod's House, that made slay the Innocents. This Herod was over-much cursed and cruel. For first he made slay his Wife that he loved right well; and for the passing Love that he had to her when he saw her dead, he fell in a Rage and out of his Wit a great while; and then he came again to his Wit. And after he made slay his 2 Sons that he had of that Wife. And after that he made slay another of his Wives, and a Son that he had by her. And after that he made slay his own Mother; and he would have slain his Brother also, but he died suddenly. And after

he fell into Sickness. And when he felt that he should die, he sent after his Sister and after all the Lords of his Land. And when they were come he had them commanded to Prison. And then he said to his Sister, he wist well that Men of the Country would make no Sorrow for his Death. And therefore he made his Sister swear that she should make smite off all the Heads of the Lords when he were dead; and then should all the Land make Sorrow for his Death, and else, nought. And thus he made his Testament. But his Sister fulfilled not his Will. For, as soon as he was dead, she delivered all the Lords out of Prison and let them go, each Lord to his own, and told them all the Purpose of her Brother's Ordinance. And so was this cursed King never made Sorrow for, as he had supposed. And ye shall understand, that in that Time there were 3 Herods, of great Name and Fame for their Cruelty. This Herod, of which I have spoken, was Herod the Ascalonite; and he that made behead Saint John the Baptist was Herod Antipas; and he that made smite off Saint James's head was Herod Agrippa, and he put Saint Peter in Prison.

And, furthermore, in the City is the Church of Saint Saviour; and there is the left Arm of John Chrisostome, and the greater part of the head of Saint Stephen. And on that other Side of the Street, toward the South as Men go to Mount Sion, is a Church of Saint James, where he was beheaded.

And from that Church, a 120 Paces, is the Mount of Sion. And there is a fair Church of our Lady, where she dwelled; and there she died. And there was wont to be an Abbot of Canons Regular. And from thence was she borne of the Apostles unto the Vale of Jehosaphat. And there is the Stone that the Angel brought to our Lord from the Mount of Sinai, and it is of that same Colour that is the Rock of St. Catherine. And there beside is the Gate where through our Lady went, when she was with Child, when she went to Bethlehem. Also at the Entry of the Mount Sion is a Chapel. And in that Chapel is a Stone great and large, with the which the Sepulchre was covered, when Joseph of Arimathea had put our Lord therein; the which Stone the 3 Marys saw turn upward when they came to the Sepulchre the Day of His

Resurrection, and there found an Angel that told them of our Lord's uprising from Death to Life. And there also in the Wall, beside the Gate is a Stone of the Pillar that our Lord was scourged at. And there was Annas's House, that was Bishop of the Jews in that Time. And there was our Lord examined in the Night, and scourged and smitten and violently entreated. And in that same Place Saint Peter forsook our Lord thrice ere the Cock crew. And there is a Part of the Table that He made His Supper on, when He made His Maundy with His Disciples, when He gave them His Flesh and His Blood in Form of Bread and Wine.

And under that Chapel, 32 Steps down, is the Place where our Lord washed His Disciples' Feet, and the Vessel for the Water is there yet. And there beside that same Vessel was Saint Stephen buried. And there is the Altar where our Lady heard the Angels sing Mass. And there appeared first our Lord to His Disciples after His Resurrection, the Gates closed, and said to them, "Pax vobis!" that is to say, "Peace to you!" And on that Mount appeared Christ to Saint Thomas the Apostle and bade him assay His Wounds; and there believed he first, and said, "Dominus meus et Deus meus!" that is to say, "My Lord and my God!" In the same Church, beside the Altar, were all the Apostles on Whit-Sunday, when the Holy Ghost descended on them in Likeness of Fire. And there made our Lord His Passover with His Disciples. And there slept Saint John the Evangelist upon the Breast of our Lord Jesu Christ, and saw sleeping many heavenly Privities.

Mount Sion is within the City, and it is a little higher than the other Side of the City; and the City is stronger on that Side than on that other Side. For at the Foot of the Mount Sion is a fair Castle and a strong, that the Sultan had made. In the Mount Sion were buried King David and King Solomon, and many other Kings, Jews of Jerusalem. And there is the Place where the Jews would have cast up the Body of our Lady when the Apostles bare the Body to be buried in the Vale of Jehosaphat. And there is the Place where Saint Peter wept full tenderly after he had forsaken our Lord. And a Stone's Cast from that Chapel is another Chapel, where our Lord was judged, for there, at that Time, was

Caiaphas's House. From that Chapel, to go toward the East, at 140 Paces, is a deep Cave under the Rock, that is clept the Galilee of our Lord, where Saint Peter hid him when he had forsaken our Lord. Item, between the Mount Sion and the Temple of Solomon is the place where our Lord raised the Maiden in her Father's House.

Under the Mount Sion, toward the Vale of Jehosaphat, is a Well that is clept "Natatorium Siloe," the Pool of Siloam. And there was our Lord washed after His Baptism; and there made our Lord the blind Man to see. And there was a-buried Isaiah the Prophet. Also, straight from "Natatorium Siloe," is an Image of Stone of old ancient Work that Absalom had made, and because thereof Men call it the Hand of Absalom. And fast by is yet the Tree of Elder that Judas hanged himself upon, for Despair that he had, when he sold and betrayed our Lord. And there beside was the Synagogue, where the Bishops of the Jews and the Pharisees came together and held their Council; and there cast Judas the 30 Pence before them, and said that he had sinned betraying our Lord. And there nigh was the House of the Apostles Philip and James the Son of Alpheus. And on that other Side of Mount Sion, toward the South, beyond the Vale a Stone's Cast, is Aceldama; that is to say, the Field of Blood, that was bought for 30 Pence, that our Lord was sold for. And in that Field be many Tombs of Christian Men, for there be many Pilgrims buried. And there be many Oratories, Chapels and Hermitages, where Hermits were wont to dwell. And toward the East, an 100 Paces, is the Charnel of the Hospital of Saint John, where Men were wont to put the Bodies of dead Men.

And from Jerusalem, toward the West, is a fair Church, where the Tree of the Cross grew. And 2 Mile from thence is a fair Church, where our Lady met with Elizabeth, when they were both with Child; and Saint John stirred in his Mother's Womb, and made Reverence to his Creator that he saw not. And under the Altar of that Church is the Place where Saint John was born. And from that Church is a Mile to the Castle of Emmaus: and there also our Lord shewed Him to 2 of His Disciples after His Resurrection. Also on that other Side, 200 Paces from Jerusalem, is a Church,

where was wont to be the Cave of the Lion. And under that Church, at 30 Steps of Deepness, were interred 12,000 Martyrs, in the time of King Cosrhoes that the Lion met with, all in a Night, by the Will of God.

Also from Jerusalem, 2 Mile, is the Mount Joy, a full fair Place and a delicious; and there lieth Samuel the Prophet in a fair Tomb. And Men call it Mount Joy, for it giveth Joy to Pilgrims' Hearts, because that there Men see first Jerusalem.

Also between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olivet is the Vale of Jehosaphat, under the Walls of the City, as I have said before. And in the Midst of the Vale is a little River that Men call Brook Cedron, and above it, overthwart, lay a Tree that the Cross was made of, that Men went over on. And fast by it is a little Pit in the Earth, where the Foot of the Pillar is yet interred; and there was our Lord first scourged, for He was scourged and villainously entreated in many Places. Also in the middle Place of the Vale of Jehosaphat is the Church of our Lady: and it is of 43 Steps under the Earth unto the Sepulchre of our Lady. And our Lady was of Age, when she died, 72 Year. And beside the Sepulchre of our Lady is an Altar, where our Lord forgave Saint Peter all his Sins. And from thence, toward the West, under an Altar, is a Well that cometh out of the River of Paradise. And wit well, that that Church is full low in the Earth, and some is altogether within the Earth. But I suppose well, that it was not so founded. But because that Jerusalem hath often-time been destroyed and the Walls broken down and tumbled into the Vale, and that they have been so filled up again and the Ground raised—for that Reason is the Church so low within the Earth. And, nevertheless, Men say there commonly, that the Earth hath so been cloven since the Time that our Lady was there buried; and Men yet say there, that it waxeth and groweth every Day, without Doubt. In that Church were wont to be black Monks, that had their Abbot.

And beside that Church is a Chapel, beside the Rock that is called Gethsemane. And there was our Lord kissed by Judas; and there was He taken by the Jews. And there left our Lord His Disciples, when He went to pray before His Passion, when He prayed and said, "Pater, si fieri potest, transeat a me Calix iste;" that is to say, "Father, if it may

be, do let this Chalice go from me;" and, when He came again to His Disciples, He found them sleeping. And in the Rock within the Chapel yet appear the Print of the Fingers of our Lord's Hand, when He put them in the Rock, when the Jews would have taken Him.

And from thence, a Stone's Cast toward the South, is another Chapel, where our Lord sweat Drops of Blood. And there, right nigh, is the Tomb of King Jehosaphat, of whom the Vale beareth the Name. This Jehosaphat was King of that Country, and was converted by an Hermit, that was a worthy Man and did much Good. And from thence, a Bow's Draw toward the South, is a Church, where Saint James and Zachariah the Prophet were buried.

And above that Vale is the Mount of Olivet; and it is clept so for the Plenty of Olives that grow there. That Mount is more high than the City of Jerusalem is; and, therefore, may Men upon that Mount see many of the Streets of the City. And between that Mount and the City is but the Vale of Jehosaphat that is not full large. And from that Mount rose our Lord Jesu Christ to Heaven upon Ascension Day; and there sheweth yet the Shape of His left Foot in the Stone. And there is a Church where was wont to be an Abbot and Canons Regular. And a little thence, 28 Paces, is a Chapel; and therein is the Stone on the which our Lord sat, when He preached the 8 Blessings and said thus: "Beati Pauperes Spiritu:" and there He taught His Disciples the "Pater Noster;" and wrote with His Finger on a Stone. And there nigh is a Church, Saint Mary the Egyptian, and there she lieth in a Tomb. And from thence toward the East, a 3 Bow Shot, is Bethphage, to the which our Lord sent Saint Peter and Saint James to fetch the Ass upon the Palm-Sunday, and rode upon that Ass to Jerusalem.

And in coming down from the Mount of Olivet, toward the East, is a Castle that is clept Bethany. And there dwelt Simon the Leper, and there lodged our Lord: and after he was baptised by the Apostles and was clept Julian, and was made Bishop; and this is the same Julian that Men call to for good Lodging, for our Lord lodged with him in his House. And in that House our Lord forgave Mary Magdalene her Sins: there she washed His Feet with her Tears, and wiped

them with her Hair. And there served Saint Martha our Lord. There our Lord raised Lazarus from Death to Life, that was dead 4 Days and stank, that was Brother to Mary Magdalene and to Martha. And there dwelt also Mary Cleophas. That Castle is well a Mile long from Jerusalem. Also in coming down from the Mount of Olivet is the Place where our Lord wept upon Jerusalem. And there beside is the Place where our Lady appeared to Saint Thomas the Apostle after her Assumption, and gave him her Girdle. And right nigh is the Stone where our Lord often-time sat when He preached; and upon that same shall He sit at the Day of Doom, right as He Himself said.

Also after the Mount of Olivet is the Mount of Galilee. There assembled the Apostles when Mary Magdalene came and told them of Christ's Uprising. And there, between the Mount Olivet and the Mount Galilee, is a Church, where the Angel spoke to our Lady of her Death.

Also going from Bethany to Jericho was some-time a little City, but it is now all destroyed, and now is there but a little Village. That City took Joshua by Miracle of God and Commandment of the Angel, and destroyed it, and cursed it and all them that built it again. Of that city was Zaccheus the Dwarf that clomb up into the Sycamore Tree to see our Lord, because he was so little he might not see Him for the People. And of that City was Rahab the common Woman that escaped alone with them of her Lineage: and she often-time refreshed and fed the Messengers of Israel, and kept them from many great Perils of Death; and, therefore, she had good Reward, as Holy Writ saith: "Qui accipit Prophetam in Nomine Meo, Mercedem Prophetæ accipiet;" that is to say, "He that taketh a Prophet in My Name, he shall take the Meed of a Prophet." And so had she. For she prophesied to the Messengers, saying, "Novi quod Dominus tradet vobis Terram hanc," that is to say, "I wot well, that our Lord shall give you this Land:" and so He did. And after, Salmon,[1] Naasson's Son, wedded her, and from that Time was she a worthy Woman, and served God well.

Also from Bethany go Men to the River Jordan by a

[1] Matt. i. 5.

JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Photogravure from a painting by Harry Fenn.

Mountain and through Desert. And it is nigh a Day's Journey from Bethany, toward the East, to a great Hill, where our Lord fasted 40 Days. Upon that Hill the Enemy of Hell bare our Lord and tempted Him, and said, "Dic ut Lapides isti Panes fiant;" that is to say, "Say, that these Stones be made Loaves." In that Place, upon the Hill, was wont to be a fair Church; but it is all destroyed, so that there is now but an Hermitage, that a manner of Christian Men hold, that be clept Georgians, for Saint George converted them. Upon that Hill dwelt Abraham a great while, and therefore Men call it Abraham's Garden. And between the Hill and this Garden runneth a little Brook of Water that was wont to be bitter; but, by the Blessing of Elisha the Prophet, it became sweet and good to drink. And at the Foot of this Hill, toward the Plain, is a great Well, that entereth into River Jordan.

From that Hill to Jericho, that I spake of before, is but a Mile in going toward River Jordan. Also as Men go to Jericho sat the blind Man crying, "Jesu, Fili David, miserere mei;" that is to say, "Jesu, David's Son, have Mercy on me." And anon he had his Sight. Also, 2 Mile from Jericho, is River Jordan. And, an half Mile more nigh, is a fair Church of Saint John the Baptist, where he baptised our Lord. And there beside is the House of Jeremiah the Prophet.

CHAPTER IX

Of the Dead Sea; and of the River Jordan. Of the Head of Saint John the Baptist; and of the Usages of the Samaritans

AND from Jericho, a 3 Mile, is the Dead Sea. About that Sea groweth much Alum and Alkatran.[1] Between Jericho and that Sea is the Land of Engeddi. And there was wont to grow the Balm; but Men make pull the Branches thereof and bear them to be grafted at Babylon; and Men call them yet Vines of Geddi. At a Coast of that Sea, as Men go from Arabia, is the Mount of the Moabites, where there is a Cave, that Men call Karua. Upon that Hill Balak, the Son of Boaz, led Balaam the Priest to curse the People of Israel.

That Dead Sea parteth the Land of Ind and of Arabia, and that Sea lasteth from Soara (Segor) unto Arabia. The Water of that Sea is full bitter and salt, and if the Earth were made moist and wet with that Water, it would never bear Fruit. And the Earth and the Land changeth often its Colour. And it casteth out of the Water a Thing that Men call Asphalt, also great Pieces, as the Greatness of an Horse, every Day and on all Sides. And from Jerusalem to that Sea is 200 Furlongs. That Sea is in Length 580 Furlongs, and in Breadth 150 Furlongs; and it is clept the Dead Sea, for it runneth nought, but is ever un-movable. And neither Man, Beast, nor anything that beareth Life in him may die in that Sea. And that hath been proved many times, by Men that have deserved to be dead that have been cast therein and left there 3 Days or 4, and they might never die therein; for it receiveth no Thing within him that beareth Life. And no Man may drink of the Water for Bitterness. And if a Man cast Iron therein, it will float above. And if Men cast a Feather therein, it will sink to the Bottom, and these be Things against Nature.

[1] Arabic, Katrân, Bitumen.

And also, the Cities there were lost because of Sin. And there beside grow Trees that bear full fair Apples, and fair of Colour to behold; but whoso breaketh them or cutteth them in 2, he shall find within them Coals and Cinders, in Token that by the Wrath of God the Cities and the Land were burnt and sunk into Hell. Some Men call that Sea the Lake of Asafœtida; some, the River of Devils; and some the River that is ever stinking. And into that Sea sunk the 5 Cities by the Wrath of God; that is to say, Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboim, and Zoar, for the abominable Sin that reigned in them. But Zoar, by the Prayer of Lot, was saved and kept a great while, for it was set upon a Hill; and some Part yet sheweth thereof above the Water, and Men may see the Walls when it is fair Weather and clear. In that City Lot dwelt a little while; and there he was made drunk by his Daughters, and lay with them, and engendered of them Moab and Ammon. And the Cause for which his Daughters made him drunk to lie with him was this: because they saw no Man about them, but only their Father, and therefore they trowed that God had destroyed all the World as He had done the Cities, as He had done before by Noah's Flood. And therefore they would lie with their Father to have Issue, and to replenish the World again with People to restore the World again by them; for they trowed that there had been no more Men in all the World; and if their Father had not been drunk, he had not lain with them.

And the Hill above Zoar Men called it then Edom and after Men called it Seir, and after Idumea. Also at the right Side of that Dead Sea, dwelleth yet the Wife of Lot in Likeness of a salt Stone; for that she looked behind her when the Cities sunk into Hell.

This Lot was Haran's Son, that was Brother to Abraham; and Sarah, Abraham's Wife, and Milcah, Nahor's Wife, were Sisters to the said Lot. And the same Sarah was of Age 90 Year when Isaac her Son was gotten on her. And Abraham had another Son Ishmael that he gat upon Hagar his Handmaid. And when Isaac his Son was 8 Days old, Abraham his Father made him be circumcised, and Ishmael with him that was 14 Year old: wherefore the Jews that come of Isaac's Line be circumcised the 8th Day, and the Saracens that come of Ishmael's Line be circumcised when they be 14 Year of Age.

And ye shall understand, that the River Jordan runneth within the Dead Sea, where it dieth, for it runneth no further more, at a Place that is a Mile from the Church of Saint John the Baptist toward the West, a little beneath the Place where that Christian Men bathe them commonly. And a Mile from River Jordan is the River of Jabbok, the which Jacob passed over when he came from Mesopotamia. This River Jordan is no great River, but it is plenteous of good Fish; and it cometh out of the Hill of Lebanon by 2 Wells that be clept Jor and Dan, and of the 2 Wells hath it the Name. And it passeth by a Lake that is clept Maron (Merom). And after it passeth by the Sea of Tiberias, and passeth under the Hills of Gilboa; and there is a full fair Vale, both on that one Side and on that other of the same River. And Men go on the Hills of Lebanon, all their Length unto the Desert of Pharan; and those Hills part the Kingdom of Syria and the Country of Phœnicia; and upon those Hills grow Trees of Cedar that be full high, and they bear long Apples, and as great as a Man's Head.

And also this River Jordan parteth the Land of Galilee and the Land of Idumea and the Land of Betron (? Arabia Petrea), and runneth under Earth a great Way unto a fair Plain and great that is clept "Meldan" in Sarmois; that is to say, Fair or Market in their Language, because that there are often Fairs in that Plain. And there becometh the Water great and large; and in that Plain is the Tomb of Job.

And in that River Jordan above-said was our Lord baptised of Saint John, and the voice of God the Father was heard saying, "Hic est Filius Meus dilectus, &c.," that is to say, "This is My beloved Son, in the which I am well pleased; hear Him!" and the Holy Ghost alighted upon him in Likeness of a Culver; and so at His baptising was all the Holy Trinity.

And through that River passed the Children of Israel, all dry Feet; and they put Stones there in the middle Place, in Token of the Miracle that the Water withdrew him so. Also in that River Jordan Naaman of Syria bathed him, that was full rich, but he was leprous; and there anon he took his Heal.

About the River Jordan be many Churches where that many Christian Men dwelled. And nigh thereto is the City of Hay (Hazor) that Joshua assailed and took. Also beyond the River

Jordan is the Vale of Mamre, and that is a full fair Vale. Also upon the Hill that I spake of before, where our Lord fasted 40 Days, a 2 Mile long from Galilee, is a fair Hill and an high, where the Enemy the Fiend bare our Lord the 3rd Time to tempt Him, and shewed Him all the Regions of the World and said, "Hec omnia Tibi dabo, si cadens adoraveris me;" that is to say, "All this shall I give Thee, if Thou fall and worship me."

Also from the Dead Sea going Eastward, out of the Borders of the Holy Land that is clept the Land of Promise, is a strong Castle and a fair, on an Hill that is called "Carak" in Sarmois; that is to say, Royal. That Castle made King Baldwin, that was King of France, when he had conquered that Land, and put it in Christian Men's Hands to keep that Country; and for that Cause was it clept the Mount Royal. And under it there is a Town that is called Sobach, and there, all about, dwell Christian Men, under Tribute.

From thence go Men to Nazareth, of the which our Lord beareth the Surname. And from thence Men go by the Province of Galilee by Ramath, by Sothim and by the high Hill of Ephraim, where Elkanah and Hannah the Mother of Samuel the Prophet dwelled. There was born this Prophet; and, after his Death, he was buried at Mount Joy, as I have said to you before.

And then Men go to Shiloh, where the Ark of God with the Relics were kept long time under Eli the Prophet. There made the People of Hebron Sacrifice to our Lord, and there they yielded up their Vows. And there spake God first to Samuel, and shewed him the Mutation of the Order of Priesthood, and the Mystery of the Sacrament. And right nigh, on the left Side, is Gibeon and Ramah and Benjamin, of the which Holy Writ speaketh.

And after Men go to Sichem, some-time clept Sichar; and that is in the Province of Samaritans. And there is a full fair Vale and a fructuous; and there is a fair City and a good that Men call Neople (Neapolis). And from thence is a Day's Journey to Jerusalem. And there is the Well, where our Lord spake to the Woman of Samaria. And there was wont to be a Church, but it is beaten down. Beside that Well King Rehoboam had made 2 Calves of Gold and

made them to be worshipped, and put the one at Dan and the other at Bethel. And a Mile from Sichar is the City of Luz; and in that City dwelt Abraham a certain Time. Sichem is a 10 Mile from Jerusalem, and it is clept Neople; that is to say, the New City. And nigh beside is the Tomb of Joseph the Son of Jacob that governed Egypt: for the Jews bare his Bones from Egypt and buried them there, and thither go the Jews often-time in Pilgrimage with great Devotion. In that City was Dinah, Jacob's Daughter, ravished, for whom her Brethren slew many Persons and did many Harms to the City. And there beside is the Hill of Gerizim, where the Saracens make their Sacrifice: in that Hill would Abraham have sacrificed his Son Isaac. And there beside is the Vale of Dotaim. And there is the Cistern, where Joseph, which they sold, was cast in of his Brethren; and that is a 2 Mile from Sichar.

From thence go Men to Samaria that Men call now Sebast; and that is the chief City of that Country, and it sits between Hills as Jerusalem doth. In that City were the Sittings of the 12 Tribes of Israel; but the City is not now so great as it was wont to be. There was buried Saint John the Baptist between 2 Prophets, Elisha and Abdon; but he was beheaded in the Castle of Macharim (Machærus) beside the Dead Sea, and after he was translated by his Disciples, and buried at Samaria. And there Julian the Apostate had him digged up and his Bones burnt (for he was at that time Emperor) and the Ashes winnowed in the Wind. But the Finger that shewed our Lord, saying, "Ecce Agnus Dei," that is to say, "Lo! the Lamb of God," would never burn, but is all whole; that Finger Saint Thecla, the holy Virgin, had born unto the Hill of Sebast; and there make Men great Feast.

There was wont to be the Head of Saint John Baptist, enclosed in the Wall. But the Emperor Theodosius had it drawn out, and found it wrapped in a little Cloth, all bloody; and so he had it born to Constantinople. And the hinder Part of the Head is yet at Constantinople; and the fore Part of the Head, to under the Chin, is at Rome under the Church of Saint Silvester, where be Nuns Cordelers: and it is yet all broiled, as though it were half-burnt, for the Emperor Julian above-said, of his Cursedness and Malice, had that Part burnt

with the other Bones, and it sheweth yet; and this Thing hath been proved both by Popes and by Emperors. And the Jaws beneath, that hold to the Chin, and a Part of the Ashes and the Platter that the Head was laid in, when it was smitten off, are at Genoa; and the Genoese make for it great Feast, and so do the Saracens also. And some Men say that the Head of Saint John is at Amiens in Picardy; and other Men say that it is the Head of Saint John the Bishop. I wot never, but God knoweth; but in whateverwise wise Men worship it, the blessed Saint John holds himself a-paid.

From this City of Sebast unto Jerusalem is 12 Mile. And between the Hills of that Country there is a Well that 4 Times in the Year changeth his Colour, sometime green, sometime red, sometime clear and sometime troubled; and Men call that Well, Job. And the Folk of that Country, that Men call Samaritans, were converted and baptized by the Apostles; but they hold not well their Doctrine, and always they hold Laws by themselves, varying from Christian Men, from Saracens, Jews and Paynims. And the Samaritans believe in one God, and they say well that there is but one God that formed all, and All shall doom; and they hold the Bible according to the Letter, and they use the Psalter as the Jews do. And they say that they be the right Sons of God. And, among all other Folk, they say that they be best beloved of God, and that to them belongeth the Heritage that God plighted to His beloved Children. And they have also different Clothing and Shape to look on than other Folk have; for they wrap their Heads in red Linen Cloth, in Difference from others. And the Saracens wrap their Heads in white Linen Cloth; and the Christian Men, that dwell in the Country, wrap them in blue of Ind; and the Jews in yellow Cloth. In that Country dwell many of the Jews, paying Tribute as Christian Men do.

And if ye will know the Letters that the Jews use they be such, and the Names be as they call them here written above, in manner of A. B. C.

Aleph	Beth	Gymel	Deleth	He	Vau	Zay
א	ב	ג	ד	ה	ו	ז
Cy	Thet	Joht	Kapho	Lampd	Mem	Nun
ח	ט	י	כ	ל	מ	נ
Sameth	Ey	Fhee	Sade	Coph	Resch	Son	Tau
ס	ע	פ	צ	ק	ר	ש	ת

CHAPTER X

Of the Province of Galilee, and where Antichrist shall be born. Of Nazareth. Of the age of Our Lady. Of the Day of Doom. And of the Customs of the Jacobites and the Syrians; and of the Usages of the Georgians

FROM this Country of the Samaritans that I have spoken of before go Men to the Plains of Galilee, and Men leave the Hills on the one Side.

And Galilee is one of the Provinces of the Holy Land, and in that Province is the City of Nain — and Capernaum, and Chorazin and Bethsaida. In this Bethsaida were Saint Peter and Saint Andrew born. And thence, a 4 Mile, is Chorazin. And 5 Mile from Chorazin is the City of Kedar whereof the Psalter speaketh: "Et habitavi cum Habitantibus Kedar;" that is to say, "And I have dwelled with the Men dwelling in Kedar." In Chorazin shall Antichrist be born, as some Men say. And other Men say he shall be born in Babylon; for the Prophet saith: "De Babilonia Coluber exiet, qui totum Mundum devorabit;" that is to say, "Out of Babylon shall come a Worm that shall devour all the World." This Antichrist shall be nourished in Bethsaida, and he shall reign in Capernaum: and therefore saith Holy Writ: "Væ tibi, Chorazin! Væ tibi Bethsaida! Væ tibi Capernaum!" that is to say, "Woe be to thee, Chorazin! Woe to thee, Bethsaida! Woe to thee, Capernaum!" And all these Towns be in the Land of Galilee. And also Cana of Galilee is 4 Mile from Nazareth: of that City was Simon the Canaanite and his Wife Canee, of the which the Holy Evangelist speaketh: there did our Lord the first Miracle at the Wedding, when He turned Water into Wine.

And in the End of Galilee, at the Hills, was the Ark of God taken; and on the other Side is the Mount Hendor or Hermon. And, thereabout, goeth the Brook of Kishon; and there beside Barak that was Abimelech's[1] Son with Deborah

[1] Should be Abinoam.

the Prophetess overcame the Host of Idumea, when Sisera the King was slain of Jael the Wife of Heber. And Gideon[1] chased beyond the River Jordan, by Strength of Sword, Zeeb and Zebah and Zalmunna, and there he slew them. Also a 5 Mile from Nain is the City of Jezreel that sometime was clept Zarim, of the which City Jezabel, the cursed Queen, was Lady and Queen, that took away the Vine of Naboth by her Strength. Fast by that City is the Field Megiddo, in the which the King Joram was slain of the King of Samaria and after was translated and buried in the Mount Sion.

And a Mile from Jezreel be the Hills of Gilboa, where Saul and Jonathan, that were so fair, died; wherefore David cursed them, as Holy Writ saith: "Montes Gilboæ, nec Ros nec Pluvia," &c.; that is to say, "Ye Hills of Gilboa, neither Dew nor Rain come upon you." And a Mile from the Hills of Gilboa toward the East is the City of Cyropolis, that was clept before Bethshan; and upon the Walls of that City was the Head of Saul hanged.

After go Men by the Hill beside the Plains of Galilee unto Nazareth, where was wont to be a great City and a fair; but now there is but a little Village, and Houses abroad here and there. And it is not walled. And it sits in a little Valley, and there be Hills all about. There was our Lady born, but she was begotten at Jerusalem. And because that our Lady was born at Nazareth, therefore bare our Lord this Surname of that Town. There took Joseph our Lady to Wife, when she was 14 Year of Age. And there Gabriel greet our Lady, saying, "Ave Gratia plena, Dominus tecum!" that is to say, "Hail, full of Grace, our Lord is with thee!" And this Salutation was done on the Place of a great Altar of a fair Church that was wont to be sometime, but it is now all down, and Men have made a little Receptacle, beside a Pillar of that Church, to receive the Offerings of Pilgrims. And the Saracens keep that Place full dearly, for the Profit that they have thereof. And they be full wicked Saracens and cruel, and more despiteful than in any other Place, and have destroyed all the Churches. There nigh is Gabriel's Well, where our Lord was wont to bathe Him, when He was young, and from that Well bare the Water often-time to His Mother. And in

[1] The name of Gideon is omitted in the originals.

that Well she washed often-time the Clothes of her Son Jesu Christ. And from Jerusalem unto thither is 3 Days' Journey. At Nazareth was our Lord nourished. Nazareth is as much as to say, "Flower of the Garden;" and by good Reason may it be clept Flower, for there was nourished the Flower of Life that was Christ Jesu.

And 2 Mile from Nazareth is the City of Sephor, by the Way that goeth from Nazareth to Acre. And an half Mile from Nazareth is the Leap of our Lord. For the Jews led Him upon an high Rock to make Him leap down, and to have slain Him; but Jesu passed amongst them, and leapt upon another Rock, and the Steps of His Feet be yet in the Rock, where He alighted. And therefore say some Men, when they dread them of Thieves on any Way, or of Enemies, "Jesus autem transiens per Medium illorum ibat;" that is to say, "Jesus, forsooth, passing by the Midst of them, went:" in Token and Mind, that as our Lord passed through, out of the Jews' Cruelty, and escaped safely from them, so surely Men pass the Peril of Thieves. And then say Men 2 Verses of the Psalter 3 Times: "Irruat super eos Formido et Pavor, in magnitudine Brachii Tui, Domine. Fiant immobiles, quasi Lapis, donec pertranseat Populus Tuus, Domine; donec pertranseat Populus Tuus iste, quem possedisti;" ("May Fear and Dread fall upon them; by the Greatness of Thine Arm, O Lord let them be still as a Stone; till Thy People pass over, O Lord, till thy People pass over, which Thou hast purchased;") and then may Men pass without Peril.

And ye shall understand, that our Lady had Child when she was 15 Year old. And she was conversant with her Son 33 Year and 3 Months. And after the Passion of our Lord she lived 24 Year.

Also from Nazareth Men go to the Mount Tabor; and that is a 4 Mile. And it is a full fair Hill and well high, where was wont to be a Town and many Churches; but they be all destroyed. But there is yet a Place that Men call the School of God, where He was wont to teach His Disciples, and told them the Privities of Heaven. And, at the Foot of that Hill, Melchisadech that was King of Salem, in the Turning of that Hill met Abraham in coming again from the Battle, when he had slain Abimalech. And this Melchisa-

dech was both King and Priest of Salem that now is clept Jerusalem. In that Hill Tabor our Lord transfigured Him before Saint Peter, Saint John and Saint James; and there they saw, ghostly, Moses and Elias the Prophets beside them. And therefore said Saint Peter, "Domine, bonum est nos hic esse; faciamus tria Tabernacula;" that is to say, "Lord, it is good for us to be here; make we here 3 Dwelling-places." And there heard they a Voice of the Father that said, "Hic est Filius Meus dilectus, in Quo Mihi bene complacui," ("This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.") And our Lord forbid them that they should tell that Vision till that He were risen from Death to Life.

On that Hill and in that same Place, at the Day of Doom, 4 Angels with 4 Trumpets shall blow and raise all Men that have suffered Death, since that the World was formed, from Death to Life; and they shall come in Body and Soul in Judgment, before the Face of our Lord in the Vale of Jehosaphat. And the Doom shall be on Easter Day, such Time as our Lord arose. And the Doom shall begin, such Hour as our Lord descended to Hell and despoiled it. For at such Hour shall He despoil the World and lead His chosen to Bliss; and the others shall He condemn to perpetual Pains. And then shall every Man have after his Desert, either Good or Evil, but and if the Mercy of God passeth His Righteousness.

Also a Mile from Mount Tabor is the Mount Hermon; and there was the City of Nain. Before the Gate of that City raised our Lord the Son of Widow, that had no more Children. Also 3 Mile from Nazareth is the Castle Safra, of the which the Sons of Zebedee and the sons of Alpheus were. Also a 3 Mile from Nazareth is the Mount Cain, and under that is a Well; and beside that Well Lamech, Noah's Father, slew Cain with an Arrow. For this Cain went through Briars and Bushes as a wild Beast; and he had lived from the Time of Adam his Father unto the Time of Noah, and so he lived nigh to 2000 Year. And this Lamech was all blind for Eld.

From Safra Men go to the Sea of Galilee and to the City of Tiberias, that sits upon the same Sea. And albeit that Men call it a Sea, yet it is neither Sea nor Arm of the Sea.

For it is but a Tank of fresh Water that is in Length 100 Furlongs, and of Breadth 40 Furlongs, and hath within him great Plenty of good Fish, and runneth into River Jordan. The City is not full great, but it hath good Baths within him.

And there, as the River Jordan passeth from the Sea of Galilee, is a great Bridge, where men pass from the Land of Promise to the Land of Bashan and the Land of Gennesaret, that be about the River Jordan and the Beginning of the Sea of Tiberias. And from thence Men may go to Damascus, in 3 Days, by the Kingdom of Traconitis, the which Kingdom lasteth from Mount Hermon to the Sea of Galilee, or to the Sea of Tiberias, or to the Sea of Gennesaret; and all is one Sea, and this the Tank that I have told you of, but it changeth thus the Name for the Names of the Cities that sit beside him.

Upon that Sea went our Lord dry Feet; and there He took up Saint Peter, when he began to drown within the Sea, and said to him, "Modice Fidei, quare dubitasti?" ("O thou of little Faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?") And after His resurrection our Lord appeared on that Sea to His Disciples and bade them fish, and filled all the Net full of great Fishes. In that Sea rowed our Lord often-time; and there He called to Him Saint Peter, Saint Andrew, and Saint James and Saint John, the Sons of Zebedee.

In that City of Tiberias is the Table upon the which our Lord ate with His Disciples after His Resurrection; and they knew Him in breaking of Bread, as the Gospel saith: "Et cognoverunt Eum in Fractione Panis." And nigh that City of Tiberias is the Hill, where our Lord fed 5000 Persons with 5 Barley Loaves and 2 Fishes.

In that City a Man cast a burning Dart in Wrath after our Lord. And the Head smote into the Earth and waxed green; and it grew to a big Tree. And it groweth yet, and the Bark thereof is all like Coals.

Also in the Head of that Sea of Galilee, toward the Septentrion (or South) is a strong Castle and an high that is hight Saphor. And fast beside it is Capernaum. Within the Land of Promise is not so strong a Castle. And there is a good Town beneath that is clept Saphor. In that Castle Saint Anne our Lady's Mother was born. And there beneath,

was the Centurion's House. That Country is clept the Galilee of Folk (or the Gentiles) that were taken to Tribute of Zebulon and Napthali.

And in again coming from that Castle, a 30 Mile, is the City of Dan that some-time was clept Belinas or Cesarea Philippi; that sits at the Foot of the Mount of Lebanon, where the River Jordan beginneth. There beginneth the Land of Promise and endureth unto Beersheba in Length, going from North to South. And it containeth well a 180 Miles. And of Breadth, that is to say, from Jericho unto Jaffa, it containeth a 40 Mile of Lombardy, or of our Country, that be also little Miles; these be not Miles of Gascony nor of the Province of Germany, where be great Miles. And wit ye well, that the Land of Promise is in Syria. For the Realm of Syria endureth from the Deserts of Arabia unto Cilicia, and that is Armenia the Great; that is to say, from the South to the North. And, from the East to the West, it endureth from the great Deserts of Arabia unto the West Sea. But in that Realm of Syria is the Kingdom of Judea and many other Provinces, as Palestine, Galilee, Little Cilicia, and many others.

In that Country and other Countries beyond they have a Custom, when they shall use War, and when Men hold Siege about a City or Castle, and they within dare not send out Messengers with Letters from Lord to Lord to ask Succour, they make their Letters and bind them to the Neck of a Culver, and let the Culver flee. And the Culvers be so taught, that they flee with those Letters to the very Place that Men would send them to. For the Culvers be nourished in those Places where they be sent to, and they send them thus, to bear their Letters. And the Culvers return again where-to they be nourished; and so they do commonly.

And ye shall understand that amongst the Saracens, in one Part and another, dwell many Christian Men of many Manners and diverse Names. And all be baptized and have diverse Laws and diverse Customs. But all believe in God the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost; but always fail they in some Articles of our Faith. Some of these be clept Jacobites, for Saint James converted them and Saint John baptized them. They say that a Man shall make his Confes-

sion only to God, and not to a Man; for only to Him should Man yield Him guilty of all that he hath misdone. Neither God ordained, nor ever devised, nor the Prophet either, that a Man should shrive him to another, as they say, but only to God. As Moses writeth in the Bible, and as David saith in the Psalter Book: "Confitebor Tibi, Domine, in toto Corde meo," ("I will confess to Thee, O Lord, in my whole Heart;") and, "Delictum meum Tibi cognitum feci," ("I acknowledge my Sin unto Thee;") and, "Deus meus es Tu, et confitebor Tibi," ("Thou art my God, and I will confess unto Thee;") and, "Quoniam Cogitatio Hominis confitebitur Tibi," ("Since the Thoughts of Man shall confess to Thee;") &c. For they know all the Bible and the Psalter. And therefore quote they so the Letter. But they quote not the Authorities thus in Latin, but in their Language full openly, and say well, that David and other Prophets say it.

Nevertheless, Saint Augustin and Gregory say thus:—Augustinus: "Qui Scelera sua cogitat, et conversus fuerit, Veniam sibi credat," ("Let him that would consider his Sins, and would be converted, believe that for him there is Forgiveness.") Gregorius: "Dominus potius Mentem quam Verba respicit," ("The Lord looketh rather on the Purpose than on the Letter.") And Saint Hillary saith: "Longorum Temporum Crimina, in Ictu Oculi pereunt, si Cordis nata fuerit Compunctio," ("Sins of long Duration perish in the Twinkling of an Eye, if Repentance be born of the Heart.") And before such Authorities they say, that only to God shall a Man acknowledge his Defaults, yielding himself guilty and crying Him Mercy, and vowing to Him to amend his Ways. And therefore, when they will shrive them, they take Fire and set it beside them, and cast therein Powder of Frankincense; and in the Smoke thereof they shrive them to God, and cry Him Mercy. But Sooth it is, that this Confession was first and natural. But Saint Peter the Apostle, and they that came after him, have ordained to make their Confession to Man, and by good Reason; for they perceived well that no Sickness was curable by good Medecine to lay thereto, but if Men knew the Nature of the Malady; and also no Man may give suitable Medecine, but if he know the Quality of the Deed. For one Sin may be greater in one Man than in

another; and therefore it behoveth him that he know the Kind of the Deed, and thereupon to give him Penance.

There be other, that be clept Syrians; and they hold the Belief held amongst us, and of them of Greece. And they all use Beards, as Men of Greece do. And they make the Sacrament of Therf (or Unleavened) Bread. And in their Language they use the Letters of the Saracens. But in the Mysteries of Holy Church they use Letters of Greece. And they make their Confession, right as the Jacobites do.

There be others, that Men call Georgians, that Saint George converted; and him they worship more than any other Saint, and to him they cry for Help. And they came out of the Realm of Georgia. These Folk use shaven Crowns. The Clerks have round Crowns, and the Laymen have Crowns all square. And they hold Christian Laws, as do they of Greece; of whom I have spoken of before.

Other there be that Men call Christian Men of Girding, for they be all girt above. And there be others that Men call Nestorians. And some are Aryans, some Nubians, some of Greece, some of Ind, and some of Prester John's Land. And all these have many Articles of our Faith, but to some they be variant. And of their Variance were too long to tell, and so I will leave, for the Time, without more speaking of them.

CHAPTER XI

Of the City of Damascus. Of 3 Ways to Jerusalem; one, by Land and by Sea; another, more by land than by sea; and the 3rd Way to Jerusalem, all by Land.

NOW that I have told you of some Part of the Folk in the Countries before, now will I turn again on my Way, to turn again to this half of my Travels. Then whoso will go from the Land of Galilee, that I have spoke of, to come again on this half, Men come again by Damascus, that is a full fair City and full noble, and full of all Merchandises, and a 3 Days' Journey long from the Sea, and a 5 Days' Journey from Jerusalem. But upon Camels, Mules, Horses, Dromedaries and other Beasts, Men carry their Merchandise thither. And thither come Merchants with Merchandise by Sea from India, Persia, Chaldea, Armenia, and from many other Kingdoms.

This City founded Eliezer Damascus, that was Yeoman and Dispenser (or Steward) of Abraham before that Isaac was born. For he thought to have been Abraham's Heir, and he named the Town after his Surname. And in that Place, where Damascus was founded, Cain slew Abel his Brother. And beside Damascus is the Mount Seir. In that City of Damascus there is great Plenty of Wells. And within the City and without be many fair Gardens of diverse Fruits. None other City is like in comparison to it for fair Gardens, and for fair Diversions. The City is great and full of People, and walled with double Walls. And there be many Physicians. And Saint Paul himself was there a Physician to keep Men's Bodies in Health, before he was converted. And after that he was Physician of Souls. And Saint Luke the Evangelist was Disciple of Saint Paul to learn Physic, and many others; for Saint Paul held then a School of Physic. And near beside Damascus was he converted. And after his Conversion he dwelt in that City 3 Days, without Sight and with-

out Meat or Drink; and in those 3 Days he was ravished to Heaven, and there he saw many Privities of our Lord.

And fast by Damascus is the Castle of Arkes that is both fair and strong.

From Damascus Men come again by our Lady of Sardenak, that is a 5 Mile on this side Damascus. And it is set upon a Rock, and it is a full fair Place; and it seemeth a Castle, for there was wont to be a Castle, but it is now a full fair Church. And there within be Monks and Nuns Christian. And there is a Vault under the Church, where that Christian Men dwell also. And they have many good Vines. And in the Church, behind the high Altar, in the Wall, is a Table of black Wood, on the which some-time was painted an Image of our Lady that turneth into Flesh: but now the Image sheweth but little, but evermore, through the Grace of God, that Table droppeth as it were of Olive; and there is a Vessel of Marble under the Table to receive the Oil; thereof they give unto Pilgrims, for it healeth of many Sicknesses. And he that keepeth it cleanly a Year, after that Year it turneth into Flesh and Blood.

Between the City of Dark and the City of Raphan is a River that Men call Sabbatoria[1]; for on the Saturday it runneth fast, and all the Week else it standeth still, and runneth nought or little. And there is another River, that in the Night freezeth wondrous fast, and in the Day is no Frost seen.

And so go Men by a City that Men call Beirout, and there Men go on to the Sea, that shall go unto Cyprus. And they arrive at the Port of Sur or of Tyre, and then go unto Cyprus. Or else Men may go from the Port of Tyre right well and come not unto Cyprus, and arrive at some Haven of Greece. And then come Men unto these Countries by Ways that I have spoken of before.

Now I have told you of Ways by the which Men go farthest and longest, as by Babylon and Mount Sinai and other Places many, through the which Lands Men turn again to the Land of Promise.

Now will I tell you the straight Way to Jerusalem: for some Men will not pass it; some for the Expense, some for

[1] Sabbatum, Latin for Saturday.

they have no Company, and other many reasonable Causes. And therefore I tell you shortly how a Man may go with little Cost and short Time.

A Man that cometh from the Lands of the West, he goeth through France, Burgundy and Lombardy and to Venice and to Genoa, or to some other Haven of the Borders; and taketh a Ship there and goes by Sea to the Isle of Gryffle (? Corfu), and so arriveth in Greece, or in Port Muroch, or Valon or Duras, or at some other Haven, and goes to Land to rest him; and goes again to Sea, and arrives in Cyprus, and cometh not to the Isle of Rhodes, but arrives at Famagosta that is the chief Haven of Cyprus, or else at Lamaton; and then entereth into the Ship again and goes beside the Haven of Tyre but cometh not to Land, and so passeth he by all the Havens of that Coast until he come to Jaffa that is the nighest Haven unto Jerusalem, whence it is 27 Mile. And from Jaffa Men go to the City of Ramleh, and that is but little thence, and it is a fair City. And beside Ramleh is a fair Church of our Lady, where our Lord shewed Him to our Lady in the Likeness that betokeneth the Trinity. And there, fast by, is a Church of Saint George, where that his Head was smitten off. And then unto the Castle Emmaus. And then unto Mount Joy; and from thence Pilgrims may first see unto Jerusalem. And then to Mount Modein. And then to Jerusalem. And at the Mount Modein lieth the Prophet Maccabeus. And over Ramleh is the Town of Tekoa, where-of Amos the good Prophet was.

Another Way. Forasmuch as many Men may not suffer the Savour of the Sea, but had as lief go by Land, though that it be more Pain, a Man shall so go unto one of the Havens of Lombardy, as Venice or another. And he shall pass into Greece through Port Moroch or another, and so he shall go unto Constantinople. And he shall so pass the Water that is clept the Brace of Saint George, that is an Arm of the Sea. And from thence he shall come to Pulverall and then unto the Castle of Cinopolis. And from thence shall he go unto Cappadocia, that is a great Country, where there be many great Hills. And he shall go through the City of Nyke (Nicea), the which they won from the Emperor of Constantinople; and it is a fair City and wondrous well

walled; and there is a River that Men call the Laye. And then Men go by the Alps of Aryoprynant, and by the Vales of Mallebrinez, and eke the Vale of Ernax; and so unto Antioch the Less that sitteth on the River Reclay. And thereabout be many good Hills and fair, and many fair Woods, and eke wild Beasts.

And he that will go by another Way, he must go by the Plain of Roumania, coasting the Roumanian Sea. Upon that Coast is a wondrous fair Castle that men call Florathe. And when a Man is out of those same Hills, Men pass then through a City, that is called Marioch and Arteis, where there is a great Bridge upon the River of Ferne that Men call Fassar; and it is a great River bearing Ships. And beside the City of Damascus is a River that cometh from the Mountain of Lebanon that Men call Abana: at passing of this River Saint Eustace lost his 2 Sons, when that he had lost his Wife; and it goeth through the Plain of Arthadoe, and so unto the Red Sea. And so Men may go unto the City of Phenne, and so unto the City of Ferne.

And Antioch is a full fair City and well walled. For it is 2 Mile long. And each Pillar of the Bridge there is a good Tower. And this is the best City of the Kingdom of Syria.

And from Antioch Men may so go forth unto the City of Latakia, and then unto Gabala, and then unto Tartus; and there-by is the Land of Cambre, where there is a strong Castle that Men call Maubeke. And from Tartus Men go unto Tripoli upon the Sea. And upon the Sea Men go unto Acre; and thence be 2 Ways unto Jerusalem. Upon the left Way, Men go first unto Damascus by River Jordan. Upon the right Side, Men go through the Land of Flagam, and so unto the City of Caiaphas, of the which Caiaphas was Lord, and some call it the Castle of Pilgrims (Athlêt). And from thence is 4 Days' Journey unto Jerusalem, and they go through Cesarea Philippi, and Jaffa, and Ramleh and Emmaus, and so unto Jerusalem.

Now have I told you some of the Ways by the Land and eke by Water how that Men may go unto Jerusalem; though that it be so, that there be many other Ways that Men go by, according to the Countries that they come from; nevertheless, they turn all unto one End. Yet is there a Way all by

Land unto Jerusalem and passing over no Sea. That is from France or Flanders. But that Way is full long and perilous, and of great Travail; and therefore few go that same Way. And whoso goeth that Way, he must go through Germany and Prussia, and so unto Tartary.

This Tartary is held of the great Chan, of whom I shall speak more afterward, for thither lasteth his Lordship. And the Lords of Tartary yield unto the great Chan Tribute. This is a full ill Land and a sandy, and bearing but little Fruit. For there groweth little good of Corn or Wine, neither Beans nor Peas. But Beasts be there enough, and that full great Plenty. And there eat they nought but Flesh without Bread, and they sup the Broth thereof. And also they drink the Milk. And all Manner of wild Beasts they eat, Hounds, Cats, Rats, and all other wild Beasts. And they have no Wood, or else little; and therefore they warm and seethe their Meat with Horse-dung and Cow-dung and that of other Beasts, dried against the Sun. And Princes and others eat not but once in the Day, and that but little. And they be right foul Folk and of evil Kind. And in Summer, by all the Countries, fall many Tempests and many hideous Thunders and Lightnings and slay much People and Beasts also full often-time. And suddenly is it there passing hot, and suddenly also passing cold; and it is the foulest Country and the most cursed and the poorest that Men know. And their Prince, that governeth that Country, that they call Batho, dwelleth at the City of Orda. And truly no good Man should dwell in that Country, for the Land and the Country is not worthy of Hounds to dwell in. It were a good Country to sow in Thistle and Briars and Broom and Thorns; and for no other Thing is it good. Nevertheless, there is good Land in some Places, but it is very little, as Men say.

I have not been in that Country, nor by those Ways. But I have been at other Lands that march with those Countries, and in the land of Russia, and in the Land of Nyfland (Livonia), and in the Realm of Cracow and of Letto (Lithuania), and in the Realm of Daristan, and in many other Places that march with the Borders. But I went never by that Way to Jerusalem, wherefore I may not well tell you the Manner.

But, if this Matter please any worthy Man that hath gone by that Way, he may tell it if it like him; to that Intent, that those, that will go by that Way and make their Voyage by those Borders, may know what Way is there. For no Man may pass by that Way goodly, but in Time of Winter, for the perilous Waters and wicked Morasses, that be in those Countries, that no Man may pass but if it be strong Frost and Snow above. For if there were no Snow, Men might not go upon the Ice, nor Horse nor Car either.

And it is well a 3 Days' Journey of such Way to pass from Prussia to the Land of Saracens that is habitable. And it behoveth to the Christian Men, that shall war against them every Year, to bear their Victuals with them; for they shall find there none good. And then must they make carry their Victual upon the Ice with Cars that have no Wheels, that they call Sleighs. And as long as their Victuals last they may abide there, but no longer; for there shall they find no Person that will sell them any Victual or anything. And when the Spies see any Christian Men come upon them, they run to the Towns, and cry with a loud Voice, "Kerra, Kerra, Kerra." And then anon they arm them and assemble them together.

And ye shall understand that it freezeth more strongly in those Countries than on this Half. And therefore hath every Man Stoves in his House, and on those Stoves they eat and do their Occupations all that they may. For that is at the North Parts that Men call the Septentrional where it is cold. For the Sun is but little or none toward those Countries. And therefore in the Septentrion, that is very North, is the Land so cold, that none may dwell there. And, on the contrary, toward the South it is so hot, that no Man may dwell there, because that the Sun, when he is upon the South, casteth his Beams all straight upon that Part.

CHAPTER XII

Of the Customs of Saracens, and of their Law. And how the Sultan questioned me, the Author of this Book; and of the beginning of Mohammet

NOW, because that I have spoken of Saracens and of their Country — now, if ye will know a Part of their Law and of their Belief, I shall tell you what their Book that is clept "Al Koran" telleth. And some Men call that Book "Meshaf." And some Men call it "Harme," after the diverse Languages of the Country. The which Book Mohammet took them. In the which Book, among other Things, is written, as I have often-time seen and read, that the Good shall go to Paradise, and the Evil to Hell; and that believe all Saracens. And if a Man ask them what Paradise they mean, they say, to Paradise that is a Place of Delights where Men shall find all Manner of Fruits in all Seasons, and Rivers running of Milk and Honey, and of Wine and of sweet Water; and that they shall have fair Houses and noble, every Man after his Desert, made of precious Stones and of Gold and of Silver; and that every Man shall have 80 Wives[1] all Maidens, and he shall have ado every Day with them, and yet he shall find them always Maidens.

Also they believe and speak gladly of the Virgin Mary and of the Incarnation. And they say that Mary was taught of the Angel; and that Gabriel said to her, that she was forchosen from the Beginning of the World; and that he showed to her the Incarnation of Jesu Christ; and that she, a Maiden, conceived and bare Child; and that witnesseth their Book.

And they say also, that Jesu Christ spake as soon He was born; and that He was an Holy Prophet and a true in Word and Deed, and meek and merciful and righteous and without any Vice.

[1] Three of the English MSS. and one of the Latin give 10; and the two French MSS. 90.

And they say also, that when the Angel showed the Incarnation of Christ unto Mary, she was young and had great Dread. For there was then an Enchanter in the Country that dealt with Witchcraft, that Men called Taknia, that by his Enchantments could make him in Likeness of an Angel, and went often-times and lay with Maidens. And therefore Mary dreaded lest it had been Taknia, that came to deceive the Maidens. And therefore she conjured the Angel, that he should tell her if it were he or no. And the Angel answered and said that she should have no Dread of him, for he was the very Messenger of Jesu Christ. Also their Book saith, that when that she had childed under a Palm Tree she had great Shame that she had a Child; and she greet and said that she would she had been dead. And anon the Child spake to her and comforted her, and said, "Mother, dismay thee nought, for God hath hid in thee His Secrets, for the Salvation of the World." And in other many Places saith their Al Koran, that Jesu Christ spake as soon as He was born. And that Book saith also that Jesu was sent from God Almighty to be Mirror and Example and Token to all Men.

And the Al Koran saith also of the Day of Doom how God shall come to doom all Manner of Folk. And the Good He shall draw on His side and put them into Bliss, and the Wicked He shall condemn to the Pains of Hell. And among all Prophets Jesu was the most excellent and the most worthy next God, and that He made the Gospels in which is good Doctrine and heal-ful, full of Charity and Truthfastness and true Preaching to them that believe in God. And that He was a very Prophet and more than a Prophet, and lived without Sin, and gave Sight to the Blind, and healed the Lepers, and raised dead Men, and ascended to Heaven.

And when they hold the written Book of the Gospels of our Lord called "Missus est Angelus Gabriel," that Gospel they, those that be lettered, say often-times in their Orisons, and they kiss it and worship it with great Devotion.

They fast an whole Month in the Year and eat nought but by Night. And they keep them from their Wives all that Month. But the Sick Men be not constrained to that Fast.

Also this Book speaketh of Jews and saith that they be cursed; for they would not believe that Jesu Christ was come of God. And that they lied falsely of Mary and of her Son Jesu Christ, saying that they had crucified Jesu the Son of Mary; for He was never crucified, as they say, but that God made Him to ascend up to Him without Death and without Annoy. But He transfigured His Likeness into Judas Iscariot, and him crucified the Jews, and wot that it had been Jesus. But Jesus ascended to Heaven all alive. And therefore they say, that the Christian Men err and have no good Knowledge of this, and that they believe foolishly and falsely that Jesu Christ was crucified. And they say also, that had He been crucified, that God had done against His Righteousness to suffer Jesu Christ that was innocent to be put upon the Cross without Guilt. And in this Article they say that we fail and that the great Righteousness of God might not suffer so great a Wrong: and in this faileth their Faith. For they acknowledge well, that the Works of Jesu Christ be good, and His Words and His Deeds and His Doctrines by His Gospels were true, and His Miracles also true; and the Blessed Virgin Mary is good and holy Maiden before and after the Birth of Jesu Christ; and that all those that believe perfectly in God shall be saved. And because that they go so nigh our Faith, they be lightly converted to Christian Law when Men preach to them and show them distinctly the Law of Jesu Christ, and tell them of the Prophecies.

And also they say, that they know well by the Prophecies that the Law of Mohammet shall fail, as the Law of the Jews did; and that the Law of Christian People shall last to the Day of Doom. And if any Man ask them what is their Belief, they answer thus, and in this Form: "We believe in God, Maker of Heaven and Earth and of all other Things that He made. And without Him is Nothing made. And we believe in the Day of Doom, and that every Man shall have his Merit, after that he hath deserved. And, we believe it for Truth, all that God hath said by the Mouths of His Prophets."

Also Mohammet commanded in his Al Koran, that every Man should have 2 Wives, or 3 or 4; but now they take unto 9, and of Lemans as many as they may sustain. And if any of their Wives mis-behave them against their Husband, he

may cast her out of his House, and depart from her and take another; but he shall part with her his Goods.

Also, when Men speak to them of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, they say, that they be 3 Persons, but not one God; for their Al Koran speaketh not of the Trinity. But they say well, that God hath Speech, and else were He dumb. And God hath also a Spirit they know well, for else, they say, He were not alive. And when Men speak to them of the Incarnation how that by the Word of the Angel God sent His Wisdom on to Earth and enshadowed Him in the Virgin Mary, and that by the Word of God shall the Dead be raised at the Day of Doom, they say, that it is Truth and that the Word of God hath great Strength. And they say that whoso knoweth not the Word of God he should not know God. And they say also that Jesu Christ is the Word of God: and so saith their Al Koran, where it saith that the Angel spake to Mary and said: "Mary, God shall preach the Gospel by the Word of His Mouth and His Name shall be clept Jesu Christ."

And they say also, that Abraham was Friend to God, and that Moses was a familiar Speaker with God, and Jesu Christ was the Word and the Spirit of God, and that Mohammet was the right Messenger of God. And they say, that of these 4, Jesu was the most worthy and the most excellent and the most great. So that they have many good Articles of our Faith, albeit that they have no perfect Law and Faith as Christian Men have; and therefore be they lightly converted, especially those that understand the Scriptures and the Prophecies. For they have Gospels and the Prophecies and the Bible written in their Language; wherefore they know much of Holy Writ, but they understand it not but after the Letter. And so do the Jews, for they understand not the Letter ghostly (or spiritually), but bodily; and therefore be they reproved of the Wise, that ghostly understand it. And therefore saith Saint Paul: "Litera occidit; Spiritus vivificat" ("The Letter killeth; the Spirit quickeneth"). Also the Saracens say, that the Jews be cursed; for they have be-fouled the Law that God sent them by Moses: and the Christians be cursed also, as they say; for they keep not the Commandments and the Precepts of the Gospel that Jesu Christ taught them.

And, therefore, I shall tell you what the Sultan told me upon a Day in his Chamber. He made void out of his Chamber all manner of Men, Lords and others, for he would speak with me in Counsel. And there he asked me how the Christian Men governed themselves in our Country. And I said, "Right well, thanked be God!"

And he said to me, "Truly Nay! For ye Christian Men reck not, right nought, how untruly ye serve God! Ye should give Ensample to the Lay People to do well, and ye give them Ensample to do evil. For the Commoners, upon Festival Days, when they should go to Church to serve God, then go to Taverns, and be there in Gluttony all the Day and all Night, and eat and drink as Beasts that have no Reason, and wist not when they have had enough. And also the Christian Men strengthen themselves, in all Manners that they may, to fight and deceive the one the other. And therewithal they be so proud, that they know not how to be clothed; now long, now short, now strait, now large, now sworded, now daggered, and in all manner of Guises. They should be simple, meek and true, and full of Alms-deeds, as Jesu was, in whom they trow; but they be all the contrary, and ever inclined to Evil and to do Evil. And they be so covetous, that, for a little Silver, they sell their Daughters, their Sisters and their own Wives, to put them to Lechery. And one withdraweth the Wife of another, and none of them holdeth Faith to another; but they be-foul their Law that Jesu Christ gave them to keep for their Salvation. And thus, for their Sins, have they lost all this Land that we hold. For, for their Sins there, God hath given them into our Hands, not only by Strength of ourselves, but for their Sins. For we know well, in very Sooth, that when ye serve God, God will help you; and when He is with you, no Man may be against you. And that know we well by our Prophecies, that Christian Men shall win again this Land out of our Hands, when they serve God more devoutly; but as long as they be of foul and of unclean living, as they be now, we have Dread of them in no kind, for their God will not help them in any wise."

And then I asked him, how he knew the State of Christian Men. And he answered me, that he knew all the State of the Commoners also by his Messengers that he sent to all

Lands, in manner as though they were Merchants of precious Stones, of Cloths of Gold and of other Things, to know the Manner of every Country amongst Christian Men.

And then he let call in all the Lords that he made void first out of his Chamber, and then he shewed me 4 that were great Lords in the Country, that told me of my Country and of many other Christian Countries, as well as if they had been of the same Countries; and they spake French right well, and the Sultan also; whereof I had great Marvel.

Alas! it is great Slander to our Faith and to our Law, when Folk that be without Law shall reprove us and chide us for our Sins, and that they that should be converted to Christ and to the Law of Jesu by our good Ensamples and by our acceptable Life to God, and so converted to the Law of Jesu Christ, be, through our Wickedness and evil Living, far from us and Strangers from the holy and true Belief, and should thus charge us and hold us for wicked Livers and cursed. And truly they say Sooth, for the Saracens be good and faithful; for they keep entirely the Commandment of the Holy Book Al Koran that God sent them by His Messenger Mohammet, to the which, as they say, Saint Gabriel the Angel oftentime told the Will of God.

And ye shall understand, that Mohammet was born in Arabia, that was first a poor Knave that kept Camels, that went with Merchants for Merchandise. And it so befell, that he went with the Merchants into Egypt; and they were then Christian in those Parts. And at the Deserts of Arabia, he went into a Chapel where a Hermit dwelt. And when he entered into the Chapel that was but a little and low Thing and had but a little Door and a low, then the Entry began to wax so great and so large and so high as though it had been of a great Minster or the Gate of a Palace. And this was the first Miracle, the Saracens say, that Mohammet did in his Youth.

After began he to wax wise and rich. And he was a great Astronomer. After, he was Governor and Prince of the Land of Cozrodane; and he governed it full wisely, in such manner, that when the Prince was dead, he took his Lady to Wife that hight Kadija. And Mohammet fell often in the great Sickness that Men call the Falling Evil; wherefore the Lady was

full sorry that ever she took him to Husband. But Mohammet made her to believe, that all Times, when he fell so, Gabriel the Angel came to speak with him, and for the great Light and Brightness of the Angel he might not sustain him from falling. And therefore the Saracens say, that Gabriel came often to speak with him.

This Mohammet reigned in Arabia, the Year of our Lord Jesu Christ 610, and was of the Generation of Ishmael that was Abraham's Son, that he gat upon Hagar his Hand-maiden. And therefore there be Saracens that be clept Ishmaelites; and some Hagarenes, from Hagar. And other be properly clept Saracens, from Sarah. And some be clept Moabites and some Ammonites, from the 2 Sons of Lot, Moab and Ammon, that he begat on his Daughters, that were afterward great earthly Princes.

And also Mohammet loved well a good Hermit that dwelled in the Deserts a Mile from Mount Sinai, in the Way that Men go from Arabia toward Chaldea, and toward Ind, one Day's Journey from the Sea, where the Merchants of Venice come often for Merchandise. And so often went Mohammet to this Hermit, that all his Men were wroth; for he would gladly hear this Hermit preach and make his Men wake all Night. And therefore his Men thought to put the Hermit to Death. And so it befell upon a Night, that Mohammet was drunken of good Wine, and he fell asleep. And his Men took Mohammet's Sword out of his Sheath, whiles he slept, and therewith they slew this Hermit, and put his Sword all bloody in his Sheath again. And at the Morrow, when he found the Hermit dead, he was full sorry and wroth, and would have done his Men to Death. But they all, with one Accord, said that he himself had slain him, when he was drunk, and shewed him his Sword all bloody. And he trowed that they had said Truth. And then he cursed the Wine and them that drink it. And therefore Saracens that be devout drink never any Wine. But some drink it privily; for if they drunk it openly, they should be reproved. But they drink good Beverage and sweet and nourishing that is made of Gallamelle and that is what Men make Sugar of, that is of right good Savour, and it is good for the Breast.

Also it befalleth some-time, that Christian Men become

Saracens, either for Poverty or for Simpleness, or else for their own Wickedness. And therefore the Archflamen or the Flamen, like our Archbishop or Bishop, when he receiveth them saith thus, "La ellec Sila, Machomete Rores alla;"[1] that is to say, "There is no God but one, and Mohammet is His Messenger."

[1] Maundevile's version for "Lá iláha illá 'llah, Muhammadun rasúlu 'llah!"

CHAPTER XIII

Of the Lands of Albania and of Libia. Of the Wishings for Watching the Sparrow-hawk; and of Noah's Ship

NOW, since I have told you before of the Holy Land and of the Country about, and of many Ways to go to that Land and to the Mount Sinai, and of Babylon the Greater and the Less, and other Places that I have spoken of before, — now is Time, if it like you, to tell you of the Borders and Isles and divers Beasts, and of Divers Folk beyond these Borders.

For in those Countries beyond be many diverse Countries and many great Kingdoms, that be parted by the 4 Rivers that come from terrestrial Paradise. For Mesopotamia and the Kingdom of Chaldea and Arabia be between the 2 Rivers of Tigris and of Euphrates. And the Kingdom of Media and Persia be between the Rivers of Nile and of Tigris. And the Kingdom of Syria, whereof I have spoken before, and Palestine and Phœnicia be between Euphrates and the Sea Mediterranean, the which Sea endureth in Length from Morocco upon the Sea of Spain unto the great Sea, so that it lasteth beyond Constantinople 3040 Lombardy Miles.

And toward the Sea Ocean is the Kingdom of Scythia that is all closed with Hills. And after, under Scythia, and from the Sea of Caspian unto the River Thainy, is Amazonia, that is the Land of Females, where that no Man is, but only all Women. And after is Albania, a full great Realm; and it is clept Albania, because the Folk be whiter there than in any other Borders there-about: and in that Country be so great Hounds and so strong, that they assail Lions and slay them. And then after is Hircania, Bactria, Hiberia and many other Kingdoms.

And between the Red Sea and the Sea Ocean, toward the South, is the Kingdom of Ethiopia and of Lybia the Higher,

the which Land of Lybia, that is to say, Lybia the Low beginneth at the Sea of Spain from thence where the Pillars of Hercules be, and endureth unto anent Egypt and toward Ethiopia. In that Country of Lybia is the Sea more high than the Land, and it seemeth that it would cover the Earth, and nevertheless it passeth not his Marks. And Men see in that Country a Mountain to which no Man cometh. In this Land of Lybia whoso turneth toward the East, the Shadow of himself is on the right Side; and here, in our Country, the Shadow is on the left Side. In that Sea of Lybia is no Fish; for they may not live nor endure for the great Heat of the Sun, because that the Water is evermore boiling for the great Heat. And many other Lands there be that it were too long to tell or to number. But of some Parts I shall speak more plainly hereafter.

Whoso will then go toward Tartary, toward Persia, toward Chaldea and toward Ind, he must enter the Sea at Genoa or at Venice or at some other Haven that I have told you before. And then Men pass the Sea and arrive at Trebizond that is a good City; and it was wont to be the Haven of Pontus. There is the Haven of Persians and of Medians and of the Borders there beyond. In that City lieth Saint Athanasius that was Bishop of Alexandria, that made the Psalm "Quicunque vult."

This Athanasius was a great Doctor of Divinity. And, because that he preached and spake so deeply of Divinity and of the Godhead, he was accused to the Pope of Rome that he was an Heretic. Wherefore the Pope sent after him and put him in Prison. And whiles he was in Prison he made that Psalm and sent it to the Pope, and said, that if he were an Heretic, that was the Heresy, for that, he said, was his Belief. And when the Pope saw it, and had examined it that it was perfect and good, and verily our Faith and our Belief, he made him to be delivered out of Prison, and commanded that Psalm to be said every Day at Prime (6 o'clock A.M.); and so he held Athanasius a good Man. But he would never go to his Bishopric again, because that they accused him of Heresy.

Trebizond was wont to be held of the Emperor of Constantinople; but a great Man, that he sent to keep the Country

against the Turks, usurped the Land and held it to himself, and called himself Emperor of Trebizond.

And from thence Men go through Little Armenia. And in that Country is an old Castle that stands upon a Rock; the which is clept the Castle of the Sparrow-hawk, that is beyond the City of Layays beside the Town of Pharsipee, that belongeth to the Lordship of Cruk, that is a rich Lord and a good Christian Man; where Men find a Sparrow-hawk upon a Perch right fair and right well made, and a Fair Lady of Faerie that keepeth it. And who that will watch that Sparrow-hawk 7 Days and 7 Nights, or, as some Men say, 3 Days and 3 Nights, without Company and without Sleep, that fair Lady shall give him, when he hath done, the first Wish that he will wish of earthly Things; and that hath been proved often-times.

And one Time it befell, that a King of Armenia, that was a worthy Knight and doughty Man, and a noble Prince, watched that Hawk some time. And at the End of 7 Days and 7 Nights the Lady came to him and bade him wish, for he had well deserved it. And he answered that he was great Lord enough, and well in Peace, and had enough of worldly Riches; and therefore he would wish none other Thing, but the Body of that fair Lady, to have it at his Will. And she answered him, that he knew not what he asked, and said that he was a Fool to desire that he might not have; for she said that he should not ask but an earthly Thing, for she was none earthly Thing, but a ghostly Thing. And the King said that he would ask none other Thing. And the Lady answered: "Since that I may not withdraw you from your lewd Courage, I shall give you without Wishing, and to all them that shall come of your Lineage. Sir King! ye shall have War without Peace, and always to the 9th Generation ye shall be in Subjection of your Enemies, and ye shall be in Need of all Goods." And never since then, neither the King of Armenia nor the Country were ever in Peace; neither had they ever since then Plenty of Goods; and they have been since then always under Tribute of the Saracens.

Also the Son of a poor Man watched that Hawk and wished that he might achieve well, and be happy in Merchandise. And the Lady granted it him. And he became the most rich

and the most famous Merchant that might be on Sea or on Earth. And he became so rich that he knew not the 1000th Part of that he had. And he was wiser in Wishing than was the King.

Also a Knight of the Temple watched there, and wished a Purse evermore full of Gold. And the Lady granted it him. But she said to him that he had asked the Destruction of their Order (the Templars) for the Trust and Affiance of that Purse, and for the great Pride that they should have. And so it was.

And therefore look that he keep him well, that shall watch. For if he sleep he is lost, that never Man shall see him more.

This is not the right Way to go to the Parts that I have named before, but to see the Marvel that I have spoken of. And therefore whoso will go the right way, Men go from Trebizond toward Armenia the Great unto a City that is clept Erzeroum, that was wont to be a good City and a plenteous; but the Turks have greatly wasted it. There-about groweth no Wine nor Fruit, or little else or none. In this Land is the Earth more high than in any other, and that maketh great Cold. And there be many good Waters and good Wells that come under Earth from the River of Paradise, that is clept Euphrates, that is a Day's Journey from that City. And that River cometh towards Ind under Earth, and cometh out into the Land of Altazar. And so pass Men by this Armenia and enter the Sea of Persia.

From that City of Erzeroum go Men to an Hill that is clept Sabissocolle. And there beside is another Hill that Men call Ararat, but the Jews call it Taneez, where Noah's Ship rested, and yet is upon that Mountain. And Men may see it afar in clear Weather. And that Mountain is well a 7 Mile high. And some Men say that they have seen and touched the Ship, and put their Fingers in the Parts where the Fiend went out, when that Noah said, "Benedicite." But they that say such Words, say their Will.[1] For a Man may not go up the Mountain, for great Plenty of Snow that is always on that Mountain, either Summer or Winter. So that no Man may go up there. Nor never Man did, since the Time of Noah, save a Monk that, by the Grace of God,

[1] That is, their wish is father to their speech.

brought one of the Planks down, that yet is in the Minster at the Foot of the Mountain.

And beside is the City of Dain that Noah founded. And fast by is the City of Any in the which were a 1000 Churches.

But upon that Mountain to go up, this Monk had great Desire. And so upon a Day, he went up. And when he was upward the 3rd Part of the Mountain he was so weary that he might no further, and so he rested him, and fell asleep. And when he awoke he found himself lying at the Foot of the Mountain. And then he prayed devoutly to God that He would vouchsafe to suffer him go up. And an Angel came to him, and said that he should go up. And so he did. And since that Time never none. Wherefore Men should not believe such Words.

From that Mountain go Men to the City of Thauriso (Tabreez) that was wont to be clept Faxis, that is a full fair City and a great, and one of the best that is in the World for Merchandise; and it is in the Land of the Emperor of Persia. And Men say that the Emperor taketh more good in that City for Custom from Merchandise than doth the richest Christian King that liveth of all his Realm. For the Toll and the Custom of his Merchants is without Estimation to be numbered. Beside that City is a Hill of Salt, and of that Salt every Man taketh what he will to salt with, to his Need. There dwell many Christian Men under Tribute of Saracens.

And from that City, Men pass by many Towns and Castles in going toward Ind unto the City of Sadonia, that is a 10 Days' Journey from Thauriso, and it is a full noble City and a great. And there dwelleth the Emperor of Persia in Summer; for the Country is cold enough. And there be good Rivers bearing Ships.

After go Men the way toward Ind by many Days' Journeys, and by many Countries, unto the City that is clept Cassak, that is a full noble City, and a plenteous of Corns and Wines and of all other Goods. This is the City where the 3 Kings met together when they went to seek our Lord in Bethlehem to worship Him and to present Him with Gold, Incense and Myrrh. And it is from that City to Bethlehem 53 Days' Journey. From that City Men go to another City

that is clept Gethe, that is a Day's Journey from the Sea that Men call the Gravelly Sea. That is the best City that the Emperor of Persia hath in all his Land. And they call it there Chardabago [1] and others call it Vapa. And the Paynims say that no Christian Man may long dwell or endure with his Life in that City, but dieth within short Time; and no Man knoweth the Cause.

After go Men by many Cities and Towns and great Countries that it were too long to tell unto the City of Cornaa that was wont to be so great that the Walls about hold 25 Mile. The Walls shew yet, but it is not all inhabited.

From Cornaa go Men by many Lands and many Cities and Towns unto the Land of Job. And there endeth the Land of the Emperor of Persia.

And if ye will know the Letters of the Persians, and what Names they have, they be such as I last advised you of, but not in sounding of their Words.

[1] "La Char d'Abago," in the French MS.

CHAPTER XIV

Of the Land of Job; and of his Age. Of the Array of Men of Chaldea. Of the Land where Women dwell without Company of Men. Of the Knowledge and Virtues of the true Diamond

AFTER the departing from Cornaa, Men enter into the Land of Job that is a full fair Country and a plenteous of all Goods. And Men call that Land the Land of Susiana. In that Land is the City of Theman.

Job was a Paynim, and he was Son of Aram of Gosre, and held that Land as Prince of that Country. And he was so rich that he knew not the 100th Part of his Goods. And although he were a Paynim, nevertheless he served well God after his Law. And our Lord took his Service to His Pleasure. And when he fell in Poverty he was 78 Year of Age. And after, when God had proved his Patience that it was so great, He brought him again to Riches and to higher Estate than he was before. And after that he was King of Idumea after King Esau, and when he was King he was clept Jobab. And in that Kingdom he lived after that 170 Year.[1] And so he was of Age, when he died, 248 Year.

In that Land of Job there is no Default of anything that is needful to Man's Body. There be Hills, when Men get great Plenty of Manna in greater Abundance than in any other Country. This Manna is clept Bread of Angels. And it is a white Thing that is full sweet and right delicious, and more sweet than Honey or Sugar. And it cometh of the Dew of Heaven that falleth upon the Herbs in that Country. And it congealeth and becometh all white and sweet. And Men put it in Medicines for the rich to make the Womb lax, and to purge evil Blood. For it cleanseth the Blood and putteth out Melancholy. This Land of Job marcheth with the Kingdom of Chaldea.

[1] Job xlii. 16; 140 years.

This Land of Chaldea is full great. And the Language of that Country is more great in sounding than it is in other Parts beyond the Sea. Men pass to go beyond by the Tower of Babylon the Great, of the which I have told you before, where that all the Languages were first changed. And that is a 4 Days' Journey from Chaldea. In that Realm be fair Men and they go full nobly arrayed in Clothes of Gold, or-frayed and apparelled with great Pearls and precious Stones full nobly. And the Women be right foul and evil arrayed. And they go all bare-foot and clothed in evil Garments large and wide, but short to the Knees, and long Sleeves down to the Feet like a Monk's Frock, and their Sleeves be hanging about their Shoulders. And they be black Women foul and hideous, and truly they be as foul as they be evil.

In that Kingdom of Chaldea, in a City that is clept Ur, dwelled Terah, Abraham's Father. And there was Abraham born. And that was in that Time that Ninus was King of Babylon, of Arabia and of Egypt. This Ninus made the City of Nineveh, the which Noah had begun before. And because that Ninus performed it, he called it Nineveh after his own Name. There lieth Tobit the Prophet, of whom Holy Writ speaketh. And from that City of Ur Abraham departed, by the Commandment of God, from thence, after the Death of his Father, and led with him Sarah his Wife and Lot his Brother's Son, because that he had no Child. And they went to dwell in the Land of Canaan in a Place that is clept Shechem. And this Lot was he that was saved, when Sodom and Gomorrah and the other Cities were burnt and sunken down to Hell, where that the Dead Sea is now, as I have told you before. In that Land of Chaldea they have their own Languages and their own Letters.

Beside the Land of Chaldea is the Land of Amazonia. And in that Realm are all Women and no Men; not, as some Men say, that Men may not live there, but because that the Women will not suffer any Men amongst them to be their Sovereigns.

For sometime there was a King in that Country. And Men married, as in other Countries. And so it befell that the King had War with them of Scythia, the King of which hight Colopeus, that was slain in Battle, and all the good Blood of his Realm. And when the Queen and all the other noble

Ladies saw that they were all Widows, and that all royal Blood was lost, they armed them and, as Creatures out of their Wit, they slew all the Men of the Country that were left; for they would that all the Women were Widows as the Queen and they were. And from that Time hitherwards they never would suffer Man to dwell amongst them longer than 7 Days and 7 Nights; nor that any Child that were Male should dwell amongst them longer than he were weaned; and thereon be sent to his Father. And when they will have any Company of Man, then they draw them towards the Lands marching next to theirs. And then they have Lovers that use them; and they dwell with them an 8 Days or 10, and then go Home again. And if they have any Boy Child they keep it a certain Time, and then send it to the Father when he can go alone and eat by himself; or else they slay it. And if it be a Female they do away one Pap with an hot Iron. And if it be a Woman of great Lineage they do away the left Pap that they may the better bear a Shield. And if it be a Woman of simple Blood they do away the right Pap, so as to shoot Turkeys, with Bows; for they shoot well with Bows.

In that Land they have a Queen that governeth all that Land, and they all be obeissant to her. And always they make her Queen by Election that is most worthy in Arms; for they be right good Warriors and wise, noble and worthy. And they go oftentime in Pay to help other Kings in their Wars, for Gold and Silver, as other Soldiers do; and they maintain themselves right rigourously. This Land of Amazonia is an Isle, all environed with the Sea save in 2 Places, where be 2 Entries. And beyond that water dwell the Men that be their Paramours and their Lovers, where they go to solace them when they will.

Beside Amazonia is the Land of Tarmegyte that is a great Country and a full delectable. And for the Goodness of the Country King Alexander first had made there the City of Alexandria, and yet he made 12 Cities of the same Name; but that City is now clept Celsite.

And from that other Coast of Chaldea, toward the South, is Ethiopia, a great Country that stretcheth to the End of Egypt. Ethiopia is parted in 2 principal Parts, that is the East Part and the Meridional Part; the which Meridional Part

is clept Mauritania, and the Folk of that Country be black enough and more black than in the tother Part, and they be clept Moors. In that Part is a Well, that in the Day it is so cold, that no Man may drink thereof; and in the Night it is so hot, that no Man may suffer his Hand therein. And beyond that Part, toward the South, to pass by the Sea Ocean, is a great Land and a great Country; but Men may not dwell there for the fervent Burning of the Sun, so passing hot is it in that Country.

In Ethiopia all the Rivers and all the Waters be troubled, and they be somewhat salt for the great Heat that is there. And the Folk of that Country be lightly drunk and have but little Appetite for Meat. And they have commonly the Flux of the Womb. And they live not long. In Ethiopia be many diverse Folk; and Ethiope is clept Cusis. In that Country be Folk that have but one Foot, and they go so fast that it is a Marvel. And the Foot is so large, that it shadoweth all the Body against the Sun, when they will lie and rest them. In Ethiopia, when the Children be young and little, they be all yellow; and, when that they wax of Age, that Yellowness turneth to be all black. In Ethiopia is the City of Saba, and the Land of the which was King one of the 3 Kings that presented Gifts to our Lord in Bethlehem.

From Ethiopia Men go to Ind by many diverse Countries. And Men call the high Ind, Emlak. And Ind is divided in 3 principal Parts; that is, the Greater, that is a full hot Country; and Ind the Less, that is a full temperate Country, that stretcheth to the Land of Media; and the third Part toward the Septentrion is full cold, so that, for pure Cold and continual Frost, the Water becometh Crystal. And upon the Rocks of Crystal grow the good Diamonds that be of troubled Colour. Yellow Crystal draweth Colour like Oil. And they be so hard, that no Man may polish them. And Men call them Diamonds in that Country, and "Hamese" in another Country. Other Diamonds Men find in Arabia that be not so good, and they be more brown and more tender. And other Diamonds also Men find in the Isle of Cyprus, that be yet more tender, and them Men may well polish. And in the Land of Macedonia Men find Diamonds also. But the best and the most precious be in Ind.

And Men find many times hard Diamonds in a Mass that cometh out of Gold, when Men purify it and refine it out of the Mine; when Men break that Mass in small Pieces, and sometime it happens that Men find some as great as Peas and some less, and they be as hard as those of Ind.

And albeit that Men find good Diamonds in Ind, yet nevertheless Men find them more commonly upon the Rocks in the Sea and upon Hills where the Mine of Gold is. And they grow many together, one little, another great. And there be some of the Greatness of a Bean and some as great as an Hazel Nut. And they be square and pointed of their own Nature, both above and beneath, without Working of Man's Hand. And they grow together, Male and Female. And they be nourished with the Dew of Heaven. And they engender commonly and bring forth small Children, that multiply and grow all the Year. I have often-times assayed, that if a Man keep them with a little of the Rock and wet them with May-dew oft since, they shall grow every Year, and the small will wax great. For right as the fine Pearl congealeth and waxeth great of the Dew of Heaven, right so doth the true Diamond; and right as the Pearl of his own Nature taketh Roundness, right so the Diamond, by Virtue of God, taketh Squareness. And Men shall bear the Diamond on their left Side, for it is of greater Virtue then, than on the right Side; for the Strength of their Growing is toward the North, that is the Left side of the World, and the left Part of Man, when he turneth his Face toward the East.

And if you like to know the Virtues of the Diamond (as Men may find in the "Lapidary,"[1] that many Men know not), I shall tell you, as they beyond the Sea say and affirm, of whom all Science and all Philosophy cometh. He that beareth the Diamond upon him, it giveth him Hardiness and Manhood, and it keepeth the Limbs of his Body whole. It giveth him Victory of his Enemies in Pleading and in War, if his Cause be rightful. And it keepeth him that beareth it in good Wit. And it keepeth him from Strife and Riot, from Sorrows and from Enchantments, and from Fantasies and Illusions of wicked Spirits. And if any cursed Witch or Enchanter

[1] The "Liber Lapidarius," a popular treatise of the Middle Ages on the virtue of precious stones.

would bewitch him that beareth the Diamond, all that Sorrow and Mischance shall turn to himself through Virtue of that Stone. And also no wild Beast dare assail the Man that beareth it on him. Also the Diamond should be given freely, without Coveting and without Buying, and then it is of greater Virtue. And it maketh a Man more strong and more stalwart against his Enemies. And it healeth him that is lunatic, and him that the Fiend pursueth or travaileth. And if Venom or Poison be brought in Presence of the Diamond, anon it beginneth to wax moist and to sweat.

There be also Diamonds in Ind that be clept "Violastres," for their Colour is like Violet, or more brown than Violets, that be full hard and full precious. But yet some Men love not them so well as the other; but, in sooth, for me, I would love them as much as the other, for I have seen them assayed.

Also there is another Manner of Diamonds that be all white as Crystal, but they be a little more troubled. And they be good and of great Virtue, and they all be square and pointed of their own Nature. And some be 6 squared, some 4 squared, and some 3 as Nature shapeth them. And therefore when great Lords and Knights go to seek Worship in Arms, they bear gladly the Diamond upon them.

I shall speak a little more of the Diamonds, although I tarry my Matter for a Time, to the End, that they that know them not, be not deceived by Charlatans who go through the Country and sell them. For whoso will buy Diamonds it is needful to him that he know them. Because that Men counterfeit them often of Crystal that is yellow and of Sapphires of citron Colour that is yellow also, and of the Sapphire Loupe and of many other Stones. But I tell you these Counterfeits be not so hard; and also the Points will break lightly, and Men may easily polish them. But some Workmen, for Malice, will not polish them; to that Intent, to make Men believe that they may not be polished. But Men may assay them in this Manner. First cut with them or write with them on Sapphires or Crystals or on other precious Stones. After that, Men take the Adamant that is the Shipman's Stone that draweth the Needle to him, and lay the Needle before the Adamant; and, if the Diamond be good and virtuous, the Adamant draweth not the Needle to

him, whiles the Diamond is there present. And this is the Proof that they beyond the Sea make.

Nevertheless it befalleth often-time, that the good Diamond loseth his Virtue by Sin, and for Incontinence of him that beareth it. And then it is needful to make it recover his Virtue again, or else it is of little Value.

CHAPTER XV

Of the Customs of Isles about Ind. Of the Difference betwixt Idols and Simulacres. Of 3 Manners of Pepper growing upon one Tree. Of the Well that changeth his Odour every Hour of the Day; and that is a Marvel

IN Ind be full many diverse Countries. And it is clept Ind, from a River that runneth throughout the Country that is clept Indus. In that River Men find Eels of 30 Foot long and more. And the Folk that dwell nigh that Water be of evil Colour, green and yellow.

In Ind and about Ind be more than 5000 Isles good and great that Men dwell in, without those that be uninhabitable, and without other small Isles. In every Isle is great Plenty of Cities, of Towns, and of Folk without Number. For Men of Ind have this Condition of Nature, that they never go out of their own Country, and therefore is there great Multitude of People. But they be not stirring or movable, because that they be in the First Climate that is of Saturn; and Saturn is slow and little moving, for he tarryeth to make his Turn by the 12 Signs 30 Year. And the Moon passeth through the 12 Signs in one Month. And because that Saturn is of so late (or tardy) Stirring, therefore the Folk of that Country that be under his Climate have of Nature no Will to move nor stir to seek strange Places. And in our Country is all the contrary; for we be in the 7th Climate, that is of the Moon. And the Moon is lightly moving, and the Moon is a Planet of Way (or Progression), and for that Reason it giveth us Will of Nature to move lightly and to go divers Ways, and to seek strange Things and Diversities of the World; for the Moon environeth the Earth more hastily than any other Planet.

Also Men go through Ind by many divers Countries to the great Sea Ocean. And after, Men find there an Isle that

is clept Ormuz. And thither come Merchants of Venice and Genoa, and of other Coasts, to buy Merchandises. But there is so great Heat in those Coasts, and especially in that Isle, that, for the great Distress of the Heat, Men suffer from the great Dissolution of the Body. And Men of that Country, that know the Manner, let bind themselves up, or else might they not live, and anoint themselves with Ointments made therefore.

In that Country and in Ethiopia, and in many other Countries, the Folk lie all naked in Rivers and Waters, Men and Women together, from Undurn (9 o'clock) of the Day till it be past the Noon. And they lie all in the Water save the Visage for the great Heat that there is. And the Women have no Shame of the Men, but lie all together, Side to Side, till the Heat be past. There may Men see many foul Figures assembled, and especially nigh the good Towns.

In that Isle be Ships without Nails of Iron or Bonds, because of the Rocks of the Adamants, of which that Sea is all full thereabout, that it is a Marvel to speak of. And if a Ship passed by those Coasts that had either Iron Bonds or Iron Nails anon he should be perished; for the Adamant of his Nature draweth the Iron to him. And so would it draw to him the Ship because of the Iron, that it should never depart from him, nor ever go thence.

From that Isle Men go by Sea to another Isle that is clept Chana, where is great Plenty of Corn and Wine. And it was wont to be a great Isle, and a great Haven and a good; but the Sea hath greatly wasted it and overcome it. The King of that Country was wont to be so strong and so mighty that he held War against King Alexander.

The Folk of that Country have diverse Laws. For some of them worship the Sun, some the Moon, some the Fire, some Trees, some Serpents, or the first Thing that they meet of a Morning. And some worship Simulacres and some Idols. But between Simulacres and Idols is a great Difference. For Simulacres be Images made after Likeness of Men or of Women, or of the Sun, or of the Moon, or of any Beast, or of any natural Thing. And an Idol is an Image made of lewd Will of Man, that Man may not find among natural Things, as an Image that hath 4 Heads, one of a Man,

another of an Horse, or of an Ox, or of some other Beast that no Man hath seen after natural Disposition.

And they that worship Simulacres, they worship them for some worthy Man that was sometime, as Hercules, and many other that did many Marvels in their Time. For they say well that they be not Gods; for they know well that there is a God of Nature that made all Things, the which is in Heaven. But they know well that such an one might not do the Marvels that he made, but if it had been by the special Gift of God; and therefore they say that he was well with God, and because he was so well with God, therefore they worship him. And so say they of the Sun, because that it changeth the Time, and giveth Heat, and nourisheth all Things upon Earth; and because it is of so great Profit, they know well that that might not be, but that God loveth it more than any other Thing, and, for that Reason, God hath given it more great Virtue in the World. Therefore, it is good Reason, as they say, to do it Worship and Reverence. And so say they, that make their Reasons, of other Planets, and of the Fire also, because it is so profitable.

And of Idols they say also that the Ox is the most holy Beast that is in the Earth and most patient, and more profitable than any other. For he doth Good enough and doth no Evil; and they know well that it may not be without special Grace of God. And therefore make they their God of an Ox the one Part, and the other Half End of a Man. Because that Man is the most noble Creature in Earth, and also because he hath Lordship above all Beasts, therefore make they the Half End of the Idol a Man upwards; and the tother Half they make of an Ox downwards, and of Serpents, and of other Beasts and divers Things, that they worship, that they meet first of a Morning.

And they worship also specially all those that they have good Meeting of when, after their Meeting, they speed well on their Journey, and specially such as they have proved and assayed by Experience of long Time; for they say that this same good Meeting may not come but of the Grace of God. And therefore they make Images like to those Things that they have Belief in, to behold them and worship them first of a Morning, ere they meet any contrarious Things. And there

be also some Christian Men that say, that some Beasts have good Meeting, that is to say to meet with them first of a Morning, and some Beasts wicked Meeting, and that they have proved oft-time that the Hare hath full evil Meeting, and Swine and many other Beasts. And the Sparrow-hawk and other Fowls of Rapine, when they fly after their Prey and take it before Men of Arms, it is a good Sign; and if they fail of taking their Prey, it is an evil Sign. And also to such Folk, it is an evil Meeting of Ravens.

In these Things and in such other, there be many Folk that believe, because it happeneth so often-time to fall after their Fantasies. And also there be Men enough that have no Belief in them. And, since that Christian Men have such Belief, that be informed and taught all Day by holy Doctrine, wherein they should believe, it is no Marvel then, that the Paynims, that have no good Doctrine but only of their Nature, believe more largely for their Simpleness. And truly I have seen Paynims and Saracens that Men call Augurs, that, when we rode in Arms in divers Countries upon our Enemies, they would tell us by the Flying of Fowls the Prognostications of Things that fell after; and so they did full oftentimes, and proffered their Heads to Pledge, that it would fall as they said. But nevertheless, therefore should not a Man put his Belief in such Things, but always have full Trust and Belief in God our Sovereign Lord.

This Isle of Chana the Saracens have won and hold. In that Isle be many Lions and many other wild Beasts. And there be Rats in that Isle as great as Hounds here; and Men take them with great Mastiffs, for Cats may not take them. In this Isle and many others Men bury not any dead Men, for the Heat is there so great, that in a little Time the Flesh will consume from the Bones.

From thence Men go by Sea toward Ind the More to a City, that Men call Sarche, that is a fair City and a good. And there dwell many Christian Men of good Faith. And there be many religious Men, and especially Mendicants.

After go Men by Sea to the Land of Lomb. In that Land groweth the Pepper in the Forest that Men call Combar. And it groweth nowhere else in all the World, but in that Forest, and that endureth well an 18 Days' Journey in Length.

In the Forest be 2 good Cities; the one is hight Fladrine and the other Zinglantz, and in each of them dwell Christian Men and Jews, great Plenty. For it is a good Country and a plentiful, but there is overmuch passing Heat.

And ye shall understand that the Pepper groweth in manner as doth a wild Vine and is planted near by the Trees of that Wood to sustain it, and hangeth as doth the Vine. And the Fruit thereof hangeth in the manner of Raisins. And the Tree is so thick charged, that it seemeth that it would break. And when it is ripe it is all green, as it were Ivy Berries. And then Men cut them, as Men do the Vines, and then they put them upon an Oven, and there they wax black and crisp. And there are 3 Manners of Pepper all upon one Tree: Long Pepper, Black Pepper and White Pepper. The Long Pepper Men call "Sorbotin," and the Black Pepper is clept "Fulfulle," and the White Pepper is clept "Bano." The Long Pepper cometh first when the Leaf beginneth to come, and it is like the Catkins of Hazel that come before the Leaf, and it hangeth low. And after cometh the Black with the Leaf, in manner of Clusters of Raisins, all green. And when Men have gathered it, then cometh the White that is somewhat less than the Black. And of that Men bring but little into this Country; for they beyond withhold it for themselves, because it is better and more temperate in its Nature than the Black. And therefore is there not so great Plenty as of the Black.

In that Country be many manner of Serpents and of other Vermin for the great Heat of the Country and of the Pepper. And some Men say, that when they will gather the Pepper, they make Fires, and burn thereabout to make the Serpents and the Cockodrills to flee. But save their Grace of all that say so.[1] For if they burnt about the Trees that bear, the Pepper would be burnt, and it would dry up all the Virtue, as of any other Thing; and then would they do themselves much Harm, and they would never quench the Fire. But thus they do: they anoint their Hands and their Feet with a Juice made of Limes and of other Things made therefore, of the which the Serpents and the venomous Beasts hate and dread the Savour; and that maketh them flee before them,

[1] Maundevile apologises for denying this statement.

because of the Smell, and they gather the Pepper surely enough.

And toward the Head of that Forest is the City of Polombe. And above the City is a great Mountain that also is clept Polombe. And of that Mount the City hath his Name.

And at the Foot of that Mount is a fair Well and a great, that hath Odour and Savour of all Spices. And at every Hour of the Day he changeth his Odour and his Savour diversely. And whoso drinketh 3 Times fasting of that Water of that Well he is whole of all Manner of Sickness that he hath. And they that dwell there and drink often of that Well they never have Sickness; and they seem always young. I have drunken thereof 3 or 4 Times, and, methinketh, I fare the better yet. Some Men call it the "Well of Youth." For they that often drink thereof seem always young-like, and live without Sickness. And Men say, that that Well cometh out of Paradise, and therefore it is so virtuous.

By all that Country groweth good Ginger, and therefore thither go the Merchants for Spicery.

In that Land Men worship the Ox for his Simpleness and for his Meekness, and for the Profit that cometh of him. And they say that he is the holiest Beast on Earth. For it seemeth them that whosoever be meek and patient, he is holy and profitable; for then, they say, he hath all Virtues in him. They make the Ox to labour 6 Year or 7, and then they eat him. And the King of the Country hath alway an Ox with him. And he that keepeth him hath every Day great Fees, and keepeth every Day his Dung and his Urine in 2 Vessels of Gold, and brings it before their Prelate that they call "Archi-protopapaton." And he beareth it before the King and maketh there over a great Blessing. And then the King wetteth his Hands there, in that they call Gall, and anointeth his Fore-head and his Breast. And after, he fretteth him with the Dung and with the Urine with great Reverence, to be filled full of Virtues of the Ox and made holy by the Virtue of that holy Thing that is worth Nought. And when the King hath done, then do so the Lords; and after them their Ministers and other Men, if they have any remaining.

In that Country they make Idols, half Man half Ox. And in those Idols evil Spirits speak and give Answer to Men of what is asked them. Before these Idols Men many times slay their Children, and sprinkle the Blood upon the Idols; and so they make their Sacrifice.

And when any Man dieth in the Country they burn his Body in Name of Penance; to that Intent, that he suffer no Pain on Earth to be eaten of Worms. And if his Wife have no Child they burn her with him, and say that the Reason is, that she shall make him Company in that other World as she did in this. But and she have Children by him, they let her live with them, to bring them up if she will. And if that she love more to live with her Children than to die with her Husband, Men hold her for false and cursed; nor shall she ever be loved or trusted of the People. And if the Woman die before the Husband, Men burn him with her, if that he will; and if he will not, no Man constraineth him thereto, but he may wed another time without Blame and Reproof.

In that Country grow many strong Vines. And the Women drink Wine, and Men not. And the Women shave their Beards, and the Men not.

CHAPTER XVI

Of the Judgments made by St. Thomas. Of Devotion and Sacrifice made to Idols there, in the City of Calamye; and of the Procession in the going about the City

FROM that Country Men pass by many Borders toward a Country, a 10 Days' Journey thence, that is clept Mabaron; and it is a great Kingdom, and it hath many fair Cities and Towns.

In that Kingdom lieth the Body of Saint Thomas the Apostle in Flesh and Bone, in a fair Tomb in the City of Calamye; for there he was martyred and buried. But Men of Assyria bare his Body into Mesopotamia into the City of Edessa, and after, he was brought thither again. And the Arm and the Hand that he put in our Lord's Side, when He appeared to him after His Resurrection and said to him, "Noli esse incredulus, set fidelis" ("Be not faithless, but believing"), are yet lying in a Vessel without the Tomb. And by that Hand they make all their Judgments in the Country, whoso hath Right or Wrong. For when there is any Dissension between 2 Parties, and each of them maintaineth his Cause, and one saith that his Cause is rightful, and that other saith the contrary, then both Parties write their Causes on 2 Bills and put them in the Hand of Saint Thomas. And anon he casteth away the Bill of the wrong Cause and holdeth still the Bill with the right Cause. And therefore Men come from far Countries to have Judgment of doubtable Causes. And other Judgment use they not there.

Also the Church, where Saint Thomas lieth, is both great and fair, and all full of great Simulacres, and those be great Images that they call their Gods, of the which the least is as great as 2 Men.

And, amongst these, there is an Image more great than any of the other, that is all covered with fine gold and precious Stones and rich Pearls; and that Idol is the God of false

Christians that have denied their Faith. And it sitteth in a Chair of Gold, full nobly arrayed, and he hath about his Neck large Girdles wrought of Gold and precious Stones and Pearls. And this Church is full richly wrought and, all over, gilt within. And to that Idol go Men on Pilgrimage, as commonly and with as great Devotion as Christian Men go to Saint James, or on other holy Pilgrimages. And many Folk that come from far Lands to seek that Idol for the great Devotion that they have, they look never upward, but evermore down to the Earth, for Dread to see anything about them that should hinder them of their Devotion. And some there be that go on Pilgrimage to this Idol, that bear Knives in their Hands, that be made full keen and sharp; and always, as they go, they smite themselves in their Arms and in their Legs and in their Thighs with many hideous Wounds; and so they shed their Blood for Love of that Idol. And they say, that he is blessed and holy, that dieth so for Love of his God. And other there be that lead their Children to slay, to make Sacrifice to that Idol; and after they have slain them they sprinkle the Blood upon the Idol. And some there be that come from far; and in going toward this Idol, at every 3rd Pace that they go from their House, they kneel; and so continue, till they come thither: and when they come there, they take Incense and other aromatic Things of noble Smell, and perfume the Idol, as we would do here God's precious Body. And so come Folk to worship this Idol, some from an 100 Mile, and some from many more.

And before the Minster of this Idol, is a Vivary (or Fish Pool), in manner of a great Lake, full of Water. And therein Pilgrims cast Gold and Silver, Pearls and precious Stones without Number, instead of Offerings. And when the Ministers of that Church need to make any Reparation of the Church or of any of the Idols, they take Gold and Silver, Pearls and precious Stones out of the Vivary, to acquit the Cost of such Thing as they make or repair; so that nothing is faulty, but anon it shall be amended.

And ye shall understand, that when be great Feasts and Solemnities of that Idol, such as the Dedication of the Church and the Throning of the Idol, all the Country about meet there together. And they set this Idol upon a Chariot with

great Reverence, well arrayed with Cloths of Gold, of rich Cloths of Tartary, of Camaka, and other precious Cloths. And they lead him about the City with great Solemnity. And before the Chariot go first in Procession all the Maidens of the Country 2 and 2 together full orderly. And after those Maidens go the Pilgrims. And some of them fall down under the Wheels of the Chariot, and let the Chariot go over them, so that they be dead anon. And some have their Arms or their Limbs all broken, and some the Sides. And all this they do for Love of their God, in great Devotion. And they think, that the more Pain, and the more Tribulation that they suffer for Love of their God, the more Joy they shall have in another World. And, shortly to tell you, they suffer so great Pains, and so hard Martyrdoms for Love of their Idol, that a Christian Man, I trow, durst not take upon him the 10th Part of the Pain for Love of our Lord Jesu Christ. And after, I say to you, before the Chariot, go all the Minstrels of the Country without Number, with divers Instruments, and they make all the Melody that they can.

And when they have gone all about the City, then they return again to the Minster, and put the Idol again into his Place. And then for the Love and in Worship of that Idol, and for the Reverence of the Feast, they slay themselves, a 200 or 300 Persons, with sharp Knives, and bring the Bodies before the Idol. And then they say that those be Saints, because that they slew themselves of their own good Will for Love of their Idol. And as Men here that had an holy Saint of their Kin would think that it were to them an high Worship, right so they think there. And as Men here devoutly would write holy Saints' Lives and their Miracles, and make Suit to have them canonised, right so do they there for them that slay themselves wilfully for Love of their Idol, and say, that they be glorious Martyrs and Saints, and put them in their Writings and in their Litanies, and vaunt them greatly, one to another, of their holy Kinsmen that so become Saints, and say, "I have more holy Saints in my Kindred, than thou in thine!"

And the Custom also there is this, that when he that hath such Devotion and Intent will slay himself for Love of his God, they send for all their Friends, and have great Plenty

of Minstrels; and they go before the Idol leading him that will slay himself for such Devotion between them, with great Reverence. And he, all naked, hath a full sharp Knife in his Hand, and he cutteth a great Piece of his Flesh, and casteth it in the Face of his Idol, saying his Orisons, recommending himself to his God. And then he smiteth himself and maketh great Wounds and deep, here and there, till he fall down dead. And then his Friends present his Body to the Idol. And then say, singing, "Holy God! behold what thy true Servant hath done for thee. He hath forsaken his Wife and his Children and his Riches, and all the Goods of the World and his own Life for the Love of thee, and to make the Sacrifice of his Flesh and of his Blood. Wherefore, Holy God, put him among thy best beloved Saints in the Bliss of Paradise, for he hath well deserved it." And then they make a great Fire, and burn the Body. And then every one of his Friends takes a Quantity of the Ashes, and keeps them instead of Relics, and saith that it is a holy Thing. And they have no Dread of any Peril whiles they have those holy Ashes upon them. And they put his Name in their Litanies as a Saint.

CHAPTER XVII

Of the evil Customs used in the Isle of Lamary. And how the Earth and the Sea be of round Form and Shape, by Proof of the Star that is clept Antarctic, that is fixed in the South

FROM that Country go Men by the Sea Ocean, and by many divers Isles and by many Countries that were too long to tell of.

And a 52 Days' Journey from this Land that I have spoken of, there is another Land, that is full great, that Men call Lamary. In that Land is full great Heat. And the Custom there is such, that Men and Women go all naked. And they scorn when they see any strange Folk going clothed. And they say, that God made Adam and Eve all naked, and that no Man should be ashamed of what is after Nature. And they say, that they that be clothed be Folk of another World, or they be Folk that trow not in God. And they say, that they believe in God that formed the World, and that made Adam and Eve and all other Things. And they wed there no Wives, for all the Women there be common and they deny no Man. And they say they sin if they refuse any Man; and so God commanded to Adam and Eve and to All that come of Him, when He said, "Crescite et multiplicamini, et replete Terram," ("Increase and multiply, and replenish the Earth.") And therefore may no Man in that Country say, "This is my Wife;" nor no Woman may say, "This my Husband." And when they have Children, they may give them to what Man they will that hath companied with them. And also all the Land is common; for all that a Man holdeth one Year, another Man hath it another Year; and every Man taketh what Part that it liketh him. And also all the Goods of the Land, Corn and all other Things, be common: for nothing there is kept enclosed, nor nothing there is under Lock, and every Man there taketh what he will without any Contradiction, and one Man there is as rich as another.

But in that Country there is a cursed Custom, for they eat more gladly Man's Flesh than any other Flesh; and yet is that Country abundant of Flesh, of Fish, of Corn, of Gold and Silver, and of all other Goods. Thither go Merchants and bring with them Children to sell to them of the Country, and they buy them. And if they be fat they eat them anon. And if they be lean they feed them till they be fat, and then they eat them. And they say, that it is the best Flesh and the sweetest of all the World.

In that Land, and in many other beyond that, no Man may see the Star Transmontane (or Polar Star), that is clept the Star of the Sea, that is unmovable and that is toward the North, that we call the Lode-star. But Men see another Star, the contrary (or opposite) to it, that is toward the South, that is clept Antarctic. And right as the Ship-men here take their Advice and govern them by the Lode-star, right so do Ship-men beyond these Parts govern them by the Star of the South, the which Star appeareth not to us. And this Star that is toward the North, that we call the Lode-star, appeareth not to them. For which Cause Men may well perceive, that the Land and the Sea be of round Shape and Form; for the Part of the Firmament showeth in one Country that sheweth not in another Country. And Men may well prove by Experience and subtle Compassing of Wit, that if a Man found Passages by Ships that would go to search the World, he might go by Ship all about the World and above and beneath.

The which Thing I prove thus after what I have seen. For I have been toward the Parts of Brabant, and beheld by the Astrolabe that the Star that is clept the Transmontane is 53 Degrees high; and more further in Germany and Bohemia it hath 58 Degrees; and more further toward the Septentrional (or Northern) Parts it is 62 Degrees of Height and certain Minutes; for I myself have measured it by the Astrolabe. Now shall ye know, that over against the Transmontane is the tother Star that is clept Antarctic, as I have said before. And those 2 Stars move never, and on them turneth all the Firmament right as doth a Wheel that turneth on his Axle-tree. So that those Stars bear the Firmament in 2 equal Parts, so that it hath as much above as it hath beneath. After this, I have gone toward the Meridional Parts, that is,

toward the South, and I have found that in Lybia Men see first the Star Antarctic. And so the more further I have gone in those Countries, the more high I have found that Star; so that toward the High Lybia it is 18 Degrees of Height and certain Minutes (of the which 60 Minutes make a Degree). After going by Sea and by Land toward this Country of which I have spoken, and to other Isles and Lands beyond that Country, I have found the Star Antarctic 33 Degrees of Height and some Minutes. And if I had had Company and Shipping to go more beyond, I trow well, as certain, that we should have seen all the Roundness of the Firmament all about. For, as I have said to you before, the Half of the Firmament is between those 2 Stars, the which Half-part I have seen. And of the tother Half-part I have seen, toward the North under the Transmontane, 62 Degrees and 10 Minutes, and toward the Meridional Part I have seen under the Antarctic, 33 Degrees and 16 Minutes. And then, the Half-part of the Firmament holdeth in all but 180 Degrees. And of those 180, I have seen 62 on that one Part and 33 on that other Part; in all, 95 Degrees and nigh the Half-part of a Degree. And so, there faileth not but that I have seen all the Firmament, save 84 Degrees and the Half-part of a Degree, and that is not the 4th Part of the Firmament; for the 4th Part of the Roundness of the Firmament holds 90 Degrees, so there faileth but 5 Degrees and an Half of the 4th Part. And so I have seen 3 Parts of all the Roundness of the Firmament and more yet by 5 Degrees and a Half.

By the which I say to you certainly that Men may environ all the Earth of all the World, as well underneath as above, and return again to their Country, if that they had Company and Shipping and Conduct. And always they should find Men, Lands and Isles, as well as in this Country. For wit ye well, that they that be toward the Antarctic, be straight, Feet against Feet, to them that dwell under the Transmontane; as well as we and they that dwell under us be Feet against Feet. For all the Parts of Sea and of Land have their Opposites, habitable or passable, and also they of this Half and the beyond Half.

And wit well, that, after what I can perceive and comprehend, the Lands of Prester John, Emperor of Ind, be under

us. For in going from Scotland or from England toward Jerusalem Men go upward always. For our Land is in the low Part of the Earth toward the West, and the Land of Prester John is in the low Part of the Earth toward the East. And they have there the Day when we have the Night; and also, on the contrary, they have the Night when we have the Day. For the Earth and the Sea be of round Form and Shape, as I have said before; and as Men go upward to one Side, so Men go downward to another Side.

Also ye have heard me say that Jerusalem is in the Midst of the World. And that may Men prove, and shew there by a Spear, that is fixed into the Earth, that sheweth no Shadow on any Side upon the Hour of Midday, when it is Equinox. And that it should be in the Midst of the World, David witnesseth in the Psalter, where he saith, "Deus operatus est Salutem in Medio Terræ," ("God working Salvation in the Midst of the Earth.") They, then, that depart from the Parts of the West to go toward Jerusalem, as many Days' Journeys as they go upward to go thither, in so many Days' Journeys may they go from Jerusalem unto other Confines of the Superficiality of the Earth beyond. And when Men go beyond those Journeys toward Ind and to the foreign Isles, they are environing the Roundness of the Earth and of the Sea under our Country on this Half.

And therefore hath a Thing befallen, as I have heard recounted many times when I was young, how a worthy Man departed some-time from our Countries to go search the World. And so, he passed Ind and the Isles beyond Ind, where be more than 5000 Isles. And so long he went by Sea and Land, and so environed the World by many Seasons, that he found an Isle where he heard Folk speak his own Language, calling on Oxen at the Plough, such Words as Men speak to Beasts in his own Country; whereof he had great Marvel, for he knew not how it might be. But I say, that he had gone so long by Land and by Sea, that he had environed all the Earth; and environing, that is to say, going about, he was come again unto his own Borders; and if he would have passed further, he had found his Country and Things well-known. But he turned again from thence, from whence he was come. And so he lost much painful Labour,

as he himself said a great while after, when that he was come Home. For it befell after, that he went unto Norway. And there a Tempest of the Sea took him, and he arrived in an Isle. And, when he was in that Isle, he knew well that it was the Isle where he had heard speak his own Language before and the calling of the Oxen at the Plough; and that was a possible Thing.[1]

But now it seemeth to simple Men unlearned, that Men may not go under the Earth, and also that Men should fall toward the Heaven from under. But that may not be, any more than we may fall toward Heaven from the Earth where we be. For on whatever Part of the Earth that Men dwell, either above or beneath, it seemeth always to them, that they go more up-right than any other Folk. And right as it seemeth to us that they be under us, right so it seemeth to them that we be under them. For if a Man might fall from the Earth unto the Firmament, by greater Reason the Earth and the Sea that be so great and so heavy should fall to the Firmament: but that may not be, and therefore saith our Lord God, "Non timeas Me, qui suspendi Terram ex Nihilo," ("Have no Dread of Me, that hanged the Earth from Nought.")

And albeit that it be a possible Thing that Men may so environ all the World, nevertheless, of a 1000 Persons, not one might happen to return to his Country. For, for the Greatness of the Earth and of the Sea, Men may go by a 1000 and a 1000 other Ways, so that no Man could return perfectly toward the Parts that he came from, but if it were by Adventure and Hap, or by the Grace of God. For the Earth is full large and full great, and holds in Roundness and Environment about, by above and by beneath, 20425 Miles, after the Opinion of the old wise Astronomers; and their Sayings I reprove nought. But, after my little Wit, it seemeth me, saving their Reverence, that it is more.

And to have better Understanding I say thus. Be there imagined a Figure that hath a great Compass. And, about the Point of the great Compass that is clept the Centre, be

[1] This and similar passages in Sir John's narrative were among the influences which led Columbus to sail westward in a search for the Eastern shore of Asia.

made another little Compass. Then after, be the great Compass divided by Lines in many Parts, and let all the Lines meet at the Centre. So that in as many Parts as the great Compass shall be parted, in so many shall be parted the little Compass that is about the Centre, albeit that the Spaces be less. Now then, let the great Compass represent the Firmament, and the little Compass represent the Earth. Now then, the Firmament is divided by Astronomers into 12 Signs, and every Sign is divided into 30 Degrees; that is, 360 Degrees that the Firmament hath above. Also, be the Earth divided into as many Parts as the Firmament, and let every Part answer to a Degree of the Firmament. And wit well, that, after the Authors of Astronomy, 700 Furlongs of the Earth answer to a Degree of the Firmament, and those be 87 Miles and 4 Furlongs. Now be that multiplied by 360 Times, and then they be 31,500 Miles of 8 Furlongs, after the Miles of our Country. So much hath the Earth in Roundness and in going round about, after mine Opinion and mine Understanding.

And ye shall understand, that after the Opinion of old wise Philosophers and Astronomers, neither our Country nor Ireland nor Wales nor Scotland nor Norway nor the other Isles coasting to them be in the Superficiality counted above the Earth, as it sheweth by all the Books of Astronomy. For the Superficiality of the Earth is parted in 7 Parts for the 7 Planets, and those Parts be clept Climates. And our Parts be not of the 7 Climates, for they be descending toward the West. And also these Isles of Ind which be evenly over against us be not reckoned in the Climates. For they be over against us that be in the low Country. And the 7 Climates environing stretch them round the World.

CHAPTER XVIII

Of the Palace of the King of the Isle of Java. Of the Trees that bear Meal, Honey, Wine, and Venom; and of other Marvels and Customs used in the Isles marching thereabout

BESIDE that Isle that I have spoken of, there is another Isle that is clept Sumobor, that is a great Isle. And the King thereof is right mighty. The Folk of that Isle make them always to be marked in the Visage with an hot Iron, both Men and Women, for great Noblesse, to be known from other Folk; for they hold themselves most noble and most worthy of all the World. And they have War always with the Folk that go all naked.

And fast beside is another Isle, that is clept Betemga, that is a good Isle and a plentiful. And many other Isles be thereabout, where there be many divers Folk, of the which it were too long to speak of all.

But fast beside that Isle, to pass by Sea, is a great Isle and a great Country that Men call Java. And it is nigh 2000 Mile in Circuit. And the King of that Country is a full great Lord and a rich and a mighty, and hath under him 7 other Kings of 7 other Isles about him. This Isle is full well inhabited, and full well manned. There groweth all manner of Spicery, more plentifully than in any other Country, as Ginger, Cloves-gilofre, Cinnamon, Seedwall, Nutmegs and Maces. And wit well, that the Nutmeg beareth the Maces; for right as the Nut of the Hazel hath an Husk without, that the Nut is closed in till it be ripe and that after falleth out, right so it is with the Nutmeg and with the Maces. Many other Spices and many other Goods grow in that Isle. For of all things there is Plenty, save only of Wine. But there is Gold and Silver, great Plenty.

And the King of that Country hath a Palace full noble and full marvellous, and more rich than any in the World. For all the Steps to go up into the Halls and Chambers be, one

of Gold, another of Silver. And also, the Pavements of Halls and Chambers be all in Squares, one of Gold, and another of Silver. And all the Walls within be covered with Gold and Silver in fine Plates, and in those Plates be Stories and Battles of Knights inlaid, and the Crowns and the Circles about their Heads be made of precious Stones and rich Pearls and great. And the Halls and the Chambers of the Palace be all covered within with Gold and Silver, so that no Man would believe the Riches of that Palace but he had seen it. And wit well, that the King of that Isle is so mighty, that he hath many times overcome the great Chan of Cathay in Battle, that is the most great Emperor that is under the Firmament either beyond the Sea or on this Half. For they have had oftentime War between them, because that the great Chan would constrain him to hold his Land of him; but that other at all times defendeth him well against him.

After that Isle, in going by Sea, Men find another Isle, good and great, that Men call Pathen that is a great Kingdom full of fair Cities and full of Towns. In that Land grow Trees that bear Meal, whereof Men make good Bread and white and of good Savour; and it seemeth as it were of Wheat, but it is not altogether of such Savour. And there be other Trees that bear Honey good and sweet, and other Trees that bear Venom, against the which there is no Medicine but one: and that is to take their own Leaves and stamp them and temper them with Water and then drink it, and else shall a Man die; for Triacle[1] will not avail, nor any other Medicine. For this Venom the Jews had made one of their Friends seek to empoison all Christianity, as I have heard them say in their Confession before they die: but thanked be Almighty God! they failed of their Purpose; but always they make great Mortality of People. And other Trees there be also that bear Wine of noble Scent. And if you like to hear how the Meal cometh out of the Trees I shall tell you. Men hew the Trees with an Hatchet, all about the Foot of the Tree, till that the Bark be parted in many Parts, and then cometh out thereof a thick Liquor, the which they receive in Vessels, and dry it at the Heat of the Sun; and then they take it to a

[1] A particular composition in ancient Medicine: French, Theriaque, of which Triacle is a corruption.

Mill to grind and it becometh fair Meal and white. And the Honey and the Wine and the Venom be drawn out of other Trees in the same Manner, and put in Vessels to keep.

In that Isle is a dead Sea, that is a Lake that hath no Bottom; and if anything fall into that Lake it shall never come up again. In that Lake grow Reeds, that be Canes, that they call "Thaby," that be 30 Fathoms long; and of these Canes Men make fair Houses. And there be other Canes that be not so long, that grow near the Land and have so long Roots that they endure well a 4th of a Furlong or more; and at the Knots of those Roots Men find precious Stones that have great Virtues. And he that beareth any of them upon him, Iron and Steel may not hurt him nor draw any Blood from him; and therefore, they that have those Stones upon them fight full hardily both on Sea and Land, for Men may not harm them in any Part. And therefore, they that know the Manner, and shall fight with them, they shoot at them Arrows and Crossbow Bolts without Iron or Steel, and so they hurt them and slay them. And also of those Canes they make Houses and Ships and other Things, as we do here, making Houses and Ships of Oak or of any other Trees. And deem no Man that I say it for Trifling, for I have seen the Canes with mine own Eyes, full many times, lying upon the River of that Lake, of the which 20 of our Fellows might not lift up nor bear one to the Earth.

After this Isle Men go by Sea to another Isle that is clept Calonak. And it is a fair Land and plentiful of Goods. And the King of that Country hath as many Wives as he will. For he maketh Search all the Country to get him the fairest Maidens that may be found, and maketh them to be brought before him. And he taketh one one Night, and another another Night, and so forth continually following; so that he hath a 1000 Wives or more. And he lieth never but one Night with one of them, and another Night with another; unless that one happen to be more lusty to his Pleasure than another. And therefore the King getteth full many Children, some-time an 100, some-time a 200, and some-time more. And he hath also up to 14,000 Elephants or more that he maketh to be brought up amongst his Villains (or Serfs) in

all his Towns. For in Case that he had any War against any other King about him, then he maketh certain Men of Arms to go up into the Castles of Tree made for the War, that craftily be set upon the Elephants' Backs, to fight against their Enemies. And so do other Kings there-about. For the Manner of War is not there as it is here or in other Countries, nor the Ordinance of War neither. And Men call the Elephants "Warkes."

And in that Isle there is a great Marvel, more to speak of than in any other Part of the World. For all Manner of Fishes, that be there in the Sea about them, come once in the Year — each Manner of diverse Fishes, one Manner of Kind after another. And they cast themselves on to the Sea Bank of that Isle in so great Plenty and Multitude, that a Man can scarcely see ought but Fish. And there they abide 3 Days. And every Man of the Country taketh of them as many as he liketh. And after, that Manner of Fish after the 3rd Day departeth and goeth into the Sea. And after them come another Multitude of Fish of another Kind and do in the same Manner as the first did, another 3 Days. And after them another, till all the diverse Manner of Fishes have been there, and that Men have taken of them what they like. And no Man knoweth the Cause wherefore it may be. But they of the Country say that it is to do Reverence to their King, that is the most worthy King that is in the World as they say; because that he fulfilleth the Commandment that God bade to Adam and Eve, when God said, "Crescite et multiplicamini et replete Terram" ("Increase and multiply, and replenish the Earth"). And because he multiplies the World so with Children, therefore God sendeth him so the Fishes of diverse Kinds of all that be in the Sea, to take at his Will for him and all his People. And therefore all the Fishes of the Sea come to make him Homage as the most noble and excellent King of the World, and that is best beloved of God, as they say. I know not the Reason, why it is, but God knoweth; but this, me-seemeth, is the most great Marvel that ever I saw. For this Marvel is against Nature and not with Nature, that the Fishes that have Freedom to environ all the Coasts of the Sea at their own List, come of their own Will to proffer themselves to the Death, without

Constraining of Man. And therefore I am sure that this may not be, unless it be a great Token.

There be also in that Country a Kind of Snails that be so great, that many Persons may lodge them in their Shells as Men would do in a little House. And other Snails there be that be full great but not so huge as the other. And of these Snails, and of great white Worms that have black Heads that be as great as a Man's Thigh, and of some less great Worms that Men find there in Woods, Men make Royal Viaunds for the King and for other great Lords. And if a Man that is married die in that Country, Men bury his Wife with him all alive; for Men say there, that it is reasonable that she make him Company in that other World as she did in this.

From that Country Men go by the Sea Ocean by an Isle that is clept Caffolos. Men of that Country when their Friends be sick hang them upon Trees, and say that it is better that Birds, that be Angels of God, eat them, than the foul Worms of the Earth.

From that Isle Men go to another Isle, where the Folk be of full cursed Nature. For they nourish great Dogs and teach them to strangle their Friends when they be sick. For they will not that they die of a natural Death. For they say, that they should suffer too great Pain if they wait to die by themselves, as Nature would. And, when they be thus strangled, they eat their Flesh instead of Venison.

Afterward Men go by many Isles by Sea unto an Isle that Men call Milke. And there is a full cursed People. For they delight in nothing more than to fight and to slay Men. And they drink gladliest Man's Blood, the which they call "Dieu." And the more Men that a Man may slay, the more Worship he hath amongst them. And if 2 Persons be at Debate and, peradventure, make Accord with their Friends or with some of their Alliance, it behoveth that every one of them, that shall be of Accord, shall drink of the other's Blood: and else neither the Accord nor the Alliance is worth ought; neither shall there be any Blame to him that breaks the Alliance and the Accord, unless every one of them drink of the others' Blood.

And from that Isle Men go by Sea, from Isle to Isle, unto an Isle that is clept Tracoda, where the Folk of that Country

be as Beasts, and unreasonable, and dwell in Caves that they make in the Earth; for they have no Wit to make them Houses. And when they see any Man passing through their Countries they hide them in their Caves. And they eat Flesh of Serpents, and they eat but little. And they speak Nought, but they hiss as Serpents do. And they set no Price on any Riches, but only on a precious Stone, that is amongst them, that is of 60 Colours. And from the Name of the Isle, they call it Tracodon. And they love more that Stone than anything else; and yet they know not the Virtue thereof, but they covet it and love it only for the Beauty.

After that Isle Men go by the Sea Ocean, by many Isles, unto an Isle that is clept Nacumera, that is a great Isle and good and fair. And it is in Compass about, more than a 1000 Mile. And all the Men and Women of that Isle have Hounds' Heads, and they be clept Cunocephali. And they be full reasonable and of good Understanding, save that they worship an Ox for their God. And also every one of them beareth an Ox of Gold or of Silver in his Forehead, in Token that they love well their God. And they go all naked save a little Clout, that they cover them with to their Knees. They be great Folk and well-fighting. And they have a great Targe that covereth all the Body, and a Spear in their Hand to fight with. And if they take any Man in Battle, anon they eat him.

The King of that Isle is full rich and full mighty and right devout after his Law. And he hath about his Neck 300 orient Pearls, good and great and knotted, as Pater-nosters here of Amber. And in manner as we say our Pater Noster and our Ave Maria, counting the Pater Nosters, right so this King saith every Day devoutly 300 Prayers to his God, ere that he eat. And he beareth also about his Neck an orient Ruby, noble and fine, that is a Foot of Length and 5 Fingers large. And, when they choose their King, they take him that Ruby to bear in his Hand; and so they lead him, riding all about the City. And from thence-forward they be all obeissant to him. And that Ruby he shall bear always about his Neck, for if he had not that Ruby upon him Men would not hold him for King. The great Chan of Cathay hath greatly coveted that Ruby, but he might never have it for War, nor for any manner of Goods. This King is so rightful and of

such Equity in his Judgments, that Men may go securely throughout all his Country and bear with them what they list; so that no Man shall be so hardy as to rob them, and if he were, the King would judge him anon.

From this Land Men go to another Isle that is clept Silha (Ceylon). And it is well an 800 Mile about. In that Land is full much Waste, for it is full of Serpents, of Dragons and of Cockodrills, so that no Man dare dwell there. These Cockodrills be Serpents, yellow and rayed above, and have 4 Feet and short Thighs, and great Nails like Claws or Talons. And there be some that have 5 Fathoms of Length, and some of 6 and of 8 and of 10. And when they go by Places that be gravelly, it seemeth as though Men had drawn a great Tree through the gravelly Place. And there be also many wild Beasts, and especially Elephants.

In that Isle is a great Mountain. And in mid Place of the Mount is a great Lake in a full fair Plain; and there is great Plenty of Water. And they of the Country say, that Adam and Eve wept upon that Mount an 100 Year, when they were driven out of Paradise, and that Water, they say, is of their Tears; for so much Water they wept, that they made the aforesaid Lake. And in the Bottom of that Lake Men find many precious Stones and great Pearls. In that Lake grow many Reeds and great Canes; and there within be many Cockodrills and Serpents and great Water-leeches. And the King of that Country, once every Year, giveth Leave to poor Men to go into the Lake to gather them precious Stones and Pearls, by way of Alms, for the Love of God that made Adam. And every Year Men find enough. And because of the Vermin that is within, they anoint their Arms and their Thighs and Legs with an Ointment made of a Thing that is clept Limes, that is a manner of Fruit like small Pease; and then have they no Dread of Cockodrills, or of any other venomous Vermin. This Water runneth, flowing and ebbing, by a Side of the Mountain, and in that River Men find precious Stones and Pearls, great Plenty. And Men of that Isle say commonly, that the Serpents and the wild Beasts of that Country will do no Harm nor touch with Evil any strange Man that entereth into that Country, but only Men that be born of the same Country.

In that Country and others thereabout there be Wild Geese that have 2 Heads. And there be Lions, all white and as great as Oxen, and many other diverse Beasts and Fowls also that be not seen amongst us.

And wit well, that in that Country and in other Isles thereabout, the Sea is so high, that it seemeth as though it hangs on the Clouds, and that it would cover all the World. And that is a great Marvel that it might be so, save only that by the Will of God, the Air sustaineth it. And therefore saith David in the Psalter, "Mirabiles Elationes Maris" ("The wonderful Upliftings of the Sea").

CHAPTER XIX

How Men know by the Idol, if the Sick shall die or not. Of Folk of diverse Shape and marvellously disfigured. And of the Monks that give their Leavings to Baboons, Apes and Marmosets, and to other Beasts

FROM that Isle, in going by the Sea toward the South, is another great Isle that is clept Dondun. In that Isle be Folk of diverse Kinds, so that the Father eateth the Son, the Son the Father, the Husband the Wife, and the Wife the Husband. And if it so befall, that the Father or Mother or any of their Friends be sick, anon the Son goeth to the Priest of their Law and prayeth him to ask the Idol if his Father or Mother or Friend shall die of that Evil or not. And then the Priest and the Son go together before the Idol and kneel full devoutly and ask of the Idol their Demand. And if the Devil that is within answer that he shall live, they keep him well; and if he say that he shall die, then the Priest goeth with the Son, with the Wife of him that is sick, and they put their Hands upon his Mouth and stop his Breath, and so they slay him. And after that, they chop all the Body in small Pieces, and pray all his Friends to come and eat of him that is dead. And they send for all the Minstrels of the Country and make a solemn Feast. And when they have eaten the Flesh, they take the Bones and bury them, and make great Melody. And all those that be of his Kin or pretend themselves to be his Friends, and who come not to that Feast, they be reproved for ever and ashamed, and make great Dole, for never after shall they be holden as Friends. And they say also, that Men eat their Flesh to deliver them out of Pain; for if the Worms of the Earth eat them the Soul should suffer great Pain, as they say. And especially when the Flesh is tender and meagre, then say their Friends, that they do great Sin to let them have so long Languor to suffer so much Pain without Reason. And when they find the Flesh

fat, then they say, that it is well done to send him soon to Paradise, and that they have not suffered him too long to endure in Pain.

The King of this Isle is a full great Lord and a mighty, and hath under him 54 great Isles that give Tribute to him. And in every one of these Isles is a King crowned; and all be obeissant to that King. And he hath in those Isles many divers Folk.

In one of these Isles be Folk of great Stature, as Giants. And they be hideous to look upon. And they have but one Eye, and that is in the Middle of the Forehead. And they eat nothing but raw Flesh and raw Fish.

And in another Isle toward the South dwell Folk of foul Stature and of cursed Nature that have no Heads. And their Eyes be in their Shoulders, and their Mouths be round shapen, like an Horse-shoe, amidst their Breasts.

And in another Isle be Men without Heads, and their Eyes and their Mouths be behind in their Shoulders.

And in another Isle be Folk that have the Face all flat, all plain, without Nose and without Mouth. But they have 2 small Holes, all round, instead of their Eyes, and their Mouth is flat also without Lips.

And in another Isle be Folk of foul Fashion and Shape that have the Lip above the Mouth so great, that when they sleep in the Sun they cover all the Face with that Lip.

And in another Isle there be Little Folk, as Dwarfs. And they be so small as the Pigmies. And they have no Mouth; but instead of their Mouth they have a little round Hole, and when they shall eat or drink, they take through a Pipe or Pen or such a Thing, and suck it in, for they have no Tongue; and therefore they speak not, but they make a manner of Hissing as an Adder doth, and they make Signs to one another as Monks do, by the which every one of them understandeth the other.

And in another Isle be Folk that have great Ears and long that hang down to their Knees.

And in another Isle be Folk that have Horses' Feet. And they be strong and mighty, and swift Runners; for they take wild Beasts with Running, and eat them.

And in another Isle be Folk that go upon their Hands and

their Feet as Beasts. And they be all skinned and feathered, and they would leap as lightly into Trees, and from Tree to Tree, as it were Squirrels or Apes.

And in another Isle be Folk that be both Man and Woman, and they have the Nature of the one and of the other. And they have but one Pap on the one Side, and on the other none. And they be both Men and Women when they list, at one Time the one, and another Time the other. And they beget Children, when they be Men; and they bear Children, when they be Women.

And in another Isle be Folk that go always upon their Knees full marvellously. And at every Pace that they go, it seemeth that they would fall. And they have in every Foot 8 Toes.

Many other diverse Folk of diverse Natures be there in other Isles about, of the which it were too long to tell, and therefore I pass over shortly.

From these Isles, in passing by the Sea Ocean toward the East by many Days' Journeys, Men find a great Country and a great Kingdom that Men call Mancy. And that is in Ind the More. And it is the best Land and one of the fairest that may be in all the World, and the most delectable and the most plentiful of all Goods that is in the Power of Man. In that Land dwell many Christian Men and Saracens, for it is a good Country and a great. And there be therein more than 2000 great Cities and rich, besides other great Towns. And there is more Plenty of People there than in any other Part of Ind, for the Bountifulness of the Country. In that Country is no needy Man, nor any one that goeth a-begging. And they be full fair Folk, but they be all pale. And the Men have thin Beards and few Hairs, but they be long; but scarcely hath any Man passing 50 Hairs in his Beard, and one Hair sits here, another there, as the Beard of a Leopard or of a Cat. In that Land be many fairer Women than in any other Country beyond the Sea, and therefore Men call that Land Albany, because that the Folk be white.

And the chief City of that Country is clept Latorin, and it is a Day's Journey from the Sea, and it is much greater than Paris. In that City is a great River bearing Ships that go to all the Coasts in the Sea. No City of the World is so

well stored of Ships as is that. And all those of the City and of the Country worship Idols. In that Country be double times more Birds than be here. There be white Geese, red about the Neck, and they have a great Crest as a Cock's Comb upon their Heads; and they be much more great there than they be here, and Men buy them there all alive, right greatly cheap. And there is Plenty of Adders of whom Men make great Feasts and eat them at great Solemnities; and he that maketh there a Feast, be it never so costly, if he have no Adders he hath no Thank for his Travail.

Many good Cities there be in that Country and Men have great Plenty and great Cheapness of all Wines and Victuals. In that Country be many Churches of religious Men, and of their Law. And in those Churches be Idols as great as Giants; and to these Idols they give to eat at great Festival Days in this Manner. They bring before them Meats all sodden, as hot as they come from the Fire, and they let the Smoke go up towards the Idols; and then they say that the Idols have eaten; and then the religious Men eat the Meat afterwards.

In that Country be white Hens without Feathers, but they bear white Wool as Sheep do here. In that Country Women that be unmarried, they have Tokens on their Heads like Garlands to be known for unmarried. Also in that Country there be Beasts taught of Men to go into Waters, into Rivers and into deep Tanks to take Fish; the which Beast is but little, and Men call them Loirs. And when Men cast them into the Water, anon they bring up great Fishes, as many as Men would. And if Men will have more, they cast them in again, and they bring up as many as Men list to have.

And from that City passing by many Days' Journeys is another City, one of the greatest in the World, that Men call Cassay,[1] that is to say, the "City of Heaven." That City is well a 50 Mile about, and it is strongly inhabited with People, insomuch that in one House Men make 10 Households. In that City be 12 principal Gates; and before every Gate, a 3 Mile or a 4 Mile in Length therefrom, is a great Town or a great City. That City sits upon a great Lake on the Sea, as doth Venice. And in that City be more than

[1] Called by Marco Polo, "Kinsai," the capital of Southern China under the Song Dynasty.

12,000 Bridges. And upon every Bridge be strong Towers and good, in the which dwell the Wardens to keep the City from the great Chan. And on the one Side of the City runneth a great River all along the City. And there dwell Christian Men and many Merchants and other Folk of divers Nations, because that the Land is so good and so plentiful. And there groweth full good Wine that Men call "Bigon," that is full mighty, and gentle in drinking. This is a Royal City where the King of Mancy was wont to dwell. And there dwell many religious Men, as it were of the Order of Friars, for they be Mendicants.

From that City Men go by Water, solacing and disporting them, till they come to an Abbey of Monks that is fast by, that be good religious Men after their Faith and Law. In that Abbey is a great Garden and a fair, where be many Trees of diverse Manner of Fruits. And in this Garden is a little Hill full of delectable Trees. In that Hill and in that Garden be many diverse Beasts, as Apes, Marmosets, Baboons and many other diverse Beasts. And every Day, when the Convent of this Abbey hath eaten, the Almoner makes bear the Leavings to the Garden, and he smiteth on the Garden Gate with a Clicket of Silver that he holdeth in his Hand; and anon all the Beasts of the Hill and of diverse Places of the Garden come out a 3000, or a 4000; and they come in Guise of poor Men, and Men give them the Leavings in fair Vessels of Silver, cleanly over-gilt. And when they have eaten, the Monk smiteth eftsoons on the Garden Gate with the Clicket, and then anon all the Beasts return again to their Places that they come from. And they say that these Beasts be Souls of worthy Men that resemble in Likeness the Beasts that be fair, and therefore they give them Meat for the Love of God; and the other Beasts that be foul, they say be Souls of poor Men and of rude Common-folk. And thus they believe, and no Man may put them out of this Opinion. These Beasts above-said they take when they be young, and nourish them so with Alms, as many as they may find. And I asked them if it had not been better to have given those Leavings to poor Men, rather than to the Beasts. And they answered me and said, that they had no poor Men amongst them in that Country; and though it had been so that poor

Men had been among them, yet were it greater Alms to give it to those Souls that do there their Penance. Many other Marvels be in that City and in the Country thereabout, that were too long to tell you.

From that City go Men by the Country a 6 Days' Journey to another City that Men call Chilenfo, of the which City the Walls be 20 Mile about. In that City be 60 Bridges of Stone, so fair that no Man may see fairer. In that City was the first Siege of the King of Mancy, for it is a fair City and plentiful of all Goods.

After, pass Men overthwart a great River that Men call Dalay. And that is the greatest River of fresh Water that is in the World. For there, where it is most narrow, it is more than 4 Mile of Breadth. And then enter Men again into the Land of the great Chan.

That River goeth through the Land of Pigmies, where that the Folk be of little Stature, and be but 3 Span long, and they be right fair and gentle, after their Size, both the Men and the Women. And they marry them when they be half a Year of Age and get Children. And they live not but 6 Year or 7 at the most; and he that liveth 8 Year, Men hold him there right passing old. These Men be Workers of Gold, Silver, Cotton, Silk and of all such Things, the best of any other that be in the World. And they have oftentimes War with the Birds of that Country that they take and eat. This Little Folk neither labour in Lands nor in Vines; but they have great Men amongst them of our Stature that till the Land and labour amongst the Vines for them. And of those Men of our Stature have they as great Scorn and Wonder as we would have among us of Giants if they were amongst us. There is a good City, amongst others, where there is dwelling great Plenty of those Little Folk, and it is a great City and a fair. And there be great Men that dwell amongst them, but when they get any Children they be as little as the Pigmies. And therefore they be, all for the most part, all Pigmies; for the Nature of the Land is such. The great Chan makes keep this City full well, for it is his. And albeit that the Pigmies be little, yet they be full reasonable according to their Age, and know enough both of Good and of Evil.

From that City go Men by the Country by many Cities and many Towns unto a City that Men call Jamchay; and it is a noble City and a rich and of great Profit to the Lord thereof, and thither go Men to seek Merchandise of all manner of Thing. That City is full much worth yearly to the Lord of the Country. For he hath every Year as Rent of that City, as they of the City say, 50,000 Cumants of Florins of Gold: for they count there all by Cumants, and every Cumant is 10,000 Florins of Gold. Now Men may well reckon how much that it amounteth to. The King of that Country is full mighty, and yet he is under the great Chan. And the great Chan hath under him 12 such Provinces. In that Country in the good Towns is a good Custom: for there be certain Inns in every good Town, and whoso will make a Feast to any of his Friends, he that will make the Feast will say to the Hosteler (or Innkeeper), "Array for me to-morrow a good Dinner for so many Folk," and telleth him the Number, and deviseth him the Viands; and he saith also, "Thus much will I spend and no more." And anon the Hosteler arrayeth for him so fair and so well and so honestly, that there shall lack nothing; and it shall be done sooner and with less Cost than if Man made it in his own House.

And a 5 Mile from that City, toward the Head of the River of Dalay, is another City that Men call Menke. In that City is a strong Navy of Ships. And all be as white as Snow like the Trees that they be made of. And they be full great Ships and fair, and well-ordained, and made with Halls and Chambers and other Easements, as though it were on the Land.

From thence go Men, by many Towns and many Cities, through the Country, unto a City that Men call Lanterine. And it is an 8 Days' Journey from the City above-said. This City sits upon a fair River, great and broad, that Men call Caramaron. This River passeth throughout Cathay. And it doth often-time Harm, and that full great, when it is over great.

CHAPTER XX

Of the great Chan of Cathay. Of the Royalty of his Palace, and how he sits at Meat; and of the great Number of Officers that serve him

CATHAY is a great Country and a fair, noble and rich, and full of Merchants. Thither go Merchants every Year to seek Spices and all manner of Merchandises, more commonly than in any other Part. And ye shall understand, that Merchants that come from Genoa or from Venice or from Romania or other Parts of Lombardy, they go by Sea and by Land 11 Months or 12, or more some-time, ere they may come to the Isle of Cathay that is the principal Region of all Parts beyond; and it is of the great Chan.

From Cathay go Men toward the East by many Days' Journeys. And then Men find a good City between these others, that Men call Sugarmago. That City is one of the best stored of Silk and other Merchandises that is in the World.

After go Men to yet another old City toward the East. And it is in the Province of Cathay. And beside that City the Men of Tartary have made another City that is clept Caydon. And it hath 12 Gates, and between 2 Gates there is always a great Mile; so that the 2 Cities, that is to say, the old and the new, have in Circuit more than 20 Mile.

In this City is the Seat of the great Chan in a full great Palace and the most passing fair in all the World, of the which the Walls be in Circuit more than 2 Mile. And within the Walls it is all full of other Palaces. And in the Garden of the great Palace there is a great Hill, upon the which there is another Palace; and it is the most fair and the most rich that any Man may devise. And all about the Palace and the Hill be many Trees bearing many diverse Fruits. And all about that Hill be Ditches great and deep, and beside them, on the one Side and on the other, be great Vivaries. And

there is a full fair Bridge to pass over the Ditches. And in these Vivaries be so many wild Geese and Ganders and wild Ducks and Swans and Herons that they are without Number. And all about these Ditches and Vivaries is the great Garden full of wild Beasts. So that when the great Chan will have any Sport therein, to take any of the wild Beasts or of the Fowls, he will make chase them and take them at the Windows without going out of his Chamber.

This Palace where his Seat is, is both great and passing fair. And within the Palace, in the Hall, there be 24 Pillars of fine Gold. And all the Walls be covered within with red Skins of Beasts that Men call Panthers, that be fair Beasts and well smelling; so that for the sweet Odour of those Skins no evil Air may enter into the Palace. Those Skins be as red as Blood, and they shine so bright against the Sun, that scarcely may a Man behold them. And many Folk worship those Beasts, when they meet them first of a Morning, for their great Virtue and for the good Smell that they have. And those Skins they prize more than though they were Plates of fine Gold.

And in the Midst of this Palace is the Mountour (or Dais) for the great Chan, that is all wrought of Gold and of precious Stones and great Pearls. And at the 4 Corners of the Mountour be 4 Serpents of Gold. And all about there are made large Nets of Silk and Gold and great Pearls hanging all about the Mountour. And under the Mountour be Conduits of Beverage that they drink in the Emperor's Court. And beside the Conduits be many Vessels of Gold, by the which they that be of the Household drink at the Conduit.

And the Hall of the Palace is full nobly arrayed, and full marvellously attired on all Parts in all Things that Men apparel any Hall with. And first, at the Head of the Hall is the Emperor's Throne, full high, where he sitteth at Meat. And that is of fine precious Stones, bordered all about with purified Gold and precious Stones and great Pearls. And the Steps that he goeth up to the Table on be of precious Stones mingled with Gold.

And at the left Side of the Emperor's Seat is the Seat of his first Wife, one Degree lower than the Emperor; and it is of Jasper, bordered with Gold and precious Stones. And the

Seat of his 2nd Wife is also another Seat, more lower than his first Wife; and it is also of Jasper, bordered with Gold, as that other is. And the Seat of the 3rd Wife is also more low, by a Degree, than the 2nd Wife. For he hath always 3 Wives with him, where that ever he be.

And after his Wives, on the same Side, sit the Ladies of his Lineage yet lower, after that Estate they be of. And all those that be married have a Counterfeit (or Token) made like a Man's Foot upon their Heads a Cubit long, all wrought with great Pearls, fine and orient, and above made with Peacocks' Feathers and of other shining Feathers; and that stands on their Heads like a Crest, in Token that they be under Man's Foot and under Subjection of Man. And they that be unmarried have none such.

And after at the right Side of the Emperor first sitteth his eldest Son that shall reign after him. And he sitteth also one Degree lower than the Emperor, in such manner of Seats as do the Empresses. And after him sit other great Lords of his Lineage, every one of them a Degree lower than the other, as they be of Estate.

And the Emperor hath his Table alone by himself, that is of Gold and of precious Stones, or of Crystal bordered with Gold, and full of precious Stones, or of Amethysts, or of Lignum Aloes that cometh out of Paradise, or of Ivory bound or bordered with Gold. And every one of his Wives hath also her Table by herself. And his eldest Son and the other Lords also, and the Ladies, and all that sit with the Emperor, have Tables alone by themselves, full rich. And there is no Table but that is worth an huge Treasure of Goods.

And under the Emperor's Table sit 4 Clerks that write all that the Emperor saith, be it good, be it evil; for all that he saith must be held good, for he may not change his Word, nor revoke it.

At great solemn Feasts Men bring before the Emperor's Table great Tables of Gold, and thereon be Peacocks of Gold and many other Manner of divers Fowls, all of Gold and richly wrought and enamelled. And Men make them dance and sing, clapping their Wings together, and making great Noise. And whether it be by Craft or by Necromancy I wot never; but it is a good Sight to behold, and a fair; and it is

a great Marvel how it may be. But I have the less Marvel, because that they be the most subtle Men in all Sciences and in all Crafts that be in the World; for of Subtlety and of Malice and of Forecasting they pass all Men under Heaven. And therefore they themselves say, that they see with 2 Eyes and the Christian Men see but with one, because that they be more subtle than they. For all other Nations, they say, be but blind in knowing and working in Comparison to them. I did great Business to have learned that Craft, but the Master told me that he had made a Vow to his God to teach it to no Creature, but only to his eldest Son.

Also above the Emperor's Table and the other Tables, and above a great Part of the Hall, is a Vine made of fine Gold. And it spreadeth all about the Hall. And it hath many Clusters of Grapes, some white, some green, some yellow and some red and some black, all of precious Stones. The white be of Crystal and of Beryl and of Iris; the yellow be of Topazes; the red be of Rubies and of Garnets and of Alabrandines; the green be of Emeralds of Perydoz and of Chrysolites; and the black be of Onyx and Garnets. And they be all so properly made that it seemeth a veritable Vine bearing natural Grapes.

And before the Emperor's Table stand great Lords and rich Barons and others that serve the Emperor at Meat. And no Man is so hardy to speak a Word, but if the Emperor speak to him; unless it be Minstrels that sing Songs and tell Jests or other Disports, to solace the Emperor with. And all the Vessels that Men be served with in the Hall or in Chambers be of precious Stones, and especially at great Tables either of Jasper or of Crystal or of Amethysts or of fine Gold. And the Cups be of Emeralds and of Sapphires, or of Topazes, of Perydoz and of many other precious Stones. Vessel of Silver is there none, for they set no Price thereon to make Vessels; but they make thereof Stairs and Pillars and Pavements to Halls and Chambers. And before the Hall Door stand many Barons and Knights fully armed to keep it that no Man enter, but if it be the Will or the Commandment of the Emperor, or if they be Servants or Minstrels of the Household; and none other is so hardy as to draw nigh the Hall Door.

And ye shall understand, that my Fellows and I with our Yeomen, we served this Emperor, and were his Soldiers 15 Months against the King of Mancy, that held War against him. And the Cause was that we had great Lust to see his Noblesse and the Estate of his Court and all his Governance, to wit if it were such as we heard say that it was. And truly we found it more noble and more excellent, and richer and more marvellous, than ever we heard speak of, insomuch that we would never have believed it had we not seen it. For I trow, that no Man would believe the Noblesse, the Riches nor the Multitude of Folk that be in his Court, but he had seen it; for it is not there as it is here. For the Lords here have Folk of a certain Number as it may suffice them; but the great Chan hath every Day Folk at his Cost and Expense without Number. But neither the Ordinance, nor the Expenses in Meat and Drink, nor the Honesty, nor the Cleanness is so arrayed there as it is here; for all the Commons there eat without Cloth upon their Knees, and they eat all manner of Flesh and little of Bread, and after Meat they wipe their Hands upon their Skirts, and they eat not but once a Day. But the Estate of Lords is full great, rich and noble.

And albeit that some Men will not believe me, but hold it for Fable to tell them the Noblesse of his Person and of his Estate and of his Court and of the great Multitude of Folk that he holds, nevertheless I shall tell you somewhat of him and of his Folk, and the Manner and the Ordinance, after that I have seen full many a Time. And whoso that will may believe me if he will, and whoso will not, may so choose. For I wot well, if any Man hath been in those Countries beyond, though he have not been in that Place where the great Chan dwelleth, he shall hear speak of him so many marvellous Things, that he shall not believe it lightly. And truly, no more did I myself, till I saw it. And those that have been in those Countries and in the great Chan's Household know well that I say Truth. And therefore I will not spare my words because of them, that know nought nor believe nought, but that which they see, but will tell you somewhat of him and of his Estate that he holds, when he goeth from Country to Country, and when he maketh solemn Feasts.

CHAPTER XXI

Wherefore he is clept the great Chan. Of the Style of his Letters; and of the Superscription about his Great Seal and his Privy Seal

FIRST I shall say to you why he was clept the great Chan.

Ye shall understand, that all the World was destroyed by Noah's Flood, save only Noah and his Wife and his Children. Noah had three Sons, Shem, Cham (Ham) and Japhet. This Cham was he that saw his Father's Nakedness when he slept, and scorned him, and shewed him with his Finger to his Brethren in scorning Wise. And therefore he was cursed of God. And Japhet turned his Face away and covered him.

These 3 Brethren seized all the Land. And this Cham, for his Cruelty, took the greater and the best Part, toward the East, that is clept Asia, and Shem took Africa, and Japhet took Europe. And therefore is all the Earth parted in these 3 Parts by these 3 Brethren. Cham was the greatest and the most mighty, and of him came more Generations than of the others. And of his Son Cush was engendered Nimrod the Giant, that was the first King that ever was in the World; and he began the Foundation of the Tower of Babylon. And that Time, the Fiends of Hell came many Times and lay with the Women of his Generation and engendered on them divers Folk, as Monsters and Folk disfigured, some without Heads, some with great Ears, some with one Eye, some Giants, some with Horses' Feet, and many other diverse Shapes against Nature. And of that Generation of Cham come the Paynims and divers Folk that be in Isles of the Sea by all Ind. And forasmuch as he was the most mighty, and no Man might withstand him, he called himself the Son of God and Sovereign of all the World. And from this Cham, this Emperor calleth himself "Cham" and Sovereign of all the World.

And of the Generation of Shem be come the Saracens. And of the Generation of Japhet is come the People of Israel, and we that dwell in Europe. This is the Opinion that the Syrians and Samaritans have amongst them. And that they told me, before that I went toward Ind, but I found it otherwise. Nevertheless, the Truth is this: that the Tartars and they that dwell in the great Asia, they came of Cham; but the Emperor of Cathay calleth himself not "Cham," but "Chan," and I shall tell you how.

It is but little more than 8 Score Year that all Tartary was in Subjection and in Servage to other Nations about. For they were but Beast-herding Folk and did nothing but kept Beasts and led them to Pastures. But among them they had 7 principal Nations that were Sovereigns of them all. Of the which, the first Nation or Lineage was clept Tartar, and that is the most noble and the most prized. The 2nd Lineage is clept Tanghot, the 3rd Eurache, the 4th Valair, the 5th Semoche, the 6th Megly, the 7th Coboghe.

Now befell it so that of the first Lineage succeeded an old worthy Man that was not rich, that had to Name Ghengis. This Man lay upon a Night in his Bed. And he saw in a Vision, that there came before him a Knight armed all in White. And he sat upon a White Horse, and said to him, "Chan, sleepest thou? The Immortal God hath sent me to thee, and it is His Will, that thou go to the 7 Lineages and say to them that thou shalt be their Emperor. For thou shalt conquer the Lands and the Countries that be about, and they that march upon you shall be under your Subjection, as ye have been under theirs, for that is God's Will immortal!"

And when it became Morning, Ghengis rose, and went to the 7 Lineages, and told them how the Knight had said. And they scorned him, and said that he was a Fool. And so he departed from them all ashamed. And on the Night ensuing, this White Knight came to the 7 Lineages, and commanded them on Immortal God's Behalf, that they should make this Ghengis their Emperor, and they should be out of Subjection, and they should hold all other Regions about them in their Servage as they had been to them before. And on the Morrow, they chose him to be their Emperor. And they set him upon a black Litter, and after that they lifted him up with

great Solemnity. And they set him in a Chair of Gold and did him all manner of Reverence, and they called him "Chan," as the White Knight called him.

And when he was thus chosen, he would assay if he might trust in them or not, and whether they would be obeissant to him or not. And then he made many Statutes and Ordinances that they called "Ysya Chan." The first Statute was, that they should believe in and obey Immortal God, that is Almighty, that would cast them out of Servage, and at all Times call to Him for Help in Time of Need. The tother Statute was, that all manner of Men that might bear Arms should be numbered, and to every 10 should be a Master, and to every 100 a Master, and to every 1000 a Master, and to every 10,000 a Master. After he commanded to the Principals of the 7 Lineages, that they should leave and forsake all that they had in Goods and Heritage, and from thenceforth hold them paid of what he would give them of his Grace. And they did so anon. After he commanded to the Principals of the 7 Lineages, that every one of them should bring his eldest Son before him, and with their own Hands smite off their Heads without tarrying. And anon his Commandment was performed.

And when the Chan saw that they made no Obstacle to perform his Commandment, then he thought well that he might trust in them, and commanded them anon to make them ready and to follow his Banner. And after this, Chan put in Subjection all the Lands about him.

Afterward it befell upon a Day, that the Chan rode with a few Companies to behold the Strength of the Country that he had won. And so it befell, that a great Multitude of his Enemies met with him. And to give good Example of Hardiness to his People, he was the first that fought, and encountered his Enemies in the Midst, and there he was cast from his Horse, and his Horse slain. And when his Folk saw him on the Earth, they were all abashed, and thought he had been dead, and fled every one. And their Enemies followed after and chased them, but they wist not that the Emperor was there. And when they were come again from the Chase, they went and sought the Woods if any of them had been hid in the Thick of the Woods; and many they found

and slew them anon. So it happened as they went searching toward the Place where that the Emperor was, they saw an Owl sitting upon a Tree above him; and then they said amongst them, that no Man was there because that they saw that Bird there, and so they went their Way; and thus escaped the Emperor from Death. And then he went privily all by Night, till he came to his Folk that were full glad of his coming, and made great Thankings to Immortal God, and to that Bird by whom their Lord was saved. And therefore principally above all Fowls of the World they worship the Owl; and when they have any of their Feathers, they keep them full preciously instead of Relics, and bear them upon their Heads with great Reverence; and they hold themselves blessed and safe from all Perils while that they have them upon them, and therefore they bear their Feathers upon their Heads.

After all this the Chan put his Affairs in Order and assembled his People, and went against them that had assailed him before, and destroyed them, and put them in Subjection and Servage.

And when he had won and put all the Lands and Countries on this Side the Mount Belian in Subjection, the White Knight came to him again in his Sleep, and said to him, "Chan! the Will of Immortal God is that thou pass the Mount Belian. And thou shalt win the Land and thou shalt put many Nations in Subjection. And as thou shalt find no good Passage to go toward that Country, go to the Mount Belian that is upon the Sea, and kneel there 9 Times toward the East in the Worship of Immortal God. And He shall shew the Way to pass by." And the Chan did so. And anon the Sea that touched and was fast by the Mount began to withdraw himself, and shewed a fair Way of 9 Foot broad large; and so he passed with his Folk, and won the Land of Cathay that is the greatest Kingdom of the World.

And for the 9 Kneelings and for the 9 Foot of Way the Chan and all the Men of Tartary have the Number of 9 in great Reverence. And therefore who that will make the Chan any Present, be it of Horses, or of Birds, or of Arrows, or of Fruit, or of any other Thing, always he must make it of the Number 9. And so then be the Presents of greater

Pleasure to him; and more benignly he will receive them than though he were presented with an 100 or 200. For to him seemeth the Number of 9 so holy, because the Messenger of Immortal God so devised it.

Also, when the Chan of Cathay had won the Country of Cathay, and put in Subjection and under Foot many Countries about, he fell sick. And when he felt that he should well die, he said to his 12 Sons, that every one of them should bring him one of his Arrows. And so they did anon. And then he commanded that Men should bind them together in 3 Places. And then he took them to his eldest Son, and bade him break them all together. And he strove with all his Might to break them, but he might not. And then the Chan bade his 2nd Son to break them; and so, shortly, to all, each after the other; but none of them might break them. And then he bade the youngest Son dissever every one from the other, and break every one by itself. And so he did. And then said the Chan to his eldest Son and to all the others, "Wherefore might ye not break them?" And they answered, that they might not, because they were bound together. "And wherefore," quoth he, "hath your little youngest Brother broken them?" "Because," quoth they, "that they were parted each from the other." And then said the Chan, "My Sons," quoth he, "truly thus will it fare by you. For as long as ye be bound together in 3 Places, that is to say, in Love, in Truth and in good Accord, no Man shall be of Power to grieve you. But and ye be dissevered from these 3 Places, that the one help not the other, ye shall be destroyed and brought to Nought. And if each of you love the other and help the other, ye shall be Lords and Sovereigns of all others." And when he had made his Ordinances, he died.

And then after him reigned Oktai Chan, his eldest Son. And his other Brethren went to win them many Countries and Kingdoms, unto the Land of Prussia and of Russia, and made themselves to be clept Chans; but they were all obeissant to their elder Brother, and therefore was he clept the great Chan.

After Oktai reigned Gaiouk Chan.

And after him Mango Chan, that was a good Christian

Man and baptized, and gave Letters of perpetual Peace to all Christian Men, and sent his Brother Halaon with great Multitude of Folk to win the Holy Land and to put it into Christian Mens' Hands, and to destroy Mohammet's Law, and to take the Caliph of Bagdad that was Emperor and Lord of all the Saracens. And when this Caliph was taken, Men found him of so high Worship, that in all the Rest of the World a Man might not find a more reverend Man, nor a higher in Worship. And then Halaon made him come before him, and said to him, "Why," quoth he, "haddest thou not taken with thee more Soldiers and Men enough, hired for a little Quantity of Treasure, to defend thee and thy Country, that art so abundant of Treasure and so high in all Worship?" And the Caliph answered him, that he well trowed that he had enough of his own proper Men. And then said Halaon, "Thou wert as a God of the Saracens. And it is convenient to a God to eat no Meat that is mortal. And therefore, thou shalt not eat but precious Stones, rich Pearls and Treasure, that thou lovest so much." And then he commanded him to Prison, and all his Treasure about him. And so he died for Hunger and Thirst. And then after this, Halaon won all the Land of Promise, and put it into Christian Men's Hands. But the great Chan, his Brother, died; and that was great Sorrow and Loss to all Christian Men.

After Mango Chan reigned Houlagou Chan, that was also a Christian Man. And he reigned 42 Year. He founded the great City Izonge in Cathay, that is a great deal larger than Rome.

The tother great Chan that came after him became a Paynim, and all the others after him.

The Kingdom of Cathay is the greatest Realm of the World. And also the great Chan is the most mighty Emperor of the World and the greatest Lord under the Firmament. And so he calleth himself in his Letters, right thus: "Chan! Filius Dei Excelsi, Omnium universam Terram colentium summus Imperator, et Dominus omnium Dominantium!" ("Chan! Son of Almighty God, High Emperor of all that till the whole Earth, and Lord of all Lordships!") And the Letter of his Great Seal, written about, is this: "Deus in Cœlo, Chan super Terram, ejus Fortitudo! Om-

nium Hominum Imperatoris Sigillum!" ("God in Heaven, Chan upon Earth, his Strength! The Seal of the Emperor of all Men!") And the Superscription about his Little Seal is this: "Dei Fortitudo! omnium Hominum Imperatoris Sigillum!" ("God of Strength! the Seal of the Emperor of all Men!")

And albeit that they be not christened, yet nevertheless the Emperor and all the Tartars believe in Immortal God. And when they will menace any Man, then they say, "God knoweth well that I shall do thee such a Thing," and telleth his Menace.

And thus have ye heard, why he is clept the great Chan.

CHAPTER XXII

Of the Governance of the great Chan's Court, and when he maketh solemn Feasts. Of his Philosophers. And of his Array, when he rideth by the Country

NOW shall I tell you the Governance of the Court of the great Chan, when he maketh solemn Feasts; and that is principally 4 Times in the Year.

The first Feast is of his Birth, the next is of his Presentation in their Temple that they call their Mosque, where they make a manner of Circumcision, and the tother 2 Feasts be of his Idols. The first Feast of the Idol is when he is first put into their Temple and throned; the tother Feast is when the Idol beginneth first to speak, or to work Miracles. More be there not of solemn Feasts, but and if he will marry any of his Children.

Now understand, that at every one of these Feasts he hath great Multitude of People, well ordained and well arrayed, by thousands, by hundreds, and by tens. And every Man knoweth well what Service he shall do, and every Man giveth so good Heed and so good Attendance to his Service that no Man findeth any Default. And there be first ordained 4000 Barons, mighty and rich, to govern and to make Ordinance for the Feast, and to serve the Emperor. And these solemn Feasts be made without in Halls and Tents made of Cloths of Gold and of Tartarins,[1] full nobly. And all those Barons have Crowns of Gold upon their Heads, full noble and rich, full of precious Stones and great orient Pearls. And they be all clothed in Cloths of Gold or of Tartarins or of Camakas, so richly and so perfectly, that no Man in the World can amend it, nor better devise it. And all those Robes be orfrayed all about, and dubbed full of precious Stones and of great orient Pearls, full richly. And they may well be so, for Cloths of Gold and of Silk be more cheap there a great deal

[1] A kind of silk.

than be Cloths of Wool. And these 4000 Barons be devised in 4 Companies, and every 1000 is clothed in Cloths all of one Colour, and that so well arrayed and so richly, that it is a Marvel to behold.

The 1st 1000, that is of Dukes, of Earls, of Marquises and of Admirals, is all clothed in Cloths of Gold, with Tissues of green Silk, and bordered with Gold full of precious Stones in manner as I have said before. The 2nd 1000 is all clothed in diapered Cloths of red Silk, all wrought with Gold, and the Orfrays set full of great Pearls and precious Stones, full nobly wrought. The 3rd 1000 is clothed in Cloths of Silk, of purple or of Ind. And the 4th 1000 is in Cloths of yellow. And all their Cloths be so nobly and richly wrought with Gold and precious Stones and rich Pearls, that if a Man of this Country had but only one of their Robes, he might well say that he should never be poor; for the Gold and the precious Stones and the great orient Pearls be of greater Value on this side the Sea than they be beyond the Sea in those Countries.

And when they be thus apparelled, they go 2 and 2 together, full orderly, before the Emperor, without Speech of any Word, save only inclining to him. And every one of them beareth a Tablet of Jasper or of Ivory or of Crystal, the Minstrels going before them, sounding their Instruments of divers Melody. And when the 1st 1000 is thus passed and hath made its Muster, it withdraweth itself on the one Side; and then entereth that other 2nd 1000, and doth right so, in the same Manner of Array and Countenance, as did the 1st; and after, the 3rd; and then, the 4th; and none of them saith any one Word.

And at one Side of the Emperor's Table sit many Philosophers that be proved for wise Men in many diverse Sciences, as of Astronomy, Necromancy, Geomancy, Pyromancy, Hydromancy, of Augury and of many other Sciences. And every one of them hath before them Astrolabes of Gold, or Spheres, and some the Brain Pan of a dead Man, some Vessels of Gold full of Gravel or Sand, some Vessels of Gold full of Coals burning, some Vessels of Gold full of Water and of Wine and of Oil, and some Horologes of Gold, made full nobly and richly wrought, and many other Manner of Instruments after their Sciences.

And at certain Hours, when they think Time, they say to certain Officers that stand before them ordained for the Time to fulfil their Commandments: "Make Peace!"

And then say the Officers: "Now Peace listeneth!"

And after that, saith another of the Philosophers: "Every Man do Reverence and incline to the Emperor, that is God's Son and Sovereign Lord of all the World! For now is Time!" And then every Man boweth his Head toward the Earth.

And then commandeth the same Philosopher again: "Stand up!" And they do so.

And at another Hour, saith another Philosopher: "Put your little Finger in your Ears!" And anon they do so.

And at another Hour, saith another Philosopher: "Put your Hand before your Mouth!" And anon they do so.

And at another Hour, saith another Philosopher: "Put your Hand upon your Head!" And after that he biddeth them to put their Hand away. And they do so.

And so, from Hour to Hour, they command certain Things; and they say, that those Things have diverse Significations. And I asked them privily what those Things betokened. And one of the Masters told me, that the Bowing of the Head at that Hour betokened this, that all those that bowed their Heads should evermore after be obeissant and true to the Emperor, and never, for Gifts nor for Promise of any Kind, be false nor Traitor unto him for Good nor Evil. And the putting of the little Finger in the Ear betokeneth, as they say, that none of them shall hear speak any contrarious Thing of the Emperor but that he shall tell it anon to his Council or discover it to some Men that will make Relation thereof to the Emperor, though he were his Father or Brother or Son. And so forth, of all other Things that be done by the Philosophers, they told me the Causes of many diverse Things. And trust right well in certain, that no Man doth anything for the Emperor and what belongeth to him, neither Clothing nor Bread nor Wine nor Bath nor any other Thing that belongeth to him, but at certain Hours that his Philosophers will devise. And if there fall War on any Side to the Emperor, anon the Philosophers come and say their Advice after their Calculations, and counsel the Emperor of their Advice by

their Sciences; so that the Emperor doth nothing without their Counsel.

And when the Philosophers have done and performed their Commandments, then the Minstrels begin to do their Minstrelsy, every one on their Instruments, each after the other, with all the Melody that they can devise. And when they have done this a good while, one of the Officers of the Emperor goeth up on a high Stage wrought full curiously, and crieth and saith with a loud Voice: "Make Peace!" And then every Man is still.

And then, anon after, all the Lords that be of the Emperor's Lineage, nobly arrayed in rich Cloths of Gold and royally apparelled on white Steeds, as many as may well follow him at that time, be ready to make Presents to the Emperor. And then saith the Steward of the Court to the Lords, by Name: "N. of N.!" and nameth first the most noble and the worthiest by Name, and saith: "Be ye ready with such a Number of white Horses, to serve the Emperor, your Sovereign Lord!" And to another Lord he saith: "N. of N., be ready with such a Number, to serve your Sovereign Lord!" And to another, right so, and to all the Lords of the Emperor's Lineage, each after the other, as they be of Estate. And when they be all called, they enter each after the other, and present the white Horses to the Emperor, and then go their Way. And then after, all the other Barons, every one of them, give him Presents or Jewels or some other Thing, after that they be of Estate. And then after them, all the Prelates of their Law, and religious Men and others; and every Man giveth him something. And when that all Men have thus presented to the Emperor, the greatest of Dignity of the Prelates giveth him a Blessing, saying an Orison of their Law.

And then begin the Minstrels to make their Minstrelsy on divers Instruments with all the Melody that they can devise. And when they have done their Craft, then they bring before the Emperor, Lions, Leopards and other divers Beasts, and Eagles and Vultures and other divers Fowls, and Fishes and Serpents, to do him Reverence. And then come Jugglers and Enchanters, that do many Marvels; for they make, by seeming, the Sun and the Moon to come in the Air, to

every Man's Sight. And after they make the Night, and so dark that no Man may see anything. And after they make the Day to come again, fair and pleasant with bright Sun, to every Man's Sight. And then they bring in Dances of the fairest Damsels of the World, and richest arrayed. And after they make to come in other Damsels bringing Cups of Gold full of Milk of divers Beasts, that give Drink to Lords and to Ladies. And then they make Knights to joust in Arms full lustily; and they run together at great Speed, and they dash head-long together full fiercely, and they break their Spears so rudely that the Fragments fly in Splinters and Pieces all about the Hall. And then they make to come in an Hunting for the Hart and for the Boar, with Hounds running with open Mouth. And many other Things they do by Craft of their Enchantments, that it is marvellous to see. And such Plays of Disport they make till the taking up of the Boards of the Tables. This great Chan hath full many People to serve him, as I have told you before. For he hath of Minstrels the Number of 13 Cumants (130,000), but they abide not always with him. For all the Minstrels that come before him, of whatever Nation that they be of, they be withheld by him as of his Household, and entered in his Books as his own Men. And after that, where that ever they go, they claim to be Minstrels of the great Chan; and under that Title, all Kings and Lords cherish them the more with Gifts and all Things. And therefore he hath so great a Multitude of them.

And he hath of certain Men as though they were Yeomen, to the Amount of 15 Cumants (150,000) of Yeomen, that keep Birds, as Ostriches, Gerfalcons, Sparrowhawks, Falcons fine, Laner-hawks, Sakers (or Peregrine-hawks), Sakrets, well speaking Popinjays (or Parrots), and singing Birds; and also wild Beasts, as Elephants tame and other, Baboons, Apes, Marmosets, and other divers Beasts.

And of Christian Physicians he hath 200, and of Leeches that be Christian he hath 210, and of Leeches and Physicians that be Saracens 20, but he trusteth more in the Christian Leeches than in the Saracen. And his other common Household is without Number, and they have all Necessaries and all that they need from the Emperor's Court. And he hath

in his Court many Barons as Servitors, that be Christian and converted to good Faith by the Preaching of religious Christian Men that dwell with him; but there be many more, that will not that Men know that they be Christian.

This Emperor may spend as much as he will without Estimation; for he spendeth and maketh no Money but of imprinted Leather or of Paper. And of that Money some is of greater Price and some of less Price, after the Diversity of his Statutes. And when that Money hath run so long that it beginneth to waste, then Men bear it to the Emperor's Treasury and then they take new Money for the old. And that Money goeth throughout all the Country and throughout all his Provinces, for there and beyond them they make no Money either of Gold or of Silver; and therefore he may spend enough, and outrageously. And of Gold and Silver that Men have in his Country he maketh Colours, Pillars and Pavements in his Palace, and other divers Things what he liketh.

This Emperor hath in his Chamber, in one of the Pillars of Gold, a Ruby and a Carbuncle of half a Foot long, that in the Night giveth so great Lustre and Shining, that it is as light as Day. And he hath many other precious Stones and many other Rubies and Carbuncles; but those be the greatest and the most precious.

This Emperor dwelleth in Summer in a City that is toward the North that is clept Saduz; and there it is cold enough. And in the Winter he dwelleth in a City that is clept Camaleche, and that is in an hot Country. But the Country, where he dwelleth in most commonly, is in Gaydo or in Jong, that is a good Country and a temperate, going by what the Country is there; but to Men of this Country it were passing hot.

And when this Emperor will ride from one Country to another he ordaineth 4 Hosts of his Folk, of the which the first Host goeth before him a Day's Journey. For that Host shall be lodged the Night where the Emperor shall lie upon the Morrow. And there shall every Man have all Manner of Victual and Necessaries that be needful, at the Emperor's Costs. And in this first Host the Number of People is 50 Cumants, either of Horse or of Foot, of the which every

Cumant amounts to 10,000, as I have told you before. And another Host goeth on the right Side of the Emperor, nigh half a Day's Journey from him. And another goeth on the left Side of him, in the same Wise. And in every Host is as much Multitude of People as in the first Host. And then after cometh the 4th Host, that is much more than any of the others, and that goeth behind him, the Amount of a Bow's Draw. And every Host hath its Journey ordained to certain Places, where they shall be lodged at Night, and there shall they have all that they need. And if it befall that any one of the Host die, anon they put another in his Place, so that the Number shall evermore be complete.

And ye shall understand, that the Emperor, in his own Person, rideth not as other great Lords do beyond, but if he list to go privily with few Men, to be unknown. Else, he rides in a Chariot with 4 Wheels, upon the which is made a fair Chamber, and it is made of a certain Wood, that cometh out of Terrestrial Paradise, that Men call Lignum Aloes, that the Rivers of Paradise bring out at divers Seasons, as I have told you here before. And this Chamber is full well smelling because of the Wood that it is made of. And all this Chamber is covered within with Plates of fine Gold dubbed with precious Stones and great Pearls. And 4 Elephants and 4 great Dromedaries, all white and covered with rich Coverlets, go leading the Chariot. And 4 or 5 or 6 of the greatest Lords ride about this Chariot, full richly arrayed and full nobly, so that no Man shall draw nigh the Chariot, but only those Lords, unless that the Emperor call any Man to him that he list to speak withal. And above the Chamber of this Chariot that the Emperor sitteth in be set upon a Perch 4 or 5 or 6 Gerfalcons, to that Intent, that when the Emperor seeth any Wild Fowl, he may take them at his own List, and have the Sport and the Play of the Flight, first with one, and after with another; and so he taketh his Sport passing by the Country. And no Man rideth before him of his Company, but all after him. And no Man dare come nigh the Chariot, by a Bow's Draw, but those Lords only that be about him. And all the Host cometh fairly after him in a great Multitude.

And also such another Chariot with such Hosts ordained and arrayed go with the Empress upon another Way, every

one by itself, with 4 Hosts, right as the Emperor did; but not with so great Multitude of People. And his eldest Son goeth by another Way in another Chariot, in the same Manner. So that there is between them so great Multitude of Folk that it is marvellous to tell it. And no Man should believe the Number, but he had seen it. And sometime it haps that when he will not go far, and that it liketh him to have the Empress and his Children with him, then they go altogether, and their Folk be all mingled in company, and divided in 4 Parties only.

And ye shall understand, that the Empire of this great Chan is divided in 12 Provinces; and every Province hath more than 2000 Cities, and Towns without Number. This County is full great, for it hath 12 principal Kings in 12 Provinces, and every one of those Kings have many Kings under them, and they all be obeissant to the great Chan. And his Land and his Lordship endureth so far, that a Man may not go from one End to another, neither by Sea nor Land, in the Space of 7 Year. And through the Deserts of his Lordship, there where Men may find no Towns, there be Inns ordained by every Day's Journey, to receive both Man and Horse, in the which they shall find Plenty of Victual, and of all Things that they need to go by the Country.

And there is a marvellous Custom in that Country, but it is profitable, that if there be any contrarious Thing that should be Prejudice or Grievance to the Emperor in any kind, anon the Emperor hath Tidings thereof and full Knowledge in a Day, though it be 3 or 4 Days' Journeys from him or more. For his Ambassadors take their Dromedaries or their Horses, and they spur all that ever they may toward one of the Inns. And when they come there, anon they blow an Horn. And anon they of the Inn know well enough that there be Tidings to warn the Emperor of some Rebellion against him. And then anon they make other Men ready, in all Haste that they may, to bear Letters, and spur all that ever they may, till they come to the other Inns with their Letters. And then they make fresh Men ready, to spur forth with the Letters toward the Emperor, while that the last Bringer rests him, and baits his Dromedary or his Horse. And so, from Inn to Inn, till it come to the Emperor. And

thus anon hath he hasty Tidings of anything that beareth Weight, by his Couriers, that run so hastily throughout all the Country. And also when the Emperor sendeth his Couriers hastily throughout his Land, every one of them hath a large Thong full of small Bells, and when they draw nigh near to the Inns of other Couriers that be also ordained for the Journeys, they ring their Bells, and anon the other Couriers make them ready, and run their Way unto another Inn. And thus runneth one to the other, full speedily and swiftly, till the Emperor's Intent be served, in all Haste. And these Couriers be clept "Chydydo," after their Language, that is to say, a Messenger.

Also when the Emperor goeth from one Country to another, as I have told you here before, and he passeth through Cities and Towns, every Man maketh a Fire before his Door, and putteth therein Powder of good Gums that be sweet smelling, to make good Savour to the Emperor. And all the People kneel down over against him, and do him great Reverence. And there, where religious Christian Men dwell, as they do in many Cities in their Land, they go before him in Procession with Cross and Holy Water, and they sing "Veni Creator Spiritus!" with an high Voice, and go towards him. And when he heareth them, he commandeth to his Lords to ride beside him, that the religious Men may come to him. And when they be nigh him with the Cross, then he putteth down his Galiot (or Head-piece) that sits on his Head in manner of a Chaplet, that is made of Gold and precious Stones and great Pearls, and is so rich, that Men prize it at the Value of a Realm in that Country. And then he kneeleth to the Cross. And then the Prelate of the religious Men saith before him certain Orisons, and giveth him a Blessing with the Cross; and he inclineth to the Blessing full devoutly. And then the Prelate giveth him some manner of Fruit, to the number of 9, in a Platter of Silver, with Pears or Apples, or other manner of Fruit. And he taketh one. And then Men give to the other Lords that be about him. For the Custom is such, that no Stranger shall come before him, but if he give him some manner of Thing, after the old Law that saith, "Nemo accedat in Conspectu meo vacuus" ("None cometh into my Sight empty"). And then the Emperor saith to the

religious Men, that they shall withdraw them again, that they be neither hurt nor harmed of the great Multitude of Horses that come behind him. And also, in the same Manner, do the religious Men that dwell there, to the Empresses that pass by them, and to his eldest Son. And to every one of them they present Fruit.

And ye shall understand, that the People that he hath so many Hosts of, about him and about his Wives and his Son, they dwell not continually with him. But always, when it liketh him, they be sent for. And after, when they have done, they return to their own Households, save only they that be dwelling with him in his Household to serve him and his Wives and his Sons to govern his Household. And albeit, that the others be departed from him after that they have performed their Service, yet there abideth continually with him in Court 50,000 Men at Horse and 200,000 Men at Foot, besides Minstrels and those that keep Wild Beasts and divers Birds, of the which I have told you the Number before.

Under the Firmament is not so great a Lord, nor so mighty, nor so rich as the great Chan; neither Prester John, that is Emperor of the High Ind, nor the Sultan of Babylon, nor the Emperor of Persia. All these be not in Comparison to the great Chan, neither of Might, nor of Noblesse, nor of Royalty, nor of Riches, for in all these he passeth all earthly Princes. Wherefore it is great Harm that he believeth not faithfully in God. And nevertheless he will gladly hear speak of God. And he suffereth well that Christian Men dwell in his Lordship, and that Men of his Faith be made Christian Men if they will, throughout all his Country; for he forbiddeth no Man to hold any Law other than it liketh him.

In that Country some Men have an 100 Wives, some 60, some more, some less. And they take the next of their Kin to be their Wives, save only that they take not their Mothers, their Daughters, and their Sisters on the Mother's Side; but their Sisters on the Father's side by another Woman they may well take, and their Brothers' Wives also after their Death, and their Step-mothers also in the same Wise.

CHAPTER XXIII

Of the Law and the Customs of the Tartars dwelling in Cathay. And how that Men do when the Emperor shall die, and how he shall be chosen

THE Folk of that Country all use long Clothes without Furs. And they be clothed with precious Cloths of Tartary, and of Cloths of Gold. And their Clothes be slit at the Side, and they be festooned with Laces of Silk. And they clothe them also with Pilches,[1] the Hide without; and they use neither Cape nor Hood. And in the same Manner as the Men go, the Women go, so that no Man may scarcely know the Men from the Women, save only those Women that be married, that bear the Token upon their Heads of a Man's Foot, in Sign that they be under Man's Foot and under Subjection of Man.

And their Wives dwell not together, but every one of them by herself; and the Husband may lie with whom of them that it liketh him. Every one hath his House, both Man and Woman. And their Houses be made round with Staves, and they have a round Window above that giveth them Light, and also serveth for Deliverance of Smoke. And the Coverings of their Houses and the Walls and the Doors be all of Wood. And when they go to War, they take their Houses with them upon Chariots, as Men do Tents or Pavilions. And they make their Fire in the Midst of their Houses.

And they have great Multitude of all manner of Beasts, save only of Swine, for these they do not breed. And they believe well in one God that made and formed all Things. And yet nevertheless have they Idols of Gold and Silver, and of Wood and of Cloth. And to their Idols they offer always their first Milk of their Beasts, and also of their Meats and of their Drinks before they eat. And they offer often-

[1] A winter garment of skins of fur.

times Horses and Beasts. And they call the God of Nature, "Yroga."

And their Emperor also, whatever Name that ever he have, they put evermore thereto, Chan. And when I was there, their Emperor had to Name Thiaut, so that he was clept Thiaut-Chan. And his eldest Son was clept Tossue; and when he shall be Emperor, he shall be clept Tossue-Chan. And at that Time the Emperor had 12 other Sons also, that were named Cuncy, Ordii, Chadahay, Buryn, Negu, Nocab, Cadu, Siban, Cuten, Balacy, Babylan, and Garegan. And of his 3 Wives, the first and principal, that was Prester John's Daughter, had to Name Serioche-Chan, and the tother Borak-Chan, and the tother Karanke-Chan.

The Folk of that Country begin all their Things in the new Moon, and they worship much the Moon and the Sun and often-time kneel to them. And all the Folk of the Country ride commonly without Spurs, but they bear always a little Whip in their Hands to urge their Horses with.

And they have great Conscience and hold it for a great Sin to cast a Knife in the Fire, and to draw Flesh out of a Pot with a Knife, and to smite an Horse with the Handle of a Whip, or to smite an Horse with a Bridle, or to break one Bone with another, or to cast Milk or any Liquor that Men may drink upon the Earth, or to take and slay little Children. And the most great Sin that any Man may do is to defile their own Houses that they dwell in, and whoso that may be found with that Sin surely they slay him. And of every one of those Sins it behoveth them to be shriven of their Priests, and to pay a great Sum of Silver for their Penance. And it behoveth also, that the Place that Men have defiled be hallowed again, and else dare no Man enter therein. And when they have paid their Penance, Men make them pass through a Fire or through 2, to cleanse them of their Sins. And also when any Messenger cometh and bringeth Letters or any Present to the Emperor, it behoveth him that he, with the Thing he bringeth, pass through 2 burning Fires to purge them, that he bring no Poison nor Venom, nor no wicked Thing that might be a Grievance to their Lord. And also if any Man or Woman be taken in Adultery or Fornication, anon they slay him.

Men of that Country be all good Archers and shoot right well, both Men and Women, as well on Horse-back, spurring, as on Foot, running. And the Women make all Things and all manner of Trades and Crafts, as of Clothes, Boots and other Things; and they drive Carts, Ploughs and Wains and Chariots; and they make Houses and all manner of Trades, except Bows and Arrows and Armours that Men make. And all the Women wear Breeches, as well as Men.

All the Folk of that Country be full obeissant to their Sovereign; neither fight they nor chide one with another. And there be neither Thieves nor Robbers in that Country. And every Man is worshipful to the other; but no Man doth any Reverence to any Strangers, but if they be great Princes.

And they eat Hounds, Lions, Leopards, Mares and Foals, Asses, Rats and Mice and all manner of Beasts, great and small, save only Swine and Beasts that were forbidden by the old Law. And they eat all the Beasts without and within, without casting away of anything, save only the Filth. And they eat but little Bread, but if it be in Courts of great Lords. And they have not in many Places, either Pease or Beans or any other Pottages but the Broth of the Flesh. For little eat they of anything but Flesh and the Broth. And when they have eaten, they wipe then their Hands upon their Skirts; for they use no Napery or Towels, but if it be before great Lords; but the common People have none. And when they have eaten, they put their Dishes unwashen into the Pot or Cauldron with the Remnant of the Flesh and of the Broth till they will eat again. And the rich Men drink Milk of Mares or of Camels or of Asses or of other Beasts. And they will be lightly made drunk with Milk or with another Drink that is made of Honey and Water boiled together; for in that Country is neither Wine nor Ale. They live full wretchedly, and they eat but once in the Day, and that but little, either in Courts or in other Places. And in Sooth, one Man alone in this Country will eat more in a Day than one of them will eat in 3 Days. And if any strange Messenger come there to a Lord, Men make him to eat but once a Day, and that full little.

And when they war, they war full wisely and always do their Business, so as to destroy their Enemies. Every Man

there beareth 2 Bows or 3, and of Arrows a great Plenty, and a great Axe. And the Gentlefolk have short Spears and large and full sharp on the one Side. And they have Plates and Helmets made of Cuir-bouilli, and their Horses Coverlets of the same. And whoso fleeth from the Battle they slay him. And when they hold any Siege about Castle or Town that is walled or defensible, they promise to them that be within to do all the Profit and Good, that it is marvellous to hear; and they grant also to them that be within all that they will ask them. And after that they be yielden, anon they slay them all; and they cut off their Ears and souse them in Vinegar, and thereof they make great Service for Lords. All their Lust and all their Imagination is to put all Lands under their Subjection. And they say that they know well by their Prophecies, that they shall be overcome by Archers and by Strength of them; but they know not of what Nation nor of what Law they shall be of, that shall overcome them. And therefore they suffer that Folk of all Laws may peaceably dwell amongst them.

Also when they will make their Idols or an Image of any of their Friends to have Remembrance of him, they make always the Image all naked without any manner of Clothing. For they say that in good Love should be no Covering, that Man should not love for the fair Clothing nor for the rich Array, but only for the Body, such as God hath made it, and for the good Virtues that the Body is endowed with of Nature, and not only for fair Clothing that is not natural to Nature.

And ye shall understand that it is great Dread to pursue the Tartars if they flee in Battle. For in fleeing they shoot behind them and slay both Men and Horses. And when they will fight they will rush together in a Clump; so that if there be 20,000 Men, Men shall not think that there be a scant 10,000. And they can well win Land of Strangers, but they cannot keep it; for they have greater Lust to lie in Tents without than to lie in Castles or in Towns. And they prize as nothing the Wit of other Nations.

And amongst them Oil of Olive is full dear, for they hold it for full noble Medicine. And all the Tartars have small Eyes and little of Beard, and be not thick haired but shaved. And they be false and Traitors; and they keep nought that

they promise. They be full hardy Folk, and much Pain and Woe and Disease may suffer, more than any other Folk, for they be taught thereto in their own Country from Youth. And therefore they are spent or enfeebled, as one may say, but little.

And when any Man shall die, Men set a Spear beside him. And when he draweth towards Death, every Man fleeth out of the House till he be dead. And after that they bury him in the Fields.

And when the Emperor dieth, Men set him in a Chair in the mid Place of his Tent. And Men set a Table before him cleanly covered with a Cloth, and thereupon Flesh and divers Viands and a Cup full of Mare's Milk. And Men put a Mare beside him with her Foal, and an Horse saddled and bridled. And they lay upon the Horse Gold and Silver, great Quantity. And they put about him great Plenty of Straw. And then Men make a great Pit and a large, and with the Tent and all these other Things they put him in the Earth. And they say that when he shall come into another World, he shall not be without an House, nor without Horse, nor without Gold and Silver; and the Mare shall give him Milk, and bring him forth more Horses till he be well stored in the other World. For they believe that after their Death they shall be eating and drinking in that other World, and solacing them with their Wives, as they did here.

And after the Time that the Emperor is thus interred no Man shall be so hardy to speak of him before his Friends. And yet nevertheless it befalleth many times that they make him to be interred privily by Night in wild Places, and put again the Grass over the Pit to grow; or else Men cover the Pit with Gravel and Sand, that no Man shall perceive where nor know where the Pit is, to that Intent that ever after none of his Friends shall have Mind or Remembrance of him. And then they say that he is ravished to another World, where he is a greater Lord than he was here.

And then, after the Death of the Emperor, the 7 Lineages assemble them together, and choose his eldest Son, or the next after him of his Blood. And thus they say to him: "We will and we pray and ordain that ye be our Lord and our Emperor!"

And then he answereth: "If ye will that I reign over you as Lord, do every one of you that I shall command him, either to abide or to go; and whomsoever that I command to be slain, anon be he slain!"

And they answer all with one Voice: "Whatsoever ye command, it shall be done!"

Then saith the Emperor: "Now understand well, that my Word from henceforth is sharp and biting as a Sword!"

After, Men set him upon a black Steed and so Men bring him to a Chair full richly arrayed, and there they crown him. And then all the Cities and good Towns send him rich Presents. So that, on that Day, he shall have more than 60 Chariots charged with Gold and Silver, besides Jewels of Gold and precious Stones, that Lords give him, that be without Estimation, and besides Horses, and Cloths of Gold, and of Camakas (Silks) and Tartarins (Silks) that be without Number.

CHAPTER XXIV

Of the Realm of Thurse and the Lands and Kingdoms towards the Septentrional or Northern Parts, in coming down from the Land of Cathay

THIS Land of Cathay is in Asia the Deep; and after, on this Side, is Asia the More. The Kingdom of Cathay marcheth toward the West with the Kingdom of Thurse, of the which was one of the Kings that came to give Presents to our Lord in Bethlehem. And they that be of the Lineage of that King are, some of them, Christian. In Thurse they eat no Flesh, neither drink they any Wine.

And on this Side, toward the West, is the Kingdom of Turkestan, that stretcheth toward the West to the Kingdom of Persia, and toward the Septentrional or North to the Kingdom of Khorasan. In the Country of Turkestan be but few good Cities; but the best City of that Land is hight Octorar. There be great Pastures, but little Corn; and therefore, for the most Part, they be all Herdsmen, and they lie in Tents and they drink a manner of Ale made of Honey.

And after, on this Side, is the Kingdom of Khorasan, that is a good Land and a plenteous, without Wine. And it hath a Desert toward the East that lasteth more than an 100 Days' Journey. And the best City of that Country is clept Khorasan, and from that City the Country beareth his Name. The Folk of that Country be hardy Warriors.

And on this Side is the Kingdom of Comania, wherefrom the Comanians that dwelled in Greece some-time were chased out. This is one of the greatest Kingdoms of the World, but it is not all inhabited. For at one of the Parts there is so great Cold that no Man may dwell there; and in another Part there is so great Heat that no Man may endure it, and also there be so many Flies, that no Man may know on what Side he may turn him. In that Country is but little Wood or Trees that bear Fruit or others. They lie in Tents; and

they burn the Dung of Beasts for Default of Wood. This Kingdom descendeth on this Side toward us and toward Prussia and toward Russia.

And through that Country runneth the River of Ethille that is one of the greatest Rivers of the World. And it freezeth so strongly every Year, that many times Men have fought upon the Ice with great Hosts, both Parties on Foot, and their Horses quitted for the Time, and what with those on Horse and on Foot, more than 200,000 Persons on each Side.

And between that River and the great Sea Ocean, that they call the Sea Maure, lie all these Realms. And toward the Head, beneath, in that Realm is the Mount Chotaz, that is the highest Mount of the World, and it is between the Sea Maure and the Sea Caspian. There is a full strait and dangerous Passage to go toward Ind. And therefore King Alexander made there a strong City, that Men call Alexandria, to guard the Country that no Man should pass without his Leave. And now Men call that City, the Gate of Hell.

And the principal City of Comania is clept Sarak, that is on one of the 3 Ways to go into Ind. But by this Way, may not pass any great Multitude of People, but if it be in Winter. And that Passage Men call the Derbent. The tother Way is to go from the City of Turkestan by Persia, and by that Way be many Days' Journey by Desert. And the 3rd Way is that which cometh from Comania and then goes by the great Sea and by the Kingdom of Abchaz.

And ye shall understand, that all these Kingdoms and all these Lands above-said unto Prussia and to Russia be all obeissant to the great Chan of Cathay, and many other Countries that march with other Borders. Wherefore his Power and his Lordship is full great and full mighty.

CHAPTER XXV

Of the Emperor of Persia, and of the Land of Darkness; and of other Kingdoms that belong to the great Chan of Cathay, and other Lands of his, unto the Sea of Greece.

NOW, since I have advised you of the Lands and the Kingdoms toward the Septentrional or Northern Parts, in coming down from the Land of Cathay unto the Lands of the Christians, toward Prussia and Russia, — now shall I advise you of other Lands and Kingdoms coming down by other Borders, toward the right Side, unto the Sea of Greece, toward the Land of Christian Men. And, therefore, as after Ind and after Cathay the Emperor of Persia is the greatest Lord, — therefore, I shall tell you of the Kingdom of Persia first, where he hath 2 Kingdoms.

The first Kingdom beginneth toward the East, toward the Kingdom of Turkestan, and it stretcheth toward the West unto the River of Pison, that is one of the 4 Rivers that come out of Paradise. And on another Side it stretcheth toward the Septentrion or North unto the Sea of Caspian; and also toward the South unto the Desert of Ind. And this Country is good and plenteous and full of People. And there be many good Cities. But the 2 principal Cities be these, Bokhara, and Seornergant, that Men call Samarcand. The tother Kingdom of Persia stretcheth toward the River of Pison and the Parts of the West unto the Kingdom of Media, and from the Great Armenia and toward the Septentrion to the Sea of Caspian and toward the South to the Land of Ind. That is also a good Land and a plenteous, and it hath 3 great principal Cities — Messabor, Caphon, and Sarmassan.

And then after is Armenia, in the which were wont to be 5 Kingdoms, that is a noble Country and full of Goods. And it beginneth at Persia and stretcheth toward the West in Length unto Turkey. And in Breadth it endureth to the City of Alexandria, that now is clept the Gate of Hell, that

I spake of before, under the Kingdom of Media. In this Armenia be full many good Cities, but Taurizo (Tabreez) is most of Name.

After this is the Kingdom of Media, that is full long, but is not full broad, that beginneth toward the East at the Land of Persia and at Ind the Less; and it stretcheth toward the West, toward the Kingdom of Chaldea and toward the Septentrion, descending toward the Little Armenia. In that Kingdom of Media there be many great Hills and little of flat Earth. There dwell Saracens and another manner of Folk, that Men call Kurds. The best 2 Cities of that Kingdom be Sarras and Karemen.

After that is the Kingdom of Georgia, that beginneth toward the East, at the great Mountain that is clept Abzor, where dwell many divers Folk of diverse Nations. And Men call the Country Alamo. This Kingdom stretcheth him towards Turkey and toward the great Sea, and toward the South it marcheth with the Great Armenia. And there be 2 Kingdoms in that Country; the one is the Kingdom of Georgia, and the other is the Kingdom of Abchaz. And always in that Country be 2 Kings; and they be both Christians, but the King of Georgia is in Subjection to the great Chan. And the King of Abchaz hath the more strong Country and he always vigorously defendeth his Country against all those that assail him, so that no Man may make him in Subjection to any Man.

In that Kingdom of Abchaz is a great Marvel. For a Province of the Country that hath well in Circuit 3 Days' Journeys, that Men call Hanyson, is all covered with Darkness, without any Brightness or Light; so that no Man may see there, nor no Man dare enter into him. And, nevertheless, they of the Country say, that sometimes Men hear Voices of Folk, and Horses neighing, and Cocks crowing. And Men wit well, that Men dwell there, but they know not what Men. And they say, that Darkness befell by Miracle of God. For a cursed Emperor of Persia, that was hight Saures, pursued all Christian Men to destroy them and to compel them to make Sacrifice to his Idols, and rode with a great Host, in all that ever he might, to confound the Christian Men. And then in that Country dwelled many good

Christian Men, the which left their Goods and would have fled into Greece. And when they were in a Plain that was hight Megon, anon this cursed Emperor met with them with his Host to have slain them and hewn them in Pieces. And anon the Christian Men kneeled to the Ground, and made their Prayers to God to succour them. And anon a thick Cloud came and covered the Emperor and all his Host. And so they endure in that Manner that they must not go out any Side; and so shall they evermore abide in Darkness till the Day of Doom, by the Miracle of God. And then the Christian Men went where liked them best, at their own Pleasure, without Hindering of any Creature, their Enemies enclosed and confounded in Darkness without any Stroke.

Wherefore we may well say with David, "A Domino factum est istud; et est mirabile in Oculis nostris" ("This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our Eyes"). And that was a great Miracle, that God made for them. Wherefore methinketh that Christian Men should be more devout to serve our Lord God than any other Men of any other Sect. For without any Doubt, if there were not Cursedness and Sin of Christian Men, they should be Lords of all the World. For the Banner of Jesu Christ is always displayed, and ready on all Sides to the Help of his true loving Servants. Insomuch, that one good Christian Man in good Belief should overcome and chase out a 1000 cursed misbelieving Men, as David saith in the Psalter,[1] "Quoniam persequebatur unus mille, et duo fugarent decem milia?" ("How should one chase a 1000, and 2 put 10,000 to Flight?"); and, "Cadent a latere tuo mille, et decem milia a dextris tuis" ("A 1000 shall fall at thy Side, and 10,000 at thy right Hand"). And how that it might be that one should chase a 1000, David himself saith, following, "Quia Manus Domini fecit hæc omnia" ("For the Hand of the Lord made all these Things"). So that we may see openly that if we be good Men, no Enemy may endure against us.

Also ye shall understand that out of that Land of Darkness goeth out a great River that sheweth well that there be Folk dwelling there by many ready Tokens; but no Man dare enter into it.

[1] An error. *Vide* Deut. xxxii. 30.

And wit well, that in the Kingdoms of Georgia, of Abchaz and of the Little Armenia be good Christian Men and devout. For they shrive them and housel them (take the Sacrament) evermore once or twice in the Week. And there be many of them that housel them every Day; and so do we not on this Side, albeit that Saint Paul commandeth it,[1] saying, "Omnibus Diebus Dominicis ad Communicandum hortor" ("Every Lord's Day I exhort you to communicate"). They keep that Commandment, but we keep it not.

And after, on this Side, is Turkey, that marcheth with the Great Armenia. And there be many Provinces, as Cappadocia, Saure, Brique, Quesiton, Pytan and Gemethe. And in every one of these be good Cities. This Turkey stretcheth unto the City of Sathala that sitteth upon the Sea of Greece, and so it marcheth with Syria. Syria is a great Country and a good, as I have told you before. And also it hath, above toward Ind, the Kingdom of Chaldea, that stretcheth from the Mountains of Chaldea toward the East unto the City of Nineveh, that sitteth upon the River of Tigris; and in Breadth it beginneth toward the North to the City of Maraga; and it stretcheth toward the South unto the Sea Ocean. In Chaldea it is a flat Country, and few Hills and few Rivers.

After is the Kingdom of Mesopotamia, that beginneth, toward the East, at the River Tigris, at a City that is clept Mosul; and it stretcheth toward the West to the River of Euphrates unto a City that is clept Roianz; and in Length it goeth from the Mount of Armenia unto the Desert of Ind the Less. This is a good Country and a flat, but it hath few Rivers. It hath but 2 Mountains in that Country, of the which one is called Symar and the other Lyson. And this Land marcheth with the Kingdom of Chaldea.

Also, there be, toward the Meridional or Southern Parts, many Countries and many Regions, as the Land of Ethiopia, that marcheth, toward the East with the great Deserts, toward the South with the Kingdom of Mauritania, and toward the North with the Red Sea.

After is Mauritania, that endureth from the Mountains of Ethiopia unto Lybia the High. And that Country lieth along from the Sea Ocean toward the South; and toward the North

[1] Not from St. Paul.

it marcheth with Nubia and with the High Lybia, and the Men of Nubia be Christian; and it marcheth from the Lands above-said with the Deserts of Egypt, and that is the Egypt that I have spoken of before.

And after is Lybia the High and Lybia the Low that descendeth down low toward the great Sea of Spain, in the which Country be many Kingdoms and many divers Folk.

Now I have advised you of many Countries on this Side the Kingdom of Cathay, of the which many be obeissant to the great Chan.

CHAPTER XXVI

Of the Countries and Isles that be beyond the Land of Cathay; and of the Fruits there; and of the 22 Kings enclosed within the Mountains

NOW shall I say to you, following, of Countries and Isles that be beyond the Countries that I have spoken of.

Wherefore I say to you, in passing by the Land of Cathay toward the High Ind and toward Bacharia, Men pass by a Kingdom that Men call Caldilhe, that is a full fair Country.

And there groweth a manner of Fruit, as though it were Gourds. And when they be ripe, Men cut them in two, and Men find within a little Beast in Flesh and Bone and Blood, as though it were a little Lamb without Wool. And Men eat both the Fruit and the Beast. And that is a great Marvel. Of that Fruit I have eaten, although it were wonderful, but that I know well that God is marvellous in His Works. And, nevertheless, I told them of as great a Marvel to them, that is amongst us, and that was of the Barnacle Geese. For I told them that in our Country were Trees that bear a Fruit that become Birds flying, and those that fall in the Water live, and they that fall on the Earth die anon, and they be right good to Man's Meat. And thereof had they so great Marvel, that some of them trowed it were an impossible Thing to be.

In that Country be long Apples of good Savour, whereof be more than 100 in one Cluster, and as many in another, and they have great long Leaves and large, of 2 Foot long or more. And in that Country, and in other Countries thereabout, grow many Trees that bear Gylofre-Cloves and Nutmegs, and great Nuts of Ind, and Cinnamon and many other Spices. And there be Vines that bear so great Grapes, that a strong Man should have enough to do to bear one Cluster with all the Grapes.

In that same Region be the Mountains of Caspian that Men

call Uber in the Country. Between those Mountains the Jews of 10 Lineages be enclosed, that Men call Gog and Magog, and they may not go out on any Side. There were enclosed 22 Kings with their People, that dwelled between the Mountains of Scythia. There King Alexander chased them between those Mountains, and there he thought to enclose them through Work of his Men. But when he saw that he might not do it nor bring it to an End, he prayed to the God of Nature that He would perform that he had begun. And albeit so, that he was a Paynim and not worthy to be heard, yet God of His Grace closed the Mountains together, so that they dwell there all fast locked and enclosed with high Mountains all about, save only on one Side, and on that Side is the Sea of Caspian.

Now Men may ask, "Since that the Sea is on that one Side, wherefore go they not out on the Sea Side, to go where it liketh them?"

But to this Question, I shall answer: "That Sea of Caspian goeth out by Land under the Mountains, and runneth by the Desert at one Side of the Country, and after it stretcheth unto the Ends of Persia, and although it be clept a Sea, it is no Sea, nor toucheth it to any other Sea, but it is a Lake, the greatest of the World; and though they would put them on to that Sea, they wist never where they should arrive; and also they know no Language but only their own, that no Man knoweth but they; and therefore may they not go out."

And also ye shall understand, that the Jews have no Land of their own to dwell in, in all the World, but only that Land between the Mountains. And yet they yield Tribute for that Land to the Queen of Amazonia, the which maketh them to be kept enclosed full diligently, that they shall not go out on any Side but at the Cost of their Land; for their Land marcheth with the Mountains.

And often it hath befallen, that some of these Jews have gone up the Mountains and climbed down to the Valleys. But great Number of Folk may not do so, for the Mountains be so high and so straight up, that they must abide there, maugre their Might. For they may not go out, but by a little Issue that was made by Strength of Men, and it lasteth well a 4 great Mile.

And after, is there then a Land all Desert, where Men may find no Water, neither by Digging nor by any other Thing. Wherefore Men may not dwell in that Place, so full is it of Dragons, Serpents and other venomous Beasts, that no man dare pass, but if it be in severe Winter. And that strait Passage Men, in that Country, call Clyron. And that is the Passage that the Queen of Amazonia maketh to be kept. And though it happen that some of them by Fortune go out, they know no manner of Language but Hebrew, so that they cannot speak to the People.

And yet, nevertheless, Men say that they shall go out in the Time of Anti-Christ, and that they shall make great Slaughter of Christian Men. And therefore all the Jews that dwell in all Lands learn always to speak Hebrew, in Hope, that when the other Jews shall go out, that they may understand their Speech and lead them into Christendom to destroy the Christian People. For the Jews say that they know well by their Prophecies, that they of Caspia shall go out, and spread throughout all the World, and that the Christian Men shall be under their Subjection, as long as they have been in Subjection to them.

And if that ye will wit, how that they shall find their Way, after that I have heard say I shall tell you.

In the Time of Anti-Christ a Fox shall make there his Lair, and mine an Hole where King Alexander made make the Gates; and so long shall he mine and pierce the Earth, that he shall pass through towards that Folk. And when they see the Fox, they shall have great Marvel of him, because that they saw never such a Beast. For all other Beasts they have enclosed amongst them, save only the Fox. And then they shall chase him and pursue him so straight, till that he come to the same Place that he came from. And then they shall dig and mine so strongly, till that they find the Gates that King Alexander made make of Stones, great and passing huge, well cemented and made strong for the Mastery. And those Gates they shall break, and so go out by finding of that Issue.

From that Land go Men toward the Land of Bacharia, where be full evil Folk and full cruel. In that Land be Trees that bear Wool, as though it were of Sheep, whereof they make Clothes and all Things that may be made of Wool.

In that Country be many Hippotaynes that dwell some-time in the Water and some-time on the Land. And they be half Man and half Horse, as I have said before. And they eat Men when they may take them.

And there be Rivers of Waters that be full bitter, 3 times more than is the Water of the Sea.

In that Country be many Griffins, more Plenty than in any other Country. Some Men say that they have the Body upward as an Eagle and beneath as a Lion; and truly they say Truth, that they be of that Shape. But one Griffin hath the Body more great and is more strong than 8 Lions, of such Lions as be on this Side, and more great and stronger than 100 Eagles such as we have amongst us. For one Griffin there will bear, flying to his Nest, a great Horse if he may find him at the Place, or 2 Oxen yoked together as they go to the Plough. For he hath Talons so long and so large and so great upon his Feet, as though they were Horns of great Oxen or of Buffaloes or of Kine, that Men make Cups of them to drink of. And of their Ribs and of the Feathers of their Wings, Men make Bows, full strong, to shoot Arrows and Bolts with.

From thence go Men by many Days' Journey through the Land of Prester John, the great Emperor of Ind. And Men call his Realm the Isle of Pentexoire.

CHAPTER XXVII

Of the Royal Estate of Prester John. And of a rich Man that made a marvellous Castle and called it Paradise; and of his Subtlety

THIS Emperor, Prester John, holds full great Land, and hath many full noble Cities and good Towns in his Realm, and many great divers Isles and large. For all the Country of Ind is divided into Isles by the great Rivers that come from Paradise, that part all the Land into many Parts. And also in the Sea he hath full many Isles. And the best City in the Isle of Pentexoire is Nyse, that is a full Royal City and a noble, and full rich.

This Prester John[1] hath under him many Kings and many Isles and many divers Folk of divers Conditions. And this Land is full good and rich, but not so rich as is the Land of the great Chan. For the Merchants come not thither so commonly to buy Merchandises, as they do in the Land of the great Chan, for it is too far to travel to. And on that other Side, in the Isle of Cathay, Men find all manner of Thing that is need-ful to Man — Cloths of Gold, of Silk, and Spicery. And therefore, albeit that Men have greater Cheapness in the Isle of Prester John, nevertheless, Men dread the long Way and the great Perils in the Sea in those Parts.

For in many Places of the Sea be great Rocks of Stones of the Adamant (or Lode-stone), that of his own Nature draweth Iron to him. And therefore pass there no Ships that have either Bonds or Nails of Iron within them. And if they do, anon the Rocks of the Adamants draw them to

[1] Prester John, according to common medieval belief, was a priest-king who had converted his subjects from Islam to Christianity, and was anxious to open up communications with the Church of Rome. Numerous embassies were sent in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to Central Asia in search of this lost Christian nation. The origin of the legend was probably the conversion by Nestorian missionaries in the twelfth century, of Ung, khan of Karakorum in Turkestan, who was later overthrown and killed by Genghis Khan.

them, that never they may go thence. I myself have seen afar off in that Sea as though it had been a great Isle full of Trees and Bush, full of Thorns and Briars, great Plenty. And the Shipmen told us, that all that was of Ships that were drawn thither by the Adamants, for the Iron that was in them. And from the Rotten-ness, and other Things that were within the Ships, grew such Bush, and Thorns and Briars and green Grass, and such manner of Things, and from the Masts and the Sail-yards it seemed a great Wood or a Grove. And such Rocks be in many Places thereabout. And therefore dare not the Merchants pass there, but if they know well the Passages, or else that they have good Pilots.

And also they dread the long Way. And therefore they go to Cathay, for it is more nigh. And yet it is not so nigh, but that Men must be travelling by Sea and Land 11 Months or 12, from Genoa or Venice, ere they come to Cathay. And yet is the Land of Prester John more far by many dreadful Days' Journeys.

And the Merchants pass by the Kingdom of Persia, and go to a City that is clept Hermes (Ormuz), for Hermes the Philosopher founded it. And after that they pass an Arm of the Sea, and then go to another City that is clept Golbache. And there they find Merchandises, and of Popinjays (or Parrots) as great Plenty as Men find here of Geese. And if they will pass further, they may securely enough. In that Country is but little go Wheat or Barley, and therefore they eat Rice and Honey and Milk and Cheese and Fruit.

This Emperor Prester John taketh always to Wife the Daughter of the great Chan; and the great Chan also, in the same Wise, the Daughter of Prester John. For these 2 be the greatest Lords under the Firmament.

In the Land of Prester John be many divers Things and many precious Stones, so great and so large, that Men make of them Vessels, as Platters, Dishes and Cups. And many other Marvels be there, that it were too cumbrous and too long to put in Writing of Books; but of the principal Isles and of his Estate and of his Law, I shall tell you some Part.

This Emperor Prester John is Christian, and a great Part of his Country also. But yet, they have not all the Articles of our Faith as we have. They believe well in the Father,

in the Son and in the Holy Ghost. And they be full devout and right true to one another. And they set no Store by any Contests, nor by Tricks, nor on any Deceits.

And he hath under him 72 Provinces, and in every Province is a King. And these Kings have Kings under them, and all be Tributaries to Prester John. And he hath in his Lordships many great Marvels.

For in his Country is the Sea that Men call the Gravelly Sea, that is all Gravel and Sand, without any Drop of Water, and it ebbeth and floweth in great Waves as other Seas do, and it is never still nor at Peace, in any manner of Season. And no Man may pass that Sea by Ship, nor by any manner of Craft, and therefore may no Man know what Land is beyond that Sea. And albeit that it have no Water, yet Men find therein and on the Banks full good Fishes of other manner of Nature and Shape, than Men find in any other Sea, and they be of right good Taste and delicious for Man's Meat.

And a 3 Days' Journey long from that Sea be great Mountains, out of the which goeth out a great River that cometh out of Paradise. And it is full of precious Stones, without any Drop of Water, and it runneth through the Desert on the one Side, so that it maketh the Sea gravelly; and it runneth into that Sea, and there it endeth. And that River runneth, also, 3 Days in the Week and bringeth with him great Stones and the Rocks also therewith, and that great Plenty. And anon, as they be entered into the Gravelly Sea, they be seen no more, but lost for evermore. And in those 3 Days that that River runneth, no Man dare enter into it; but on other Days Men dare enter well enough.

Also beyond that River, more upward to the Deserts, is a great Plain all gravelly, between the Mountains. And in that Plain, every Day at the Sun-rising, begin to grow small Trees, and they grow till Mid-day, bearing Fruit; but no Man dare take of that Fruit, for it is a Thing of Faerie. And after Mid-day, they decrease and enter again into the Earth, so that at the going down of the Sun they appear no more. And so they do, every Day. And that is a great Marvel.

In that Desert be many Wild Men, that be hideous to look on; for they be horned, and they speak nought, but they grunt,

as Pigs. And there is also great Plenty of wild Hounds. And there be many Popinjays (or Parrots), that they call Psittakes[1] in their Language. And they speak of their own Nature, and say, "Salve!" ("God save you!") to Men that go through the Deserts, and speak to them as freely as though it were a Man that spoke. And they that speak well have a large Tongue, and have 5 Toes upon a Foot. And there be also some of another Manner, that have but 3 Toes upon a Foot, and they speak not, or but little, for they cannot but cry.

This Emperor Prester John when he goeth into Battle against any other Lord, he hath no Banners borne before him; but he hath 3 Crosses of Gold, fine, great and high, full of precious Stones, and every one of the Crosses be set in a Chariot, full richly arrayed. And to keep every Cross, be ordained 10,000 Men of Arms and more than 100,000 Men on Foot, in manner as when Men would keep a Standard in our Countries, when that we be in a Land of War. And this Number of Folk is besides the principal Host and besides the Wings ordained for the Battle. And when he hath no War, but rideth with a private Company, then he hath borne before him but one Cross of Tree, without Painting and without Gold or Silver or precious Stones, in Remembrance that Jesu Christ suffered Death upon a Cross of Wood. And he hath borne before him also a Platter of Gold full of Earth, in Token that his Nobleness and his Might and his Flesh shall turn to Earth. And he hath borne before him also a Vessel of Silver, full of noble Jewels of Gold full rich and of precious Stones, in Token of his Lordship and of his Nobleness and of his Might.

He dwelleth commonly in the City of Susa. And there is his principal Palace, that is so rich and noble, that no Man will believe it by Estimation, but he had seen it. And above the chief Tower of the Palace be 2 round Pommels or Balls of Gold, and in each of them be 2 Carbuncles great and large, that shine full bright upon the Night. And the principal gates of his Palace be of precious Stone that Men call Sardonyx, and the Border and the Bars be of Ivory. And the Windows of the Halls and Chambers be of Crystal. And

[1] Lat.: Psittacus, parrot.

the Tables whereon Men eat, some be of Emeralds, some of Amethyst, and some of Gold, full of precious Stones; and the Pillars that bear up the Tables be of the same precious Stones. And of the Steps to go up to his Throne, where he sitteth at Meat, one is of Onyx, another is of Crystal, and another of green Jasper, another of Amethyst, another of Sardine, another of Cornelian, and the 7th, that he setteth his Feet on, is of Chrysolite. And all these Steps be bordered with fine Gold, with the tother precious Stones, set with great orient Pearls. And the Sides of the Seat of his Throne be of Emeralds, and bordered with Gold full nobly, and dubbed with other precious Stones and great Pearls. And all the Pillars in his Chamber be of fine Gold with precious Stones, and with many Carbuncles, that give Light upon the Night to all People. And albeit that the Carbuncles give Light right enough, nevertheless, at all Times burneth a Vessel of Crystal full of Balm, to give good Smell and Odour to the Emperor, and to void away all wicked Eyes and Corruptions. And the Form of his Bed is of fine Sapphires, bound with Gold, to make him sleep well and to refrain him from Lechery; for he will not lie with his Wives, but 4 Times in the Year, according to the 4 Seasons, and that is only to engender Children.

He hath also a full fair Palace and a noble at the City of Nyse, where that he dwelleth, when it best liketh him; but the Air is not so temperate, as it is at the City of Susa.

And ye shall understand, that in all his Country and in the Countries there all about, Men eat not but once in the Day, as Men do in the Court of the great Chan. And so they eat every Day in his Court, more than 30,000 Persons, besides Goers and Comers. But the 30,000 Persons of his Country, and of the Country of the great Chan, spend not so much in goods as do 12,000 of our Country.

This Emperor Prester John hath evermore 7 Kings with him to serve him, and they share their Service by certain Months. And with these Kings serve always 72 Dukes and 360 Earls. And all the Days of the Year, there eat in his Household and in his Court, 12 Archbishops and 20 Bishops. And there the Patriarch of Saint Thomas is as the Pope here. And the Archbishops and the Bishops and

the Abbots in that Country be all Kings. And every one of these great Lords know well enough the Attendance of their Service. The one is Master of his Household, another is his Chamberlain, another serveth him with a Dish, another with the Cup, another is Steward, another is Marshal, another is Prince of his Arms, and thus is he full nobly and royally served. And his Land endureth verily in Breadth 4 Months' Journeys, and in Length beyond Measure, that is to say, to all the Isles under the Earth that we suppose to be under us.

Beside the Isle of Pentexoire, that is the Land of Prester John, is a great Isle, long and broad, that Men call Mistorak; and it is in the Lordship of Prester John. In that Isle is great Plenty of Goods.

There was dwelling there, some-time, a rich Man; and it is not long since; and Men called him Gatholonabes. And he was full of Tricks and of subtle Deceits. And he had a full fair Castle and a strong in a Mountain, so strong and so noble, that no Man could devise a fairer or a stronger. And he had made wall all the Mountain about with a strong Wall and a fair. And within those Walls he had the fairest Garden that any Man might behold. And therein were Trees bearing all manner of Fruits, that any Man could devise. And therein were also all manner of Herbs of Virtue of good Smell, and all other Herbs also that bear fair Flowers. And he had also in that Garden many fair Wells; and beside those Wells he had made fair Halls and fair Chambers, painted all with Gold and Azure; and there were painted in that Place many divers Things, and many diverse Stories of Beasts, and of Birds that sung full delectably and moved by Craft, that it seemed that they were alive. And he had also in his Garden all manner of Fowls and of Beasts that any Man might think on, to have Play or Sport to behold them.

And he had also, in that Place, the fairest Damsels that might be found, under the Age of 15 Years, and the fairest young Striplings that Men might get, of that same Age. And they were all clothed in Cloths of Gold, full richly. And he said that those were Angels.

And he had also made 3 Wells, fair and noble, and all environed with Stone of Jasper, and of Crystal, diapered with

Gold, and set with precious Stones and great orient Pearls. And he had made a Conduit under the Earth, so that the 3 Wells, at his List, should run, one Milk, another Wine and another Honey. And that Place he clept Paradise.

And when that any good Knight, that was hardy and noble, came to see this Royalty, he would lead him into his Paradise, and show him these wonderful Things for his Sport, and the marvellous and delicious Song of divers Birds, and the fair Damsels, and the fair Wells of Milk, Wine and Honey, plenteously running. And he would make divers Instruments of Music to sound in an high Tower, so merrily, that it was Joy to hear; and no Man should see the Craft thereof. And those, he said, were Angels of God, and that Place was Paradise, that God had promised to his Friends, saying, "Dabo vobis Terram fluentem Lacte et Melle" ("I shall give thee a Land flowing with Milk and Honey"). And then would he make them to drink of certain Drink, whereof anon they should be drunk. And then would they think it greater Delight than they had before. And then would he say to them, that if they would die for him and for his Love, that after their Death they should come to his Paradise; and they should be of the Age of the Damsels, and they should play with them, and yet be Maidens. And after that should he put them in a yet fairer Paradise, where that they should see the God of Nature visibly, in His Majesty and in His Bliss. And then would he shew them his Intent, and say to them, that if they would go slay such a Lord, or such a Man that was his Enemy or contrarious to his List, that they should not therefore dread to do it and to be slain themselves. For after their Death, he would put them in another Paradise, that was an 100-fold fairer than any of the tother; and there should they dwell with the most fairest Damsels that might be, and play with them ever-more.

And thus went many divers lusty Bachelors to slay great Lords in divers Countries, that were his Enemies, and made themselves to be slain, in Hope to have that Paradise. And thus, often-time, he was revenged of his Enemies by his subtle Deceits and false Tricks.

And when the worthy Men of the Country had perceived this subtle Falsehood of this Gatholonabes, they assembled them with Force, and assailed his Castle, and slew him, and

destroyed all the fair Places and all the Nobilities of that Paradise. The Place of the Wells and of the Walls and of many other Things be yet openly seen, but the Riches be clean voided. And it is not long ago, since that Place was destroyed.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Of the Devil's Head in the Valley Perilous. And of the Customs of Folk in diverse Isles that be about in the Lordship of Prester John

BESIDE that Isle of Mistorak upon the left Side nigh to the River of Pison is a marvellous Thing. There is a Vale between the Mountains, that endureth nigh a 4 Mile. And some call it the Vale Enchanted, some call it the Vale of Devils, and some call it the Vale Perilous. In that Vale hear Men often-time great Tempests and Thunders, and great Murmurs and Noises, all Days and Nights, and great Noise, as it were Sound of Tabors and of Nakers (Drums) and Trumps, as though it were of a great Feast. This Vale is all full of Devils, and hath been always. And Men say there, that it is one of the Entries of Hell. In that Vale is great Plenty of Gold and Silver. Wherefore many misbelieving Men, and many Christian Men also, go in often-time to have of the Treasure that there is; but few come back again, and especially of the misbelieving Men, nor of the Christian Men either, for they be anon strangled of Devils.

And in mid Place of that Vale, under a Rock, is an Head and the Visage of a Devil bodily, full horrible and dreadful to see, and it sheweth not but the Head, to the Shoulders. But there is no Man in the World so hardy, Christian Man nor other, but that he would be a-dread to behold it, and that it would seem to him to die for Dread, so hideous is it to behold. For he beholdeth every Man so sharply with dreadful Eyes, that be evermore moving and sparkling like Fire, and changeth and stareth so often in diverse Manner, with so horrible Countenance, that no Man dare draw nigh towards him. And from him cometh out Smoke and Stink and Fire and so much Abomination, that scarcely any Man may there endure.

But the good Christian Men, that be stable in the Faith, enter well without Peril. For they will first shrive them, and mark them with the Token of the Holy Cross, so that the

Fiends have no Power over them. But albeit that they be without Peril, yet, nevertheless, they be not without Dread, when that they see the Devils visibly and bodily all about them, that make full many diverse Assaults and Menaces, in Air and in Earth, and aghast them with Strokes of Thunder-blasts and of Tempests. And the most Dread is, that God will take Vengeance then on what Men have misdone against His Will.

And ye shall understand, that when my Fellows and I were in that Vale, we were in great Thought, whether that we durst put our Bodies in Adventure, to go in or not, in the Protection of God. And some of our Fellows accorded to enter, and some not. So there were with us 2 worthy Men, Friars Minors, that were of Lombardy, that said, that if any Man would enter they would go in with us. And when they had said so, upon the gracious Trust of God and of them, we made sing Mass, and made every Man to be shriven and houseled. And then we entered 14 Persons; but at our going out we were but 9. And so we wist never, whether that our Fellows were lost, or else turned again for Dread. But we saw them never after; and those were 2 Men of Greece, and 3 of Spain. And our other Fellows that would not go in with us, they went by another Side to be before us; and so they were.

And thus we passed that Perilous Vale, and found therein Gold and Silver, and precious Stones and rich Jewels, great Plenty, both here and there, as it seemed to us. But whether that it was as it seemed to us, I wot never. For I touched none, because that the Devils be so subtle to make a Thing to seem otherwise than it is, to deceive Mankind. And therefore I touched none, and also because that I would not be put out of my Devotion; for I was more devout then, than ever I was before or after, and all for the Dread of Fiends that I saw in diverse Figures, and also for the great Multitude of dead Bodies, that I saw there lying by the Way, by all the Vale, as though there had been a Battle between 2 Kings the mightiest of the Country, and that the greater Part had been discomfited and slain. And I trow, that scarcely should any Country have so much People within him, as lay slain in that Vale as we thought, the which was an hideous Sight to see. And I marvelled much, that there were so many, and the Bodies all

whole without rotting. But I trow, that Fiends made them so seem to be whole without rotting. But it might not be to mine Advice that so many should have entered so newly, neither so many newly slain, without stinking and rotting. And many of them were in Habit of Christian Men, but I trow well, that they were of such that went in for Covetousness of the Treasure that was there, and had over-much Feebleness in Faith; so that their Hearts might not endure in the Belief for Dread. And therefore were we the more devout a great Deal. And yet we were cast down, and beaten down many times to the hard Earth by Winds and Thunders and Tempests. But evermore God of His Grace help us. And so we passed that Perilous Vale without Peril and without Encumbrance. Thanked be Almighty God!

After this, beyond the Vale, is a great Isle, where the Folk be great Giants of 28 Foot long, or of 30 Foot long. And they have no Clothing but of Skins of Beasts that they hang upon them. And they eat no Bread, but all raw Flesh; and they drink Milk of Beasts, for they have Plenty of all Cattle. And they have no Houses to lie in. And they eat more gladly Man's Flesh than any other Flesh. Into that Isle dare no Man gladly enter. And if they see a Ship and Men therein, anon they enter into the Sea to take them.

And Men said to us, that in an Isle beyond that were Giants of greater Stature, some of 45 Foot, or 50 Foot long, and, as some Men say, of 50 Cubits long. But I saw none of those, for I had no Lust to go to those Parts, because that no Man cometh neither into that Isle nor into the other, but he be devoured anon. And among those Giants be Sheep as great as Oxen here, and they bear great Wool and rough. Of the Sheep I have seen many times. And Men have seen, many times, those Giants take Men in the Sea out of their Ships, and bring them to Land, 2 in one Hand and 2 in another, eating them going, all raw and all alive.

Another Isle is there toward the North, in the Sea Ocean, where that be full cruel and evil Women of Nature. And they have precious Stones in their Eyes. And they be of that Nature, that if they behold any Man with Wrath, they slay him anon with the Beholding, as doth the Basilisk.

After that is another Isle, where that Women make great

Sorrow when their Children be born. And when they die, they make great Feast and great Joy and Revel, and then they cast them into a great burning Fire. And those that love well their Husbands, if their Husbands be dead, they cast themselves also in the Fire with their Children, and burn themselves. And they say that the Fire shall cleanse them of all Filths and of all Vices, and they shall go purified and clean into another World to their Husbands, and they shall lead their Children with them. And the Cause why that they weep, when their Children be born is this, that when they come into this World, they come to Labour, Sorrow and Heaviness. And why they make Joy and Gladness at their Dying is because that, as they say, then they go to Paradise where the Rivers run Milk and Honey, where Men see them in Joy and in Abundance of Goods, without Sorrow and Labour.

In that Isle Men make their King evermore by Election, and they choose him not for any Nobleness or for any Riches, but such an one as is of good Manners and of good Conditions, and therewithal righteous, and also see that he be of great Age, and that he have no Children. In that Isle Men be full righteous and they do righteous Judgments in every Cause both of rich and poor, small and great, after the Quantity of the Trespass that is misdone. And the King may no doom any Man to Death without Assent of his Barons and other Men wise of Counsel, and if that all the Court accord thereto. And if the King himself do any Homicide or any Crime, as to slay a Man, or any such Hazard, he shall die there for. But he shall not be slain as another Man; but Men shall forbid, on Pain of Death, that any Man be so hardy as to make him Company or to speak with him, or that any Man give him or sell him or serve him, either with Meat or Drink; and so shall he die in Misfortune. They spare no Man that hath trespassed, neither for Love nor for Favour nor for Riches nor for Nobleness; but that shall he have, according to that he hath done.

Beyond that Isle is another Isle, where is great Multitude of Folk. And they will not, for any thing, eat Flesh of Hares, or of Hens, or of Geese, and yet they breed enough, to see them and to behold them only; but they eat Flesh of

all other Beasts, and drink Milk. In that Country they take their Daughters and their Sisters to Wife, and their other Kins-women. And if there be 10 or 12 Men or more dwelling in an House, the Wife of every one of them shall be common to all them that dwell in that House; so that every Man may lie with whom he will of them on one Night, and with another, another Night. And if she have any Child, she may give it to what Man she list, that hath companied with her, so that no Man knoweth there whether the Child be his or another's. And if any Man say to them, that they nourish other Men's Children, they answer that so do other Men theirs.

In that Country and by all Ind be great Plenty of Cockodrills, that is a manner of a long Serpent, as I have said before. And in the Night they dwell in the Water, and in the Day upon the Land, in Rocks and Caves. And they eat no Meat in all the Winter, but they lie as in a Dream, as do Serpents. These Serpents slay Men, and they eat them weeping; and when they eat they move the over Jaw, and not the nether Jaw, and they have no Tongue.

In that Country and in many others beyond that, and also in many on this Side, Men put the Seed of Cotton to work, and they sow it every Year. And then groweth it in small Trees, that bear Cotton. And so do Men every Year, so that there is Plenty of Cotton at all times. Item: in this Isle and in many other, there is a manner of Wood, hard and strong. Whoso covereth the Coals of that Wood under the Ashes thereof, the Coals will dwell and abide all alive, a Year or more. And that Tree hath many Leaves, as the Juniper hath. And there be also many Trees, of that Nature that they will never burn nor rot in any manner. And there be Nut Trees, that bear Nuts as great as a Man's Head.

There also be many Beasts, that be clept Orafles (Giraffes). In Arabia, they be clept Gerfaunts. That is a dappled or spotted Beast, that is but a little more high than is a Steed, but he hath the Neck a 20 Cubits long; and his Croup and his Tail be as of an Hart; and he may look over a great high House. And there be also in that Country many Chameleons; that is a little Beast as a Goat, that is wild, and he liveth on the Air and eateth nought and drinketh nought at

any time. And he changeth his Colour often-time, for Men see him often-times, now in one Colour and now in another Colour; and he may change him into all manner of Colours that he list, save only into red and white. There be also in that Country passing great Serpents, some of 120 Foot long, and they be of divers Colours, and rayed, as red, green, yellow, blue and black, and all speckled. And there be others that have Crests upon their Heads, and they go upon their Feet, upright, and they be well a 4 Fathom great, or more, and they dwell always in Rocks or in Mountains, and they have always the Throat open, from whence they drop Venom always. And there be also Wild Swine of many Colours, as great as be Oxen in our Country, and they be all spotted, as be young Fawns. And there be also Hedgehogs, as great as Wild Swine here; we call them Porcupines. And there be Lions all white, great and mighty. And there be also of other Beasts, as great and more greater than is a War-horse, and Men call them Loerancs; and some Men call them Odenthos; and they have a black Head and 3 long Horns, trenchant, on the Forehead, sharp as a Sword, and the Body is slender; and he is a full felonious Beast, and he chaseth and slayeth the Elephant. There be also many other Beasts, full wicked and cruel, that be not much greater than a Bear, and they have the Head like a Boar, and they have 6 Feet, and on every Foot 2 large Claws, trenchant; and the Body is like a Bear, and the Tail as a Lion. And there be also Mice as great as Hounds, and yellow Mice as great as Ravens. And there be Geese, all red, 3 Times more great than ours here, and they have the Head, the Neck and the Breast all black.

And many other diverse Beasts be in those Countries, and elsewhere thereabout, and many diverse Birds also, of the which it were too long to tell you. And therefore, I pass them over at this Time.

CHAPTER XXIX

Of the Goodness of the Folk of the Isle of Bragman. Of King Alexander. And wherefore the Emperor of Ind is clept Prester John

AND beyond that Isle is another Isle, great and good and plenteous, where there be good Folk and true, and of good Living after their Belief and of good Faith. And albeit that they be not christened, nor have any perfect Law, yet, nevertheless, by natural Law they be full of all Virtue, and they eschew all Vices and all Malices and all Sins. For they be not proud, nor covetous, nor envious, nor wrathful, nor Gluttons, nor lecherous. Nor do they to any Man otherwise than they would that other Men did to them, and in this Point they fulfill the 10 Commandments of God. And they set no Weight on Possessions or on Riches. And they lie not, nor swear they, on any Occasion, but they say simply, Yea and Nay; for they say, "He that sweareth will deceive his Neighbour," and therefore, all that they do, they do it without Oath.

And Men call that Isle the Isle of Bragman, and some Men call it the Land of Faith. And through that Land runneth a great River that is clept Thebe. And, in general, all the Men of those Isles and of all the Borders thereabout be more true than in any other Countries thereabout, and more righteous than others in all Things. In that Isle is no Thief, nor Murderer, nor common Woman, nor poor Beggar, nor ever was Man slain in that Country. And they be as chaste, and lead as good a Life, as though they were religious Men, and they fast all Days. And because they be so true and so righteous, and so full of all good Conditions, they were never grieved with Tempests, nor with Thunder, nor with Lightning, nor with Hail, nor with Pestilence, nor with War, nor with Hunger, nor with any other Tribulation, as we be, many times, amongst us, for our Sins. Wherefore, it seemeth well, that God loveth them and is pleased with their Faith and

their good Deeds. They believe well in God, that m[illegible] all Things, and Him they worship. And they prize not [illegible]thly Riches; and so they be all righteous. And they live full orderly, and so soberly in Meat and Drink, that they live right long. And the most Part of them die without Sickness, when Nature faileth them, for old Age.

And it befell in King Alexander's Time, that he purposed him to conquer that Isle and to make them to hold it of him. And when they of the Country heard it, they sent Messengers to him with Letters, that said thus: "What may be enough for that Man to whom all the World is insufficient? Thou shalt find nothing in us, that may cause thee to war against us. For we have no Riches, nor covet we any, and all the Goods of our Country be in common. Our Meat, that we sustain withal our Bodies, is our Riches. And, instead of Treasure of Gold and Silver, we make our Treasure of Accord and Peace, and the Love of every Man for the other. And to apparel our Body with, we use a simple little Clout to wrap our Carrion in. Our Wives be not arrayed to make any Man Pleasure, but in suitable Array to eschew Folly. When Men pain themselves to array the Body, to make it seem fairer than God made it, they do great Sin. For Man should not devise nor ask greater Beauty, than God hath ordained Man to be at his Birth. The Earth ministereth to us 2 Things, —our Livelihood, that cometh of the Earth that we live by, and our Sepulture after our Death. We have been in perpetual Peace till now, that thou be come to disinherit us. And also we have a King, not to do Justice to every Man, for he shall find no Forfeit among us, but to keep Nobleness, and to shew that we be obeissant, we keep a King. For Justice hath not among us any Place, for we do no Man otherwise than we desire that Men do to us. So that Righteousness and Vengeance have nought to do among us. So that nothing may thou take from us, but our good Peace, that always hath endured among us."

And when King Alexander had read those Letters, he thought that he should do great Sin, to trouble them. And then he sent them Sureties, that they should keep their good Manners and their good Peace, as they had used before, of Custom. And so he let them alone.

Another Isle there is, that Men call Oxidrate, and another Isle, that Men call Gynosophe, where there is also good Folk, and full of good Faith. And they hold, for the most Part, the good Conditions and Customs and good Manners, as Men of the Country abovesaid; but they go all naked.

Into that Isle entered King Alexander, to see the Manners. And when he saw their great Faith, and their Truth that was amongst them, he said he would not grieve them, and bade them ask of him what that they would have of him, Riches or anything else, and they should have it, with good Will. And they answered, that he was rich enough that had Meat and Drink to sustain the Body with, for the Riches of this World, that is transitory, be not of Worth; but if it were in his Power to make them immortal, thereof would they pray him, and thank him. And Alexander answered them that it was not in his Power to do it, because he was mortal, as they were. And then they asked him why he was so proud and so fierce, and so busy to put all the World under his Subjection, "right as thou wert a God, and hast no Term of this Life, neither Day nor Hour, and willest to have all the World at thy Commandment, that shall leave thee without Fail, or thou leave it. And right as it hath been to other Men before thee, right so it shall be to other after thee. And from hence shalt thou bear nothing; but as thou wert born naked, right so all naked shall thy Body be turned into Earth that thou wert made of. Wherefore thou shouldest think and impress it in thy Mind, that nothing is immortal, but only God, that made all Things." By the which Answer Alexander was greatly astonished and abashed, and all confused departed from them.

And albeit that these Folk have not the Articles of our Faith as we have, nevertheless, for their good natural Faith, and for their good Intent, I trow fully, that God loveth them, and that God taketh their Service in Favour, right as He did of Job, that was a Paynim, and held him for His true Servant. And therefore, albeit that there be many diverse Laws in the World, yet I trow, that God loveth always them that love Him, and serve Him meekly in Truth, and especially them that despise the vain Glory of this World, as this Folk do and as Job did also.

And therefore said our Lord by the Mouth of Hosea the Prophet, "Ponąm eis multiplices Leges Meas" ("I have written to him the great Things of my Law"); and also in another Place, "Qui totum Orbem subdit suis Legibus" ("Who subjected the whole World to His Laws"). And also our Lord saith in the Gospel, "Alias Oves habeo, que non sunt ex hoc Ovilis" ("And other Sheep I have which are not of this Fold"); that is to say, that he had other Servants than those that be under Christian Law. And to that accordeth the Vision that Saint Peter saw at Jaffa, how the Angel came from Heaven, and brought before him divers Beasts, as Serpents and creeping Beasts of the Earth, and of other also, great Plenty, and bade him take and eat. And Saint Peter answered: "I eat never," quoth he, "of unclean Beasts." And then said the Angel, "Non dicas immunda, que Deus mundavit" ("What God hath cleansed, that call thou not common"). And that was in Token that no Man should have in Despite any earthly Man for their diverse Laws, for we know not whom God loveth, nor whom God hateth. And for that Example, when Men say, "De Profundis," they say it in common and in general, with the Christians, "Pro animabus omnium defunctorum, pro quibus sit orandum" ("On behalf of the Souls of the Dead, for whom we ought to pray").

And therefore say I of this Folk, that be so true and so faithful, that God loveth them. For He hath amongst them many of the Prophets, and always hath had. And in those Isles, they prophesied the Incarnation of our Lord Jesu Christ, how he should be born of a Maiden, 3000 Year or more ere our Lord was born of the Virgin Mary. And they believe well in the Incarnation, and that full perfectly, but they know not the Manner, how He suffered His Passion and Death for us.

And beyond these Isles there is another Isle that is clept Pytan. The Folk of that Country neither till, nor labour the Earth, for they eat no manner of Thing. And they be of good Colour and of fair Shape, after their Greatness. But the small be as Dwarfs, but not so little as be the Pigmies. These Men live by the Smell of wild Apples. And when they go any far Way, they bear the Apples with them; for

if they had lost the Savour of the Apples, they should die anon. They be not full reasonable, but they be simple and bestial.

After that is another Isle, where the Folk be all full of Feathers and rough as a rough Beast, save only the Face and the Palm of the Hand. These Folk go as well under the Water of the Sea, as they do above the Land all dry. And they eat both Flesh and Fish all raw. In this Isle is a great River that is well a 2 Mile and an half of Breadth that is clept Beumare.

And from that River a 15 Days' Journey in Length, going by the Deserts of the tother Side of the River, whoso might go it, — for I was not there but it was told us by them of the Country, — that within those Deserts were the Trees of the Sun and of the Moon, that spake to King Alexander, and warned him of his Death. And Men say that the Folk that keep those Trees, and eat of the Fruit and of the Balm that groweth there, live well 400 Year or 500 Year, by Virtue of the Fruit and of the Balm. For Men say that Balm groweth there in great Plenty and nowhere else, save only at Babylon, as I have told you before. We would have gone toward the Trees full gladly if we had might. But I trow that 100,000 Men of Arms might not pass the Deserts safely, for the great Multitude of wild Beasts and of great Dragons and of great Serpents that there be, that slay and devour all that come anent them. In that Country be many white Elephants without Number, and Unicorns and Lions of many Manners, and many of such Beasts that I have told of before, and of hideous Beasts without Number.

Many other Isles there be in the Land of Prester John, and many great Marvels, that were too long all to tell, both of his Riches and of his Nobleness and of the great Plenty also of precious Stones that he hath. I trow that ye know well enough, and have heard say, wherefore this Emperor is clept Prester John. But, nevertheless, for them that know not, I shall say to you the Cause.

It was some-time an Emperor there, that was a worthy and a full noble Prince, that had Christian Knights in his Company, as he hath that is now there. So it befell, that he had great List to see the Service in the Church among

Christian Men. And then endured Christendom beyond the Sea, through all Turkey, Syria, Tartary, Jerusalem, Palestine, Arabia, Aleppo and all the Land of Egypt. And so it befell that this Emperor came with a Christian Knight with him into a Church in Egypt. And it was a Saturday in Whitsun Week. And the Bishop was conferring Orders. And he beheld, and listened to the Service full attentively. And he asked the Christian Knight what Men of Degree they should be that the Prelate had before him. And the Knight answered and said that they should be Priests. And the Emperor said that he would no longer be clept King nor Emperor, but Priest, and that he would have the Name of the first Priest that went out of the Church, and his Name was John. And so ever-more since, he is clept Prester John.

In his Land be many Christian Men of good Faith and of good Law, and especially them of the same Country, and have commonly their Priests, that sing the Mass, and make the Sacrament of the Altar, of Bread, right as the Greeks do; but they say not so many Things at the Mass as Men do here. For they say not but only that, that the Apostles said, as our Lord taught them, right as Saint Peter and Saint Thomas and the other Apostles sung the Mass, saying the Pater Noster and the Words of the Sacrament. But we have many more Additions that divers Popes have made, that they know not of.

CHAPTER XXX

Of the Hills of Gold that Pismires keep. And of the 4 Rivers that come from Terrestrial Paradise

TOWARD the East Part of Prester John's Land is an Isle good and great, that Men call Taprobane, that is full noble and full fruitful. And the King thereof is full rich, and is under the Obeissance of Prester John. And always there they make their King by Election. In that Isle be 2 Summers and 2 Winters, and Men harvest the Corn twice a Year. And in all the Seasons of the Year be the Gardens in Blossom. There dwell good Folk and reasonable, and many Christian Men amongst them, that be so rich that they wit not what to do with their Goods. Of old Time, when Men passed from the Land of Prester John unto that Isle, Men made Disposition to pass by Ships, 23 Days, or more; but now Men pass by Ship in 7 Days. And Men may see the Bottom of the Sea in many Places, for it is not full deep.

Beside that Isle, toward the East, be 2 other Isles. And Men call the one Orille, and the other Argyte, of the which all the Land is a Mine of Gold and Silver. And those Isles be right where that the Red Sea departeth from the Sea Ocean. And in those Isles Men see there no Stars so clearly as in other Places. For there appear no Stars, but only one clear Star that Men call Canapos. And there is the Moon not seen in all the Lunation, save only in the second Quarter.

In the Isle also of this Taprobane be great Hills of Gold, that Pismires keep full diligently. And they refine the purified Gold, and cast away the un-purified. And these Pismires be as great as Hounds. So that no Man dare come to those Hills, for the Pismires would assail them and devour them anon. So that no Man may get of that Gold, but by great Sleight. And when it is great Heat, the Pismires rest them in the Earth, from Prime of the Day unto Noon. And then the Folk of the Country take Camels, Dromedaries, and Horses

and other Beasts, and go thither, and charge them in all Haste that they may; and after that, they flee away in all Haste that the Beasts may go, ere the Pismires come out of the Earth. And in other times, when it is not so hot, and that the Pismires rest them not in the Earth, then they get Gold by this Subtlety. They take Mares that have young Colts or Foals, and lay upon the Mares empty Vessels made there for; and they be all open above, and hanging low to the Earth. And then they send forth those Mares to pasture about those Hills, and with-hold the Foals with them at Home. And when the Pismires see those Vessels, they leap in anon: and they have this Nature that they let nothing be empty among them, but anon they fill it, be it what manner of Thing that it be; and so they fill those Vessels with Gold. And when that Folk suppose that the Vessels be full, they put forth anon the young Foals, and make them to neigh after their Dams. And then anon the Mares return towards their Foals with their Charges of Gold. And then Men uncharge them, and get Gold enough by this subtlety. For the Pismires will suffer Beasts to go and pasture amongst them, but no Man in no wise.

And beyond the Land and the Isles and the Deserts of Prester John's Lordship, in going straight toward the East, Men find nothing but Mountains and Rocks, full great. And there is the dark Region, where no Man may see, neither by Day nor by Night, as they of the Country say. And that Desert and that Place of Darkness endure from this Side unto Terrestrial Paradise, where that Adam, our first Father, and Eve were put, that dwelled there but little while: and that is towards the East at the Beginning of the Earth. But that is not that East that we call our East, on this Side, where the Sun riseth to us. For when the Sun is East in those Parts towards Terrestrial Paradise, it is then Midnight in our Parts of this Side, for the Roundness of the Earth, of the which I have told you before. For our Lord God made the Earth all round in the mid Place of the Firmament. And there be Mountains and Hills and Valleys that be only from Noah's Flood, that wasted the soft Ground and the tender, that fell down into Valleys, and the hard Earth and the Rocks abode as Mountains, when the soft Earth and tender waxed soft through Water, and fell and became Valleys.

Of Paradise cannot I speak properly. For I was not there. It is far beyond. And that grieveth me. And also I was not worthy. But as I have heard say of wise Men beyond, I shall tell you with good Will.

Terrestrial Paradise, as wise Men say, is the highest Place of Earth, that is in all the World. And it is so high that it toucheth nigh to the Circle of the Moon, there where the Moon maketh her Turn; for she is so high that there might not come to her the Flood of Noah, that covered all the Earth of the World all about and above and beneath, save only Paradise alone. And this Paradise is enclosed all about with a Wall, and Men wit not whereof it is; for the Walls be covered all over with Moss, as it seemeth. And it seemeth not that the Wall is Stone of Nature. And that Wall stretcheth from the South to the North, and it hath but one Entry that is closed with Fire, burning; so that no Man that is mortal dare enter.

And in the most high Place of Paradise, evenly in the middle Place, is a Well that casteth out the 4 Rivers that run by divers Lands. Of the which, the first is clept Pison, or Ganges, that are one and the same; and it runneth throughout Ind or Emlak, in the which River be many precious Stones, and much of Lignum Aloes and much Gravel of Gold. And that other River is clept Nile, or Gison, that goeth by Ethiopia and after by Egypt. And that other is clept Tigris, that runneth by Assyria and by Armenia the Great. And that other is clept Euphrates, that runneth also by Media and Armenia and by Persia. And Men there beyond say, that all the sweet Waters of the World, above and beneath, take their Beginning from the Well of Paradise, and out of that Well all Waters come and go.

The first River is clept Pison, that is to say in their Language, Assembly; for many other Rivers meet there, and go into that River. And some Men call it Ganges, from a King that was in Ind, that was hight Gangeres, and as it ran throughout his Land. And that Water is in some Places clear, and in some Places troubled, in some Places hot, and in some Places cool.

The second River is clept Nile, or Gison; for it is always troubled; and Gison, in the Language of Ethiopia, is to say, Troubled, and in the Language of Egypt also.

The third River, that is clept Tigris, is as much as to say as, Fast-running; for he runneth more fast than any of the tother; and also there is a Beast, that is clept Tiger, that is fast-running.

The fourth River is clept Euphrates, that is to say, Well-bearing; for there grow many Goods upon that River, as Corns, Fruits and other Goods plenty enough.

And ye shall understand that no Man that is mortal may approach to that Paradise. For by Land no Man may go for wild Beasts that be in the Deserts, and for the high Mountains and great huge Rocks that no Man may pass by, for the dark Places that be there, and that many. And by the Rivers may no Man go. For the Water runneth so rudely and so sharply, because that it cometh down so outrageously from the high Places above, that it runneth in Waves so great, that no Ship may row or sail against it. And the Water roareth so, and maketh so huge Noise and so great Tempest, that no Man may hear another in the Ship, though he cried with all the Strength that he could in the highest Voice that he might. Many great Lords have assayed with great Will, many Times, to pass by those Rivers towards Paradise, with full great Companies. But they might not speed in their Voyage. And many died for Weariness of rowing against those strong Waves. And many of them became blind, and many deaf, for the Noise of the Water. And some were perished and lost within the Waves. So that no mortal Man may approach to that Place, without special Grace of God, so that of that Place I can say you no more; and therefore, I shall hold me still, and return to that, that I have seen.

CHAPTER XXXI

Of the Customs of Kings and others that dwell in the Isles coasting to Prester John's Land. And of the Worship that a Son doth to his Father when he is dead

FROM these Isles that I have spoken of before, in the Land of Prester John, that be under Earth as to us that be of this Side, and from other Isles that be more further beyond, whoso will, may pursue his Journey to come again right to the Parts that he came from, and so environ all the Earth. But what for the Isles, what for the Sea, and what for strong Rowing, few Folk assay to pass that Passage; albeit that Men might do it well, that might be of Power to address them thereto, as I have said to you before. And therefore Men return from those Isles abovesaid by other Isles coasting from the Land of Prester John.

And then come Men in returning to an Isle that is clept Casson. And that Isle hath well a 60 Days' Journey in Length, and more than 50 in Breadth. This is the best Isle and the best Kingdom that is in all those Parts, taking out Cathay. And if the Merchants used as much that Country as they do Cathay, it would be better than Cathay in a short while. This Country is full well inhabited, and so full of Cities and of good Towns inhabited with People, that when a Man goeth out of one City, he seeth another City even before him; and that is so, whatever Part that a Man go to, in all that Country. In that Isle is great Plenty of all Goods to live with, and all manner of Spices. And there be great Forests of Chestnuts. The King of that Isle is full rich and mighty, and, nevertheless, he holds his Land of the great Chan, and is obeissant to him. For it is one of the 12 Provinces that the great Chan hath under him, besides his own Land, and besides other less Isles that he hath; for he hath full many.

From that Kingdom come Men, in returning, to another Isle that is clept Rybothe, and it, also, is under the great Chan. That is a full good Country, and full plenteous of all Goods and of Wines and Fruit and all other Riches. And the Folk of that Country have no Houses, but they dwell and lie all under Tents made of black Fern, in all the Country. And the principal City and the most royal is all walled with black Stone and white. And all the Streets also be paved of the same Stones. In that City is no Man so hardy as to shed Blood of any Man, nor of any Beast, for the Reverence of an Idol that is worshipped there. And in that Isle dwelleth the Pope of their Law, that they call Lobassy. This Lobassy giveth all the Benefices, and all other Dignities and all other Things that belong to the Idol. And all those that hold anything of their Churches, religious Men and others, obey him, as Men do here of the Pope of Rome.

In that Isle they have a Custom by all the Country, that when the Father is dead of any Man, and the Son list to do great Worship to his Father, he sendeth to all his Friends and to all his Kin, and for religious Men and Priests, and for Minstrels also, great Plenty. And then Men bear the dead Body unto a great Hill with great Joy and Solemnity. And when they have brought it thither, the Chief Prelate smiteth off the Head, and layeth it upon a great Platter of Gold and of Silver, if so be that he be a rich Man. And then he taketh the Head to the Son. And then the Son and his other Kin sing and say many Orisons. And then the Priests and the religious Men smite all the Body of the dead Man in Pieces. And then they say certain Orisons. And the Fowls of Ravin of all the Country about know the Custom of long time before, and come flying above in the Air; as Eagles, Kites, Ravens and other Fowls of Ravin, that eat Flesh. And then the Priests cast the Gobbets of the Flesh; and then the Fowls, each of them, take that they may, and go a little thence and eat it; and so they do whilst any Piece lasteth of the dead Body.

And after that, as Priests amongst us sing for the Dead, "Subvenite Sancti Dei," etc., "Come to his Assistance, ye Saints of God," etc., right so the Priests sing in high Voice in their Language, "Behold how worthy a Man and how

good a Man this was, that the Angels of God come to seek him and bring him into Paradise." And then seemeth it to the Son, that he is highly worshipped, when that many Birds and Fowls and Ravens come and eat his Father; and he that hath most Number of Fowls is most worshipped.

Then the Son bringeth Home with him all his Kin, and his Friends, and all the others to his House, and maketh them a great Feast. And then all his Friends make their Vaunt and their Dalliance, how the Fowls come thither, here 5, here 6, here 10, and there 20, and so forth; and they rejoice them hugely to speak thereof. And when they be at Meat, the Son makes bring forth the Head of his Father, and thereof he giveth of the Flesh to his most special Friends, instead of a Dainty, or a Sweet-meat. And of the Brain Pan, he has made a Cup, and there from drinketh he and his other Friends also, with great Devotion, in Remembrance of the holy Man, that the Angels of God have eaten. And that Cup the Son shall keep to drink from, all his Life-time, in Remembrance of his Father.

From that Land, in returning by a 10 Days' Journey throughout the Land of the great Chan, is another good Isle and a great Kingdom, where the King is full rich and mighty.

And amongst the rich Men of his Country is a passing rich Man, that is neither Prince, nor Duke, nor Earl, but he hath more that hold of him Lands and other Lordships, for he is more rich. For he hath, every Year, of annual Rent 300,000 Horses charged with Corn of diverse Grains and of Rice. And so he leadeth a full noble Life and a delicate, after the Custom of the Country. For he hath, every Day, 50 fair Damsels, all Maidens, that serve him evermore at his Meat, and to lie with him at Night, and to do with them what is to his Pleasure. And when he is at Table, they bring him his Meat at every Time, 5 and 5 together; and in bringing their Service they sing a Song. And after that, they cut his Meat, and put it in his Mouth; for he toucheth nothing, nor handles nought, but holdeth evermore his Hands before him upon the Table. For he hath Nails so long, that he may take nothing, nor handle anything. For the Nobleness of that Country is to have long Nails, and to make them grow always to be as long as Men may. And there be many in that Country, that have their

Nails so long, that they environ all the Hand. And that is a great Nobleness. And the Nobleness of the Women is to have small Feet and little. And therefore anon when they be born, they make bind their Feet so straitly, that they may not grow half as Nature would. And always these Damsels, that I spake of before, sing all the Time that this rich Man eateth. And when that he eateth no more of his first Course, then other 5 and 5 of fair Damsels bring him his second Course, always singing as they did before. And so they do continually to the End of his Meat. And in this Manner he leadeth his Life. And so did they before him, that were his Ancestors. And so shall they that come after him, without doing of any Deeds of Arms, but live evermore thus in Ease, as a Swine that is fed in a Sty to be made fat. He hath a full fair Palace and full rich, that he dwelleth in, of the which the Walls be, in Circuit, 2 Mile. And he hath within many fair Gardens, and many fair Halls and Chambers; and the Pavement of his Halls and Chambers be of Gold and Silver. And in the mid Place of one of his Gardens is a little Mountain, where there is a little Meadow. And in that Meadow is a little Hill with Towers and Pinnacles, all of Gold. And on that little Hill will he sit often-time, to take the Air and disport him.

From that Country Men come to the Land of the great Chan also, that I have spoken of before.

And ye shall understand, that of all these Countries, and of all these Isles, and of all the divers Folk, that I have spoken of before, and of divers Laws, and of Beliefs that they have, is there yet none of these all but have some Reason within them and Understanding, unless it be a few, and that have certain Articles of our Faith and some good Points of our Belief, and that believe in God, that formed all Things and made the World, and that call Him God of Nature; after what the Prophet saith, "Et metuent Eum omnes Fines Terrae" ("And all the Ends of the Earth fear Him"), and also in another Place, "Omnes Gentes servient Ei," that is to say, "All Folk shall serve Him."

But they cannot speak perfectly, for there is no Man to teach them, but only what they can devise by their natural Wit. For they have no Knowledge of the Son, nor of the Holy Ghost. But they can all speak of the Bible, and especially of Genesis, of the Prophets' Laws and of the Books of

Moses. And they say well, that the Creatures that they worship be no Gods; but they worship them for the Virtue that is in them, that may not be but only by the Grace of God. And of Simulacres and Idols, they say, that there be no Folk, but that they have Simulacres. And that they say, just as we Christian Men have Images, as of our Lady and of other Saints that we worship; not the Images of Wood or of Stone, but the Saints, in whose Names they be made after. For right as their Books of the Scriptures teach the Clerks how and in what Manner they shall believe, right so the Images and the Paintings teach the lay Folk to worship the Saints and to have them in their Mind, in whose Names that the Images be made after. They say also, that the Angels of God speak to them in those Idols, and that they do many great Miracles. And they say Truth, that there is an Angel within them. For there be 2 Manner of Angels, a good and an evil, as the Greeks say, Kakos and Kalos. This Kakos is the wicked Angel, and Kalos is the good Angel. But the tother, that is within the Idols, is not the good Angel, but the wicked Angel, to deceive them and maintain them in their Error.

There be many other divers Countries and many other Marvels beyond, that I have not seen. Wherefore, of them I cannot speak properly to tell you the Manner of them. And also in the Countries where I have been, be many Diversities of many wonderful Things, more than I make Mention of; for it were too long a Thing to advise you of the Manner. And therefore, as that I have advised you of certain Countries, that I have spoken of before, I beseech your worthy and excellent Nobleness, that it suffice to you at this Time. For if that I advised you of all that is beyond the Sea, another Man, perchance, that would pain him and travail his Body to go into those Borders, to search those Countries, might be blamed by my Words in rehearsing many strange Things; for he might not say anything new, in the which the Hearers might have either Solace, or Sport, or Lust, or Liking in the Hearing. For Men say always, that new Things and new Tidings be pleasant to hear. Wherefore I will hold me still, without any more rehearsing of Diversities or of Marvels that be beyond, to that Intent and

End, that whoso will go into these Countries, he shall find enough to speak of, that I have not touched on in any wise.

And ye shall understand, if it like you, that at mine Home-coming, I came to Rome, and shewed my Life to our Holy Father the Pope, and was assoiled of all that lay on my Conscience, on many a diverse grievous Point; as Men must needs that be in Company, dwelling amongst so many diverse Folk of diverse Sects and Beliefs, as I have been.

And amongst all, I shewed him this Treatise, that I had made after Information of Men that knew of Things that I had not seen myself, and also of Marvels and Customs that I had seen myself, as far as God would give me Grace; and besought his Holy Father-hood, that my Book might be examined and corrected by Advice of his wise and discreet Council. And our Holy Father, of his special Grace, remitted my Book to be examined and proved by the Advice of his said Counsel. By the which my Book was proved for true, insomuch, that they shewed me a Book, that my Book was examined by, that comprehended full much more, by an 100th Part, after the which the "Mappa Mundi" was made. And so my Book (albeit that many Men list not to give Credence to anything, but to that, that they have seen with their Eye, be the Author or the Person never so true) is affirmed and proved by our Holy Father, in Manner and Form as I have said.

And I, John Mandevile, Knight, abovesaid, although I be unworthy, that departed from our Countries and passed the Sea, the Year of Grace 1322, that have passed many Lands and many Isles and Countries, and searched many full strange Places, and have been in many a full good honourable Company, and at many a fair Deed of Arms, albeit that I did none myself, for mine incapable Insufficiency, now am come Home, maugre myself, to rest. For Gouts and Rheumatics, that distress me—those define the End of my Labour; against my Will, God knoweth!

And thus, taking Solace in my wretched Rest, recording the Time passed, I have fulfilled these Things, and put them written in this Book, as it would come into my Mind, the Year of Grace 1356, in the 34th Year that I departed from our Countries.

Wherefore, I pray to all the Readers and Hearers of this Book, if it please them, that they would pray to God for me; and I shall pray for them. And all those that say for me a Pater Noster, with an Ave Maria, that God forgive me my Sins, I make them Partners, and grant them Part of all the good Pilgrimages and of all the good Deeds that I have done, if any be to His Pleasure; and not only of those, but of all that ever I shall do unto my Life's End. And I beseech Almighty God, from Whom all Goodness and Grace cometh, that He vouchsafe of His excellent Mercy and abundant Grace, to fulfil their Souls with Inspiration of the Holy Ghost, in making Defence against all their ghostly Enemies here on Earth, to their Salvation both of Body and Soul; to the Worship and Thanking of Him, that is Three in One, without Beginning and without Ending; that is without Quality, good, and without Quantity, great; that in all Places is Present, and all Things Containing; the Which that no Goodness may amend, nor any Evil impair; that in perfect Trinity, liveth and reigneth, God, for all Worlds, and for all Times!

Amen! Amen! Amen!

END OF VOYAGES AND TRAVELS

KINGLAKE'S EOTHEN

Kinglake's
Eothen

The World's Great Books

Aldine Edition

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE.

Photogravure from a photograph.

Eothen

or Traces of Travel brought Home from the East

By

Alexander William Kinglake

With a Critical and Biographical Introduction
by Jacques W. Redway

Illustrated

New York
D. Appleton and Company
1899

KINGLAKE'S EOTHEN

IT is remarkable that in a few instances only has the professional geographer enriched the world's knowledge of itself and its environments with literature that has appealed to the popular heart. Within the past two generations there has been but a single example of unusual success, namely, Dr. David Livingstone. Nearly all the books of travel and exploration that have been both useful and popular were from men who professed neither eminence in the field of geography, nor especial aptitude in gathering information. In the majority of instances I am inclined to think that the professional writer on geographic topics might resent the idea that the successful book had any value whatever: perhaps to be of real geographic literature it ought to read something after the manner of the following: —

"On nearing the Sejlefula, I entered the Matoka country. Where I crossed this river it flows through a picturesque broken country, down a rocky bed. Passing three or four Machili tributaries, an easterly course brought me to tributaries of the Nanzela and Kafukwe system, which soon led me to a large plain 3300 feet, and about 500 feet lower than the plateau I had left. This plain was swampy and covered with mopani. After a week's wading I reached the 'Nkala Mission Station, on the river from which it takes its name, which was founded on the borders of the Mashikolumbwe country by two English missionaries, Messrs. Buckenham and Baldwin, some two years previously, in Lat. 15° 53′ 25″ S."

And still the various geographic publications sometimes give way to expressions of surprise, because so little public interest is aroused by the literature that fills them!

As a matter of fact, literature that involves nothing beyond questions of geology and physiography, of metasomatosis

and disastrophism, appeals to those only whose better intellectual beings have long been shriveled and dried up for want of contact with the human side of the world. But let Mr. Dick Smith of the *Daily Rattler* tackle the problem, and half a million readers will look with expectancy for what he has to say — and they will not be disappointed. A reason therefor is not hard to find. Granted that he is a bit lacking in his knowledge of steam-corrasion and subcarboniferous strata, he knows humanity like a book, and he has absorbed, perhaps unconsciously, the idea that people are what they are because they have certain surroundings that make them what they are. With this accomplishment, Mr. Dick Smith is a power within himself: knowing the people and knowing the powers that move them, he can talk straight to the popular heart. And herein lies the difference between him and the learned Professor Stuffemwell. The latter, having lived his life in a world that contains nothing but paleozoic fossils, makes you a book that is good, but as dry and fossilized as himself. The former may not have the abstract quality of goodness, but he is never open to the charge of stupidity.

Hundreds of men, bent upon shedding black seas of ink, from time to time have invaded the Levant and the East. Even before Alexander William Kinglake was born, the path was well beaten. But Mr. Kinglake's journey marks an epoch in descriptive literature, and "Eothen" will always hold a foremost place as a literary classic. Indeed, it has long been a model, and many an aspirant who has undertaken the self-imposed difficulties of a journey in the East with his Baedeker in one hand, has apparently carried "Eothen" in the other.

It is true that Mr. Kinglake made no claim to geographic training; but when the story is read, one is conscious of having acquired about as much information — and that in a very pleasant way — as though he had struggled through the mazy intricacies of a contribution to the *Geographical Bulletin*. There is no dissertation about topography; but somehow or other one gets a very definite mental landscape of the country. There is no tabulated statement of the racial descent of the peoples among whom the author moves; but

the reader is quickly at home among those same peoples, and enters into their daily life almost as completely as though intervening distance had been annihilated.

Perhaps this wonderful power to bring reader and subject into such close communion was born in the author. Certainly it is more apparent in "Eothen" than in his less pleasing "Invasion of the Crimea." In the latter, one sees the trained scholar of Cambridge, the keen, discriminating barrister, and the world-wise member of parliament. But in "Eothen," Cambridge and the wig are put aside. There is just the plain Eton boy turned loose for a lark; and whether we follow him through the Troad, or over the Syrian desert, he is the omniscient, omnipresent youngster of the fourth form, entering into and becoming a part of the life of his surroundings. Happy for his readers that the time and conditions were so ripe: otherwise "Eothen" might have been as dry as a consular report.

It was written with reluctance and offered to the public almost with an apology. But for every person that has read a single volume of the "Invasion of the Crimea," probably ten thousand have read "Eothen." In the perusal of the former, we gradually get a suspicion that the author was not lacking in that useless but useful organ — a spleen; as we proceed the dim and vague suspicion grows to absolute certainty; and when the author has fairly launched himself into a discussion of the French emperor and the various actors concerned in the great *coup d'état*, his spleen is capable of such astonishing gymnastic feats that we are a trifle in doubt about the historical value of the work. In "Eothen," however, there is but a single instance of that sort of temper to mar the pleasure one derives from it. The author goes awkwardly out of his way to wreak satire upon the Hon. Edward Everett, whom he dignifies with the title of "an enterprising American traveler" (in 1841, minister plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James), but having reached the climax of calling the country "a swindling community," the ebullition of his wrath subsides, and his good nature is resumed. No good American will ever cavil at a little episode like this, however; it is not the author's real self, it is only a bit of Tory bile working itself off by a vicarious process.

Mr. Kinglake's life may be summed up as eventful and busy, but not sensational. He was born in Taunton, Aug. 5, 1809, and received his preparatory education at Eton; entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1828; was a student of Lincoln's Inn in 1832; traveled in the Levant and the East in 1835; entered at the bar in 1837, and quickly achieved a large and remunerative practise. He was with the English forces during the Crimean War, and this led to the authoritative and critical history of that conflict, the eight volumes of which appeared at intervals between 1863 and 1887. During this time, from 1857 to 1869, he was a member of parliament for Bridgewater. He died in London in 1891. "Eothen" appeared in 1844, at first anonymously. Its success was instantaneous, and few books have been more widely read either in Europe or in America.

Routes and means of travel have changed greatly in the half century since "Eothen" was given to us. Not only has the railway invaded the entire country from the North Sea to the Golden Horn, but the snort of the iron horse is heard in the Holy City itself. Little by little the caravan and the dragoman are disappearing: they are retreating into the desert, and who can say when they, too, shall be nothing more than antiquities? All that is hallowed about the Land is becoming overshadowed by the hand of western civilization. Electric lights profane the Pyramids; the whir of the telephone bell is heard almost within the Garden of Gethsemane; and the bicycle pervades Damascus. When we turn in disgust from the contemplation of these things, it is meet and proper to turn once more the leaves of "Eothen," for no matter how many times read, it will always be a welcome pen picture of which the mind never tires.

JACQUES W. REDWAY.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

WHEN you first entertained the idea of traveling in the East, you asked me to send you an outline of the tour which I had made, in order that you might the better be able to choose a route for yourself.[1] In answer to this request, I gave you a large French map, on which the course of my journeys had been carefully marked; but I did not conceal from myself that this was rather a dry mode for a man to adopt, when he wished to impart the results of his experience to a dear and intimate friend. Now, long before the period of your planning an Oriental tour, I had intended to write some account of my Eastern travels. I had, indeed, begun the task, and had failed; I had begun it a second time, and failing again, had abandoned my attempt with a sensation of utter distaste. I was unable to speak out, and chiefly, I think, for this reason — that I knew not to whom I was speaking. It might be you, or, perhaps, our Lady of Bitterness, who would read my story; or it might be some member of the Royal Statistical Society, and how on earth was I to write in a way that would do for all three?

Well — your request for a sketch of my tour suggested to me the idea of complying with your wish by a revival of my twice abandoned attempt. I tried, and the pleasure and confidence which I felt in speaking to you soon made my task so easy, and even amusing, that after a while (though not in time for your tour) I completed the scrawl from which this book was originally printed.

The very feeling, however, which enabled me to write thus freely, prevented me from robing my thoughts in that grave and decorous style which I should have maintained if I had professed to lecture the public. Whilst I feigned to myself

[1] Addressed to one of his friends.

that you, and you only, were listening, I could not by possibility speak very solemnly. Heaven forbid that I should talk to my own genial friend as though he were a great and enlightened community, or any other respectable aggregate!

Yet I well understood that the mere fact of my professing to speak to you rather than to the public generally could not perfectly excuse me for printing a narrative too roughly worded, and accordingly, in revising the proof sheets, I have struck out those phrases which seemed to be less fit for a published volume than for intimate conversation. It is hardly to be expected, however, that correction of this kind should be perfectly complete, or that the almost boisterous tone in which many parts of the book were originally written should be thoroughly subdued. I venture therefore, to ask, that the familiarity of language still possibly apparent in the work, may be laid to the account of our delightful intimacy, rather than to any presumptuous motive; I feel, as you know, much too timidly — too distantly, and too respectfully, towards the public to be capable of seeking to put myself on terms of easy fellowship with strange and casual readers.

It is right to forewarn people (and I have tried to do this as well as I can, by my studiously unpromising title-page[1]) that the book is quite superficial in its character. I have endeavored to discard from it all valuable matter derived from the works of others, and it appears to me that my efforts in this direction have been attended with great success; I believe I may truly acknowledge, that from all details of geographical discovery, or antiquarian research — from all display of "sound learning and religious knowledge" — from all historical and scientific illustrations — from all useful statistics — from all political disquisitions — and from all good moral reflections, the volume is thoroughly free.

My excuse for the book is its truth; you and I know a man fond of hazarding elaborate jokes, who, whenever a story of his happens not to go down as wit, will evade the awkwardness of the failure by bravely maintaining that all he has said

[1] "Eōthen" is, I hope, almost the only hard word to be found in the book; it is written in Greek ἠῶθεν, — (Atticè with an aspirated ε instead of the η,) — and signifies "from the early dawn," "from the East." — *Donn. Lex., 4th edition.*

is pure fact. I can honestly take this decent though humble mode of escape. My narrative is not merely righteously exact in matters of fact (where fact is in question), but it is true in this larger sense — it conveys not those impressions which ought to have been produced upon any "well-constituted mind," but those which were really and truly received at the time of his rambles, by a headstrong and not very amiable traveler, whose prejudices in favor of other people's notions were then exceedingly slight. As I have felt, so I have written; and the result is, that there will often be found in my narrative a jarring discord between the associations properly belonging to interesting sites, and the tone in which I speak of them. This seemingly perverse mode of treating the subject is forced upon me by my plan of adhering to sentimental truth, and really does not result from any impertinent wish to teaze or trifle with readers. I ought, for instance, to have felt as strongly in Judea as in Galilee, but it was not so in fact; the religious sentiment (born in solitude) which had heated my brain in the Sanctuary of Nazareth was rudely chilled at the foot of Zion by disenchanting scenes, and this change is accordingly disclosed by the perfectly worldly tone in which I speak of Jerusalem and Bethlehem.

My notion of dwelling precisely upon those matters which happened to interest me, and upon none other, would of course be intolerable in a regular book of travels. If I had been passing through countries not previously explored, it would have been sadly perverse to withhold careful description of admirable objects, merely because my own feelings of interest in them may have happened to flag; but where the countries which one visits have been thoroughly and ably described, and even artistically illustrated by others, one is fully at liberty to say as little (though not quite so much) as one chooses. Now a traveler is a creature not always looking at sights — he remembers (how often!) the happy land of his birth — he has, too, his moments of humble enthusiasm about fire and food — about shade and drink; and if he gives to these feelings anything like the prominence which really belonged to them at the time of his traveling, he will not seem a very good teacher: once having determined to write the sheer truth concerning the things which chiefly have interested him, he must

and he will sing a sadly long strain about self; he will talk for whole pages together about his bivouac fire, and ruin the ruins of Baalbec with eight or ten cold lines.

But it seems to me that the egotism of a traveler, however incessant, however shameless and obtrusive, must still convey some true ideas of the country through which he has passed. His very selfishness, his habit of referring the whole external world to his own sensations, compel him, as it were, in his writings, to observe the laws of perspective; — he tells you of objects, not as he knows them to be, but as they seemed to him. The people and the things that most concern him personally, however mean and insignificant, take large proportions in his picture, because they stand so near to him. He shows you his dragomen, and the gaunt features of his Arabs — his tent — his kneeling camels — his baggage strewed upon the sand; — but the proper wonders of the land — the cities, the mighty ruins and monuments of bygone ages — he throws back faintly in the distance. It is thus that he felt, and thus he strives to repeat the scenes of the elder world. You may listen to him forever without learning much in the way of statistics; but perhaps if you bear with him long enough, you may find yourself slowly and slightly impressed with the realities of Eastern travel.

My scheme of refusing to dwell upon matters which failed to interest my own feelings, has been departed from in one instance — namely, in my detail of the late Lady Hester Stanhope's conversation on supernatural topics; the truth is, that I have been much questioned on this subject, and I thought that my best plan would be to write down at once all that I could ever have to say concerning the personage whose career has excited so much curiosity amongst Englishwomen. The result is, that my account of the lady goes to a length which is not justified either by the importance of the subject, or by the extent to which it interested the narrator.

You will see that I constantly speak of "my people," "my party," "my Arabs," and so on, using terms which might possibly seem to imply that I moved about with a pompous retinue. This of course was not the case. I traveled with the simplicity proper to my station, as one of the industrious

class, who was not flying from his country because of ennui, but was strengthening his will, and tempering the metal of his nature for that life of toil and conflict in which he is now engaged. But an Englishman journeying in the East, must necessarily have with him dragomen capable of interpreting the Oriental language; the absence of wheeled-carriages obliges him to use several beasts of burden for his baggage, as well as for himself and his attendants; the owners of the horses or camels, with their slaves or servants, fall in as part of his train, and altogether the cavalcade becomes rather numerous, without, however, occasioning any proportionate increase of expense. When a traveler speaks of all these followers in mass, he calls them his "people," or his "troop," or his "party," without intending to make you believe that he is therefore a sovereign prince.

You will see that I sometimes follow the custom of the Scots in describing my fellow-countrymen by the names of their paternal homes.

Of course all these explanations are meant for casual readers. To you, without one syllable of excuse or deprecation, and in all the confidence of a friendship that never yet was clouded, I give this long-promised volume, and add but one sudden "Good-by!" for I dare not stand greeting you here.

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EOTHEN

CHAPTER I

Over the Border

AT Semlin I still was encompassed by the scenes and the sounds of familiar life; the din of a busy world still vexed and cheered me; the unveiled faces of women still shone in the light of day. Yet, whenever I chose to look southward, I saw the Ottoman's fortress — austere, and darkly impending over the vale of the Danube — historic Belgrade. I had come, as it were, to the end of this wheel-going Europe, and now my eyes would see the Splendor and Havoc of the East.

The two frontier towns are less than a cannon-shot distant, and yet their people hold no communion. The Hungarian on the North, and the Turk and Servian on the southern side of the Save, are as much asunder as though there were fifty broad provinces that lay in the path between them. Of the men that bustled around me in the streets of Semlin, there was not, perhaps, one who had ever gone down to look upon the stranger race which dwells under the walls of that opposite castle. It is the Plague, and the dread of the Plague, which divide the one people from the other. All coming and going stands forbidden by the terrors of the yellow flag. If you dare to break the laws of the quarantine, you will be tried with military haste; the court will scream out your sentence to you from a tribunal some fifty yards off; the priest, instead of gently whispering to you the sweet hopes of religion, will console you a dueling distance, and after that you will find yourself carefully shot, and carelessly buried in the ground of the Lazaretto.

When all was in order for our departure, we walked down

to the precincts of the Quarantine Establishment, and here awaited us a "compromised"[1] officer of the Austrian Government, who lives in a state of perpetual excommunication. The boats, with their "compromised" rowers, were also in readiness.

After coming in contact with any creature or thing belonging to the Ottoman Empire, it would be impossible for us to return to the Austrian territory without undergoing an imprisonment of fourteen days in the odious Lazaretto; we felt, therefore, that before we committed ourselves, it was highly important to take care that none of the arrangements necessary for the journey had been forgotten, and in our anxiety to avoid such a misfortune, we managed the work of departure from Semlin with nearly as much solemnity as if we had been departing this life. Some obliging persons, from whom we had received civilities during our short stay in the place, came down to say their farewell at the river's side; and now, as we stood with them at the distance of three or four yards from the "compromised" officer, they asked if we were perfectly certain that we had wound up all our affairs in Christendom, and whether we had no parting requests to make. We repeated the caution to our servants, and took anxious thought lest by any possibility we might be cut off from some cherished object of affection: were they quite sure that there was no faithful portmanteau — no patient and long-suffering carpetbag — no fragrant dressing-case with its gold-compelling letters of credit from which we might be parting forever? No — all these our loved ones lay safely stowed in the boat, and we were ready to follow them to the ends of the earth. Now, therefore, we shook hands with our Semlin friends, who immediately retreated for three or four paces, so as to leave us in the center of a space between them and the "compromised" officer; the latter then advanced, and asking once more if we had done with the civilized world, held forth his hand — I met it with mine, and there was an end to Christendom for many a day to come.

[1] A "compromised" person is one who has been in contact with people or things supposed to be capable of conveying infection. As a general rule the whole Ottoman Empire lies constantly under this terrible ban. The "yellow flag" is the ensign of the Quarantine Establishment.

We soon neared the southern bank of the river, but no sounds came down from the blank walls above, and there was no living thing that we could yet see, except one great hovering bird of the vulture race, flying low, and intent, and wheeling round and round over the Pest-accused city.

But presently there issued from the postern a group of human beings, — beings with immortal souls, and possibly some reasoning faculties, but to me the grand point was this, that they had real, substantial, and incontrovertible turbans; they made for the point toward which we were steering, and when at last I sprang upon the shore, I heard, and saw myself now first surrounded by men of Asiatic race; I have since ridden through the land of the Osmanlees, from the Servian Border to the Golden Horn, — from the gulf of Satalieh to the tomb of Achilles; but never have I seen such ultra-Turkish-looking fellows as those who received me on the banks of the Save; they were men in the humblest order of life, having come to meet our boat in the hope of earning something by carrying our luggage up to the city, but poor though they were, it was plain that they were Turks of the proud old school, and had not yet forgotten the fierce, careless bearing of the once victorious Ottomans.

Though the province of Servia generally has obtained a kind of independence, yet Belgrade, as being a place of strength on the frontier, is still garrisoned by Turkish troops, under the command of a Pasha. Whether the fellows who now surrounded us were soldiers, or peaceful inhabitants, I did not understand; they wore the old Turkish costume: vests and jackets of many brilliant colors divided from the loose petticoat-trousers by masses of shawl, which were folded in heavy volumes around their waists, so as to give the meager wearers something of the dignity of true corpulence. The shawl enclosed a whole bundle of weapons; no man bore less than one brace of immensely long pistols, and a yataghan (or cutlass), with a dagger or two, of various shapes and sizes; most of these arms were inlaid with silver, and highly burnished, so that they contrasted shiningly with the decayed grandeur of the garments to which they were attached (this carefulness of his arms is a point of honor with the Osmanlee, who never allows his bright yataghan to suffer from his own

adversity); then the long drooping mustaches, and the ample folds of the once white turbans, that lowered over the piercing eyes, and the haggard features of the men, gave them an air of gloomy pride, and that appearance of trying to be disdainful under difficulties, which I have since seen so often in those of the Ottoman people who live, and remember old times; they seem as if they were thinking that they would have been more usefully, more honorably, and more piously employed in cutting our throats, than in carrying our portmanteaus. The faithful Steel (Methley's Yorkshire servant) stood aghast for a moment at the sight of his master's luggage upon the shoulders of these warlike porters, and when at last we began to move up, he could scarcely avoid turning round to cast an affectionate look toward Christendom; but quickly again he marched on with the steps of a man, not frightened exactly, but sternly prepared for death, or the Koran, or even for plural wives.

The Moslem quarter of a city is lonely and desolate; you go up and down, and on over shelving and hillocky paths through the narrow lanes walled in by blank, windowless dwellings; you come out upon an open space strewed with the black ruins that some late fire has left; you pass by a mountain of castaway things, the rubbish of centuries, and on it you see numbers of big, wolf-like dogs lying torpid under the sun, with limbs outstretched to the full, as if they were dead; storks, or cranes, sitting fearless upon the low roofs, look gravely down upon you; the still air that you breathe is loaded with the scent of citron, and pomegranate rinds scorched by the sun, or (as you approach the Bazaar) with the dry, dead perfume of strange spices. You long for some signs of life, and tread the ground more heavily, as though you would wake the sleepers with the heel of your boot; but the foot falls noiseless upon the crumbling soil of an eastern city, and Silence follows you still. Again and again you meet turbans, and faces of men, but they have nothing for you — no welcome — no wonder — no wrath — no scorn — they look upon you as we do upon a December's fall of snow — as a "seasonable," unaccountable, uncomfortable work of God, that may have been sent for some good purpose, to be revealed hereafter.

Some people had come down to meet us with an invitation from the Pasha, and we wound our way up to the castle. At the gates there were groups of soldiers, some smoking, and some lying flat like corpses upon the cool stones; we went through courts, ascended steps, passed along a corridor, and walked into an airy, whitewashed room, with a European clock at one end of it, and Moostapha Pasha at the other; the fine, old, bearded potentate looked very like Jove — like Jove, too, in the midst of his clouds, for the silvery fumes of the Narguilè[1] hung lightly circling round him.

The Pasha received us with the smooth, kind, gentle manner that belongs to well-bred Osmanlees; then he lightly clapped his hands, and instantly the sound filled all the lower end of the room with slaves; a syllable dropped from his lips which bowed all heads, and conjured away the attendants like ghosts (their coming and their going was thus swift and quiet, because their feet were bare, and they passed through no door, but only by the yielding folds of a purdah). Soon the coffee bearers appeared, every man carrying separately his tiny cup in a small metal stand, and presently to each of us there came a pipe bearer, who first rested the bowl of the tchibouque at a measured distance on the floor, and then, on this axis, wheeled round the long cherry-stick, and gracefully presented it on half-bended knee; already the well-kindled fire was glowing secure in the bowl, and so, when I pressed the amber lip to mine, there was no coyness to conquer: the willing fume came up, and answered my slightest sigh, and followed softly every breath inspired, till it touched me with some faint sense and understanding of Asiatic contentment.[2]

Asiatic contentment! Yet scarcely, perhaps, one hour before I had been wanting my bill, and ringing for waiters in a shrill and busy hotel.

In the Ottoman dominions there is scarcely any hereditary

[1] The Narguilè is a water-pipe upon the plan of the Hookah, but more gracefully fashioned; the smoke is drawn by a very long flexible tube that winds its snakelike way from the vase to the lips of the beatified smoker.

[2] Fine talking this, you will say, for one who can't smoke a cigar; but ask any Eastern traveler if it is not quite possible to love the tchibouque, and the Narguilè, without being able to endure the European contrivances for smoking.

influence except that which belongs to the family of the Sultan, and wealth, too, is a highly volatile blessing, not easily transmitted to the descendants of the owner. From these causes it results, that the people standing in the place of nobles and gentry are official personages, and though many (indeed the greater number) of these potentates are humbly born and bred, you will seldom, I think, find them wanting in that polished smoothness of manner, and those well-undulating tones which belong to the best Osmanlees. The truth is, that most of the men in authority have risen from their humble stations by the arts of the courtier, and they preserve in their high estate those gentle powers of fascination to which they owe their success. Yet unless you can contrive to learn a little of the language, you will be rather bored by your visits of ceremony; the intervention of the interpreter, or Dragoman as he is called, is fatal to the spirit of conversation. I think I should mislead you, if I were to attempt to give the substance of any particular conversation with Orientals. A traveler may write and say that, "the Pasha of So-and-So was particularly interested in the vast progress which has been made in the application of steam, and appeared to understand the structure of our machinery — that he remarked upon the gigantic results of our manufacturing industry — showed that he possessed considerable knowledge of our Indian affairs, and of the constitution of the Company, and expressed a lively admiration of the many sterling qualities for which the people of England are distinguished." But the heap of commonplaces thus quietly attributed to the Pasha will have been founded perhaps on some such talking as this: —

Pasha. — The Englishman is welcome; most blessed among hours is this, the hour of his coming.

Dragoman (to the Traveler). — The Pasha pays you his compliments.

Traveler. — Give him my best compliments in return, and say I'm delighted to have the honor of seeing him.

Dragoman (to the Pasha). — His Lordship, this Englishman, Lord of London, Scorner of Ireland, Suppressor of France, has quitted his governments, and left his enemies to breathe for a moment, and has crossed the broad waters in

strict disguise, with a small but eternally faithful retinue of followers, in order that he might look upon the bright countenance of the Pasha among Pashas — the Pasha of the everlasting Pashalik of Karagholookoldour.

Traveler (to his Dragoman). — What on earth have you been saying about London? The Pasha will be taking me for a mere cockney. Have not I told you always to say, that I am from a branch of the family of Mudcombe Park, and that I am to be a magistrate for the county of Bedfordshire, only I've not qualified, and that I should have been a Deputy Lieutenant, if it had not been for the extraordinary conduct of Lord Mountpromise, and that I was a candidate for Goldborough at the last election, and that I should have won easy, if my committee had not been bought. I wish to heaven that if you do say anything about me, you'd tell the simple truth.

Dragoman — [is silent].

Pasha. — What says the friendly Lord of London? Is there aught that I can grant him within the Pashalik of Karagholookoldour?

Dragoman (growing sulky and literal). — This friendly Englishman — this branch of Mudcombe — this head purveyor of Goldborough — this possible policeman of Bedfordshire is recounting his achievements and the number of his titles.

Pasha. — The end of his honors is more distant than the ends of the Earth, and the catalogue of his glorious deeds is brighter than the firmament of heaven!

Dragoman (to the Traveler). — The Pasha congratulates your Excellency.

Traveler. — About Goldborough? The deuce he does! — but I want to get at his views, in relation to the present state of the Ottoman Empire; tell him the Houses of Parliament have met, and that there has been a Speech from the throne, pledging England to preserve the integrity of the Sultan's dominions.

Dragoman (to the Pasha). — This branch of Mudcombe, this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, informs your Highness that in England the talking houses have met, and that the integrity of the Sultan's dominions has been assured forever and ever by a speech from the velvet chair.

Pasha. — Wonderful chair! Wonderful houses! — whir! whir! all by wheels! — whiz! whiz! all by steam! — wonderful chair! wonderful houses! wonderful people! — whir! whir! all by wheels! — whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Traveler (to the Dragoman). — What does the Pasha mean by the whizzing? He does not mean to say, does he, that our Government will ever abandon their pledges to the Sultan?

Dragoman. — No, your Excellency; but he says the English talk by wheels and by steam.

Traveler. — That's an exaggeration; but say that the English really have carried machinery to great perfection; tell the Pasha (he'll be struck with that), that whenever we have any disturbances to put down, even at two or three hundred miles from London, we can send troops by the thousand, to the scene of action, in a few hours.

Dragoman (recovering his temper and freedom of speech). — His Excellency, this Lord of Mudcombe, observes to your Highness, that whenever the Irish or the French or the Indians rebel against the English, whole armies of soldiers, and brigades of artillery, are dropped into a mighty chasm called Euston Square, and in the biting of a cartridge they arise up again in Manchester, or Dublin, or Paris, or Delhi, and utterly exterminate the enemies of England from the face of the earth.

Pasha. — I know it — I know all — the particulars have been faithfully related to me, and my mind comprehends locomotives. The armies of the English ride upon the vapors of boiling caldrons, and their horses are flaming coals! — whir! whir! all by wheels! — whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Traveler (to his Dragoman). — I wish to have the opinion of an unprejudiced Ottoman gentleman, as to the prospects of our English commerce and manufactures; just ask the Pasha to give me his views on the subject.

Pasha (after having received the communication of the Dragoman). — The ships of the English swarm like flies; their printed calicoes cover the whole earth, and by the side of their swords the blades of Damascus are blades of grass. All India is but an item in the Ledger-books of the Merchants, whose lumber-rooms are filled with ancient thrones! — whir! whir! all by wheels! — whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Dragoman. — The Pasha compliments the cutlery of England and also the East India Company.

Traveler. — The Pasha's right about the cutlery (I tried my simitar with the common officers' swords belonging to our fellows at Malta, and they cut it like the leaf of a Novel). Well (to the Dragoman), tell the Pasha I am exceedingly gratified to find that he entertains such a high opinion of our manufacturing energy, but I should like him to know, though, that we have got something in England besides that. These foreigners are always fancying that we have nothing but ships, and railways, and East India Companies; do just tell the Pasha that our rural districts deserve his attention, and that even within the last two hundred years, there has been an evident improvement in the culture of the turnip, and if he does not take any interest about that, at all events you can explain that we have our virtues in the country — that the British yeoman is still, thank God! the British yeoman. Oh! and by the by, whilst you are about it, you may as well say that we are a truth-telling people, and, like the Osmanlees, are faithful in the performance of our promises.

Pasha (after hearing the Dragoman). — It is true, it is true: through all Feringhistan the English are foremost and best; for the Russians are drilled swine, and the Germans are sleeping babes, and the Italians are the servants of Songs, and the French are the sons of Newspapers, and the Greeks they are weavers of lies, but the English and the Osmanlees are brothers together in righteousness; for the Osmanlees believe in one only God, and cleave to the Koran, and destroy idols; so do the English worship one God, and abominate graven images, and tell the truth, and believe in a book, and though they drink the juice of the grape, yet to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they are eaters of pork, these are lies, — lies born of Greeks, and nursed by Jews!

Dragoman. — The Pasha compliments the English.

Traveler (rising). — Well, I've had enough of this. Tell the Pasha I am greatly obliged to him for his hospitality, and still more for his kindness in furnishing me with horses, and say that now I must be off.

Pasha (after hearing the Dragoman, and standing up on his Divan). — Proud are the sires, and blessed are the dams

of the horses that shall carry his Excellency to the end of his prosperous journey. — May the saddle beneath him glide down to the gates of the happy city, like a boat swimming on the third river of Paradise. — May he sleep the sleep of a child, when his friends are around him, and the while that his enemies are abroad, may his eyes flame red through the darkness — more red than the eyes of ten tigers! — farewell!

Dragoman. — The Pasha wishes your Excellency a pleasant journey.

So ends the visit.

CHAPTER II

Journey from Belgrade to Constantinople

IN two or three hours our party was ready; the servants, the Tatars, the mounted Suridgees, and the baggage horses altogether made up a strong cavalcade. The accomplished Mysseri of whom you have heard me speak so often, and who served me so faithfully throughout my Oriental journeys, acted as our interpreter, and was, in fact, the brain of our corps. The Tatar, you know, is a government courier properly employed in carrying despatches, but also sent with travelers to speed them on their way, and answer with his head for their safety. The man whose head was thus pledged for our precious lives was a glorious-looking fellow, with the regular and handsome cast of countenance which is now characteristic of the Ottoman race.[1] His features displayed a good deal of serene pride, self-respect, fortitude, a kind of ingenuous sensuality, and something of instinctive wisdom, without any sharpness of intellect. He had been a Janissary (as I afterwards found), and kept up the odd strut of his old corps, which used to affright the Christians in former times; — that rolling gait is so comically pompous, that a close imitation of it, even in the broadest farce, would be looked upon as a very rough overacting of the character. It is occasioned in part by the dress and accouterments. The heavy bundle of weapons carried upon the chest throws back the body so as to give it a wonderful portliness, whilst the immense masses of clothes that swathe his limbs force the wearer in walking to swing himself heavily round from left to right, and from right to left — in truth, this great edifice of woolen, and cotton, and silk, and silver, and brass, and steel is not at all fitted for moving on

[1] The continual marriages of these people with the chosen beauties of Georgia and Circassia have overpowered the original ugliness of their Tatar ancestors.

foot; it cannot even walk without ludicrously deranging its architectural proportions, and as to running, I once saw our Tatar make an attempt at that laborious exercise, in order to pick up a partridge which Methley had winged with a pistol-shot, and really the attempt was one of the funniest misdirections of human energy that I ever beheld. It used to be said, that a good man, struggling with adversity, was a spectacle worthy of the gods: a Tatar attempting to run would have been a sight worthy of you. But put him in his stirrups, and then is the Tatar himself again: there you see him at his ease, reposing in the tranquillity of that true home (the home of his ancestors) which the saddle seems to afford him, and drawing from his pipe the calm pleasures of his "own fireside," or else dashing sudden over the earth, as though for a moment he were borne by the steed of a Turkoman chief, with the plains of central Asia before him. It was not till his subordinates had nearly completed their preparations for their march that our Tatar, "commanding the forces," arrived; he came sleek, and fresh from the bath (for so is the custom of the Ottomans when they start upon a journey), and was carefully accoutered at every point. From his thigh to his throat he was loaded with arms and other implements of a campaigning life. There is no scarcity of water along the whole road, from Belgrade to Stamboul, but the habits of our Tatar were formed by his ancestors, and not by himself, so he took good care to see that his leather water flask was amply charged and properly strapped to the saddle, along with his blessed tchibouque. And now, at last, he has cursed the Suridgees, in all proper figures of speech, and is ready for a ride of a thousand miles; but before he comforts his soul in the marble baths of Stamboul, he will be another and a smaller man — his sense of responsibility, his too strict abstemiousness, and his restless energy, disdainful of sleep, will have worn him down to a fraction of the sleek Moostapha, that now leads out our party from the gates of Belgrade.

The Suridgees are the fellows employed to lead the baggage horses. They are most of them Gipsies. Poor devils! their lot is an unhappy one — they are the last of the human race, and all the sins of their superiors (including the horses)

can safely be visited on them. But the wretched often look more picturesque than their betters, and though all the world look down upon these poor Suridgees, their tawny skins and their grisly beards will gain them honorable standing in the foreground of a landscape. We had a couple of these fellows with us, each leading a baggage horse to the tail of which last another baggage horse was attached. There was a world of trouble in persuading the stiff angular portmanteaus of Europe to adapt themselves to their new condition, and sit quietly on pack-saddles, but all was right at last, and it gladdened my eyes to see our little troop file off through the winding lanes of the city, and show down brightly in the plain beneath; the one of our party that seemed to be most out of keeping with the rest of the scene was Methley's Yorkshire servant, who rode doggedly on in his pantry jacket, looking out for "gentlemen's seats."

Methley and I had English saddles, but I think we should have done just as well (I should certainly have seen more of the country) if we had adopted saddles like that of our Tatar, who towered so loftily over the scraggy little beast that carried him. In taking thought for the East, whilst in England, I had made one capital hit which you must not forget — I had brought with me a pair of common spurs, which were a great comfort to me throughout my travels by keeping up the cheerfulness of the many unhappy nags which I had to bestride; the angle of the Oriental stirrup is a very poor substitute for spurs.

The Ottoman horseman, raised by his saddle to a great height above the humble level of the back which he bestrides, and using an awfully sharp bit, is able to lift the crest of his nag, and force him into a strangely fast amble, which is the orthodox pace for the journey; my comrade and I thought it a bore to be "followed" by our attendants for a thousand miles, and we generally, therefore, did duty as the rear-guard of our "grand army"; we used to walk our horses till the party in front had got into the distance, and then retrieve the lost ground by a gallop.

We had ridden on for some two or three hours, — the stir and bustle of our commencing journey had ceased, — the liveliness of our little troop had worn off with the declining

day, and the night closed in as we entered the Great Servian forest, through which our road was to last for more than a hundred miles. Endless, and endless now on either side, the tall oaks closed in their ranks, and stood gloomily lowering over us, as grim as an army of giants with a thousand years' pay in arrear. One strived with listening ear to catch some tidings of that Forest World within — some stirring of beasts, some night-bird's scream, but all was quite hushed, except the voice of the cicalas that peopled every bough, and filled the depths of the forest through and through with one same hum everlasting — more stilling than very silence.

At first our way was in darkness, but after a while the moon got up and touched the glittering arms and tawny faces of our men with light so pale and mystic, that the watchful Tatar felt bound to look out for demons, and take proper means for keeping them off; he immediately determined that the duty of frightening away our ghostly enemies (like every other troublesome work) should fall upon the poor Suridgees, who accordingly lifted up their voices, and burst upon the dreadful stillness of the forest with shrieks and dismal howls. These precautions were kept up incessantly, and were followed by the most complete success, for not one demon came near us.

Long before midnight, we reached the hamlet in which we were to rest for the night; it was made up of about a dozen clay huts, standing upon a small tract of ground which had been conquered from the forest. The peasants that lived there spoke a Slavonic dialect, and Mysseri's knowledge of the Russian tongue enabled him to talk with them freely. We soon took up our quarters in a square room, with white walls, and an earthen floor, quite bare of furniture and utterly void of women. They told us, however, that these Servian villagers were very well off, but that they were careful to conceal their wealth, as well as their wives.

The burdens unstrapped from the pack-saddles very quickly furnished our den; a couple of quilts spread upon the floor, with a carpetbag at the head of each, became capital sofas — portmanteaus, and hat-boxes, and writing-cases, and books, and maps, and gleaming arms, were soon strewed around us in pleasant confusion; Mysseri's canteen,

too, began to yield up its treasures, but we relied upon finding some provisions in the village. At first the natives declared that their hens were mere old maids, and all their cows unmarried, but our Tatar swore such a grand, sonorous oath, and fingered the hilt of his yataghan with such persuasive touch, that the land soon flowed with milk, and mountains of eggs arose.

And soon there was tea before us, with all its unspeakable fragrance, and as we reclined on the floor, we found that a portmanteau was just the right height for a table; the duty of candlesticks was ably performed by a couple of intelligent natives; the rest of them stood by the open doorway at the lower end of the room, and watched our banqueting with deep and serious attention.

The first night of your first campaign (though you be but a mere peaceful campaigner) is a glorious time in your life. It is so sweet to find oneself free from the stale civilization of Europe! O my dear ally! when first you spread your carpet in the midst of these Eastern scenes, do think for a moment of those your fellow creatures that dwell in squares, and streets, and even (for such is the fate of many!) in actual country houses; think of the people that are "presenting their compliments," and "requesting the honor," and "much regretting," — of those that are pinioned at dinner tables, or stuck up in ballrooms, or cruelly planted in pews, — aye, think of these, and so remembering how many poor devils are living in a state of utter respectability, you will glory the more in your own delightful escape.

I am bound to confess, however, that with all its charms a mud floor (like a mercenary match) does certainly promote early rising. Long before daybreak we were up, and had breakfasted; after this there was nearly a whole tedious hour to endure, whilst the horses were laden by torchlight; but this had an end, and at last we went on once more. Cloaked and somber, at first we made our sullen way through the darkness, with scarcely one barter of words, but soon the genial morning burst over us, and stirred the blood so gladly through our veins that the very Suridgees, with all their troubles, could now look up for an instant, and almost believe in the temporary goodness of God.

The actual movement from one place to another, in Europeanized countries, is a process so temporary — it occupies, I mean, so small a portion of the traveler's entire time, that his mind remains unsettled, so long as the wheels are going; he is alive enough to the external objects of interest which the route may afford, and to the crowding ideas which are often invited by the excitement of a changing scene; but he is still conscious of being in a provisional state, and his mind is constantly recurring to the expected end of his journey; his ordinary ways of thought have been interrupted, and before any new mental habits can be formed he is quietly fixed in his hotel. It will be otherwise with you when you journey in the East. Day after day, perhaps week after week, and month after month, your foot is in the stirrup. To taste the cold breath of the earliest morn, and to lead or follow your bright cavalcade till sunset through forests, and mountain passes, through valleys, and desolate plains, all this becomes your MODE OF LIFE, and you ride, eat, drink, and curse the mosquitoes, as systematically as your friends in England eat, drink, and sleep. If you are wise, you will not look upon the long period of time thus occupied by your journeys as the mere gulfs which divide you from the place to which you are going, but rather as most rare and beautiful portions of your life, from which may come temper and strength. Once feel this, and you will soon grow happy and contented in your saddle home. As for me and my comrade, in this part of our journey, we often forgot Stamboul, forgot all the Ottoman Empire, and only remembered old times. We went back, loitering on the banks of Thames, — not grim old Thames of "after-life" that washes the Parliament Houses, and drowns despairing girls, — but Thames the "old Eton fellow," that wrestled with us in our boyhood till he taught us to be stronger than he. We bullied Keate, and scoffed at Larrey, Miller, and Okes; we rode along loudly laughing, and talked to the grave Servian forest, as though it were the "Brocas clump." Our pace was commonly very slow, for the baggage horses served us for a drag, and kept us to a rate of little more than five miles in the hour; but now and then, and chiefly at night, a spirit of movement would suddenly animate the whole party: the baggage horses would be teased into a gallop, and when

once this was done, there would be such a banging of portmanteaus, and such convulsions of carpetbags upon their panting sides, and the Suridgees would follow them up with such a hurricane of blows and screams and curses, that stopping or relaxing was scarcely possible; then the rest of us would put our horses into a gallop, and so, all shouting cheerily, would hunt and drive the sumpter beasts like a flock of goats, up hill and down dale, right on to the end of their journey.

The distances at which we got relays of horses varied greatly; some were not more than fifteen or twenty miles, but twice, I think, we performed a whole day's journey of more than sixty miles with the same beasts.

When, at last, we came out from the forest, our road lay through scenes like those of an English park. The greensward unfenced, and left to the free pasture of cattle, was dotted with groups of stately trees, and here and there darkened over with larger masses of wood, that seemed gathered together for bounding the domain, and shutting out some infernal fellow creature in the shape of a new-made squire; in one or two spots the hanging copses looked down upon a lawn below with such sheltering mien, that seeing the like in England you would have been tempted almost to ask the name of the spendthrift or the madman who had dared to pull down the old hall.

There are few countries less infested by "lions" than the provinces on this part of your route; you are not called upon "to drop a tear" over the tomb of "the once brilliant" anybody, or to pay your "tribute of respect" to anything dead or alive; there are no Servian or Bulgarian Litterateurs with whom it would be positively disgraceful not to form an acquaintance; you have no staring, no praising, to get through; the only public building of any interest which lies on the road is of modern date, but is said to be a good specimen of Oriental architecture; it is of a pyramidal shape, and is made up of thirty thousand skulls which were contributed by the rebellious Servians in the early part (I believe) of this century; I am not at all sure of my date, but I fancy it was in the year 1806 that the first skull was laid. I am ashamed to say, that in the darkness of the early morning we unknow-

ingly went by the neighborhood of this triumph of art, and so basely got off from admiring "the simple grandeur of the architect's conception" and "the exquisite beauty of the fretwork."

There being no "lions," we ought at least to have met with a few perils, but there were no women to attack our peace (they were all wrapt up, or locked in), and as for robbers, the only robbers we saw anything of had been long since dead and gone; the poor fellows had been impaled upon high poles, and so propped up by the transverse spokes beneath them, that their skeletons, clothed with some white, wax-like remains of flesh, still sat up lolling in the sunshine, and listlessly stared without eyes.

One day it seemed to me that our path was a little more rugged and less level than usual, and I found that I was deserving for myself the title of Sabalkansky, or "Transcender of the Balcan." The truth is, that, as a military barrier, the Balcan is a fabulous mountain; such seems to be the view of Major Keppell, who looked on it toward the East with the eye of a soldier, and certainly in the Sophia pass, which I followed, there is no narrow defile, and no ascent sufficiently difficult to stop, or delay for long time, a train of siege artillery.

Before we reached Adrianople, Methley had been seized with we knew not what ailment, and when we had taken up our quarters in the city, he was cast to the very earth by sickness. Adrianople enjoyed an English Consul, and I felt sure that, in Eastern phrase, his house would cease to be his house, and would become the house of my sick comrade; I should have judged rightly under ordinary circumstances, but the leveling plague was abroad, and the dread of it had dominion over the consular mind. So now (whether dying or not, one could hardly tell), upon a quilt stretched out along the floor, there lay the best hope of an ancient line, without the material aids to comfort of even the humblest sort, and (sad to say) without the consolation of a friend, or even a comrade worth having. I have a notion that tenderness and pity are affections occasioned in some measure by living within doors; certainly, at the time I speak of, the open-air life which I had been leading, or the wayfaring hardships of the journey, had so

strangely blunted me, that I felt intolerant of illness, and looked down upon my companion as if the poor fellow in falling ill had betrayed a decided want of spirit! I entertained, too, a most absurd idea — an idea that his illness was partly affected. You see that I have made a confession; this I hope — that I may always hereafter look charitably upon the hard, savage acts of peasants and the cruelties of a "brutal" soldiery. God knows that I strived to melt myself into common charity, and to put on a gentleness which I could not feel, but this attempt did not cheat the keenness of the sufferer; he could not have felt the less deserted, because that I was with him.

We called to aid a solemn Armenian (I think he was), half soothsayer, half hakim, or doctor, who, all the while counting his beads, fixed his eyes steadily upon the patient, and then suddenly dealt him a violent blow on the chest. Methley bravely dissembled his pain, for he fancied that the blow was meant to try whether or not the plague were on him.

Here was really a sad embarrassment — no bed — nothing to offer the invalid in the shape of food, save a piece of thin, tough, flexible, drab-colored cloth, made of flour and millstones in equal proportions, and called by the name of "bread"; then the patient, of course, had no "confidence in his medical man," and, on the whole, the best chance of saving my comrade seemed to be by taking him out of the reach of his doctor, and bearing him away to the neighborhood of some more genial consul. But how was this to be done? Methley was much too ill to be kept in the saddle, and wheel-carriages, as means of traveling, were unknown. There is, however, such a thing as an "Araba," a vehicle drawn by oxen, in which the wives of a rich man are sometimes dragged four or five miles over the grass by way of recreation. The carriage is rudely framed, but you recognize in the simple grandeur of its design a likeness to things majestic; in short, if your carpenter's son were to make a "Lord Mayor's coach" for little Amy, he would build a carriage very much in the style of a Turkish Araba. No one had ever heard of horses being used for drawing a carriage in this part of the world, but necessity is the mother of Innovation, as well as of Invention. I was fully justified, I think, in arguing that there

were numerous instances of horses being used for that purpose in our own country — that the laws of nature are uniform in their operation over all the world (except Ireland) — that that which was true in Piccadilly, must be true in Adrianople — that the matter could not fairly be treated as an ecclesiastical question, for that the circumstance of Methley's going on to Stamboul in an Araba drawn by horses, when calmly and dispassionately considered, would appear to be perfectly consistent with the maintenance of the Mohammedan religion, as by law established. Thus poor, dear, patient Reason would have fought her slow battle against Asiatic prejudice, and I am convinced that she would have established the possibility (and, perhaps, even the propriety) of harnessing horses in a hundred and fifty years; but in the mean time Mysseri, well seconded by our Tatar, put a very quick end to the controversy by having the horses put to.

It was a sore thing for me to see my poor comrade brought to this, for young though he was, he was a veteran in travel; when scarcely yet of age, he had invaded India from the frontiers of Russia, and that so swiftly, that, measuring by the time of his flight, the broad dominions of the King of Kings were shriveled up to a Dukedom, and now, poor fellow, he was to be poked into an Araba, like a Georgian girl! He suffered greatly, for there were no springs for the carriage, and no road for the wheels, and so the concern jolted on over the open country, with such twists and jerks and jumps, as might almost dislocate the supple tongue of Satan.

All day the patient kept himself shut up within the latticework of the Araba, and I could hardly know how he was faring until the end of the day's journey, when I found that he was not worse, and was buoyed up with the hope of some day reaching Constantinople.

I was always conning over my maps, and fancied that I knew pretty well my line, but after Adrianople I had made more southing than I knew for, and it was with unbelieving wonder and delight, that I came suddenly upon the shore of the sea; a little while, and its gentle billows were flowing beneath the hoofs of my beast, but the hearing of the ripple was not enough communion, — and the seeing of the blue Propontis was not to know and possess it, — I must needs plunge

into its depths, and quench my longing love in the palpable waves; and so when old Moostapha (defender against demons) looked around for his charge, he saw with horror and dismay that he for whose life his own life stood pledged was possessed of some devil who had driven him down into the sea — that the rider and the steed had vanished from earth, and that out among the waves was the gasping crest of a post-horse, and the pale head of the Englishman moving upon the face of the waters.

We started very early, indeed, on the last day of our journey, and from the moment of being off, until we gained the shelter of the imperial walls, we were struggling face to face with an icy storm that swept right down from the steppes of Tartary, keen, fierce, and steady as a northern conqueror. Methley's servant, who was the greatest sufferer, kept his saddle until we reached Stamboul, but was then found to be quite benumbed in limbs, and his brain was so much affected, that when he was lifted from his horse he fell away in a state of unconsciousness, the first stage of a dangerous fever.

Methley, in his Araba, had been sheltered from the storm, but he was sadly ill. I myself bore up capitally for a delicate person, but I was so well watered, and the blood of my veins had shrunk away so utterly from the chilling touch of the blast, that I must have looked more fit for a watery grave than for the city of the Prince, whom men call "Brother of the Sun."

Our Tatar, worn down by care and toil, and carrying seven heavens full of water in his manifold jackets and shawls, was a mere weak and vapid dilution of the sleek Moostapha, who scarce more than one fortnight before came out like a bridegroom from his chamber, to take the command of our party.

Mysseri seemed somewhat overwearied, but he had lost none of his strangely quiet energy; he wore a grave look, however, for he now had learned that the Plague was prevailing at Constantinople, and he was fearing that our two sick men, and the miserable looks of our whole party, might make us unwelcome at Pera.

Our poor, dear portmanteaus, whose sharp, angular forms had rebelled so rudely against the pack-saddles, were now reduced to soft, pulpy substances, and the things which were

in them could plainly be of no immediate use to anybody but a merman, or a river-god; the carpetbags seemed to contain nothing but mere solutions of coats and boots, escaping drop by drop.

We crossed the Golden Horn in a caique; as soon as we had landed, some wobegone-looking fellows were got together, and laden with our baggage. Then, on we went, dripping, and sloshing, and looking very like men that had been turned back by the Royal Humane Society, as being incurably drowned. Supporting our sick, we climbed up shelving steps, and threaded many windings, and at last came up into the main street of Pera, humbly hoping that we might not be judged guilty of plague, and so be cast back with horror from the doors of the shuddering Christians.

Such was the condition of our party, which fifteen days before had filed away so gaily from the gates of Belgrade. A couple of fevers, and a northeasterly storm, had thoroughly spoiled our looks.

The interest of Mysseri with the house of Giuseppeni was too powerful to be denied, and at once, though not without fear and trembling, we were admitted as guests.

CHAPTER III

Constantinople

EVEN if we don't take a part in the chant about "Mosques and Minarets," we can still yield praises to Stamboul. We can chant about the harbor; we can say and sing that nowhere else does the sea come so home to a city; there are no pebbly shores — no sand-bars — no slimy river beds — no black canals — no locks nor docks to divide the very heart of the place from the deep waters; if, being in the noisiest mart of Stamboul, you would stroll to the quiet side of the way amidst those Cypresses opposite, you will cross the fathomless Bosphorus; if you would go from your hotel to the Bazaars, you must go by the bright, blue pathway of the Golden Horn, that can carry a thousand sail of the line. You are accustomed to the Gondolas that glide among the palaces of St. Mark, but here at Stamboul it is a hundred-and-twenty-gun ship that meets you in the street. Venice strains out from the steadfast land, and in old times would send forth the Chief of the State to woo, and wed the reluctant sea; but the stormy bride of the Doge is the bowing slave of the Sultan — she comes to his feet with the treasures of the world — she bears him from palace to palace — by some unfailing witchcraft, she entices the breezes to follow her,[1] and fan the pale cheek of her lord — she lifts his armed navies to the very gates of his garden — she watches the walls of his Serail — she stifles the intrigues of his Ministers — she quiets the scandals of his Court — she extinguishes his rivals, and hushes his naughty wives all one by one. So vast are the wonders of the Deep!

All the while that I stayed at Constantinople, the Plague was prevailing, but not with any degree of violence; its

[1] There is almost always a breeze, either from the Marmora, or from the Black Sea, that passes along through the Bosphorus.

presence, however, lent a mysterious and exciting, though not very pleasant, interest to my first knowledge of a great Oriental city; it gave tone and color to all I saw, and all I felt — a tone, and a color somber enough, but true, and well befitting the dreary monuments of past power and splendor. With all that is most truly Oriental in its character, the Plague is associated; it dwells with the faithful in the holiest quarters of their city; the coats and the hats of Pera are held to be nearly as innocent of infection as they are ugly in shape and fashion; but the rich furs, and the costly shawls, the broidered slippers, and the gold-laden saddle-cloths — the fragrance of burning aloes, and the rich aroma of patchouli — these are the signs which mark the familiar home of Plague. You go out from your living London — the center of the greatest and strongest amongst all earthly dominions — you go out thence, and travel on to the capital of an Eastern Prince — you find but a waning power, and a faded splendor, that inclines you to laugh and mock; but let the infernal Angel of Plague be at hand, and he, more mighty than armies, — more terrible than Suleyman in his glory, — can restore such pomp and majesty to the weakness of the Imperial walls, that if, *when HE is there*, you must still go prying amongst the shades of this dead Empire, at least you will tread the path with seemly reverence and awe.

It is the firm faith of almost all the Europeans living in the East, that Plague is conveyed by the touch of infected substances, and that the deadly atoms especially lurk in all kinds of clothes and furs; it is held safer to breathe the same air with a man sick of the Plague, and even to come in contact with his skin, than to be touched by the smallest particle of woolen or of thread, which may have been within the reach of possible infection. If this notion be correct, the spread of the malady must be materially aided by the observance of a custom which prevails amongst the people of Stamboul: when an Osmanlee dies, it is usual to cut up one of his dresses, and to send a small piece of it to each of his friends, as a memorial of the departed. A fatal present is this, according to the opinion of the Franks, for it too often forces the living not merely to remember the dead man, but to follow and bear him company.

The Europeans during the prevalence of the Plague, if they are forced to venture into the streets, will carefully avoid the touch of every human being whom they pass; their conduct in this respect shows them strongly in contrast with the "true believers"; the Moslem stalks on serenely, as though he were under the eye of his God, and were "equal to either fate"; the Franks go crouching, and slinking from death, and some (those chiefly of French extraction) will fondly strive to fence out Destiny with shining capes of oilskin!

For some time you may manage by great care to thread your way through the streets of Stamboul, without incurring contact, for the Turks, though scornful of the terrors felt by the Franks, are generally very courteous in yielding to that which they hold to be a useless and impious precaution, and will let you pass safe, if they can. It is impossible, however, that your immunity can last for any length of time, if you move about much through the narrow streets and lanes of a crowded city.

As for me, I soon got "compromised." After one day of rest, the prayers of my hostess began to lose their power of keeping me from the pestilent side of the Golden Horn. Faithfully promising to shun the touch of all imaginable substances, however enticing, I set off very cautiously, and held my way uncompromised, till I reached the water's edge; but during the moment that I was waiting for my caique, some rueful-looking fellows came rapidly shambling down the steps with a plague-stricken corpse, which they were going to bury amongst the faithful on the other side of the water. I contrived to be so much in the way of this brisk funeral, that I was not only touched by the men bearing the body, but also, I believe, by the foot of the dead man, which was lolling out of the bier. This accident gave me such a strong interest in denying the soundness of the contagion theory, that I did, in fact, deny and repudiate it altogether; and from that time, acting upon my own convenient view of the matter, I went wherever I chose, without taking any serious pains to avoid a touch. I have now some reason to think that the Europeans may be right, and that the Plague may be really conveyed by contagion; but whilst I remained in the East, I happily entertained ideas more approaching to those of the fatalist; and

so, when I afterwards encountered the Plague in full force, I was able to live amongst the dying with much less anxiety of mind than I should have suffered if I had believed that every touch which I met with was a possible death stroke.

And perhaps as you make your difficult way through a steep and narrow alley, which winds between blank walls, and is little frequented by passers, you meet one of those coffin-shaped bundles of white linen which implies an Ottoman lady. Painfully struggling against the obstacles to progression which are interposed by the many folds of her clumsy drapery, by her big mud boots, and especially by her two pairs of slippers, she waddles along full awkwardly enough, but yet there is something of womanly consciousness in the very labor and effort with which she tugs and lifts the burden of her charms; she is closely followed by her women slaves. Of her very self you see nothing, except the dark, luminous eyes that stare against your face, and the tips of the painted fingers depending like rosebuds from out the blank bastions of the fortress. She turns, and turns again, and carefully glances around her on all sides to see that she is safe from the eyes of Mussulmans, and then suddenly withdrawing the yashmak,[1] she shines upon your heart and soul with all the pomp and might of her beauty. And this which so dizzies your brain is not the light, changeful grace, which leaves you to doubt whether you have fallen in love with a body, or only a soul; it is the beauty that dwells secure in the perfectness of hard, downright outlines, and in the glow of generous color. There is fire, though, too — high courage, and fire enough in the untamed mind, or spirit, or whatever it is, which drives the breath of pride through those scarcely parted lips.

You smile at pretty women — you turn pale before the beauty that is great enough to have dominion over you. She sees, and exults in your giddiness; she sees and smiles; then presently, with a sudden movement, she lays her blushing fingers upon your arm, and cries out, "Yumourdjak!"

[1] The yashmak, you know, is not a mere semitransparent veil, but rather a good substantial petticoat applied to the face; it thoroughly conceals all the features, except the eyes; the way of withdrawing it is by pulling it down.

(Plague! meaning "There is a present of the Plague for you!") This is her notion of a witticism: it is a very old piece of fun, no doubt—quite an Oriental Joe Miller; but the Turks are fondly attached, not only to the institutions, but also to the jokes of their ancestors; so, the lady's silvery laugh rings joyously in your ears, and the mirth of her women is boisterous and fresh, as though the bright idea of giving the Plague to a Christian had newly lit upon the earth.

Methley began to rally very soon after we had reached Constantinople, but there seemed at first to be no chance of his regaining strength enough for traveling during the winter; and I determined to stay with my comrade, until he had quite recovered; so I got a horse, and a pipe of tranquillity, and took a Turkish phrase master. I troubled myself a great deal with the Turkish tongue, and gained at last some knowledge of its structure; it is enriched, perhaps overladen, with Persian and Arabic words, which have been imported into the language, chiefly for the purpose of representing sentiments and religious dogmas, and terms of art and luxury, which were all unknown to the Tatar ancestors of the present Osmanlees; but the body and spirit of the old tongue is yet alive, and the smooth words of the shopkeeper at Constantinople can still carry understanding to the ears of the untamed millions who rove over the plains of northern Asia. The structure of the language, especially in its more lengthy sentences, is very like to the Latin; the subject-matters are slowly and patiently enumerated, without disclosing the purpose of the speaker until he reaches the end of his sentence, and then at last there comes the clenching word, which gives a meaning and connection to all that has gone before. If you listen at all to speaking of this kind, your attention, rather than be suffered to flag, must grow more and more lively, as the phrase marches on.

The Osmanlees speak well. In countries civilized according to the European plan, the work of trying to persuade tribunals is almost all performed by a set of men, the great body of whom very seldom do anything else; but in Turkey, this division of labor has never taken place, and every man is his own advocate. The importance of the rhetorical art is immense, for a bad speech may endanger the property of the speaker, as well as

the soles of his feet and the free enjoyment of his throat. So it results that most of the Turks whom one sees have a lawyer-like habit of speaking connectedly and at length. The treaties continually going on in the Bazaar for the buying and selling of the merest trifles are carried on by speechifying, rather than by mere colloquies, and the eternal uncertainty as to the market value of things in constant sale gives room for endless discussion. The seller is forever demanding a price immensely beyond that for which he sells at last, and so occasions unspeakable disgust to many Englishmen, who cannot see why an honest dealer should ask more for his goods than he will really take. The truth is, however, that an ordinary tradesman of Constantinople has no other way of finding out the fair market value of his property. The difficulty under which he labors is easily shown by comparing the mechanism of the commercial system in Turkey, with that of our own country. In England, or in any other great mercantile country, the bulk of the things which are bought and sold goes through the hands of a wholesale dealer, and it is he who higgles and bargains with an entire nation of purchasers, by entering into treaty with retail sellers. The labor of making a few large contracts is sufficient to give a clue for finding the fair market value of the things sold throughout the country; but in Turkey, from the primitive habits of the people, and partly from the absence of great capital and great credit, the importing merchant, the warehouseman, the wholesale dealer, the retail dealer, and the shopman are all one person. Old Moostapha, or Abdallah, or Hadgi Mohammed, waddles up from the water's edge with a small packet of merchandise, which he has bought out of a Greek brigantine, and when at last he has reached his nook in the Bazaar, he puts his goods before the counter, and himself upon it — then laying fire to his tchibouque, he "sits in permanence," and patiently waits to obtain "the best price that can be got in an open market." This is his fair right as a seller, but he has no means of finding out what that best price is, except by actual experiment. He cannot know the intensity of the demand, or the abundance of the supply, otherwise than by the offers which may be made for his little bundle of goods; so he begins by asking a perfectly hopeless price, and

thence descends the ladder until he meets a purchaser, forever

> "striving to attain
> By shadowing out the unattainable."

This is the struggle which creates the continual occasion for debate. The vender, perceiving that the unfolded merchandise has caught the eye of a possible purchaser, commences his opening speech. He covers his bristling broadcloths and his meager silks with the golden broidery of Oriental praises, and as he talks, along with the slow and graceful waving of his arms, he lifts his undulating periods, upholds and poises them well, till they have gathered their weight and their strength, and then hurls them bodily forward, with grave, momentous swing. The possible purchaser listens to the whole speech with deep and serious attention; but when it is over his turn arrives; he elaborately endeavors to show why he ought not to buy the things at a price twenty times more than their value; bystanders, attracted to the debate, take a part in it as independent members — the vender is heard in reply, and coming down with his price, furnishes the materials for a new debate. Sometimes, however, the dealer, if he is a very pious Mussulman, and sufficiently rich to hold back his ware, will take a more dignified part, maintaining a kind of judicial gravity, and receiving the applicants who come to his stall as if they were rather suitors than customers. He will quietly hear to the end some long speech which concludes with an offer, and will answer it all with the one monosyllable "Yok," which means distinctly "No."

I caught one glimpse of the old Heathen World. My habits of studying military subjects had been hardening my heart against Poetry. Forever staring at the flames of battle, I had blinded myself to the lesser and finer lights that are shed from the imaginations of men. In my reading at this time, I delighted to follow from out of Arabian sands the feet of the armed believers, and to stand in the broad, manifest storm-track of Tatar devastation; and thus, though surrounded at Constantinople by scenes of much interest to the "classical scholar," I had cast aside their associations like an old Greek grammar, and turned my face to the "shin-

ing Orient," forgetful of old Greece and all the pure wealth she has left to this matter-of-fact-ridden world. But it happened to me one day to mount the high grounds overhanging the streets of Pera; I sated my eyes with the pomps of the city and its crowded waters, and then I looked over where Scutari lay half veiled in her mournful cypresses; I looked yet farther and higher, and saw in the heavens a silvery cloud that stood fast and still against the breeze; it was pure and dazzling white as might be the veil of Cytherea, yet touched with fire, as though from beneath the loving eyes of an immortal were shining through and through. I knew the bearing, but had enormously misjudged its distance and underrated its height, and so it was as a sign and a testimony — almost as a call from the neglected gods, that now I saw and acknowledged the snowy crown of the Mysian Olympus!

CHAPTER IV

The Troad

METHLEY recovered almost suddenly, and we determined to go through the Troad together.

My comrade was a capital Grecian; it is true that his singular mind so ordered and disposed the classic lore which he had gained, as to impress it with something of an original and barbarous character — with an almost Gothic quaintness, more properly belonging to a rich native ballad than to the poetry of Hellas; there was a certain impropriety in his knowing so much Greek — an unfitness in the idea of marble fauns, and satyrs, and even Olympian Gods, lugged in under the oaken roof, and the painted light of an odd, old Norman hall. But Methley, abounding in Homer, really loved him (as I believe) in all truth, without whim or fancy; moreover, he had a good deal of the practical sagacity, or sharpness, or whatever you call it,

"of a Yorkshireman hippodamoio,"

and this enabled him to apply his knowledge with much more tact than is usually shown by people so learned as he.

I, too, loved Homer, but not with a scholar's love. The most humble and pious amongst women was yet so proud a mother that she could teach her first-born son, no Watts's hymns — no collects for the day; she could teach him in earliest childhood, no less than this — to find a home in his saddle, and to love old Homer, and all that Homer sung. True it is, that the Greek was ingeniously rendered into English — the English of Pope even, but it is not such a mesh as that that can screen an earnest child from the fire of Homer's battles.

I pored over the "Odyssey" as over a story-book, hoping and fearing for the hero whom yet I partly scorned. But the "Iliad"

—line by line, I clasped it to my brain with reverence as well as with love. As an old woman deeply trustful sits reading her Bible because of the world to come, so, as though it would fit me for the coming strife of this temporal world, I read, and read the "Iliad." Even outwardly it was not like other books: it was throned in towering folios. There was a preface or dissertation printed in type still more majestic than the rest of the book; this I read, but not till my enthusiasm for the "Iliad" had already run high. The writer, compiling the opinions of many men, and chiefly of the ancients, set forth, I know not how quaintly, that the "Iliad" was all in all to the human race—that it was history—poetry—revelation—that the works of men's hands were folly and vanity, and would pass away like the dreams of a child, but that the kingdom of Homer would endure forever and ever.

I assented with all my soul. I read, and still read; I came to know Homer. A learned commentator knows something of the Greeks, in the same sense as an oil-and-color man may be said to know something of painting; but take an untamed child, and leave him alone for twelve months with any translation of Homer, and he will be nearer by twenty centuries to the spirit of old Greece; he does not stop in the ninth year of the siege, to admire this or that group of words—he has no books in his tent, but he shares in vital counsels with the "King of men," and knows the inmost souls of the impending Gods; how profanely he exults over the powers divine, when they are taught to dread the prowess of mortals! and most of all how he rejoices when the God of War flies howling from the spear of Diomed, and mounts into heaven for safety! Then the beautiful episode of the 6th Book: the way to feel this is not to go casting about, and learning from pastors and masters how best to admire it; the impatient child is not grubbing for beauties, but pushing the siege; the women vex him with their delays, and their talking—the mention of the nurse is personal, and little sympathy has he for the child that is young enough to be frightened at the nodding plume of a helmet; but all the while that he thus chafes at the pausing of the action, the strong vertical light of Homer's Poetry is blazing so full upon the people, and things of the "Iliad," that soon to the eyes of the child they

grow familiar as his mother's shawl; yet of this great gain he is unconscious, and on he goes, vengefully thirsting for the best blood of Troy, and never remitting his fierceness, till almost suddenly it is changed for sorrow — the new and generous sorrow that he learns to feel, when the noblest of all his foes lies sadly dying at the Scæan gate.

Heroic days were these, but the dark ages of schoolboy life came closing over them. I suppose it's all right in the end, yet, by Jove, at first sight, it does seem a sad intellectual fall from your mother's dressing-room to a buzzing school. You feel so keenly the delights of early knowledge; you form strange mystic friendships with the mere names of mountains, and seas, and continents, and mighty rivers; you learn the ways of the planets, and transcend their narrow limits, and ask for the end of space; you vex the electric cylinder till it yields you, for your toy to play with, that subtle fire in which our earth was forged; you know of the nations that have towered high in the world, and the lives of the men who have saved whole Empires from oblivion. What more will you ever learn? Yet the dismal change is ordained, and then, thin, meager Latin (the same for everybody), with small shreds and patches of Greek, is thrown like a pauper's pall over all your early lore; instead of sweet knowledge, vile, monkish doggerel grammars, and graduses, Dictionaries, and Lexicons, and horrible odds and ends of dead languages, are given you for your portion, and down you fall, from Roman story to a three-inch scrap of "Scriptores Romani," — from Greek poetry, down, down to the cold rations of "Poetæ Græci," cut up by commentators, and served out by schoolmasters!

It was not the recollection of school, nor college learning, but the rapturous and earnest reading of my childhood which made me bend forward so longingly to the plains of Troy.

Away from our people and our horses, Methley and I went loitering along, by the willowy banks of a stream that crept in quietness through the low, even plain. There was no stir of weather overhead — no sound of rural labor — no sign of life in the land, but all the earth was dead and still, as though it had lain for thrice a thousand years under the leaden gloom of one unbroken Sabbath.

Softly and sadly the poor, dumb, patient stream went winding and winding along through its shifting pathway; in some places its waters were parted, and then again, lower down, they would meet once more. I could see that the stream from year to year was finding itself new channels, and flowed no longer in its ancient track, but I knew that the springs which fed it were high on Ida — the springs of Simois and Scamander!

It was coldly, and thanklessly, and with vacant unsatisfied eyes that I watched the slow coming, and the gliding away, of the waters; I tell myself now, as a profane fact, that I did indeed stand by that river (Methley gathered some seeds from the bushes that grew there), but, since that I am away from his banks, "divine Scamander" has recovered the proper mystery belonging to him, as an unseen deity; a kind of indistinctness, like that which belongs to far antiquity, has spread itself over my memory, of the winding streams that I saw with these very eyes. One's mind regains in absence that dominion over earthly things which has been shaken by their rude contact; you force yourself hardily into the material presence of a mountain, or a river, whose name belongs to poetry and ancient religion, rather than to the external world; your feelings wound up and kept ready for some sort of half-expected rapture are chilled and borne down for the time under all this load of real earth and water; but, let these once pass out of sight, and then again the old fanciful notions are restored, and the mere realities which you have just been looking at are thrown back so far into distance, that the very event of your intrusion upon such scenes begins to look dim and uncertain, as though it belonged to mythology.

It is not over the plain before Troy that the river now flows; its waters have edged away far towards the north, since the day that "divine Scamander" (whom the gods call Xanthus) went down to do battle for Ilion, with Mars, and Phœbus, and Latona, and Diana glorying in her arrows, and Venus the lover of smiles.

And now, when I was vexed at the migration of Scamander, and the total loss or absorption of poor dear Simois, how happily Methley reminded me that Homer himself had warned us of some such changes! The Greeks, in beginning their

wall, had neglected the hecatombs due to the gods; and so, after the fall of Troy, Apollo turned the paths of the rivers that flow from Ida, and sent them flooding over the wall till all the beach was smooth, and free from the unhallowed works of the Greeks. It is true, I see now, on looking to the passage, that Neptune, when the work of destruction was done, turned back the rivers to their ancient ways: —

> . . . ποταμοὺς δ' ἔτρεψε πέσθαι
> Κὰρ ῥόον ᾗπερ πρόσθεν ἴαν καλλίρροον ὕδωρ,

but their old channels passing through that light pervious soil would have been lost in the nine days' flood, and perhaps the god, when he willed to bring back the rivers to their ancient beds, may have done his work but ill; it is easier, they say, to destroy than to restore.

We took to our horses again, and went southward towards the very plain between Troy and the tents of the Greeks, but we rode by a line at some distance from the shore. Whether it was that the lay of the ground hindered my view towards the sea, or that I was all intent upon Ida, or whether my mind was in vacancy, or whether, as is most like, I had strayed from the Dardan plains all back to gentle England, there is now no knowing, nor caring, but it was — not quite suddenly indeed, but rather, as it were, in the swelling and falling of a single wave, that the reality of that very sea-view, which had bounded the sight of the Greeks, now visibly acceded to me, and rolled full in upon my brain. Conceive how deeply that eternal coast-line — that fixed horizon — those island rocks must have graven their images upon the minds of the Grecian warriors by the time that they had reached the ninth year of the siege! Conceive the strength, and the fanciful beauty, of the speeches with which a whole army of imagining men must have told their weariness, and how the sauntering chiefs must have whelmed that daily, daily scene with their deep Ionian curses!

And now it was that my eyes were greeted with a delightful surprise. Whilst we were at Constantinople, Methley and I had pored over the map together; we agreed that whatever may have been the exact site of Troy, the Grecian camp must have been nearly opposite to the space betwixt the islands of Imbros and Tenedos: —

Μεσσηγὺς Τενέδοιο καὶ Ἴμβρου παιπαλοέσσης·

but Methley reminded me of a passage in the "Iliad" in which Jove is represented as looking at the scene of action before Ilion from above the Island of Samothrace. Now, Samothrace, according to the map, appeared to be not only out of all seeing distance from the Troad, but to be entirely shut out from it by the intervening Imbros, which is a larger island, stretching its length right athwart the line of sight from Samothrace to Troy. Piously allowing that the eagle-eye of Jove might have seen the strife even from his own Olympus, I still felt that if a station were to be chosen from which to see the fight, old Homer, so material in his ways of thought, so averse from all haziness and overreaching, would have meant to give the Thunderer a station within the reach of men's eyes from the plains of Troy. I think that this testing of the poet's words by map and compass may have shaken a little of my faith in the completeness of his knowledge. Well, now I had come, there to the south was Tenedos, and here at my side was Imbros, all right, and according to the map, but aloft over Imbros — aloft in a far-away heaven was Samothrace, the watch-tower of Jove!

So Homer had appointed it, and so it was; the map was correct enough, but could not, like Homer, convey the whole truth. Thus vain and false are the mere human surmises and doubts which clash with Homeric writ!

Nobody, whose mind had not been reduced to the most deplorably logical condition, could look upon this beautiful congruity betwixt the "Iliad" and the material world, and yet bear to suppose that the poet may have learned the features of the coast from mere hearsay; now then, I believed — now I knew that Homer had passed along here — that this vision of Samothrace overtowering the nearer island was common to him and to me.

After a journey of some few days by the route of Adramiti and Pergamo, we reached Smyrna. The letters which Methley here received obliged him to return to England.

CHAPTER V

Infidel Smyrna

SMYRNA, or Giaour Izmir, as the Mussulmans call it, is the main point of commercial contact betwixt Europe and Asia; you are there surrounded by the people, and the confused customs of many and various nations — you see the fussy European adopting the East, and calming his restlessness with the long Turkish pipe of tranquillity — you see Jews offering services, and receiving blows[1] — on one side you have a fellow whose dress and beard would give you a good idea of the true oriental, if it were not for the gobemouche expression of countenance with which he is swallowing an article in the *National*, and there, just by, is a genuine Osmanlee, smoking away with all the majesty of a Sultan, but before you have time to admire sufficiently his tranquil dignity, and his soft Asiatic repose, the poor old fellow is ruthlessly "run down" by an English midshipman, who has set sail on a Smyrna hack. Such are the incongruities of the "infidel city," at ordinary times; but when I was there, our friend Carrigaholt had imported himself, and his oddities, as an accession to the other and inferior wonders of Smyrna. I was sitting alone in my room one day at Constantinople, when I heard Methley approaching my door with shouts of laughter and welcome, and presently I recog-

[1] The Jews of Smyrna are poor, and having little merchandise of their own to dispose of they are sadly importunate in offering their services as intermediaries; their troublesome conduct has led to the custom of beating them in the open streets. It is usual for Europeans to carry long sticks with them for the express purpose of keeping off the chosen people. I always felt ashamed to strike the poor fellows myself, but I confess to the amusement with which I witnessed the observance of this custom by other people; the Jew seldom got hurt much, for he was always expecting the blow, and was ready to recede from it the moment it came; one could not help being rather gratified at seeing him bound away so nimbly, with his long robes floating out in the air, and then again wheel round, and return with fresh importunities.

nized that peculiar cry by which our friend Carrigaholt expresses his emotions; he soon explained to us the final causes by which the fates had worked out their wonderful purpose of bringing him to Constantinople. He was always, you know, very fond of sailing, but he had got into such sad scrapes (including I think a lawsuit) on account of his last yacht, that he took it into his head to have a cruise in a merchant vessel. So he went to Liverpool, and looked through the craft lying ready to sail, till he found a smart schooner which perfectly suited his taste; the destination of the vessel was the last thing he thought of, and when he was told that she was bound for Constantinople, he merely assented to that as a part of the arrangement to which he had no objection. When the vessel had sailed, the hapless passenger discovered that his skipper carried on board an enormous wife with an inquiring mind, and an irresistible tendency to impart her opinions. She looked upon her guest as upon a piece of waste intellect that ought to be carefully tilled. She tilled him accordingly. If the Dons at Oxford could have seen poor Carrigaholt thus absolutely "attending lectures" in the bay of Biscay, they would surely have thought him sufficiently punished for all the wrongs he did them whilst he was preparing himself under their care for the other, and more boisterous, University. The voyage did not last more than six or eight weeks, and the philosophy inflicted on Carrigaholt was not entirely fatal to him; certainly he was somewhat emaciated, and for aught I know he may have subscribed somewhat too largely to the "Feminine-right-of-reason Society"; but it did not appear that his health had been seriously affected. There was a scheme on foot, it would seem, for taking the passenger back to England in the same schooner — a scheme, in fact, for keeping him perpetually afloat, and perpetually saturated with arguments; but when Carrigaholt found himself ashore, and remembered that the skipperina (who had imprudently remained on board) was not there to enforce her suggestions, he was open to the hints of his servant (a very sharp fellow), who arranged a plan for escaping, and finally brought off his master to Giuseppini's Hotel.

Our friend afterwards went by sea to Smyrna, and there

he now was in his glory. He had a good, or at all events a gentleman-like, judgment in matters of taste, and as his great object was to surround himself with all that his fancy could dictate, he lived in a state of perpetual negotiation; he was forever on the point of purchasing, not only the material productions of the place, but all sorts of such fine ware as "intelligence," "fidelity," and so on. He was most curious, however, as a purchaser of the "affections." Sometimes he would imagine that he had a marital aptitude, and his fancy would sketch a graceful picture, in which he appeared reclining on a divan, with a beautiful Greek woman fondly couched at his feet, and soothing him with the witchery of her guitar; having satisfied himself with the ideal picture thus created, he would pass into action: the guitar he would buy instantly, and would give such intimations of his wish to be wedded to a Greek, as could not fail to produce great excitement in the families of the beautiful Smyrniotes. Then again (and just in time perhaps to save him from the yoke), his dream would pass away, and another would come in its stead; he would suddenly feel the yearnings of a father's love, and willing by force of gold to transcend all natural preliminaries, he would give instructions for the purchase of some dutiful child that could be warranted to love him as a parent. Then at another time he would be convinced that the attachment of menials might satisfy the longings of his affectionate heart, and thereupon he would give orders to his slave-merchant for something in the way of eternal fidelity. You may well imagine that this anxiety of Carrigaholt to purchase, not only the scenery, but the many dramatis personæ belonging to his dreams, with all their goodness and graces complete, necessarily gave an immense stimulus to the trade and intrigue of Smyrna, and created a demand for human virtues which the moral resources of the place were totally inadequate to supply. Every day after breakfast, this lover of the Good and the Beautiful held a levee, which was often exceedingly amusing; in his anteroom there would be not only the sellers of pipes, and slippers, and shawls, and such like Oriental merchandise, not only embroiderers, and cunning workmen patiently striving to realize his visions of Albanian dresses — not only the servants offering for places,

and the slave-dealer tendering his sable ware, but there would be the Greek master, waiting to teach his pupil the grammar of the soft Ionian tongue, in which he was to delight the wife of his imagination, and the music-master who was to teach him some sweet replies to the anticipated sounds of the fancied guitar; and then above all, and proudly eminent with undisputed preference of entrée, and fraught with the mysterious tidings on which the realization of the whole dream might depend, was the mysterious match-maker,[1] enticing, and postponing the suitor, yet ever keeping alive in his soul the love of that pictured virtue whose beauty (unseen by eyes) was half revealed to the Imagination.

You would have thought that this practical dreaming must have soon brought Carrigaholt to a bad end, but he was in much less danger than you would suppose; for besides that the new visions of happiness almost always came in time to counteract the fatal completion of the preceding scheme, his high breeding and his delicately sensitive taste almost always came to his aid, at times when he was left without any other protection, and the efficacy of these qualities in keeping a man out of harm's way is really immense; in all baseness and imposture there is a coarse, vulgar spirit, which, however artfully concealed for a time, must sooner or later show itself in some little circumstance, sufficiently plain to occasion an instant jar upon the minds of those whose taste is lively and true; to such men a shock of this kind, disclosing the ugliness of a cheat, is more effectively convincing than any mere proofs could be.

Thus guarded from isle to isle, and through Greece, and through Albania, this practical Plato, with a purse in his hand, carried on his mad chase after the Good and the Beautiful, and yet returned in safety to his home. But now, poor fellow! the lowly grave, that is the end of men's romantic hopes, has closed over all his rich fancies, and all his high aspirations; he is utterly married! No more hope, no more change for him — no more relays — he must go on Vetturini-wise to the appointed end of his journey!

Smyrna, I think, may be called the chief town and capital

[1] Marriages in the East are arranged by professed match-makers; many of these, I believe, are Jewesses.

of the Grecian race, against which you will be cautioned so carefully as soon as you touch the Levant. You will say that I ought not to confound as one people the Greeks living under a constitutional government, with the unfortunate Rayahs who "groan under the Turkish yoke"; but I can't see that political events have hitherto produced any strongly marked difference of character. If I could venture to rely (which I feel that I cannot at all do) upon my own observation, I should tell you that there was more heartiness and strength in the Greeks of the Ottoman Empire than in those of the new kingdom—the truth is, that there is a greater field for commercial enterprise, and even for Greek ambitions, under the Ottoman scepter, than is to be found in the dominions of Otho. Indeed, the people, by their frequent migrations from the limits of the constitutional kingdom, to the territories of the Porte, seem to show, that, on the whole, they prefer "groaning under the Turkish yoke" to the honor of "being the only true source of legitimate power" in their own land.

For myself, I love the race; in spite of all their vices, and even in spite of all their meannesses, I remember the blood that is in them, and still love the Greeks. The Osmanlees are, of course, by nature, by religion, and by politics, the strong foes of the Hellenic people, and as the Greeks, poor fellows! happen to be a little deficient in some of the virtues which facilitate the transaction of commercial business (such as veracity, fidelity, etc.), it naturally follows that they are highly unpopular with the European merchants. Now, these are the persons through whom, either directly or indirectly, is derived the greater part of the information which you gather in the Levant, and therefore you must make up your mind to hear an almost universal and unbroken testimony against the character of the people whose ancestors invented Virtue. And strange to say, the Greeks themselves do not attempt to disturb this general unanimity of opinion by any dissent on their part. Question a Greek on the subject, and he will tell you at once that the people are "traditori," and will then, perhaps, endeavor to shake off his fair share of the imputation by asserting that his father had been dragoman to some foreign embassy, and that he (the son), therefore, by the law of nations, had ceased to be Greek.

"E dunque no siete traditore?"

"Possibile, Signor, ma almeno Io no sono Greco."

Not even the diplomatic representatives of the Hellenic kingdom are free from the habit of depreciating their brethren. I recollect, that at one of the ports in Syria, a Greek vessel was rather unfairly kept in quarantine by order of the Board of Health, which consisted entirely of Europeans. A consular agent from the kingdom of Greece had lately hoisted his flag in the town, and the captain of the vessel drew up a remonstrance, which he requested his consul to present to the Board.

"Now, is this reasonable?" said the consul, "is it reasonable that I should place myself in collision with all the principal European gentlemen of the place for the sake of you, a Greek?" The skipper was greatly vexed at the failure of his application, but he scarcely even questioned the justice of the ground which his consul had taken. Well, it happened some time afterwards, that I found myself at the same port, having gone thither with the view of embarking for the port of Syra. I was anxious of course to elude as carefully as possible the quarantine detention which threatened me on my arrival, and hearing that the Greek consul had a brother who was a man in authority at Syra, I got myself presented to the former, and took the liberty of asking him to give me such a letter of introduction to his relative at Syra, as might possibly have the effect of shortening the term of my quarantine. He acceded to this request with the utmost kindness and courtesy; but when he replied to my thanks by saying that "in serving an Englishman he was doing no more than his strict duty commanded," not even my gratitude could prevent me from calling to mind his treatment of the poor captain who had the misfortune of not being alien in blood to his consul, and appointed protector.

I think that the change which has taken place in the character of the Greeks has been occasioned, in great measure, by the doctrines and practice of their religion. The Greek Church has animated the Muscovite peasant, and inspired him with hopes and ideas, which, however humble, are still better than none at all; but the faith, and the forms, and the strange ecclesiastical literature which act so advanta-

geously upon the mere clay of the Russian serf, seem to hang like lead upon the ethereal spirit of the Greek. Never, in any part of the world, have I seen religious performances so painful to witness as those of the Greeks. The horror, however, with which one shudders at their worship is attributable, in some measure, to the mere effect of costume. In all the Ottoman dominions, and very frequently, too, in the Kingdom of Otho, the Greeks wear turbans, or other head-dresses, and shave their heads, leaving only a rat's-tail at the crown of the head; they of course keep themselves covered within doors, as well as abroad, and never remove their head-gear merely on account of being in a church; but when the Greek stops to worship at his proper shrine, then, and then only, he always uncovers; and as you see him thus with shaven skull, and savage tail pending from his crown, kissing a thing of wood and glass, and cringing with base prostrations, and apparent terror, before a miserable picture, you see superstition in a shape, which, outwardly at least, looks sadly abject and repulsive.

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The fasts, too, of the Greek Church produce an ill effect upon the character of the people, for they are carried to such an extent, as to bring about a bona fide mortification of the flesh; the febrile irritation of the frame operating in conjunction with the depression of spirits occasioned by abstinence, will so far answer the objects of the rite, as to engender some religious excitement, but this is of a morbid and gloomy character, and it seems to be certain, that along with the increase of sanctity, there comes a fiercer desire for the perpetration of dark crimes. The number of murders committed during Lent is greater, I am told, than at any other time of the year. A man under the influence of a bean dietary (for this is the principal food of the Greeks during their fasts) will be in an apt humor for enriching the shrine of his Saint, and passing a knife through his next-door neighbor. The moneys deposited upon the shrines are appropriated by priests; the priests are married men, and have families to provide for: they "take the good with the bad," and continue to recommend fasts.

Then, too, the Greek Church enjoins her followers to keep holy such a vast number of Saints' days, as practically to shorten the lives of the people very materially. I believe that one third of the number of days in the year are "kept holy," or rather, kept stupid, in honor of the Saints; no great portion of the time thus set apart is spent in religious exercises, and the people don't betake themselves to any animating pastimes, which might serve to strengthen the frame, or invigorate the mind, or exalt the taste. On the contrary, the Saints' days of the Greeks in Smyrna are passed in the same manner as the Sabbaths of well-behaved Protestant housemaids in London — that is to say, in a steady and serious contemplation of street scenery. The men perform this duty at the doors of their houses, — the women at the windows, which the custom of Greek towns has so decidedly appropriated to them as the proper station of their sex, that a man would be looked upon as utterly effeminate if he ventured to choose that situation for the keeping of the Saints' days. I was present one day at a treaty for the hire of some apartments at Smyrna, which was carried on between Carrigaholt and the Greek woman to whom the rooms belonged. Carrigaholt objected that the windows commanded no view of the street; immediately the brow of the majestic matron was clouded, and with all the scorn of a Spartan mother she coolly asked Carrigaholt and said, "Art thou a tender damsel that thou wouldst sit and gaze from windows?" The man whom she addressed, however, had not gone to Greece with any intention of placing himself under the laws of Lycurgus, and was not to be diverted from his views by a Spartan rebuke, so he took care to find himself windows after his own heart, and there, I believe, for many a month, he kept the Saints' days, and all the days intervening, after the fashion of Grecian women.

Oh! let me be charitable to all who write, and to all who lecture, and to all who preach, since even I, a layman not forced to write at all, can hardly avoid chiming in with some tuneful cant! I have had the heart to talk about the pernicious effects of the Greek holidays, to which I owe some of my most beautiful visions! I will let the words stand, as an humbling proof that I am subject to that immutable law which compels a man with a pen in his hand to be uttering

every now and then some sentiment not his own. It seems as though the power of expressing regrets and desires by written symbols were coupled with a condition that the writer should from time to time express the regrets and desires of other people — as though, like a French peasant under the old régime, one were bound to perform a certain amount of work upon the public highways. I rebel as stoutly as I can against this horrible corvée — I try not to deceive you — I try to set down the thoughts which are fresh within me, and not to pretend any wishes, or griefs, which I do not really feel, but no sooner do I cease from watchfulness in this regard, than my right hand is, as it were, seized by some false demon, and even now, you see, I have been forced to put down such words and sentences as I ought to have written if really and truly I had wished to disturb the Saints' days of the beautiful Smyrniotes!

Which, Heaven forbid! for as you move through the narrow streets of the city, at these times of festival, the transom-shaped windows suspended over your head, on either side, are filled with the beautiful descendants of the old Ionian race; all (even yonder Empress that sits throned at the window of that humblest mud cottage) are attired with seeming magnificence; their classic heads are crowned with scarlet, and loaded with jewels, or coins of gold — the whole wealth of the wearers;[1] — their features are touched with a savage pencil, which hardens the outline of eyes and eyebrows, and lends an unnatural fire to the stern, grave looks with which they pierce your brain. Endure their fiery eyes as best you may, and ride on slowly and reverently, for facing you from the side of the transom, that looks long-wise through the street, you see the one glorious shape transcendent in its beauty; you see the massive braid of hair as it catches a touch of light on its jetty surface — and the broad, calm, angry brow — the large black eyes, deep set, and self-relying like the eyes of a conqueror, with their rich shadows of thought lying darkly around them, — you see the thin fiery

[1] A Greek woman wears her whole fortune upon her person, in the shape of jewels, or gold coins; I believe that this mode of investment is adopted in great measure for safety's sake. It has the advantage of enabling a suitor to reckon, as well as to admire, the objects of his affection.

nostril, and the bold line of the chin and throat disclosing all the fierceness, and all the pride, passion, and power, that can live along with the rare womanly beauty of those sweetly turned lips. But then there is a terrible stillness in this breathing image; it seems like the stillness of a savage that sits intent and brooding, day by day, upon some one fearful scheme of vengeance; but yet more like it seems to the stillness of an Immortal, whose will must be known, and obeyed without sign or speech. Bow down! — Bow down, and adore the young Persephone, transcendent Queen of Shades!

CHAPTER VI

Greek Mariners

I SAILED from Smyrna in the *Amphitrite*, a Greek brigantine, which was confidently said to be bound for the coast of Syria, but I knew that this announcement was not to be relied upon with positive certainty, for the Greek mariners are practically free from the stringency of ship's papers, and where they will, there they go. However, I had the whole of the cabin for myself and my attendant, Mysseri, subject only to the society of the Captain at the hour of dinner; being at ease in this respect, being furnished too with plenty of books, and finding an unfailing source of interest in the thorough Greekness of my Captain and my crew, I felt less anxious than most people would have been about the probable length of the cruise; I knew enough of Greek navigation to be sure that our vessel would cling to Earth like a child to its mother's knee, and that I should touch at many an isle before I set foot upon the Syrian coast; but I had no invidious preference for Europe, Asia, or Africa, and I felt that I could defy the winds to blow me upon a coast that was blank, and void of interest. My patience was extremely useful to me, for the cruise altogether endured some forty days, and that in the midst of winter.

According to me, the most interesting of all the Greeks (male Greeks) are the mariners, because their pursuits and their social condition are so nearly the same as those of their glorious ancestors; you will say, that the occupation of commerce must have smoothed down the salience of their minds, and this would be so perhaps, if their mercantile affairs were conducted according to the fixed businesslike routine of Europeans; but the ventures of the Greeks are surrounded by such a multitude of imagined dangers, and (from the absence of regular marts in which the true value of mer-

chandise can be ascertained) are so entirely speculative, and, besides, are conducted in a manner so wholly determined upon by the wayward fancies and wishes of the crew, that they belong to enterprise rather than to industry, and are very far indeed from tending to deaden any freshness of character.

The vessels in which war and piracy were carried on during the years of the Greek Revolution became merchantmen at the end of the war — but the tactics of the Greeks, as naval warriors, were so exceedingly cautious, and their habits, as commercial mariners, are so wild, that the change has been more slight than you might imagine. The first care of Greeks (Greek Rayahs) when they undertake a shipping enterprise is to procure for their vessel the protection of some European Power; this is easily managed by a little intriguing with the Dragoman of one of the Embassies at Constantinople, and the craft soon glories in the ensign of Russia, or the dazzling Tricolor, or the Union Jack; thus, to the great delight of her crew, she enters upon the ocean world with a flaring lie at her peak, but the appearance of the vessel does no discredit to the borrowed flag; she is frailer, perhaps, than the rest of her sex, but she does not look the worse for this in harbor; she is gracefully built, and smartly rigged; she always carries guns, and, in short, gives good promise of mischief and speed.

The privileges attached to the vessel and her crew, by virtue of the borrowed flag, are so great as to imply a degree of liberty greater than that which is enjoyed by individuals in our more strictly civilized countries, so that there is no pretense for saying that the development of the true character belonging to Greek mariners is prevented by the dominion of the Ottomans; they are free, too, from the power of the great capitalist, whose imperial sway is more withering than despotism itself to the enterprises of humble venturers. The capital employed is supplied by those whose labor is to render it productive; the crew receive no wages, but have all a share in the venture, and in general, I believe, they are the owners of the whole freight; they choose a Captain, to whom they entrust just power enough to keep the vessel on her course in fine weather, but not quite enough for a gale of

wind; they also elect a cook and a mate; the cook whom we had on board was particularly careful about the ship's reckoning, and when, under the influence of the keen sea-breezes, we grew fondly expectant of an instant dinner, the great author of pilafs would be standing on deck with an ancient quadrant in his hands, calmly affecting to take an observation. But then, to make up for this, the Captain would be exercising a controlling influence over the soup, so that all, in the end, went well. Our mate was a Hydriot, a native of that island rock which grows nothing but mariners and mariners' wives. His character seemed to be exactly that which is generally attributed to the Hydriot race: he was fierce, and gloomy, and lonely in his ways. One of his principal duties seemed to be that of acting as counter-captain, or leader of the opposition, denouncing the first symptoms of tyranny, and protecting even the cabin-boy from oppression. Besides this, when things went smoothly, he would begin to prognosticate evil, in order that his more light-hearted comrades might not be puffed up with the seeming good fortune of the moment.

It seemed to me that the personal freedom of these sailors, who own no superiors except those of their own choice, is as like as may be to that of their seafaring ancestors. And even in their mode of navigation they have admitted no such entire change as you would suppose probable; it is true that they have so far availed themselves of modern discoveries as to look to the compass instead of the stars, and that they have superseded the immortal Gods of their forefathers by St. Nicholas in his glass case,[1] but they are not yet so confident either in their needle or their Saint as to love an open sea, and they still hug their shores as fondly as the Argonauts of old. Indeed, they have a most unsailor-like love for the land, and I really believe that in a gale of wind they would rather have a rock-bound coast on their lee, than no coast at all. According to the notions of an English seaman, this kind of navigation would soon bring the vessel on which it might be practised to an evil end. The Greek, however, is unac-

[1] St. Nicholas is the great patron of Greek sailors; a small picture of him enclosed in a glass case is hung up like a barometer at one end of the cabin.

countably successful in escaping the consequences of being "jammed in," as it is called, upon a lee shore; he is favored, I suppose, by the nature of the coasts along which he sails, especially those of the many islands through which he threads his way in the Ægean, for there is generally, I think, deep water home to the very cliffs, and besides there are innumerable coves in which the dexterous sailor, who knows and loves the land so well, will contrive to find a shelter.

These seamen, like their forefathers, rely upon no winds unless they are right astern, or on the quarter; they rarely go "on" a wind if it blows at all fresh, and if the adverse breeze approaches to a gale, they at once fumigate St. Nicholas, and put up the helm. The consequence, of course, is, that under the ever-varying winds of the Ægean they are blown about in the most whimsical manner. I used to think that Ulysses, with his ten years' voyage, had taken his time in making Ithaca, but my experience in Greek navigation soon made me understand that he had had, in point of fact, a pretty good "average passage."

Such are now the mariners of the Ægean; free, equal amongst themselves, navigating the seas of their forefathers with the same heroic and yet childlike spirit of venture, the same half-trustful reliance upon heavenly aid, they are the liveliest images of true old Greeks that time and the new religions have spared to us.

With one exception, our crew were "a solemn company,"[1] and yet, sometimes, when all things went well, they would relax their austerity, and show a disposition to fun, or rather to quiet humor; when this happened, they invariably had recourse to one of their number, who went by the name of "Admiral Nicolou"; he was an amusing fellow, the poorest, I believe, and the least thoughtful of the crew, but full of rich humor; his oft-told story of the events by which he had gained the sobriquet of "Admiral" never failed to delight his hearers, and when he was desired to repeat it for my benefit, the rest of the crew crowded round with as much interest as if they were listening to the tale for the first time. A number of Greek brigs and brigantines were at anchor in the bay of Beyrout; a festival of some kind, particularly attractive to

[1] Hanmer.

the sailors, was going on in the town, and whether with or without leave I know not, but the crews of all the craft, except that of Nicolou, had gone ashore; on board his vessel, however, which carried dollars, there was, it would seem, a more careful, or more influential Captain, who was able to enforce his determination, that one man, at least, should be left on board. Nicolou's good nature was with him so powerful an impulse, that he could not resist the delight of volunteering to stay with the vessel, whilst his comrades went ashore; his proposal was accepted, and the crew and Captain soon left him alone on the deck of his vessel. The sailors, gathering together from their several ships, were amusing themselves in the town, when suddenly there came down from betwixt the mountains one of those sudden hurricanes which sometimes occur in southern climes; Nicolou's vessel, together with four of the craft which had been left unmanned, broke from her moorings, and all five of the vessels were carried out seaward; the town is on a salient point at the southern side of the Bay, so that "the Admiral" was close under the eyes of the inhabitants and the shore-gone sailors, when he gallantly drifted out at the head of his little fleet; if Nicolou could not entirely control the maneuvers of the Squadron, there was at least no human power to divide his authority, and thus it was that he took rank as "Admiral." Nicolou cut his cable, and thus for the time saved his vessel; for the rest of the fleet, under his command, were quickly wrecked, whilst "the Admiral" got away clear to the open sea. The violence of the squall soon passed off, but Nicolou felt that his chance of one day resigning his high duties as an admiral for the enjoyments of private life on the steadfast shore mainly depended upon his success in working the brig with his own hands, so after calling on his namesake, the saint (not for the first time, I take it), he got up some canvas, and took the helm; he became equal, he told us, to a score of Nicolous, and the vessel, as he said, was "manned with his terrors." For two days, it seemed, he cruised at large, but at last, either by his seamanship, or by the natural instinct of the Greek mariners for finding land, he brought his craft close to an unknown shore, which promised well for his purpose of running in the vessel, and he was preparing to give her a good

berth on the beach, when he saw a gang of ferocious-looking fellows coming down to the point for which he was making. Poor Nicolou was a perfectly unlettered and untutored genius, and for that reason, perhaps, a keen listener to tales of terror; his mind had been impressed with some horrible legend of cannibalism, and he now did not doubt for a moment that the men awaiting him on the beach were the monsters at whom he had shuddered in the days of his childhood. The coast on which Nicolou was running his vessel was somewhere, I fancy, at the foot of the Anzairie mountains, and the fellows who were preparing to give him a reception were probably very rough specimens of humanity; it is likely enough that they may have given themselves the trouble of putting "the Admiral" to death, for the purpose of simplifying their claim to the vessel, and preventing litigation, but the notion of their cannibalism was of course utterly unfounded; Nicolou's terror had, however, so graven the idea on his mind, that he could never afterwards dismiss it. Having once determined the character of his expectant hosts, the Admiral naturally thought that it would be better to keep their dinner waiting any length of time, than to attend their feast in the character of a roasted Greek; so he put about his vessel, and tempted the deep once more. After a farther cruise the lonely commander ran his vessel upon some rocks at another part of the coast, where she was lost with all her treasure, and Nicolou was but too glad to scramble ashore, though without one dollar in his girdle. These adventures seem flat enough as I repeat them, but the hero expressed his terrors by such odd terms of speech, and such strangely humorous gestures, that the story came from his lips with an unfailing zest, so that the crew, who had heard the tale so often, could still enjoy to their hearts the rich fright of the Admiral, and still shuddered with unabated horror when he came to the loss of the dollars.

The power of listening to long stories (for which by the by I am giving you large credit) is common, I fancy, to most sailors, and the Greeks have it to a great degree, for they can be perfectly patient under a narrative of two or three hours' duration. These long stories are mostly founded upon Oriental topics, and in one of them I recognized with some alterations an old friend of the "Arabian Nights"; I inquired as

to the source from which the story had been derived, and the crew all agreed that it had been handed down unwritten from Greek to Greek; their account of the matter does not, perhaps, go very far towards showing the real origin of the tale, but when I afterwards took up the "Arabian Nights," I became strongly impressed with a notion that they must have sprung from the brain of a Greek. It seems to me that these stories, whilst they disclose a complete and habitual knowledge of things Asiatic, have about them so much of freshness and life, so much of the stirring and volatile European character, that they cannot have owed their conception to a mere Oriental, who, for creative purposes, is a thing dead and dry — a mental mummy that may have been a live King just after the flood, but has since lain embalmed in spice. At the time of the Caliphat the Greek race was familiar enough to Bagdad; they were the merchants, the pedlers, the barbers and intriguers-general of southwestern Asia, and therefore the Oriental materials with which the Arabian tales are wrought must have been completely at the command of the inventive people to whom I would attribute their origin.

We were nearing the isle of Cyprus, when there arose half a gale of wind, with a heavy, chopping sea; my Greek seamen considered that the weather amounted not to a half, but to an integral gale of wind at the very least, so they put up the helm, and scudded for twenty hours; when we neared the mainland of Anadoli, the gale ceased, and a favorable breeze sprang up, which brought us off Cyprus once more. Afterwards the wind changed again, but we were still able to lay our course by sailing close-hauled.

We were, at length, in such a position, that by holding on our course for about half an hour, we should get under the lee of the island, and find ourselves in smooth water; but the wind had been gradually freshening, it now blew hard, and there was a heavy sea running.

As the grounds for alarm arose, the crew gathered together in one close group; they stood pale and grim under their hooded capotes like monks awaiting a massacre, anxiously looking by turns along the pathway of the storm, and then upon each other, and then upon the eye of the Captain, who stood by the helmsman. Presently the Hydriot came aft,

more moody than ever, the bearer of fierce remonstrance against the continuing of the struggle; he received a resolute answer, and still we held our course. Soon there came a heavy sea, that caught the bow of the brigantine as she lay jammed in betwixt the waves; she bowed her head low under the waters, and shuddered through all her timbers — then gallantly stood up again over the striving sea, with bowsprit entire. But where were the crew? It was a crew no longer, but rather a gathering of Greek citizens; — the shout of the seaman was changed for the murmuring of the people — the spirit of the old Demos was alive. The men came aft in a body, and loudly asked that the vessel should be put about, and that the storm be no longer tempted. Now, then, for speeches: — the Captain, his eyes flashing fire, his frame all quivering with emotion — wielding his every limb, like another, and a louder voice, pours forth the eloquent torrent of his threats, and his reasons, his commands, and his prayers; he promises — he vows — he swears that there is safety in holding on — safety, if Greeks will be brave! The men hear, and are moved, but the gale rouses itself once more, and again the raging sea comes trampling over the timbers that are the life of all. The fierce Hydriot advances one step nearer to the Captain, and the angry growl of the people goes floating down the wind, but they listen — they waver once more, and once more resolve, then waver again, thus doubtfully hanging between the terrors of the storm, and the persuasion of glorious speech, as though it were the Athenian that talked, and Philip of Macedon that thundered on the weather bow.

Brave thoughts winged on Grecian words gained their natural mastery over Terror; the brigantine held on her course, and reached smooth water at last. I landed at Limesol, the westernmost port of Cyprus, leaving the vessel to sail for Larnecca, where she was to remain for some days.

CHAPTER VII

Cyprus

THERE was a Greek at Limesol, who hoisted his flag as an English vice-consul, and he insisted upon my accepting his hospitality; with some difficulty, and chiefly by assuring him that I could not delay my departure beyond an early hour in the afternoon, I induced him to allow my dining with his family, instead of banqueting all alone with the representative of my sovereign, in consular state and dignity; the lady of the house, it seemed, had never sat at table with a European; she was very shy about the matter, and tried hard to get out of the scrape, but the husband, I fancy, reminded her, that she was theoretically an Englishwoman by virtue of the flag which waved over her roof, and that she was bound to show her nationality by sitting at meat with me; finding herself inexorably condemned to bear with the dreaded gaze of European eyes, she tried to save her innocent children from the hard fate which awaited herself, but I obtained that all of them (and I think there were four or five) should sit at the table. You will meet with abundance of stately receptions, and of generous hospitality, too, in the East, but rarely, very rarely in those regions (or even, so far as I know, in any part of southern Europe), does one gain an opportunity of seeing the familiar and indoor life of the people.

This family party of the good consul's (or rather of mine, for I originated the idea, though he furnished the materials) went off very well; the mamma was shy at first, but she veiled the awkwardness which she felt by affecting to scold her children, who had all of them, I think, immortal names — names, too, which they owed to tradition, and certainly not to any classical enthusiasm of their parents; every instant I was delighted by some such phrases as these — "Themis-

tocles, my love, don't fight." — "Alcibiades, can't you sit still?" — "Socrates, put down the cup." — "Oh, fie! Aspasia, don't, oh! don't be naughty!" It is true that the names were pronounced, Socrāhtie, Aspāhsie — that is, according to accent, and not according to quantity, but I suppose it is scarcely now to be doubted that they were so sounded in ancient times.

To me it seems, that of all the lands I know (you will see in a minute how I connect this piece of prose with the Isle of Cyprus), there is none in which mere wealth — mere unaided wealth, is held half so cheaply — none in which a poor devil of a millionaire without birth, or ability, occupies so humble a place as in England. My Greek host and I were sitting together, I think upon the roof of the house (for that is the lounging-place in Eastern climes), when the former assumed a serious air, and intimated a wish to converse upon the subject of the British Constitution, with which he assured me that he was thoroughly acquainted; he presently, however, informed me that there was one anomalous circumstance attendant upon the practical working of our political system which he had never been able to hear explained in a manner satisfactory to himself. From the fact of his having found a difficulty in his subject, I began to think that my host might really know rather more of it than his announcement of a thorough knowledge had led me to expect; I felt interested at being about to hear from the lips of an intelligent Greek, quite remote from the influence of European opinions, what might seem to him the most astonishing and incomprehensible of all those results which have followed from the action of our political institutions. The anomaly — the only anomaly which had been detected by the vice-consular wisdom, consisted in the fact that Rothschild (the late money-monger) had never been the Prime Minister of England! I gravely tried to throw some light upon the mysterious causes which had kept the worthy Israelite out of the Cabinet, but I think I could see that my explanation was not satisfactory. Go and argue with the flies of summer, that there is a Power divine, yet greater than the Sun in the heavens, but never dare hope to convince the people of the South that there is any other God than Gold.

My intended journey was to the site of the Paphian temple. I take no antiquarian interest in ruins, and care little about them, unless they are either striking in themselves, or else serve to mark some spot on which my fancy loves to dwell. I knew that the ruins of Paphos were scarcely, if at all, discernible, but there was a will, and a longing more imperious than mere curiosity, that drove me thither.

For this, just then, was my pagan soul's desire — that (not forfeiting my Christian's inheritance for the life to come) it were yet given me to live through this world — to live a favored mortal under the old Olympian dispensation — to speak out my resolves to the listening Jove and hear him answer with approving thunder — to be blessed with divine counsels from the lips of Pallas Athēnie — to believe — aye, only to believe — to believe for one rapturous moment that in the gloomy depths of the grove, by the mountain's side, there were some leafy pathway that crisped beneath the glowing sandal of Aphrodētie — Aphrodētie, not coldly disdainful of even a mortal's love! And this vain, heathenish longing of mine was father to the thought of visiting the scene of the ancient worship.

The isle is beautiful; from the edge of the rich, flowery fields on which I trod, to the midway sides of the snowy Olympus, the ground could only here and there show an abrupt crag, or a high, straggling ridge, that up-shouldered itself from out of the wilderness of myrtles, and of the thousand bright-leaved shrubs that twined their arms together in lovesome tangles. The air that came to my lips was warm, and fragrant as the ambrosial breath of the goddess, infecting me — not (of course) with the faith of the old religion of the isle, but with a sense and apprehension of its mystic power — a power that was still to be obeyed — obeyed by me, for why otherwise did I toil on with sorry horses to "where, for HER, the hundred altars glowed with Arabian incense, and breathed with the fragrance of garlands ever fresh?"[1]

I passed a sadly disenchanting night in the cabin of a Greek priest — not a priest of the Goddess but of the Greek

[1] . . . ubi templum illi, centumque Sadæo
Thure salent aræ, sertisque recentibus halant.
ÆNEID I. 415.

Church — there was but one humble room, or rather shed, for man, and priest, and beast. The next morning I reached Baffa (Paphos), which is not far distant from the site of the temple; there was a Greek husbandman there who (not for employment, but for the sake of the protection and dignity which it afforded) had got leave from the man at Limesol to hoist his flag as a sort of Deputy-provisionary-sub-vice-pro-acting Pro-consul of the British Sovereign; the poor fellow instantly changed his Greek head-gear for the cap of consular dignity, and insisted upon accompanying me to the ruins; I would not have stood this, if I could have felt the faintest gleam of my yesterday's pagan piety, but I had ceased to dream, and had nothing to dread from any new disenchanters.

The ruins (the fragments of one or two prostrate pillars) stand upon a promontory, bare, and unmystified by the gloom of surrounding groves; my Greek friend in his consular cap stood by, respectfully waiting to see what turn my madness would take, now that I had come at last into the presence of the old stones. If you have no taste for research, and can't affect to look for inscriptions, there is some awkwardness in coming to the end of a merely sentimental pilgrimage, when the feeling which impelled you has gone; you have nothing to do but to laugh the thing off as well as you can, and by the by, it is not a bad plan to turn the conversation (or rather allow the natives to turn it) towards the subject of hidden treasures; this is a topic on which they will always speak with eagerness, and if they can fancy that you, too, take an interest in such matters, they will not only think you perfectly sane, but will begin to give you credit for some more than human powers of forcing the obscure earth to show you its hoards of gold.

When we returned to Baffa, the Pro-consul seized a club, with the quietly determined air of a brave man resolved to do some deed of note; he went into the yard adjoining his cottage, where there were some thin, thoughtful, canting cocks, and serious low-church-looking hens, respectfully listening, and chickens of tender years so well brought up as scarcely to betray in their conduct the careless levity of youth. The Pro-consul stood for a moment quite calm — collecting his strength; then suddenly he rushed into the midst of the con-

gregation, and began to deal death and destruction on all sides; he spared neither sex nor age; the dead and dying were immediately removed from the field of slaughter, and in less than an hour, I think, they were brought to the table, deeply buried in mounds of snowy rice.

My host was in all respects a fine, generous fellow; I could not bear the idea of impoverishing him by my visit, and I consulted my faithful Mysseri, who not only assured me that I might safely offer money to the Pro-consul, but recommended that I should give no more to him than to "the others," meaning any other peasant; I felt, however, that there was something about the man, besides the flag and the cap, which made me shrink from offering coin, and as I mounted my horse on departing, I gave him the only thing fit for a present which I happened to have with me, a rather handsome clasp-dagger, which I had brought from Vienna; the poor fellow was ineffably grateful, and I had some difficulty in tearing myself from out of the reach of his thanks; at last I gave him what I supposed to be the last farewell, and rode on, but I had not gained more than about a hundred yards, when my host came bounding and shouting after me, with a goat's-milk cheese in his hand, which he implored me to accept. In old times the shepherd of Theocritus, or (to speak less dishonestly) the shepherd of the "Poetæ Græci," sang his best song; I, in this latter age, presented my best dagger, and both of us received the same rustic reward.

It had been known that I should return to Limesol, and when I arrived there I found that a noble old Greek had been hospitably plotting to have me for his guest; I willingly accepted his offer. The day of my arrival happened to be the birthday of my host, and in consequence of this there was a constant influx of visitors who came to offer their congratulations; a few of these were men, but most of them were young, graceful girls; almost all of them went through the ceremony with the utmost precision and formality; each in succession spoke her blessing, in the tone of a person repeating a set formula — then deferentially accepted the invitation to sit — partook of the proffered sweetmeats, and the cold, glittering water — remained for a few minutes either in silence, or engaged in very thin conversation — then arose, delivered a

second benediction followed by an elaborate farewell, and departed.

The bewitching power attributed at this day to the women of Cyprus is curious in connection with the worship of the sweet goddess who called their isle her own; the Cypriote is not, I think, nearly so beautiful in the face as the Ionian queens of Izmir, but she is tall, and slightly formed — there is a high-souled meaning and expression — a seeming consciousness of gentle empire that speaks in the wavy lines of the shoulder, and winds itself like Cytherea's own cestus around the slender waist — then the richly abounding hair (not enviously gathered together under the head-dress) descends the neck and passes the waist in sumptuous braids; of all other women with Grecian blood in their veins, the costume is graciously beautiful, but these, the maidens of Limesol — their robes are more gently, more sweetly imagined, and fall like Julia's Cashmere in soft, luxurious folds. The common voice of the Levant allows that in the face the women of Cyprus are less beautiful than their brilliant sisters of Smyrna, and yet, says the Greek, he may trust himself to one and all of the bright cities of the Ægean, and may yet weigh anchor with a heart entire, but that so surely as he ventures upon the enchanted Isle of Cyprus, so surely will he know the rapture, or the bitterness, of Love. The charm, they say, owes its power to that which the people call the astonishing "politics" (πολιτική) of the women, meaning, I fancy, their tact, and their witching ways; the word, however, plainly fails to express one half of that which the speakers would say; I have smiled to hear the Greek, with all his plenteousness of fancy, and all the wealth of his generous language, yet vainly struggling to describe the ineffable spell which the Parisians dispose of in their own smart way, by a summary "Je ne sais quoi."

I went to Larnecca, the chief city of the isle, and over the water at last to Beyrout.

NOTE. — The writer takes leave to suggest that none should attempt to read the following account of the late Lady Hester Stanhope, except those who may already chance to feel an interest in the personage to whom it relates. The chapter (which has been written and printed for the reasons mentioned in the preface) is chiefly filled with the detailed conversation, or rather discourse, of a highly eccentric gentlewoman.

CHAPTER VIII

Lady Hester Stanhope

BEYROUT on its land side is hemmed in by the Druses, who occupy all the neighboring highlands.

Often enough I saw the ghostly images of the women with their exalted horns stalking through the streets, and I saw too, in traveling, the affrighted groups of the mountaineers as they fled before me, under the fear that my party might be a company of Income-tax commissioners, or a press-gang enforcing the conscription for Mehemet Ali, but nearly all my knowledge of the people, except in regard to their mere costume, and outward appearance, is drawn from books, and despatches, to which I have the honor to refer you.

I received hospitable welcome at Beyrout, from the Europeans, as well as from the Syrian Christians, and I soon discovered that their standing topic of interest was the Lady Hester Stanhope, who lived in an old convent on the Lebanon range, at the distance of about a day's journey from the town. The lady's habit of refusing to see Europeans added the charm of mystery to a character which, even without that aid, was sufficiently distinguished to command attention.

Many years of Lady Hester's early womanhood had been passed with Lady Chatham at Burton Pynsent, and during that inglorious period of the heroine's life, her commanding character, and (as they would have called it, in the language of those days) her "condescending kindness," towards my mother's family had increased in them those strong feelings of respect and attachment which her rank and station alone would have easily won from people of the middle class. You may suppose how deeply the quiet women in Somersetshire must have been interested, when they slowly learned by vague and uncertain tidings that the intrepid girl who had

been used to break their vicious horses for them, was reigning in sovereignty over the wandering tribes of western Asia! I know that her name was made almost as familiar to me in my childhood as the name of Robinson Crusoe; both were associated with the spirit of adventure, but whilst the imagined life of the castaway mariner never failed to seem glaringly real, the true story of the Englishwoman ruling over Arabs always sounded to me like fable. I never had heard, nor indeed, I believe, had the rest of the world ever heard anything like a certain account of the heroine's adventures; all I knew was, that in one of the drawers which were the delight of my childhood, along with attar of roses, and fragrant wonders from Hindostan, there were letters carefully treasured, and trifling presents which I was taught to think valuable because they had come from the Queen of the Desert, who dwelt in tents, and reigned over wandering Arabs.

The subject, however, died away, and from the ending of my childhood up to the period of my arrival in the Levant, I had seldom even heard a mentioning of the Lady Hester Stanhope, but now wherever I went, I was met with the name so familiar in sound, and yet so full of mystery from the vague, fairy-tale sort of idea which it brought to my mind; I heard it, too, connected with fresh wonders, for it was said that the woman was now acknowledged as an inspired being by the people of the Mountains, and it was even hinted with horror that she claimed to be more than a prophet.

I felt at once that my mother would be sadly sorry to hear that I had been within a day's ride of her early friend without offering to see her, and I therefore despatched a letter to the Recluse, mentioning the maiden name of my mother (whose marriage was subsequent to Lady Hester's departure), and saying that if there existed on the part of her Ladyship any wish to hear of her old Somersetshire acquaintance, I should make a point of visiting her. My letter was sent by a foot messenger who was to take an unlimited time for his journey, so that it was not, I think, until either the third or the fourth day that the answer arrived. A couple of horsemen covered with mud suddenly dashed into the little court of the "Locanda," in which I was staying, bearing themselves

as ostentatiously as though they were carrying a cartel from the Devil to the Angel Michael; one of these (the other being his attendant) was an Italian by birth (though now completely Orientalized), who lived in my Lady's establishment as a Doctor nominally, but practically as an upper servant; he presented me a very kind and appropriate letter of invitation.

It happened that I was rather unwell at this time, so that I named a more distant day for my visit than I should otherwise have done, and after all I did not start at the time fixed; whilst still remaining at Beyrout I received this letter, which certainly betrays no symptom of the pretensions to Divine power, which were popularly attributed to the writer:—

"SIR,—I hope I shall be disappointed in seeing you on Wednesday, for the late rains have rendered the River Damoor, if not dangerous, at least very unpleasant to pass for a person who has been lately indisposed, for if the animal swims, you would be immerged in the waters. The weather will probably change after the 21st of the moon, and after a couple of days the roads and the river will be passable, therefore I shall expect you either Saturday or Monday.

"It will be a great satisfaction to me to have an opportunity of inquiring after your mother, who was a sweet, lovely girl when I knew her.

"Believe me, Sir,

"Yours sincerely,

"HESTER LUCY STANHOPE."

Early one morning I started from Beyrout. There are no regularly established relays of horses in Syria, at least not in the line which I took, and you therefore hire your cattle for the whole journey, or, at all events, for your journey to some large town. Under these circumstances you have no occasion for a Tatar (whose principal utility consists in his power to compel the supply of horses). In other respects, the mode of traveling through Syria differs very little from that which I have described as prevailing in Turkey. I hired my horses and mules (for I had some of both) for the whole of the jour-

ney from Beyrout to Jerusalem; the owner of the beasts (who had a couple of fellows under him) was the most dignified member of my party; he was, indeed, a magnificent old man, and was called Shereef, or "holy," — a title of honor, which, with the privilege of bearing the green turban, he well deserved, not only from the blood of the Prophet which glowed in his veins, but from the well-known sanctity of his life, and the length of his blessed beard.

Mysseri, of course, still traveled with me, but the Arabic was not one of the seven languages which he spoke so perfectly, and I was, therefore, obliged to hire another interpreter. I had no difficulty in finding a proper man for the purpose — one Demetrius, or, as he was always called, Dthemetri, a native of Zante, who had been tossed about by fortune in all directions. He spoke the Arabic very well, and communicated with me in Italian. The man was a very zealous member of the Greek Church. He had been a tailor. He was as ugly as the devil, having a thoroughly Tatar countenance, which expressed the agony of his body or mind, as the case might be, in the most ludicrous manner imaginable; he embellished the natural caricature of his person by suspending about his neck, and shoulders, and waist, quantities of little bundles and parcels, which he thought too valuable to be entrusted to the jerking of pack-saddles. The mule which fell to his lot on this journey, every now and then, forgetting that his rider was a saint, and remembering that he was a tailor, took a quiet roll upon the ground, and stretched his limbs calmly and lazily, as if he were preparing to hear a long sermon. Dthemetri never got seriously hurt, but the subversion and dislocation of his bundles made him for the moment a sad spectacle of ruin, and when he regained his legs his wrath with the mule became very amusing. He always addressed the beast in language which implied that he, as a Christian and saint, had been personally insulted and oppressed by a Mohammedan mule. Dthemetri, however, on the whole, proved to be a most able and capital servant; I suspected him of now and then leading me out of my way, in order that he might have an opportunity of visiting the shrine of a saint, and on one occasion, as you will see by and by, he was induced, by religious motives, to commit a gross

breach of duty; but putting these pious faults out of the question (and they were faults of the right side), he was always faithful and true to me.

I left Saïde (the Sidon of ancient times) on my right, and about an hour, I think, before sunset, began to ascend one of the many low hills of Lebanon. On the summit before me was a broad, gray mass of irregular building, which, from its position, as well as from the gloomy blankness of its walls, gave the idea of a neglected fortress; it had, in fact, been a convent of great size, and, like most of the religious houses in this part of the world, had been made strong enough for opposing an inert resistance to any mere casual band of assailants who might be unprovided with regular means of attack; this was the dwelling-place of the Chatham's fiery granddaughter.

The aspect of the first court which I entered was such as to keep one in the idea of having to do with a fortress, rather than a mere peaceable dwelling-place. A number of fierce-looking and ill-clad Albanian soldiers were hanging about the place, and striving to bear the curse of tranquillity as well as they could; two or three of them, I think, were smoking their tchibouques, but the rest of them were lying torpidly upon the flat stones, like the bodies of departed brigands. I rode on to an inner part of the building, and at last, quitting my horses, was conducted through a doorway which led me at once from an open court into an apartment on the ground floor. As I entered, an Oriental figure in male costume approached me from the farther end of the room with many and profound bows, but the growing shades of evening, as well as my near-sightedness, prevented me from distinguishing the features of the personage who was receiving me with this solemn welcome. I had always, however, understood that Lady Hester Stanhope wore the male attire, and I began to utter in English the common civilities which seemed to be proper on the commencement of a visit by an uninspired mortal to a renowned Prophetess, but the figure which I addressed only bowed so much the more, prostrating itself almost to the ground, but speaking to me never a word; I feebly strove not to be outdone in gestures of respect, but presently my bowing opponent saw the error under which I

was acting, and suddenly convinced me that at all events I was not yet in the presence of a superhuman being, by declaring that he was not "Miladi," but was, in fact, nothing more or less godlike than the poor Doctor, who had brought his mistress's letters to Beyrout.

Her Ladyship, in the right spirit of hospitality, now sent, and commanded me to repose for a while after the fatigues of my journey, and to dine.

The cuisine was of the Oriental kind, which is highly artificial, and I thought it very good. I rejoiced, too, in the wine of the Lebanon.

Soon after the ending of the dinner, the Doctor arrived with Miladi's compliments, and an intimation that she would be happy to receive me if I were so disposed. It had now grown dark, and the rain was falling heavily, so that I got rather wet in following my guide through the open courts which I had to pass in order to reach the presence chamber. At last I was ushered into a small apartment, which was protected from the drafts of air through the doorway by a folding screen; passing this, I came alongside of a common European sofa, where sat the Lady Prophetess. She rose from her seat very formally — spoke to me a few words of welcome, pointed to a chair which was placed exactly opposite to her sofa, at a couple of yards' distance, and remained standing up to the full of her majestic height, perfectly still and motionless, until I had taken my appointed place; she then resumed her seat, not packing herself up according to the mode of the Orientals, but allowing her feet to rest on the floor, or the footstool; at the moment of seating herself, she covered her lap with a mass of loose, white drapery, which she held in her hand. It occurred to me at the time, that she did this, in order to avoid the awkwardness of sitting in manifest trousers under the eye of a European, but I can hardly fancy now, that with her wilful nature, she would have brooked such a compromise as this.

The woman before me had exactly the person of a Prophetess — not, indeed, of the divine Sibyl imagined by Domenichino, so sweetly distracted betwixt Love and Mystery, but of a good, businesslike, practical Prophetess, long used to the exercise of her sacred calling. I have been told by those

who knew Lady Hester Stanhope in her youth, that any notion of a resemblance betwixt her and the great Chatham must have been fanciful, but at the time of my seeing her, the large commanding features of the gaunt woman, then sixty years old or more, certainly reminded me of the Statesman that lay dying[1] in the House of Lords, according to Copley's picture; her face was of the most astonishing whiteness;[2] she wore a very large turban, which seemed to be of pale cashmere shawls, so disposed as to conceal the hair; her dress, from the chin down to the point at which it was concealed by the drapery which she held over her lap, was a mass of white linen loosely folding — an ecclesiastical sort of affair — more like a surplice than any of those blessed creations which our souls love under the names of "dress," and "frock," and "bodice," and "collar," and "habit-shirt," and sweet "chemisette."

Such was the outward seeming of the personage that sat before me, and indeed she was almost bound by the fame of her actual achievements, as well as by her sublime pretensions, to look a little differently from the rest of womankind. There had been something of grandeur in her career: after the death of Lady Chatham, which happened in 1803, she lived under the roof of her uncle, the second Pitt, and when he resumed the Government in 1804, she became the dispenser of much patronage, and sole Secretary of State, for the department of Treasury banquets. Not having seen the Lady until late in her life, when she was fired with spiritual ambition, I can hardly fancy that she could have performed her political duties in the saloons of the Minister with much of feminine sweetness and patience; I am told, however, that she managed matters very well indeed; perhaps it was better for the lofty-minded leader of the House to have his reception rooms guarded by this stately creature than by a merely clever and managing woman; it was fitting that the wholesome awe with which he filled the minds of the country gentlemen should be aggravated by the presence of his majestic niece. But the end was approaching; the sun of Austerlitz showed the Czar madly sliding his splendid army like

[1] Historically "fainting"; the death did not occur till long afterwards.
[2] I am told that in youth she was exceedingly sallow.

a weaver's shuttle, from his right hand to his left, under the very eyes, the deep, gray, watchful eyes, of Napoleon; before night came, the coalition was a vain thing — meat for History, and the heart of its great author was crushed with grief, when the terrible tidings came to his ears. In the bitterness of his despair, he cried out to his niece and bade her "ROLL UP THE MAP OF EUROPE"; there was a little more of suffering, and at last, with his swollen tongue still muttering something for England, he died by the noblest of all sorrows.

Lady Hester, meeting the calamity in her own fierce way, seems to have scorned the poor island that had not enough of God's grace to keep the "heaven-sent" minister alive. I can hardly tell why it should be, but there is a longing for the East, very commonly felt by proud-hearted people, when goaded by sorrow. Lady Hester Stanhope obeyed this impulse: for some time, I believe, she was at Constantinople, where her magnificence, and near alliance to the late minister, gained her great influence. Afterwards she passed into Syria. The people of that country, excited by the achievements of Sir Sydney Smith, had begun to imagine the possibility of their land being occupied by the English, and many of them looked upon Lady Hester as a Princess who came to prepare the way for the expected conquest. I don't know it from her own lips, or indeed from any certain authority, but I have been told that she began her connection with the Bedouins by making a large present of money (£500, it was said, immense in piasters) to the Sheik whose authority was recognized in that part of the desert which lies between Damascus and Palmyra. The prestige created by the rumors of her high and undefined rank, as well as of her wealth and corresponding magnificence, was well sustained by her imperious character and her dauntless bravery. Her influence increased. I never heard anything satisfactory as to the real extent or duration of her sway, but it seemed that, for a time at least, she certainly exercised something like sovereignty amongst the wandering tribes. And now that her earthly kingdom had passed away, she strove for spiritual power, and impiously dared, as it was said, to boast some mystic union with the very God of very God!

A couple of black slave girls came at a signal, and supplied

their mistress, as well as myself, with lighted tchibouques and coffee.

The custom of the East sanctions and almost commands some moments of silence whilst you are inhaling the first few breaths of the fragrant pipe; the pause was broken, I think, by my Lady, who addressed to me some inquiries respecting my mother, and particularly as to her marriage; but before I had communicated any great amount of family facts, the spirit of the Prophetess kindled within her, and presently (though with all the skill of a woman of the world) she shuffled away the subject of poor dear Somersetshire, and bounded onward into loftier spheres of thought.

My old acquaintance with some of "the twelve" enabled me to bear my part (of course a very humble one) in a conversation relative to occult science. Milnes once spread a report, that every gang of gipsies was found upon inquiry to have come last from a place to the westward, and to be about to make the next move in an eastern direction; either therefore they were to be all gathered together towards the rising of the sun, by the mysterious finger of Providence, or else they were to revolve round the globe for ever, and ever, and ever; both of these suppositions were highly gratifying, because they were both marvelous, and though the story on which they were founded plainly sprang from the inventive brain of a poet, no one had ever been so odiously statistical as to attempt a contradiction of it. I now mentioned the story as a report to Lady Hester Stanhope, and asked her if it were true; I could not have touched upon any imaginable subject more deeply interesting to my hearer — more closely akin to her habitual train of thinking; she immediately threw off all the restraint belonging to an interview with a stranger; and when she had received a few more similar proofs of my aptness for the marvelous, she went so far as to say that she would adopt me as her "élève" in occult science.

For hours and hours this wondrous white woman poured forth her speech, for the most part concerning sacred and profane mysteries; but every now and then she would stay her lofty flight, and swoop down upon the world again; whenever this happened, I was interested in her conversation.

She adverted more than once to the period of her lost sway

amongst the Arabs, and mentioned some of the circumstances which aided her in obtaining influence with the wandering tribes. The Bedouin, so often engaged in irregular warfare, strains his eyes to the horizon in search of a coming enemy just as habitually as the sailor keeps his "bright lookout" for a strange sail. In the absence of telescopes, a far-reaching sight is highly valued, and Lady Hester possessed this quality to an extraordinary degree. She told me that on one occasion, when there was good reason to expect a hostile attack, great excitement was felt in the camp by the report of a far-seeing Arab, who declared that he could just distinguish some moving objects upon the very furthest point within the reach of his eyes; Lady Hester was consulted, and she instantly assured her comrades in arms that there were indeed a number of horses within sight, but that they were without riders; the assertion proved to be correct, and from that time forth her superiority over all others in respect of far sight remained undisputed.

Lady Hester related to me this other anecdote of her Arab life; it was when the heroic qualities of the Englishwoman were just beginning to be felt amongst the people of the desert, that she was marching one day along with the forces of the tribe to which she had allied herself. She perceived that preparations for an engagement were going on, and upon her making inquiry as to the cause, the Sheik at first affected mystery and concealment, but at last confessed that war had been declared against his tribe on account of its alliance with the English Princess, and that they were now unfortunately about to be attacked by a very superior force; he made it appear that Lady Hester was the sole cause of hostility betwixt his tribe and the impending enemy, and that his sacred duty of protecting the Englishwoman whom he had admitted as his guest was the only obstacle which prevented an amicable arrangement of the dispute. The Sheik hinted that his tribe was likely to sustain an almost overwhelming blow, but at the same time declared that no fear of the consequences, however terrible to him and his whole people, should induce him to dream of abandoning his illustrious guest. The heroine instantly took her part; it was not for her to be a source of danger to her friends, but rather to her enemies, so she re-

solved to turn away from the people, and trust for help to none, save only her haughty self. The Sheiks affected to dissuade her from so rash a course, and fairly told her that although they (having been freed from her presence) would be able to make good terms for themselves, yet that there were no means of allaying the hostility felt towards her, and that the whole face of the desert would be swept by the horsemen of her enemies so carefully as to make her escape into other districts almost impossible. The brave woman was not to be moved by terrors of this kind, and bidding farewell to the tribe which had honored and protected her, she turned her horse's head, and rode straight away from them, without friend or follower. Hours had elapsed, and for some time she had been alone in the center of the round horizon, when her quick eye perceived some horsemen in the distance. The party came nearer and nearer; soon it was plain that they were making towards her, and presently some hundreds of Bedouins, fully armed, galloped up to her, ferociously shouting, and apparently intending to take her life at the instant with their pointed spears. Her face at the time was covered with the yashmak according to Eastern usage, but at the moment when the foremost of the horsemen had all but reached her with their spears, she stood up in her stirrups—withdrew the yashmak that veiled the terrors of her countenance—waved her arm slowly and disdainfully, and cried out with a loud voice, "Avaunt!"[1] The horsemen recoiled from her glance, but not in terror. The threatening yells of the assailants were suddenly changed for loud shouts of joy and admiration, at the bravery of the stately Englishwoman, and festive gun-shots were fired on all sides around her honored head. The truth was, that the party belonged to the tribe with which she had allied herself, and that the threatened attack, as well as the pretended apprehension of an engagement, had been contrived for the mere purpose of testing her courage. The day ended in a great feast prepared to do honor to the heroine, and from that time her power over the minds of the people grew rapidly. Lady Hester related this story with great spirit, and I recollect that

[1] She spoke it, I dare say, in English; the words would not be the less effective for being spoken in an unknown tongue. Lady Hester, I believe, never learnt to speak the Arabic with a perfect accent.

she put up her yashmak for a moment, in order to give a better idea of the effect which she produced by suddenly revealing the awfulness of her countenance.

With respect to her then present mode of life, Lady Hester informed me, that for her sin, she had subjected herself during many years to serve penance, and that her self-denial had not been without its reward. "Vain and false," said she, "is all the pretended knowledge of the Europeans—their Doctors will tell you that the drinking of milk gives yellowness to the complexion; milk is my only food, and you see if my face be not white." Her abstinence from food intellectual was carried as far as her physical fasting; she never, she said, looked upon a book nor a newspaper, but trusted alone to the stars for her sublime knowledge; she usually passed the night in communing with these heavenly teachers, and lay at rest during the daytime. She spoke with great contempt of the frivolity and benighted ignorance of the modern Europeans, and mentioned, in proof of this, that they were not only untaught in astrology, but were unacquainted with the common and every-day phenomena produced by magic art; she spoke as if she would make me understand that all sorcerous spells were completely at her command, but that the exercise of such powers would be derogatory to her high rank in the heavenly kingdom. She said that the spell by which the face of an absent person is thrown upon a mirror was within the reach of the humblest and most contemptible magicians, but that the practise of such like arts was unholy, as well as vulgar.

We spoke of the bending twig by which it is said that precious metals may be discovered. In relation to this, the Prophetess told me a story rather against herself, and inconsistent with the notion of her being perfect in her science, but I think that she mentioned the facts as having happened before the time at which she attained to the great spiritual authority which she now arrogated; she told me that vast treasures were known to exist in a situation which she mentioned, if I rightly remember, as being near Suez; that Napoleon, profanely brave, thrust his arm into the cave containing the coveted gold, and that instantly his flesh became palsied, but the youthful hero (for she said he was great in his genera-

tion) was not to be thus daunted; he fell back characteristically upon his brazen resources, and ordered up his artillery; but man could not strive with demons, and Napoleon was foiled. In years after came Ibrahim Pasha, with heavy guns, and wicked spells to boot, but the infernal guardians of the treasure were too strong for him. It was after this that Lady Hester passed by the spot, and she described, with animated gesture, the force and energy with which the divining twig had suddenly leaped in her hands; she ordered excavations, and no demons opposed her enterprise; the vast chest in which the treasure had been deposited was at length discovered, but lo! and behold, it was full of pebbles! She said, however, that the times were approaching in which the hidden treasures of the earth would become available to those who had true knowledge.

Speaking of Ibrahim Pasha, Lady Hester said that he was a bold, bad man, and was possessed of some of those common and wicked magical arts upon which she looked down with so much contempt; she said, for instance, that Ibrahim's life was charmed against balls and steel, and that after a battle he loosened the folds of his shawl, and shook out the bullets like dust.

It seems that the St. Simonians once made overtures to Lady Hester; she told me that the Père Enfantin (the chief of the sect) had sent her a service of plate, but that she had declined to receive it; she delivered a prediction as to the probability of the St. Simonians finding the "mystic mother," and this she did in a way which would amuse you; unfortunately, I am not at liberty to mention this part of the woman's prophecies; why, I cannot tell, but so it is, that she bound me to eternal secrecy.

Lady Hester told me that since her residence at Djoun, she had been attacked by a terrible illness, which rendered her for a long time perfectly helpless; all her attendants fled, and left her to perish. Whilst she lay thus alone, and quite unable to rise, robbers came, and carried away her property;[1]

[1] The proceedings thus described to me by Lady Hester, as having taken place during her illness, were afterwards reënacted at the time of her death. Since I wrote the words to which this note is appended, I received from an English traveler this interesting account of the heroine's death,

she told me that they actually unroofed a great part of the building, and employed engines with pulleys for the purpose of hoisting out such of her valuables as were too bulky to pass through doors. It would seem that, before this catastrophe, Lady Hester had been rich in the possession of Eastern luxuries, for she told me that when the chiefs of the Ottoman force took refuge with her after the fall of Acre, they brought their wives also in great numbers; to all of these Lady Hester, as she said, presented magnificent dresses, but her generosity occasioned strife only instead of gratitude, for every woman who fancied her present less splendid than that of another, with equal or less pretension, became absolutely furious; all these audacious guests had now been got rid of, but the Albanian soldiers, who had taken refuge with Lady Hester at the same time, still remained under her protection.

In truth, this half-ruined convent, guarded by the proud heart of an English gentlewoman, was the only spot throughout all Syria and Palestine in which the will of Mehemet Ali and his fierce Lieutenant was not the law. More than once

or rather of the circumstances attending the discovery of the event; the letter is dated Djoun (Lady Hester's late residence) and contains the following passages: "I reached this strange hermitage last night, and though time and some naval officers are urging my departure, I am too glad to find myself in a place whereof we have often discoursed, to allow the opportunity of writing to you to pass by. How beautiful must this convent-palace have been when you saw it, its strange mistress doing its hospitalities and exercising her self-won regal power! A friend of —— has a letter from the Sultan to her, beginning 'Cousin.' She annihilated a village for disobedience, and burned a mountain chalet with all its inhabitants, for the murder of a traveler. . . . She held on gallantly to the last. Moore, our Consul at Beyrout, heard she was ill, and rode over the mountains, accompained by a missionary, to visit her. A profound silence was over all the palace — no one met them — they lighted their own lamps in the outer court, and passed unquestioned through court and gallery, till they came to where she lay: a corpse was the only inhabitant of Djoun, and the isolation from her kind which she so long sought was indeed completed. That morning thirty-seven servants had watched every motion of her eye; that spell once darkened by death, every one fled with the plunder; not a single thing was left in the room where she lay dead, except upon her person; no one had ventured to touch that, and even in death she seemed able to protect herself. At midnight the missionary carried her out to a favorite resort of hers in the garden, and there they buried her. . . . The buildings are fast falling into decay."

had the Pasha of Egypt commanded that Ibrahim should have the Albanians delivered up to him, but this white woman of the mountain (grown classical, not by books, but by very pride) answered only with a disdainful invitation to "come and take them." Whether it was that Ibrahim was acted upon by any superstitious dread of interfering with the Prophetess (a notion not at all incompatible with his character as an able Oriental commander), or that he feared the ridicule of putting himself in collision with a gentlewoman, he certainly never ventured to attack the sanctuary, and so long as the Chatham's granddaughter breathed a breath of life, there was always this one hillock, and that, too, in the midst of a most populous district, which stood out and kept its freedom. Mehemet Ali used to say, I am told, that the Englishwoman had given him more trouble than all the insurgent people of Syria and Palestine.

The Prophetess announced to me that we were upon the eve of a stupendous convulsion, which would destroy the then recognized value of all property upon earth, and declaring that those only who should be in the East at the time of the great change could hope for greatness in the new life that was now close at hand, she advised me, whilst there was yet time, to dispose of my property in fragile England, and gain a station in Asia; she told me that, after leaving her, I should go into Egypt, but that in a little while I should return into Syria. I secretly smiled at this last prophecy as a "bad shot," for I had fully determined, after visiting the pyramids, to take ship from Alexandria for Greece. But men struggle vainly in the meshes of their destiny; the unbelieved Cassandra was right after all; the Plague came, and the necessity of avoiding the quarantine to which I should have been subjected, if I had sailed from Alexandria, forced me to alter my route: I went down into Egypt, and stayed there for a time, and then crossed the desert once more, and came back to the mountains of the Lebanon exactly as the Prophetess had foretold.

Lady Hester talked to me long and earnestly on the subject of Religion, announcing that the Messiah was yet to come: she strove to impress me with the vanity and the falseness of all European creeds, as well as with a sense of

her own spiritual greatness: throughout her conversation upon these high topics, she skilfully insinuated, without actually asserting, her heavenly rank.

Amongst other much more marvelous powers, the Lady claimed to have one which most women, I fancy, possess, namely, that of reading men's characters in their faces; she examined the line of my features very attentively, and told me the result, which, however, I mean to keep hidden.

One great subject of discourse was that of "race," upon which she was very diffuse, and yet rather mysterious; she set great value upon the ancient French (not Norman blood, for that she vilified), but did not at all appreciate that which we call in this country an "old family."[1] She had a vast idea of the Cornish miners on account of their race, and said, if she chose, she could give me the means of rousing them to the most tremendous enthusiasm.

Such are the topics on which the Lady mainly conversed, but very often she would descend to more worldly chat, and then she was no longer the prophetess, but the sort of woman that you sometimes see, I am told, in London drawing-rooms, — cool — unsparing of enemies — full of audacious fun, and saying the downright things that the sheepish society around her is afraid to utter. I am told that Lady Hester was in her youth a capital mimic, and she showed me that not all the queenly dulness to which she had condemned herself, not all her fasting and solitude, had destroyed this terrible power. The first whom she crucified in my presence was poor Lord Byron; she had seen him, it appeared, I know not where, soon after his arrival in the East, and was vastly amused at his little affectations; he had picked up a few sentences of the Romaic, with which he affected to give orders to his Greek servant; I can't tell whether Lady Hester's mimicry of the bard was at all close, but it was amusing: she attributed to him a curiously coxcombical lisp.

Another person whose style of speaking the Lady took off

[1] In a letter which I afterwards received from Lady Hester, she mentioned incidentally Lord Hardwicke, and said that he was "the kindest-hearted man existing — a most manly, firm character. He comes from a good breed, — all the Yorkes excellent, with ancient French blood in their veins."

very amusingly was one who would scarcely object to suffer by the side of Lord Byron, — I mean Lamartine, who had visited her in the course of his travels; the peculiarity which attracted her ridicule was an overrefinement of manner: according to my Lady's imitation of Lamartine (I have never seen him myself), he had none of the violent grimace of his countrymen, and not even their usual way of talking, but rather bore himself mincingly, like the humbler sort of English Dandy.[1]

Lady Hester seems to have heartily despised everything approaching to exquisiteness; she told me, by the by (and her opinion upon that subject is worth having), that a downright manner, amounting even to brusqueness, is more effective than any other with the Oriental; and that amongst the English, of all ranks and all classes, there is no man so attractive to the Orientals — no man who can negotiate with them half so effectively, as a good, honest, open-hearted, and positive naval officer of the old school.

I have told you, I think, that Lady Hester could deal fiercely with those she hated; one man above all others (he is now uprooted from society, and cast away forever) she blasted with her wrath; you would have thought that in the scornfulness of her nature, she must have sprung upon her foe with more of fierceness than of skill; but this was not so, for with all the force and vehemence of her invective, she displayed a sober, patient, and minute attention to the details of vituperation, which contributed to its success a thousand times more than mere violence.

During the hours that this sort of conversation or rather discourse was going on, our tchibouques were from time to time replenished, and the Lady, as well as I, continued to smoke with little or no intermission, till the interview ended.

[1] It is said that deaf people can hear what is said concerning themselves, and it would seem that those who live without books, or newspapers, know all that is written about them. Lady Hester Stanhope, though not admitting a book or newspaper into her fortress, seems to have known the way in which M. Lamartine mentioned her in his book, for in a letter which she wrote to me after my return to England, she says, "Although neglected, as Monsieur Le M." (referring as I believe to M. Lamartine) "describes, and without books, yet my head is organized to supply the want of them, as well as acquired knowledge."

I think that the fragrant fumes of the Latakiah must have helped to keep me on my good behavior as a patient disciple of the Prophetess.

It was not till after midnight that my visit for the evening came to an end. When I quitted my seat the Lady rose, and stood up in the same formal attitude (almost that of a soldier in a state of "attention") which she had assumed at my entrance; at the same time she let go the drapery which she had held over her lap whilst sitting, and allowed it to fall on the ground.

The next morning after breakfast I was visited by my Lady's Secretary — the only European, except the Doctor, whom she retained in her household. The Secretary, like the Doctor, was Italian, but he preserved more signs of European dress and European pretensions than his medical fellow-slave. He spoke little or no English, though he wrote it pretty well, having been formerly employed in a mercantile house connected with England. The poor fellow was in an unhappy state of mind. In order to make you understand the extent of his spiritual anxieties, I ought to have told you that the Doctor (who had sunk into the complete Asiatic, and had condescended accordingly to the performance of even menial services) had adopted the common faith of all the neighboring people, and had become a firm and happy believer in the divine power of his mistress. Not so the Secretary; when I had strolled with him to a distance from the building, which rendered him safe from being overheard by human ears, he told me in a hollow voice, trembling with emotion, that there were times at which he doubted the divinity of "Milèdi." I said nothing to encourage the poor fellow in that frightful state of skepticism, which, if indulged, might end in positive infidelity. I found that her Ladyship had rather arbitrarily abridged the amusements of her Secretary, forbidding him from shooting small birds on the mountainside. This oppression had roused in him a spirit of inquiry that might end fatally — perhaps for himself — perhaps for the "religion of the place."

The Secretary told me that his Mistress was greatly disliked by the surrounding people, whom she oppressed by her exactions, and the truth of this statement was borne out by

the way in which my Lady spoke to me of her neighbors. But in Eastern countries, hate and veneration are very commonly felt for the same object, and the general belief in the superhuman power of this wonderful white lady — her resolute and imperious character, and above all, perhaps, her fierce Albanians (not backward to obey an order for the sacking of a village), inspired sincere respect amongst the surrounding inhabitants. Now the being "respected" amongst Orientals is not an empty, or merely honorary, distinction; for, on the contrary, it carries with it a clear right to take your neighbor's corn, his cattle, his eggs, and his honey, and almost anything that is his, except his wives. This law was acted upon by the Princess of Djoun, and her establishment was supplied by contributions apportioned amongst the nearest of the villages.

I understood that the Albanians (restrained, I suppose, by their dread of being delivered up to Ibrahim) had not given any very troublesome proofs of their unruly natures. The Secretary told me that their rations, including a small allowance of coffee and tobacco, were served out to them with tolerable regularity.

I asked the Secretary how Lady Hester was off for horses, and said that I would take a look at the stable; the man did not raise any opposition to my proposal, and affected no mystery about the matter, but said that the only two steeds which then belonged to her Ladyship were of a very humble sort; this answer, and a storm of rain which began to descend, prevented me at the time from undertaking my journey to the stable, which was at some distance from the part of the building in which I was quartered, and I don't know that I ever thought of the matter afterwards, until my return to England, when I saw Lamartine's eye-witnessing account of the horse saddled by the hands of his Maker!

When I returned to my apartment (which, as my hostess told me, was the only one in the whole building that kept out the rain), her Ladyship sent to say that she would be glad to receive me again; I was rather surprised at this, for I had understood that she reposed during the day, and it was now little later than noon. "Really," said she, when I had taken my seat and my pipe, "we were together for hours last night,

and still I have heard nothing at all of my old friends: now do tell me something of your dear mother and her sister; I never knew your father — it was after I left Burton Pynsent that your mother married." I began to make slow answer, but my questioner soon went off again to topics more sublime, so that this second interview, which lasted two or three hours, was occupied with the same sort of varied discourse as that which I have been describing.

In the course of the afternoon the captain of an English man-of-war arrived at Djoun, and her Ladyship determined to receive him for the same reason as that which had induced her to allow my visit — namely, an early intimacy with his family. I and the new visitor, who was a pleasant, amusing person, dined together, and we were afterwards invited to the presence of my Lady, with whom we sat smoking and talking till midnight. The conversation turned chiefly, I think, upon magical science. I had determined to be off at an early hour the next morning, and so at the end of this interview I bade my Lady farewell. With her parting words she once more advised me to abandon Europe, and seek my reward in the East, and she urged me, too, to give the like counsels to my father, and tell him that "She had said it."

Lady Hester's unholy claim to supremacy in the spiritual kingdom was, no doubt, the suggestion of fierce and inordinate pride, most perilously akin to madness, but I am quite sure that the mind of the woman was too strong to be thoroughly overcome by even this potent feeling. I plainly saw that she was not an unhesitating follower of her own system, and I even fancied that I could distinguish the brief moments during which she contrived to believe in Herself, from those long and less happy intervals in which her own reason was too strong for her.

As for the Lady's faith in Astrology and Magic Science, you are not for a moment to suppose that this implied any aberration of intellect. She believed these things in common with those around her, for she seldom spoke to anybody, except crazy old dervishes, who received her alms, and fostered her extravagances, and even when (as on the occasion of my visit) she was brought into contact with a person entertaining different notions, she still remained un-

contradicted. This entourage, and the habit of fasting from books and newspapers, were quite enough to make her a facile recipient of any marvelous story.

I think that in England we are scarcely sufficiently conscious of the great debt we owe to the wise and watchful press which presides over the formation of our opinions, and which brings about this splendid result, namely, that in matters of belief the humblest of us are lifted up to the level of the most sagacious, so that really a simple Cornet in the Blues is no more likely to entertain a foolish belief about ghosts or witchcraft, or any other supernatural topic, than the Lord High Chancellor or the Leader of the House of Commons. How different is the intellectual régime of Eastern countries! In Syria, and Palestine, and Egypt, you might as well dispute the efficacy of grass or grain as of Magic. There is no controversy about the matter. The effect of this, the unanimous belief of an ignorant people, upon the mind of a stranger, is extremely curious, and well worth noticing. A man coming fresh from Europe is at first proof against the nonsense with which he is assailed, but often it happens that after a little while the social atmosphere in which he lives will begin to infect him, and if he has been unaccustomed to the cunning of fence by which Reason prepares the means of guarding herself against fallacy, he will yield himself at last to the faith of those around him, and this he will do by sympathy, it would seem, rather than from conviction. I have been much interested in observing that the mere "practical man," however skilful and shrewd in his own way, has not the kind of power which enables him to resist the gradual impression which is made upon his mind by the common opinion of those whom he sees and hears from day to day. Even amongst the English (whose good sense and sound religious knowledge would be likely to guard them from error), I have known the calculating merchant, the inquisitive traveler, and the post-captain, with his bright, wakeful eye of command — I have known all these surrender themselves to the really magic-like influence of other people's minds; their language at first is, that they are "staggered," leading you by that expression to suppose that they had been witnesses to some phenomenon which it

was very difficult to account for otherwise than by supernatural causes; but when I have questioned further, I have always found that these "staggering" wonders were not even specious enough to be looked upon as good "tricks." A man in England, who gained his whole livelihood as a conjurer, would soon be starved to death if he could perform no better miracles than those which are wrought with so much effect in Syria and Egypt; sometimes, no doubt, a magician will make a good hit (Sir Robert once said "a good thing"), but all such successes range, of course, under the head of mere "tentative miracles," as distinguished by the strong-brained Paley.

CHAPTER IX

The Sanctuary

I CROSSED the plain of Esdraelon, and entered amongst the hills of beautiful Galilee. It was at sunset that my path brought me sharply round into the gorge of a little valley, and close upon a gray mass of dwellings that lay happily nestled in the lap of the mountain. There was only one shining point still touched with the light of the sun, who had set for all besides; a brave sign this to "holy" Shereef and the rest of my Moslem men, for the one glittering summit was the head of a minaret, and the rest of the seeming village that had veiled itself so meekly under the shades of evening was Christian Nazareth!

Within the precincts of the Latin convent in which I was quartered, there stands the great Catholic church which encloses the Sanctuary — the dwelling of the Blessed Virgin.[1] This is a grotto of about ten feet either way, forming a little

[1] The Greek Church does not recognize this as the true Sanctuary, and many Protestants look upon all the traditions, by which it is attempted to ascertain the holy places of Palestine, as utterly fabulous. For myself, I do not mean either to affirm or deny the correctness of the opinion which has fixed upon this as the true site, but merely to mention it as a belief entertained, without question, by my brethren of the Latin Church, whose guest I was at the time. It would be a great aggravation of the trouble of writing about these matters, if I were to stop in the midst of every sentence for the purpose of saying "so-called" or "so it is said," and would, besides, sound very ungraciously; yet I am anxious to be literally true in all I write. Now, thus it is that I mean to get over my difficulty. Whenever, in this great bundle of papers, or book (if book it is to be), you see any words about matters of religion which would seem to involve the assertion of my own opinion, you are to understand me just as if one or other of the qualifying phrases above mentioned had been actually inserted in every sentence. My general direction for you to construe me thus will render all that I write as strictly and accurately true as if I had every time lugged in a formal declaration of the fact that I was merely expressing the notions of other people.

chapel or recess, to which you descend by steps. It is decorated with splendor: on the left hand a column of granite hangs from the top of the grotto, to within a few feet of the ground; immediately beneath it is another column of the same size, which rises from the ground as if to meet the one above; but between this and the suspended pillar, there is an interval of more than a foot; these fragments once formed a single column, against which the angel leant, when he spoke, and told to Mary the mystery of her awful blessedness. Hard by, near the altar, the holy Virgin was kneeling.

I had been journeying (cheerily indeed, for the voices of my followers were ever within my hearing, but yet) as it were, in solitude, for I had no comrade to whet the edge of my reason, or wake me from my noonday dreams. I was left all alone to be taught and swayed by the beautiful circumstances of Palestine traveling — by the clime, and the land, and the name of the land with all its mighty import — by the glittering freshness of the sward, and the abounding masses of flowers that furnished my sumptuous pathway — by the bracing and fragrant air, that seemed to poise me in my saddle, and to lift me along like a planet appointed to glide through space.

And the end of my journey was Nazareth — the home of the Blessed Virgin! In the first dawn of my manhood, the old painters of Italy had taught me their dangerous worship of the beauty that is more than mortal, but those images all seemed shadowy now, and floated before me so dimly, the one overcasting the other, that they left me no one sweet idol on which I could look, and look again, and say, "Maria mia!" Yet they left me more than an idol — they left me (for to them I am wont to trace it) a faint apprehension of Beauty not compassed with lines and shadows — they touched me (forgive, proud Marie of Anjou!) — they touched me with a faith in loveliness transcending mortal shapes.

I came to Nazareth, and was led from the convent to the Sanctuary. Long fasting will sometimes heat my brain, and draw me away out of the world — will disturb my judgment, confuse my notions of right and wrong, and weaken my power of choosing the right; I had fasted perhaps too long, for I was fevered with the zeal of an insane devotion to the

Heavenly Queen of Christendom. But I knew the feebleness of this gentle malady, and I knew how easily my watchful reason, if ever so slightly provoked, would drag me back to life; let there but come one chilling breath of the outer world, and all this loving piety would cower, and fly before the sound of my own bitter laugh. And so as I went, I trod tenderly, not looking to the right, nor to the left, but bending my eyes to the ground.

The attending friar served me well — he led me down quietly and all but silently to the Virgin's home. The mystic air was so burnt with the consuming flames of the altar, and so laden with incense, that my chest labored strongly and heaved with luscious pain. There — there with beating heart the Virgin knelt and listened! I strove to grasp and hold with my riveted eyes some one of the feigned Madonnas, but of all the heaven-lit faces imagined by men, there was none that would abide with me in this the very Sanctuary. Impatient of vacancy, I grew madly strong against Nature, and if by some awful spell — some impious rite, I could — Oh! most sweet Religion that bade me fear God, and be pious and yet not cease from loving! Religion and gracious Custom commanded me that I fall down loyally, and kiss the rock that blessed Mary pressed. With a half consciousness — with the semblance of a thrilling hope that I was plunging deep, deep into my first knowledge of some most holy mystery, or of some new, rapturous, and daring sin, I knelt, and bowed down my face till I met the smooth rock with my lips. One moment — one moment — my heart, or some old Pagan demon within me, woke up, and fiercely bounded — my bosom was lifted and swung — as though I had touched Her warm robe. One moment — one more, and then — the fever had left me. I rose from my knees. I felt hopelessly sane. The mere world reappeared. My good old monk was there, dangling his key with listless patience, and as he guided me from the Church and talked of the Refectory, and the coming repast, I listened to his words with some attention and pleasure.

CHAPTER X

The Monks of the Holy Land

WHENEVER you come back to me from Palestine, we will find some "golden wine"[1] of Lebanon, that we may celebrate with apt libations the monks of the Holy Land, and, though the poor fellows be theoretically "dead to the world," we will drink to every man of them a good, long life, and a merry one! Graceless is the traveler who forgets his obligations to these saints upon earth — little love has he for merry Christendom, if he has not rejoiced with great joy to find in the very midst of water-drinking infidels those lowly monasteries in which the blessed juice of the grape is quaffed in peace. Aye! Aye! We will fill our glasses till they look like cups of amber, and drink profoundly to our gracious hosts in Palestine.

You would be likely enough to fancy that these monastics are men who have retired to the sacred sites of Palestine from an enthusiastic longing to devote themselves to the exercise of religion in the midst of the very land on which its first seeds were cast, and this is partially, at least, the case with the monks of the Greek Church; but it is not with enthusiasts that the Catholic establishments are filled. The monks of the Latin convents are chiefly persons of the peasant class, from Italy and Spain, who have been handed over to these remote asylums by order of their ecclesiastical superiors, and can no more account for their being in the Holy Land than men of marching regiments can explain why they are in "stupid quarters." I believe that these monks are for the most part well-conducted men, — punctual in their ceremonial duties, and altogether humble-minded Christians; their humility is not at all misplaced, for you see at a glance (poor fellows) that they belong to the "lag remove" of the human race; if

[1] "Vino d' oro."

the taking of the cowl does not imply a complete renouncement of the world, it is at least (in these days) a bona fide farewell to every kind of useful and entertaining knowledge, and accordingly, the low bestial brow, and the animal caste of those almost Bourbon features, show plainly enough that all the intellectual vanities of life have been really and truly abandoned. But it is hard to quench altogether the spirit of Inquiry that stirs in the human breast, and accordingly these monks inquire, — they are always inquiring — inquiring for "news"! Poor fellows! they could scarcely have yielded themselves to the sway of any passion more difficult of gratification, for they have no means of communicating with the journalized world, except through European travelers; and these, in consequence, I suppose, of that restlessness and irritability which generally haunt their wanderings, seem to have always avoided the bore of giving any information to their hosts; as for me, I am more patient and good-natured, and when I found that the kind monks who gathered round me at Nazareth were longing to know the real truth about the General Bonaparte, who had recoiled from the siege of Acre, I softened my heart down to the good humor of Herodotus, and calmly began to "sing History," telling my eager hearers of the French Empire, and the greatness of its glory, and of Waterloo, and the fall of Napoleon! Now my story of this marvelous ignorance on the part of the poor monks is one upon which (though depending on my own testimony) I look "with considerable suspicion"; it is quite true (how silly it would be to invent anything so witless!) and yet I think I could satisfy the mind of a "reasonable man" that it is false. Many of the older monks must have been in Europe at the time when the Italy and the Spain from which they came were in the act of taking their French lessons, or had parted so lately with their teachers, that not to know of "the Emperor" was impossible, and these men could scarcely, therefore, have failed to bring with them some tidings of Napoleon's career. Yet I say that that which I have written is true, — the one who believes because I have said it, will be right (she always is), — while poor Mr. "reasonable man," who is convinced by the weight of my argument, will be completely deceived.

In Spanish politics, however, the monks are better instructed,

the revenues of the monasteries, which had been principally supplied by the bounty of their most Catholic Majesties, have been withheld since Ferdinand's death, and the interests of these establishments being thus closely involved in the destinies of Spain, it is not wonderful that the brethren should be a little more knowing in Spanish affairs than in other branches of history. Besides, a large proportion of the monks were natives of the Peninsula; to these, I remember, Mysseri's familiarity with the Spanish language and character was a source of immense delight; they were always gathering around him, and it seemed to me that they treasured like gold the few Castilian words which he deigned to spare them.

Christianity permits and sanctions the drinking of wine, and of all the holy. brethren of Palestine, there are none who hold fast to this gladsome rite so strenuously as the monks of Damascus; not that they are more zealous Christians than the rest of their fellows in the Holy Land, but that they have better wine. Whilst I was at Damascus, I had my quarters at the Franciscan convent there, and very soon after my arrival I asked one of the monks to let me know something of the spots which deserved to be seen; I made my inquiry in reference to the associations with which the city had been hallowed by the sojourn and adventures of St. Paul. "There is nothing in all Damascus," said the good man, "half so well worth seeing as our cellars," and forthwith he invited me to go, see, and admire the long ranges of liquid treasure which he and his brethren had laid up for themselves on earth. And these, I soon found, were not as the treasures of the miser that lie in unprofitable disuse, for day by day, and hour by hour, the golden juice ascended from the dark recesses of the cellar to the uppermost brains of the monks; dear old fellows! in the midst of that solemn land, their Christian laughter rang loudly and merrily — their eyes flashed with unceasing bonfires, and their heavy woolen petticoats could no more weigh down the springiness of their paces, than the nominal gauze of a danseuse can clog her bounding step.

The monks do a world of good in their way, and there can be no doubting that previously to the arrival of Bishop Alexander, with his numerous young family and his pretty

English nursemaids, they were the chief Propagandists of Christianity in Palestine. My old friends of the Franciscan convent at Jerusalem, some time since, gave proof of their goodness by delivering themselves up to the peril of death for the sake of Duty. When I was their guest, they were forty, I believe, in number, and I don't recollect that there was one of them whom I should have looked upon as a desirable life-holder of any property to which I might be entitled in expectancy. Yet these forty were reduced in a few days to nineteen; the Plague was the messenger that summoned them to a taste of real death, but the circumstances under which they perished are rather curious, and though I have no authority for the story except an Italian newspaper, I harbor no doubt of its truth, for the facts were detailed with minuteness, and strictly correspond with all that I knew of the poor fellows to whom they related.

It was about three months after the time of my leaving Jerusalem, that the Plague set his spotted foot on the Holy City. The monks felt great alarm; they did not shrink from their duty, but for its performance they chose a plan most sadly well fitted for bringing down upon them the very death which they were striving to ward off. They imagined themselves almost safe, so long as they remained within their walls; but then it was quite needful that the Catholic Christians of the place, who had always looked to the convent for the supply of their spiritual wants, should receive the aids of religion in the hour of death. A single monk, therefore, was chosen either by lot, or by some other fair appeal to Destiny; being thus singled out, he was to go forth into the plague-stricken city, and to perform with exactness his priestly duties; then he was to return, not to the interior of the convent, for fear of infecting his brethren, but to a detached building (which I remember) belonging to the establishment, but at some little distance from the inhabited rooms; he was provided with a bell, and at a certain hour in the morning he was ordered to ring it, if he could; but if no sound was heard at the appointed time, then knew his brethren that he was either delirious, or dead, and another martyr was sent forth to take his place. In this way twenty-one of the monks were carried off. One cannot well fail to admire the steadiness

with which the dismal scheme was carried through; but if there be any truth in the notion that disease may be invited by a frightening imagination, it is difficult to conceive a more dangerous plan than that which was chosen by these poor fellows. The anxiety with which they must have expected each day the sound of the bell — the silence that reigned instead of it, and then the drawing of the lots (the odds against death being one point lower than yesterday) and the going forth of the newly doomed man — all this must have widened the gulf that opens to the shades below; when his victim had already suffered so much of mental torture, it was but easy work for big, bullying Pestilence to follow a forlorn monk from the beds of the dying, and wrench away his life from him, as he lay all alone in an outhouse.

In most, I believe in all of the Holy Land convents, there are two personages so strangely raised above their brethren in all that dignifies humanity, that their bearing the same habit — their dwelling under the same roof — their worshiping the same God (consistent as all this is with the spirit of their religion), yet strikes the mind with a sense of wondrous incongruity; the men I speak of are the "Padre Superiore" and the "Padre Missionario." The former is the supreme and absolute governor of the establishment over which he is appointed to rule; the latter is entrusted with the more active of the spiritual duties which attach to the Pilgrim Church. He is the shepherd of the good Catholic flock whose pasture is prepared in the midst of Mussulmans and schismatics — he keeps the light of the true faith ever vividly before their eyes — reproves their vices — supports them in their good resolves — consoles them in their afflictions, and teaches them to hate the Greek Church. Such are his labors, and you may conceive that great tact must be needed for conducting with success the spiritual interests of the church under circumstances so odd as those which surround it in Palestine.

But the position of the Padre Superiore is still more delicate: he is almost unceasingly in treaty with the powers that be, and the worldly prosperity of the establishment over which he presides is in great measure dependent upon the extent of diplomatic skill which he can employ in its favor. I know not from what class of churchmen these personages are chosen,

for there is a mystery attending their origin and the circumstance of their being stationed in these convents, which Rome does not suffer to be penetrated. I have heard it said that they are men of great note, and, perhaps, of too high ambition in the Catholic Hierarchy, who, having fallen under the grave censure of the Church, are banished for fixed periods to these distant monasteries. I believe that the term during which they are condemned to remain in the Holy Land is from eight to twelve years. By the natives of the country, as well as by the rest of the brethren, they are looked upon as superior beings; and rightly, too, for nature seems to have crowned them in her own true way.

The chief of the Jerusalem convent was a noble creature; his worldly and spiritual authority seemed to have surrounded him, as it were, with a kind of "Court," and the manly gracefulness of his bearing did honor to the throne which he filled. There were no lords of the bedchamber, and no gold sticks and stones in waiting, yet everybody who approached him looked as though he were being "presented" — every interview which he granted wore the air of an "audience"; the brethren, as often as they came near, bowed low, and kissed his hand, and if he went out, the Catholics of the place that hovered about the convent would crowd around him with devout affection, and almost scramble for the blessing which his touch could give. He bore his honors all serenely, as though calmly conscious of his power to "bind and to loose."

CHAPTER XI

From Nazareth to Tiberias

NEITHER old "Sacred"[1] himself, nor any of his helpers, knew the road which I meant to take from Nazareth to the Sea of Galilee, and from thence to Jerusalem, so I was forced to add another to my party, by hiring a guide. The associations of Nazareth, as well as my kind feeling towards the hospitable monks whose guest I had been, inclined me to set at naught the advice which I had received against employing Christians. I accordingly engaged a lithe, active young Nazarene, who was recommended to me by the monks, and who affected to be familiar with the line of country through which I intended to pass. My disregard of the popular prejudice against Christians was not justified in this particular instance by the result of my choice. This you will see by and by.

I passed by Cana, and the house in which the water had been turned into wine — I came to the field in which our Savior had rebuked the Scotch Sabbath-keepers of that period, by suffering his disciples to pluck corn on the Lord's day; I rode over the ground on which the fainting multitude had been fed, and they showed me some massive fragments — the relics, they said, of that wondrous banquet, now turned into stone. The petrifaction was most complete.

I ascended the height on which our Lord was standing when he wrought the miracle. The hill was lofty enough to show me the fairness of the land on all sides, but I have an ancient love for the mere features of a lake, and so forgetting all else when I reached the summit, I looked away eagerly to the eastward. There she lay, the Sea of Galilee. Less stern than Wastwater — less fair than gentle Windermere, she had still the winning ways of an English lake; she caught from

[1] Shereef.

the smiling heavens unceasing light and changeful phases of beauty, and with all this brightness on her face, she yet clung so fondly to the dull he-looking mountain at her side as though she would

> "Soothe him with her finer fancies,
> Touch him with her lighter thought."[1]

If one might judge of men's real thoughts by their writings, it would seem that there are people who can visit an interesting locality, and follow up continuously the exact train of thought which ought to be suggested by the historical associations of the place. A person of this sort can go to Athens, and think of nothing later than the age of Pericles — can live with the Scipios as long as he stays in Rome — can go up in a balloon, and think how resplendently in former times the now vacant and desolate air was peopled with angels — how prettily it was crossed at intervals by the rounds of Jacob's ladder! I don't possess this power at all: it is only by snatches, and for few moments together, that I can really associate a place with its proper history.

"There at Tiberias, and along this western shore towards the North, and upon the bosom too of the lake, our Savior and his disciples —" away flew those recollections, and my mind strained eastward, because that that farthest shore was the end of the world that belongs to man the dweller — the beginning of the other and veiled world that is held by the strange race, whose life (like the pastime of Satan) is a "going to and fro upon the face of the earth." From those gray hills right away to the gates of Bagdad stretched forth the mysterious "Desert" — not a pale, void, sandy tract, but a land abounding in rich pastures — a land without cities or towns, without any "respectable" people, or any "respectable things," yet yielding its eighty thousand cavalry to the beck of a few old men. But once more — "Tiberias — the plain of Gennesareth — the very earth on which I stood — that the deep, low tones of the Savior's voice should have gone forth into Eternity from out of the midst of these hills, and these valleys!" — Aye, aye, but yet again the calm face of the Lake was uplifted, and smiled upon my eyes with such

[1] Tennyson.

familiar gaze, that the "deep low tones" were hushed — the listening multitudes all passed away, and instead there came to me a dear old memory from over the seas in England — a memory sweeter than veriest Gospel to that poor, wilful mortal, me.

I went to Tiberias, and soon got afloat upon the water. In the evening I took up my quarters in the Catholic church, and, the building being large enough, the whole of my party were admitted to the benefit of the same shelter. With portmanteaus, and carpetbags, and books, and maps, and fragrant tea, Mysseri soon made me a home on the southern side of the church. One of old Shereef's helpers was an enthusiastic Catholic, and was greatly delighted at having so sacred a lodging. He lit up the altar with a number of tapers, and when his preparations were complete, he began to perform his orisons in the strangest manner imaginable; his lips muttered the prayers of the Latin Church, but he bowed himself down, and laid his forehead to the stones beneath him, after the manner of a Mussulman. The universal aptness of a religious system for all stages of civilization, and for all sorts and conditions of men, well befits its claim of divine origin. She is of all nations, and of all times, that wonderful Church of Rome!

Tiberias is one of the four holy cities,[1] according to the Talmud, and it is from this place, or the immediate neighborhood of it, that the Messiah is to arise.

Except at Jerusalem, never think of attempting to sleep in a "holy city." Old Jews from all parts of the world go to lay their bones upon the sacred soil, and as these people never return to their homes, it follows that any domestic vermin which they may bring with them are likely to become permanently resident, so that the population is continually increasing. No recent census had been taken when I was at Tiberias, but I know that the congregation of fleas which attended at my church alone must have been something enormous. It was a carnal self-seeking congregation, wholly inattentive to the service which was going on, and devoted to the one object of having my blood. The fleas of all nations were there.

[1] The other three cities held holy by Jews are Jerusalem, Hebron, and Safet.

TIBERIUS AND THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Photogravure from a painting by Harry Fenn.

The smug, steady, importunate flea from Holywell Street — the pert, jumping "puce" from hungry France — the wary, watchful "pulce" with his poisoned stiletto — the vengeful "pulga" of Castile with his ugly knife — the German "floh" with his knife and fork — insatiate — not rising from table — whole swarms from all the Russias, and Asiatic hordes unnumbered — all these were there, and all rejoiced in one great international feast. I could no more defend myself against my enemies, than if I had been "pain à discretion" in the hands of a French patriot, or English gold in the claws of a Pennsylvanian Quaker. After passing a night like this, you are glad to pick up the wretched remains of your body, long, long before morning dawns. Your skin is scorched — your temples throb — your lips feel withered and dried — your burning eyeballs are screwed inwards against the brain. You have no hope but only in the saddle and the freshness of the morning air.

CHAPTER XII

My First Bivouac

THE course of the Jordan is from the north to the south, and in that direction, with very little of devious winding, it carries the shining waters of Galilee straight down into the solitudes of the Dead Sea. Speaking roughly, the river in that meridian is a boundary between the people living under roofs, and the tented tribes that wander on the farther side. And so, as I went down in my way from Tiberias towards Jerusalem, along the western bank of the stream, my thinking all propended to the ancient world of herdsmen, and warriors, that lay so close over my bridle-arm.

If a man, and an Englishman, be not born of his mother with a natural Chiffney-bit in his mouth, there comes to him a time for loathing the wearisome ways of society — a time for not liking tamed people — a time for not dancing quadrilles — not sitting in pews — a time for pretending that Milton, and Shelley, and all sorts of mere dead people, were greater in death than the first living Lord of the Treasury — a time in short for scoffing and railing — for speaking lightly of the very opera, and all our most cherished institutions. It is from nineteen, to two or three and twenty perhaps, that this war of the man against men is like to be waged most sullenly. You are yet in this smiling England, but you find yourself wending away to the dark sides of her mountains, — climbing the dizzy crags, — exulting in the fellowship of mists and clouds, and watching the storms how they gather, or proving the mettle of your mare upon the broad and dreary downs, because that you feel congenially with the yet unparceled earth. A little while you are free, and unlabeled, like the ground that you compass, but Civilization is coming, and coming; you and your much-loved waste lands will be surely enclosed, and sooner or later you will be brought down to a state of utter usefulness — the ground will be curiously

sliced into acres, and roods, and perches, and you, for all you sit so smartly in your saddle, you will be caught — you will be taken up from travel, as a colt from grass, to be trained, and tired, and matched, and run. All this in time, but first come continental tours, and the moody longing for Eastern travel; the downs and the moors of England can hold you no longer; with larger stride you burst away from these slips and patches of free land — you thread your path through the crowds of Europe, and at last on the banks of Jordan you joyfully know that you are upon the very frontier of all accustomed respectabilities. There, on the other side of the river (you can swim it with one arm), there reigns the people that will be like to put you to death for not being a vagrant, for not being a robber, for not being armed and houseless. There is comfort in that — health, comfort, and strength to one who is dying from very weariness of that poor, dear, middle-aged, deserving, accomplished, pedantic, and painstaking governess Europe.

I had ridden for some hours along the right bank of Jordan, when I came to the Djesr el Medjamè (an old Roman bridge, I believe), which crossed the river. My Nazarene guide was riding ahead of the party, and now, to my surprise and delight, he turned leftwards, and led on over the bridge. I knew that the true road to Jerusalem must be mainly by the right bank of Jordan, but I supposed that my guide was crossing the bridge at this spot in order to avoid some bend in the river, and that he knew of a ford lower down by which we should regain the western bank. I made no question about the road, for I was but too glad to set my horse's hoofs upon the land of the wandering tribes. None of my party, except the Nazarene, knew the country. On we went through rich pastures upon the eastern side of the water. I looked for the expected bend of the river, but far as I could see it kept a straight southerly course; I still left my guide unquestioned.

The Jordan is not a perfectly accurate boundary betwixt roofs and tents, for soon after passing the bridge I came upon a cluster of huts. Some time afterwards the guide, upon being closely questioned by my servants, confessed that the village which we had left behind was the last that we

should see, but he declared that he knew a spot at which we should find an encampment of friendly Bedouins, who would receive me with all hospitality. I had long determined not to leave the East without seeing something of the wandering tribes, but I had looked forward to this as a pleasure to be found in the desert between El Arish and Egypt — I had no idea that the Bedouins on the east of Jordan were accessible. My delight was so great at the near prospect of bread and salt in the tent of an Arab warrior, that I wilfully allowed my guide to go on and mislead me; I saw that he was taking me out of the straight route towards Jerusalem, and was drawing me into the midst of the Bedouins, but the idea of his betraying me seemed (I know not why) so utterly absurd, that I could not entertain it for a moment; I fancied it possible that the fellow had taken me out of my route in order to attempt some little mercantile enterprise with the tribe for which he was seeking, and I was glad of the opportunity which I might thus gain of coming in contact with the wanderers.

Not long after passing the village, a horseman met us; it appeared that some of the cavalry of Ibrahim Pasha had crossed the river for the sake of the rich pastures on the eastern bank, and that this man was one of the troopers; he stopped and saluted; he was obviously surprised at meeting an unarmed, or half-armed, cavalcade, and at last fairly told us that we were on the wrong side of the river, and that if we proceeded we must lay our account with falling amongst robbers. All this while, and throughout the day, my Nazarene kept well ahead of the party, and was constantly up in his stirrups, straining forward, and searching the distance for some objects which still remained unseen.

For the rest of the day we saw no human being; we pushed on eagerly in the hope of coming up with the Bedouins before nightfall. Night came, and we still went on in our way till about ten o'clock. Then the thorough darkness of the night and the weariness of our beasts (which had already done two good days' journey in one) forced us to determine upon coming to a standstill. Upon the heights to the eastward we saw lights; these shone from caves on the mountainside, inhabited, as the Nazarene told us, by rascals of a low sort —

not real Bedouins — men whom we might frighten into harmlessness, but from whom there was no willing hospitality to be expected.

We heard at a little distance the brawling of a rivulet, and on the banks of this it was determined to establish our bivouac; we soon found the stream, and following its course for a few yards came to a spot which was thought to be fit for our purpose. It was a sharply cold night in February, and when I dismounted I found myself standing upon some wet, rank herbage, that promised ill for the comfort of our resting-place. I had bad hopes of a fire, for the pitchy darkness of the night was a great obstacle to any successful search for fuel, and besides, the boughs of trees or bushes would be so full of sap in this early spring that they would not be easily persuaded to burn. However, we were not likely to submit to a dark and cold bivouac without an effort, and my fellows groped forward through the darkness, till after advancing a few paces they were happily stopped by a complete barrier of dead prickly bushes. Before our swords could be drawn to reap this glorious harvest, it was found, to our surprise, that the precious fuel was already hewn, and strewed along the ground in a thick mass. A spot fit for the fire was found with some difficulty, for the earth was moist, and the grass high and rank. At last there was a clicking of flint and steel, and presently there stood out from darkness one of the tawny faces of my muleteers, bent down to near the ground, and suddenly lit up by the glowing of the spark, which he courted with careful breath. Before long there was a particle of dry fiber, or leaf, that kindled to a tiny flame; then another was lit from that, and then another. Then small, crisp twigs, little bigger than bodkins, were laid athwart the growing fire. The swelling cheeks of the muleteer, laid level with the earth, blew tenderly at first, and then more boldly, upon the young flame, which was daintily nursed and fed, and fed more plentifully when it gained good strength. At last a whole armful of dry bushes was piled up over the fire, and presently with loud, cheery cracking and crackling, a royal tall blaze shot up from the earth, and showed me once more the shapes and faces of my men, and the dim outlines of the horses and mules that stood grazing hard by.

My servants busied themselves in unpacking the baggage, as though we had arrived at a hotel — Shereef and his helpers unsaddled their cattle. We had left Tiberias without the slightest idea that we were to make our way to Jerusalem along the desolate side of the Jordan, and my servants (generally provident in those matters) had brought with them only, I think, some unleavened bread, and a rocky fragment of goat's-milk cheese. These treasures were produced. Tea, and the contrivances for making it, were always a standing part of my baggage. My men gathered in circle around the fire. The Nazarene was in a false position, from having misled us so strangely, and he would have shrunk back, poor devil, into the cold and outer darkness, but I made him draw near and share the luxuries of the night. My quilt and my pelisse were spread, and the rest of my party had all their capotes, or pelisses, or robes of some sort, which furnished their couches. The men gathered in circle, some kneeling, some sitting, some lying reclined around our common hearth. Sometimes on one, sometimes on another, the flickering light would glare more fiercely. Sometimes it was the good Shereef that seemed the foremost, as he sat with venerable beard, the image of manly piety — unknowing of all geography, unknowing where he was, or whither he might go, but trusting in the goodness of God, and the clenching power of fate, and the good star of the Englishman. Sometimes, like marble, the classic face of the Greek Mysseri would catch the sudden light, and then again by turns the ever-perturbed Dthemetri, with his odd Chinaman's eyes, and bristling, terrier-like mustache, shone forth illustrious.

I always liked the men who attended me on these Eastern travels, for they were all of them brave, cheery-hearted fellows, and although their following my career brought upon them a pretty large share of those toils and hardships which are so much more amusing to gentlemen than to servants, yet not one of them ever uttered or hinted a syllable of complaint or even affected to put on an air of resignation; I always liked them, but never perhaps so much as when they were thus grouped together under the light of the bivouac fire. I felt towards them as my comrades, rather than as my

servants, and took delight in breaking bread with them, and merely passing the cup.

The love of tea is a glad source of fellow-feeling between the Englishman and the Asiatic; in Persia it is drunk by all, and although it is a luxury that is rarely within the reach of the Osmanlees, there are few of them who do not know and love the blessed "tchäi." Our camp-kettle filled from the brook hummed doubtfully for a while — then busily bubbled under the sidelong glare of the flames — cups clinked and rattled — the fragrant steam ascended, and soon this little circlet in the wilderness grew warm and genial as my lady's drawing-room.

And after this there came the tchibouque — great comforter of those that are hungry and wayworn. And it has this virtue — it helps to destroy the gêne and awkwardness which one sometimes feels at being in company with one's dependents; for whilst the amber is at your lips, there is nothing ungracious in your remaining silent, or speaking pithily in short inter-whiff sentences. And for us that night there was pleasant and plentiful matter of talk; for the where we should be on the morrow, and the wherewithal we should be fed — whether by some ford we should regain the western banks of Jordan, or find bread and salt under the tents of a wandering tribe, or whether we should fall into the hands of the Philistines, and so come to see Death — the last, and greatest of all "the fine sights" that there be — these were questionings not dull nor wearisome to us, for we were all concerned in the answers. And it was not an ill-imagined morrow that we probed with our sharp guesses, for the lights of those low Philistines, the men of the caves, still hung over our heads, and we knew by their yells that the fire of our bivouac had shown us.

At length we thought it well to seek for sleep. Our plans were laid for keeping up a good watch through the night. My quilt and my pelisse and my cloak were spread out so that I might lie spokewise, with my feet towards the central fire. I wrapped my limbs daintily round, and gave myself positive orders to sleep like a veteran soldier. But I found that my attempt to sleep upon the earth that God gave me was more new and strange than I had fancied it. I had

grown used to the scene which was before me whilst I was sitting or reclining by the side of the fire, but now that I laid myself down at length, it was the deep black mystery of the heavens that hung over my eyes — not an earthly thing in the way from my own very forehead right up to the end of all space. I grew proud of my boundless bedchamber. I might have "found sermons" in all this greatness (if I had, I should surely have slept), but such was not then my way. If this cherished Self of mine had built the Universe, I should have dwelt with delight on the "wonders of creation." As it was, I felt rather the vainglory of my promotion from out of mere rooms and houses into the midst of that grand, dark, infinite palace.

And then, too, my head, far from the fire, was in cold latitudes, and it seemed to me strange that I should be lying so still, and passive, whilst the sharp night-breeze walked free over my cheek, and the cold damp clung to my hair, as though my face grew in the earth, and must bear with the footsteps of the wind, and the falling of the dew, as meekly as the grass of the field. Besides, I got puzzled and distracted by having to endure heat and cold at the same time, for I was always considering whether my feet were not over-deviled, and whether my face was not too well iced. And so when from time to time the watch quietly and gently kept up the languishing fire, he seldom, I think, was unseen to my restless eyes. Yet, at last, when they called me, and said that the morn would soon be dawning, I rose from a state of half-oblivion, not much unlike to sleep, though sharply qualified by a sort of vegetable's consciousness of having been growing still colder and colder, for many and many an hour.

CHAPTER XIII

The Dead Sea

THE gray light of the morning showed us for the first time the ground which we had chosen for our resting-place. We found that we had bivouacked upon a little patch of barley, plainly belonging to the men of the caves. The dead bushes which we found so happily placed in readiness for our fire had been strewn as a fence for the protection of the little crop. This was the only cultivated spot of ground which we had seen for many a league, and I was rather sorry to find that our night fire and our cattle had spread so much ruin upon this poor solitary slip of corn-land.

The saddling and loading of our beasts was a work which generally took nearly an hour, and before this was half over daylight came. We could now see the men of the caves. They collected in a body, amounting, I should think, to nearly fifty, and rushed down towards our quarters with fierce shouts and yells. But the nearer they came, the slower they went; their shouts grew less resolute in tone, and soon ceased altogether. The fellows advanced to a thicket within thirty yards of us, and behind this "took up their position." My men without premeditation did exactly that which was best: they kept steadily to their work of loading the beasts without fuss, or hurry, and whether it was that they instinctively felt the wisdom of keeping quiet, or that they merely obeyed the natural inclination to silence which one feels in the early morning—I cannot tell, but I know that except when they exchanged a syllable or two relative to the work they were about, not a word was said. I now believe that this quietness of our party created an undefined terror in the minds of the cave-holders, and scared them from coming on: it gave them a notion that we were relying on some resources which they knew not of. Several

times the fellows tried to lash themselves into a state of excitement which might do instead of pluck. They would raise a great shout, and sway forward in a dense body from behind the thicket; but when they saw that their bravery, thus gathered to a head, did not even suspend the strapping of a portmanteau, or the tying of a hat-box, their shout lost its spirit, and the whole mass was irresistibly drawn back like a wave receding from the shore.

These attempts at an onset were repeated several times, but always with the same result; I remained under the apprehension of an attack for more than half an hour, and it seemed to me that the work of packing and loading had never been done so slowly. I felt inclined to tell my fellows to make their best speed, but just as I was going to speak, I observed that every one was doing his duty already; I therefore held my peace, and said not a word, till at last Mysseri led up my horse, and asked me if I were ready to mount.

We all marched off without hindrance.

After some time, we came across a party of Ibrahim's cavalry, which had bivouacked at no great distance from us. The knowledge that such a force was in the neighborhood may have conduced to the forbearance of the cave-holders.

We saw a scraggy-looking fellow, nearly black, and wearing nothing but a cloth round the loins; he was tending flocks. Afterwards I came up with another of these goatherds, whose helpmate was with him. They gave us some goat's-milk, a welcome present. I pitied the poor devil of a goatherd for having such a very plain wife. I spent an enormous quantity of pity upon that particular form of human misery.

About midday I began to examine my map, and to question my guide, who at last fell on his knees and confessed that he knew nothing of the country in which we were. I was thus thrown upon my own resources, and calculating that on the preceding day we had performed nearly a two days' journey, I concluded that the Dead Sea must be near. In this I was right, for at about three or four o'clock in the afternoon I caught a first sight of its dismal face.

I went on, and came near to those waters of Death; they stretched deeply into the southern desert, and before me, and all around, as far away as the eye could follow, blank hills

piled high over hills, pale, yellow, and naked, walled up in her tomb forever the dead and damned Gomorrah. There was no fly that hummed in the forbidden air, but instead a deep stillness — no grass grew from the earth — no weed peered through the void sand, but in mockery of all life there were trees borne down by Jordan in some ancient flood, and these grotesquely planted upon the forlorn shore, spread out their grim skeleton arms all scorched, and charred to blackness, by the heats of the long, silent years.

I now struck off towards the debouchure of the river; but I found that the country, though seemingly quite flat, was intersected by deep ravines, which did not show themselves until nearly approached. For some time my progress was much obstructed; but at last I came across a track which led towards the river, and which might, as I hoped, bring me to a ford. I found, in fact, when I came to the river's side, that the track reappeared upon the opposite banks, plainly showing that the stream had been fordable at this place. Now, however, in consequence of the late rains, the river was quite impracticable for baggage horses. A body of waters, about equal to the Thames at Eton, but confined to a narrower channel, poured down in a current so swift and heavy that the idea of passing with laden baggage horses was utterly forbidden. I could have swum across myself, and I might, perhaps, have succeeded in swimming a horse over. But this would have been useless, because in such case I must have abandoned, not only my baggage, but all my attendants, for none of them were able to swim, and without that resource, it would have been madness for them to rely upon the swimming of their beasts across such a powerful stream. I still hoped, however, that there might be a chance of passing the river at the point of its actual junction with the Dead Sea, and I therefore went on in that direction.

Night came upon us whilst laboring across gullies, and sandy mounds, and we were obliged to come to a standstill quite suddenly, upon the very edge of a precipitous descent. Every step towards the Dead Sea had brought us into a country more and more dreary; and this sand-hill, which we were forced to choose for our resting-place, was dismal enough. A few slender blades of grass, which here and there singly pierced the sand, mocked bitterly the hunger of our jaded beasts, and

with our small remaining fragment of goat's-milk rock, by way of supper we were not much better off than our horses; we wanted, too, the great requisite of a cheery bivouac—fire. Moreover, the spot on which we had been so suddenly brought to a standstill was relatively high and unsheltered, and the night-wind blew swiftly and cold.

The next morning I reached the debouchure of the Jordan, where I had hoped to find a bar of sand that might render its passage possible. The river, however, rolled its eddying waters fast down to the "sea," in a strong deep stream that shut out all hope of crossing. It was always said that no vegetation could live in the neighborhood of the Dead Sea, but now I began to look upon my party and myself as forming a very fine "plantation"; for never in the hunting sense of the term were men more thoroughly "planted."

It now seemed necessary either to construct a raft of some kind, or else to retrace my steps, and remount the banks of the Jordan. I had once happened to give some attention to the subject of military bridges—a branch of military science which includes the construction of rafts, and contrivances of the like sort, and I should have been very proud, indeed, if I could have carried my party and my baggage across by dint of any idea gathered from Sir Howard Douglas or Robinson Crusoe. But we were all faint and languid from want of food, and besides there were no materials. Higher up the river there were bushes and river-plants, but nothing like timber, and the cord with which my baggage was tied to the pack-saddles amounted altogether to a very small quantity—not nearly enough to haul any sort of craft across the stream.

And now it was, if I remember rightly, that Dthemetri submitted to me a plan for putting to death the Nazarene, whose misguidance had been the cause of our difficulties. There was something fascinating in this suggestion, for the slaying of the guide was of course easy enough, and would look like an act of what politicians call "vigor." If it were only to become known to my friends in England that I had calmly killed a fellow-creature for taking me out of my way, I might remain perfectly quiet and tranquil for all the rest of my days, quite free from the danger of being considered "slow"; I might ever after live on upon my reputation like "single-speech

Hamilton" in the last century, or "single-sin ——" in this, without being obliged to take the trouble of doing any more harm in the world. This was a great temptation to an indolent person, but the motive was not strengthened by any sincere feeling of anger with the Nazarene. Whilst the question of his life and death was debated, he was riding in front of our party, and there was something in the anxious writhing of his supple limbs that seemed to express a sense of his false position, and struck me as highly comic; I had no crotchet at that time against the punishment of the death, but I was unused to blood, and the proposed victim looked so thoroughly capable of enjoying life (if he could only get to the other side of the river), that I thought it would be hard for him to die, merely in order to give me a character for energy. Acting on the result of these considerations, and reserving to myself a free and unfettered discretion to have the poor villain shot at any future moment, I magnanimously decided that for the present he should live, and not die.

I bathed in the Dead Sea. The ground covered by the water sloped so gradually, that I was not only forced to "sneak in," but to walk through the water nearly a quarter of a mile before I could get out of my depth. When at last I was able to attempt a dive, the salts held in solution made my eyes smart so sharply that the pain which I thus suffered, acceding to the weakness occasioned by want of food, made me giddy and faint for some moments, but I soon grew better. I knew beforehand the impossibility of sinking in this buoyant water, but I was surprised to find that I could not swim at my accustomed pace; my legs and feet were lifted so high and dry out of the lake that my stroke was baffled, and I found myself kicking against the thin air, instead of the dense fluid upon which I was swimming. The water is perfectly bright and clear, its taste detestable. After finishing my attempts at swimming and diving, I took some time in regaining the shore, and before I began to dress, I found that the sun had already evaporated the water which clung to me, and that my skin was thickly encrusted with sulphate of magnesia.

CHAPTER XIV

The Black Tents

MY steps were reluctantly turned towards the north. I had ridden some way and still it seemed that all life was fenced and barred out from the desolate ground over which I was journeying. On the west there flowed the impassable Jordan; on the east stood an endless range of barren mountains, and on the south lay that desert sea that knew not the plashing of an oar; greatly, therefore, was I surprised when suddenly there broke upon my ear the long, ludicrous, persevering bray of a living donkey. I was riding at this time some few hundred yards ahead of all my party, except the Nazarene (who by a wise instinct kept closer to me than to Dthemetri), and I instantly went forward in the direction of the sound, for I fancied that where there were donkeys, there too most surely would be men. The ground on all sides of me seemed thoroughly void and lifeless, but at last I got down into a hollow, and presently a sudden turn brought me within thirty yards of an Arab encampment. The low black tents which I had so long lusted to see were right before me, and they were all teeming with live Arabs — men, women, and children.

I wished to have let my party behind know where I was, but I recollected that they would be able to trace me by the prints of my horse's hoofs in the sand, and having to do with Asiatics, I felt the danger of the slightest movement which might be looked upon as a sign of irresolution. Therefore, without looking behind me — without looking to the right or to the left, I rode straight up towards the foremost tent. Before this was strewn a semicircular fence of dead boughs, through which there was an opening opposite to the front of the tent. As I advanced, some twenty or thirty of the most uncouth-looking fellows imaginable came forward to meet

me. In their appearance they showed nothing of the Bedouin blood; they were of many colors, from dingy brown to jet black, and some of these last had much of the negro look about them. They were tall, powerful fellows, but awfully ugly. They wore nothing but the Arab shirts, confined at the waist by leathern belts.

I advanced to the gap left in the fence, and at once alighted from my horse. The chief greeted me after his fashion by alternately touching first my hand and then his own forehead, as if he were conveying the virtue of the touch like a spark of electricity. Presently I found myself seated upon a sheepskin, which was spread for me under the sacred shade of Arabian canvas. The tent was of a long, narrow, oblong form, and contained a quantity of men, women, and children, so closely huddled together, that there was scarcely one of them who was not in actual contact with his neighbor. The moment I had taken my seat the chief repeated his salutations in the most enthusiastic manner, and then the people, having gathered densely about me, got hold of my unresisting hand, and passed it round like a claret jug for the benefit of everybody. The women soon brought me a wooden bowl full of buttermilk, and welcome indeed came the gift to my hungry and thirsty soul.

After some time my party, as I had expected, came up, and when poor Dthemetri saw me on my sheepskin, "the life and soul" of this ragamuffin party, he was so astounded that he even failed to check his cry of horror; he plainly thought that now, at last, the Lord had delivered me (interpreter and all) into the hands of the lowest Philistines.

Mysseri carried a tobacco-pouch slung at his belt, and as soon as its contents were known, the whole population of the tent began begging like spaniels for bits of the beloved weed. I concluded from the abject manner of these people, that they could not possibly be thoroughbred Bedouins, and I saw, too, that they must be in the very last stage of misery, for poor indeed is the man in these climes who cannot command a pipeful of tobacco. I began to think that I had fallen amongst thorough savages, and it seemed likely enough that they would gain their very first knowledge of civilization by ravishing and studying the contents of my dearest port-

manteaus, but still my impression was that they would hardly venture upon such an attempt; I observed, indeed, that they did not offer me the bread and salt, which I had understood to be the pledges of peace amongst wandering tribes, but I fancied that they refrained from this act of hospitality, not in consequence of any hostile determination, but in order that the notion of robbing me might remain for the present an "open question." I afterwards found that the poor fellows had no bread to offer. They were literally "out at grass"; it is true that they had a scanty supply of milk from goats, but they were living almost entirely upon certain grass stems, which were just in season at that time of the year. These, if not highly nourishing, are pleasant enough to the taste, and their acid juices came gratefully to thirsty lips.

CHAPTER XV

Passage of the Jordan

AND now Dthemetri began to enter into a negotiation with my hosts for a passage over the river. I never interfered with my worthy Dragoman upon these occasions, because from my entire ignorance of the Arabic, I should have been quite unable to exercise any real control over his words, and it would have been silly to break the stream of his eloquence to no purpose. I have reason to fear, however, that he lied transcendently, and especially in representing me as the bosom friend of Ibrahim Pasha. The mention of that name produced immense agitation and excitement, and the Sheik explained to Dthemetri the grounds of the infinite respect which he and his tribe entertained for the Pasha. A few weeks before, Ibrahim had craftily sent a body of troops across the Jordan. The force went warily round to the foot of the mountains on the East, so as to cut off the retreat of this tribe, and then surrounded them as they lay encamped in the vale; their camels, and, indeed, all their possessions worth taking, were carried off by the soldiery, and moreover the then Sheik, together with every tenth man of the tribe, was brought out and shot. You would think that this conduct on the part of the Pasha might not procure for his "friend" a very gracious reception amongst the people whom he had thus despoiled and decimated, but the Asiatic seems to be animated with a feeling of profound respect, almost bordering upon affection, for all who have done him any bold and violent wrong, and there is always, too, so much of vague and undefined apprehension mixed up with his really well-founded alarms, that I can see no limit to the yielding and bending of his mind when it is worked upon by the idea of power.

After some discussion the Arabs agreed, as I thought, to conduct me to a ford, and we moved on towards the river,

followed by seventeen of the most able-bodied of the tribe, under the guidance of several gray-bearded elders, and Sheik Ali Djoubran at the head of the whole detachment. Upon leaving the encampment a sort of ceremony was performed, for the purpose, it seemed, of insuring, if possible, a happy result for the undertaking. There was an uplifting of arms, and a repeating of words, that sounded like formulæ, but there were no prostrations, and I did not understand that the ceremony was of a religious character. The tented Arabs are looked upon as very bad Mohammedans.

We arrived upon the banks of the river — not at a ford, but at a deep and rapid part of the stream, and I now understood that it was the plan of these men, if they helped me at all, to transport me across the river by some species of raft. But a reaction had taken place in the opinions of many, and a violent dispute arose, upon a motion which seemed to have been made by some honorable member, with a view to robbery. The fellows all gathered together in a circle, at a little distance from my party, and there disputed with great vehemence and fury for nearly two hours. I can't give a correct report of the debate, for it was held in a barbarous dialect of the Arabic, unknown to my Dragoman. I recollect, I sincerely felt at the time that the arguments in favor of robbing me must have been almost unanswerable, and I gave great credit to the speakers on my side for the ingenuity and sophistry which they must have shown in maintaining the fight so well.

During the discussion, I remained lying in front of my baggage, which had all been taken from the pack-saddles and placed upon the ground. I was so languid from want of food, that I had scarcely animation enough to feel as deeply interested as you would suppose, in the result of the discussion. I thought, however, that the pleasantest toys to play with, during this interval, were my pistols, and now and then, when I listlessly visited my loaded barrels with the swivel ramrods, or drew a sweet, musical click from my English firelocks, it seemed to me that I exercised a slight and gentle influence on the debate. Thanks to Ibrahim Pasha's terrible visitation, the men of the tribe were wholly unarmed, and my advantage in this respect might have counterbalanced, in some measure, the superiority of numbers.

Mysseri (not interpreting in Arabic) had no duty to perform, and he seemed to be as faint and listless as myself. Shereef looked perfectly resigned to any fate. But Dthemetri (faithful terrier!) was bristling with zeal and watchfulness; he could not understand the debate, which indeed was carried on at a distance too great to be easily heard, even if the language had been familiar; but he was always on the alert, and now and then conferring with men who had straggled out of the assembly; at last he found an opportunity of making a proposal, which at once produced immense sensation: he offered, on my behalf, that if the tribe should bear themselves loyally towards me, and take my party and my baggage in safety to the other bank of the river, I should give them a "teskeri," or written certificate of their good conduct, which might avail them hereafter in the hour of their direst need. This proposal was received, and instantly accepted, by all the men of the tribe there present, with the utmost enthusiasm. I was to give the men, too, a "bakshish," that is, a present of money, which is usually made upon the conclusion of any sort of treaty; but, although the people of the tribe were so miserably poor, they seemed to look upon the pecuniary part of the arrangement as a matter quite trivial in comparison with the "teskeri." Indeed, the sum which Dthemetri promised them was extremely small, and not the slightest attempt was made to extort any further reward.

The Council now broke up, and most of the men rushed madly towards me, and overwhelmed me with vehement gratulations; they caressed my boots with much affection, and my hands were severely kissed.

The Arabs now went to work in right earnest to effect the passage of the river. They had brought with them a great number of the skins which they use for carrying water in the desert; these they filled with air, and fastened several of them to small boughs, which they cut from the banks of the river. In this way they constructed a raft not more than about four feet square, but rendered buoyant by the inflated skins which supported it. On this a portion of my baggage was placed, and was firmly tied to it by the cords used on my pack-saddles. The little raft, with its weighty cargo, was then gen-

tly lifted into the water, and I had the satisfaction to see that it floated well.

Twelve of the Arabs now stripped, and tied inflated skins to their loins; six of the men went down into the river, got in front of the little raft, and pulled it off a few feet from the bank. The other six then dashed into the stream with loud shouts, and swam along after the raft, pushing it from behind. Off went the craft in capital style at first, for the stream was easy on the eastern side, but I saw that the tug was to come, for the main torrent swept round in a bend near the western banks of the river.

The old men, with their long gray grisly beards, stood shouting and cheering, praying and commanding. At length the raft entered upon the difficult part of its course; the whirling stream seized and twisted it about, and then bore it rapidly downwards; the swimmers flagged, and seemed to be beaten in the struggle. But now the old men on the bank, with their rigid arms uplifted straight, sent forth a cry and a shout that tore the wide air into tatters, and then to make their urging yet more strong, they shrieked out the dreadful syllables, "'brahim Pasha!" The swimmers, one moment before so blown and so weary, found lungs to answer the cry, and shouting back the name of their great destroyer, they dashed on through the torrent and bore the raft in safety to the western bank.

Afterwards the swimmers returned with the raft, and attached to it the rest of my baggage. I took my seat upon the top of the cargo, and the raft thus laden passed the river in the same way and with the same struggle as before. The skins, however, not being perfectly air-tight, had lost a great part of their buoyancy, so that I, as well as the luggage that passed on this last voyage, got wet in the waters of Jordan. The raft could not be trusted for another trip, and the rest of my party passed the river in a different and (for them) much safer way. Inflated skins were fastened to their loins, and thus supported they were tugged across by Arabs swimming on either side of them. The horses and mules were thrown into the water, and forced to swim over; the poor beasts had a hard struggle for their lives in that swift stream, and I thought that one of the horses would have been drowned, for

he was too weak to gain a footing on the western bank, and the stream bore him down. At last, however, he swam back to the side from which he had come. Before dark all had passed the river except this one horse and old Shereef. He, poor fellow, was shivering on the eastern bank, for his dread of the passage was so great that he delayed it as long as he could, and at last it became so dark that he was obliged to wait till the morning.

I lay that night on the banks of the river, and at a little distance from me the Arabs made a fire, round which they sat in a circle. They were made most savagely happy by the tobacco with which I supplied them, and they had determined to make the whole night one smoking festival. The poor fellows had only one broken bowl, without any tube at all, but this morsel of a pipe they passed round from one to the other, allowing to each a fixed number of whiffs. In that way they passed the whole night.

The next morning old Shereef was brought across. It was a strange sight to see this solemn old Mussulman with his shaven head, and his sacred beard, sprawling and puffing upon the surface of the water. When at last he reached the bank, the people told him that by his baptism in Jordan he had surely become a mere Christian. Poor Shereef!—the holy man!—the descendant of the Prophet!—he was sadly hurt by the taunt, and the more so as he seemed to feel there was some foundation for it, and that he really may have absorbed some Christian errors.

When all was ready for departure, I wrote the "teskeri" in French, and delivered it to Sheik Ali Djoubran, together with the promised "bakshish"; he was exceedingly grateful, and I parted upon very good terms from this ragged tribe.

In two or three hours I gained Rihah, a village which is said to occupy the site of ancient Jericho. There was one building there which I observed with some emotion, for although it may not have been actually standing in the days of Jericho, it contained at this day a most interesting collection of—modern loaves.

Some hours after sunset I reached the convent of Santa Saba, and there remained for the night.

CHAPTER XVI

Terra Santa

THE enthusiasm that had glowed, or seemed to glow, within me for one blessed moment when I knelt by the shrine of the Blessed Virgin at Nazareth, was not rekindled at Jerusalem. In the stead of the solemn gloom and the deep stillness that of right belonged to the Holy City, there was the hum and the bustle of active life. It was the "height of the season." The Easter ceremonies drew near; the pilgrims were flocking in from all quarters, and although their object was partly at least of a religious character, yet their "arrivals" brought as much stir and liveliness to the city as if they had come up to marry their daughters.

The votaries who every year crowd to the Holy Sepulcher are chiefly of the Greek and Armenian churches. They are not drawn into Palestine by a mere longing to stand upon the ground trodden by our Savior, but rather they perform the pilgrimage as a plain duty, which is strongly inculcated by their religion. A very great proportion of those who belong to the Greek Church contrive, at some time or other in the course of their lives, to achieve the enterprise. Many, in their infancy and childhood, are brought to the holy sites by their parents, but those who have not had this advantage will often make it the main object of their lives to save money enough for this holy undertaking.

The pilgrims begin to arrive in Palestine some weeks before the Easter festival of the Greek Church; they come from Egypt — from all parts of Syria — from Armenia and Asia Minor — from Stamboul, from Roumelia, from the provinces of the Danube, and from all the Russias. Most of these people bring with them some articles of merchandise, but I myself believe (notwithstanding the common taunt against pilgrims), that they do this rather as a mode of paying the

expenses of their journey, than from a spirit of mercenary speculation; they generally travel in families, for the women are of course more ardent than their husbands in undertaking these pious enterprises, and they take care to bring with them all their children, however young, for the efficacy of the rites does not depend upon the age of the votary, so that people whose careful mothers have obtained for them the benefit of the pilgrimage in early life, are saved from the expense and trouble of undertaking the journey at a later age. The superior veneration, so often excited by objects that are distant and unknown, shows not perhaps the wrongheadedness of a man, but rather the transcendent power of his Imagination; however this may be, and whether it is by mere obstinacy that they poke their way through intervening distance, or whether they come by the winged strength of Fancy, quite certainly the pilgrims who flock to Palestine from the most remote homes are the people most eager in the enterprise, and in number, too, they bear a very high proportion to the whole mass.

The great bulk of the pilgrims make their way by sea to the port of Jaffa. A number of families will charter a vessel amongst them, all bringing their own provisions, which are of the simplest and cheapest kind. On board every vessel thus freighted there is, I believe, a priest who helps the people in their religious exercises, and tries (and fails) to maintain something like order and harmony. The vessels employed in this service are usually Greek brigs, or brigantines, and schooners, and the number of passengers stowed in them is almost always horribly excessive. The voyages are sadly protracted, not only by the land-seeking, storm-flying habits of the Greek seamen, but also by their endless schemes and speculations, which are forever tempting them to touch at the nearest port. The voyage, too, must be made in winter, in order that Jerusalem may be reached some weeks before the Greek Easter, and thus by the time they attain to the holy shrines, the pilgrims have really and truly undergone a very respectable quantity of suffering. I once saw one of these pious cargoes put ashore on the coast of Cyprus, where they had touched for the purpose of visiting (not Paphos, but) some Christian sanctuary. I never saw (no, never even in the most horridly stuffy ball-

room) such an uncomfortable collection of human beings. Long huddled together in a pitching and rolling prison — fed on beans — exposed to some real danger, and to terrors without end, they had been tumbled about for many wintry weeks in the chopping seas of the Mediterranean; as soon as they landed, they stood upon the beach and chanted a hymn of thanks; the chant was morne and doleful, but really the poor people were looking so miserable that one could not fairly expect from them any lively outpouring of gratitude.

When the pilgrims have landed at Jaffa they hire camels, horses, mules, or donkeys, and make their way as well as they can to the Holy City. The space fronting the Church of the Holy Sepulcher soon becomes a kind of Bazaar, or rather, perhaps, reminds you of an English Fair. On this spot the pilgrims display their merchandise, and there, too, the trading residents of the place offer their goods for sale. I have never, I think, seen elsewhere in Asia so much commercial animation as upon this square of ground by the church door; the "money-changers" seemed to be almost as brisk and lively as if they had been within the Temple.

When I entered the church I found a Babel of worshipers. Greek, Roman, and Armenian priests were performing their different rites in various nooks and corners, and crowds of disciples were rushing about in all directions, — some laughing and talking, — some begging, but most of them going about in a regular and methodical way to kiss the sanctified spots, and speak the appointed syllables, and lay down the accustomed coin. If this kissing of the shrines had seemed as though it were done at the bidding of Enthusiasm, or of any poor sentiment, even feebly approaching to it, the sight would have been less odd to English eyes; but as it was, I stared to see grown men thus steadily and carefully embracing the sticks and the stones — not from love or from zeal (else God forbid that I should have stared), but from a calm sense of duty; they seemed to be not "working out," but transacting, the great business of Salvation.

Dthemetri, however, who generally came with me when I went out, in order to do duty as interpreter, really had in him some enthusiasm; he was a zealous and almost fanatical member of the Greek Church, and had long since performed

the pilgrimage, so now great indeed was the pride and delight with which he guided me from one holy spot to another. Every now and then, when he came to an unoccupied shrine, he fell down on his knees and performed devotion; he was almost distracted by the temptations that surrounded him; there were so many stones absolutely requiring to be kissed that he rushed about happily puzzled and sweetly teased, like "Jack among the maidens."

A Protestant, familiar with the Holy Scriptures, but ignorant of tradition and the geography of Modern Jerusalem, finds himself a good deal "mazed" when he first looks for the sacred rites. The Holy Sepulcher is not in a field without the walls, but in the midst, and in the best part, of the town, under the roof of the great church which I have been talking about; it is a handsome tomb of oblong form, partly subterranean and partly above ground, and closed in on all sides, except the one by which it is entered. You descend into the interior by a few steps, and there find an altar with burning tapers. This is the spot which is held in greater sanctity than any other at Jerusalem. When you have seen enough of it, you feel perhaps weary of the busy crowd and inclined for a gallop; you ask your Dragoman whether there will be time before sunset to procure horses and take a ride to Mount Calvary. Mount Calvary, Signor? — eccolo! — it is up-stairs — on the first floor. In effect you ascend, if I remember rightly, just thirteen steps, and then you are shown the now golden sockets in which the crosses of our Lord and the two thieves were fixed. All this is startling, but the truth is that the city having gathered round the Sepulcher, which is the main point of interest, has crept northward, and thus in great measure are occasioned the many geographical surprises which puzzle the "Bible Christian."

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher comprises very compendiously almost all the spots associated with the closing career of our Lord. Just there, on your right, he stood and wept; by the pillar on your left he was scourged; on the spot just before you he was crowned with the crown of thorns; up there he was crucified, and down here he was buried. A locality is assigned to every, the minutest, event

connected with the recorded history of our Savior; even the spot where the cock crew, when Peter denied his Master, is ascertained and surrounded by the walls of an Armenian convent. Many Protestants are wont to treat these traditions contemptuously, and those who distinguish themselves from their brethren by the appellation of "Bible Christians" are almost fierce in their denunciation of these supposed errors.

It is admitted, I believe, by everybody, that the formal sanctification of these spots was the act of the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, but I think it is fair to suppose that she was guided by a careful regard to the then prevailing traditions. Now the nature of the ground upon which Jerusalem stands is such that the localities belonging to the events there enacted might have been more easily and permanently ascertained by tradition than those of any city that I know of. Jerusalem, whether ancient or modern, was built upon and surrounded by sharp, salient rocks, intersected by deep ravines. Up to the time of the siege Mount Calvary, of course, must have been well enough known to the people of Jerusalem; the destruction of the mere buildings could not have obliterated from any man's memory the names of those steep rocks and narrow ravines in the midst of which the city had stood. It seems to me, therefore, highly probable that in fixing the site of Calvary, the Empress was rightly guided. Recollect, too, that the voice of tradition at Jerusalem is quite unanimous, and that Romans, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, all hating each other sincerely, concur in assigning the same localities to the events told in the Gospel. I concede, however, that the attempt of the Empress to ascertain the sites of the minor events cannot be safely relied upon. With respect, for instance, to the certainty of the spot where the cock crew, I am far from being convinced.

Supposing that the Empress acted arbitrarily in fixing the holy sites, it would seem that she followed the Gospel of St. John, and that the geography sanctioned by her can be more easily reconciled with that history than with the accounts of the other Evangelists.

The authority exercised by the Mussulman Government in relation to the holy sites is in one view somewhat humbling

to the Christians, for it is almost as an arbitrator between the contending sects (this always, of course, for the sake of pecuniary advantage) that the Mussulman lends his contemptuous aid; he not only grants, but enforces, toleration. All persons, of whatever religion, are allowed to go as they will into every part of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, but in order to prevent indecent contests, and also from motives arising out of money payments, the Turkish Government assigns the peculiar care of each sacred spot to one of the ecclesiastic bodies. Since this guardianship carries with it the receipt of the coins which the pilgrims leave upon the shrines, it is strenuously fought for by all the rival churches, and the artifices of intrigue are busily exerted at Stamboul in order to procure the issue or revocation of the firmans, by which the coveted privilege is granted. In this strife the Greek Church has of late years signally triumphed, and the most famous of the shrines are committed to the care of their priesthood. They possess the golden socket in which stood the cross of our Lord, whilst the Latins are obliged to content themselves with the apertures in which were inserted the crosses of the two thieves; they are naturally discontented with that poor privilege, and sorrowfully look back to the days of their former glory — the days when Napoleon was Emperor, and Sebastiani was minister at the Porte. It seems that the "citizen" Sultan, old Louis Philippe, has done very little indeed for Holy Church in Palestine.

Although the pilgrims perform their devotions at the several shrines with so little apparent enthusiasm, they are driven to the verge of madness by the miracle which is displayed to them on Easter Saturday. Then it is that the heaven-sent fire issues from the Holy Sepulcher. The pilgrims all assemble in the great church, and already, long before the wonder is worked, they are wrought by anticipation of God's sign, as well as by their struggles for room and breathing space, to a most frightful state of excitement. At length the Chief Priest of the Greeks, accompanied (of all people in the world) by the Turkish Governor, enters the tomb. After this there is a long pause, and then, suddenly, from out of the small apertures on either side of the Sepulcher there issue long,

shining flames. The pilgrims now rush forward, madly struggling to light their tapers at the holy fire. This is the dangerous moment, and many lives are often lost.

The year before that of my going to Jerusalem, Ibrahim Pasha, from some whim or motive of policy, chose to witness the miracle. The vast church was of course thronged, as it always is on that awful day. It seems that the appearance of the fire was delayed for a very long time, and that the growing frenzy of the people was heightened by suspense. Many, too, had already sunk under the effect of the heat and the stifling atmosphere, when at last the fire flashed from the Sepulcher. Then a terrible struggle ensued — many sank and were crushed. Ibrahim had taken his station in one of the galleries, but now, feeling perhaps his brave blood warmed by the sight and sound of such strife, he took upon himself to quiet the people by his personal presence and descended into the body of the church with only a few guards; he had forced his way into the midst of the dense crowd, when, unhappily, he fainted away; his guards shrieked out, and the event instantly became known. A body of soldiers recklessly forced their way through the crowd, trampling over every obstacle that they might save the life of their general. Nearly two hundred people were killed in the struggle.

The following year, however, the Government took better measures for the prevention of these calamities. I was not present at the ceremony, having gone away from Jerusalem some time before, but I afterwards returned into Palestine, and I then learned that the day had passed off without any disturbance of a fatal kind. It is, however, almost too much to expect that so many ministers of peace can assemble without finding some occasion for strife, and in that year a tribe of wild Bedouins became the subject of discord; these men, it seems, led an Arab life in some of the desert tracts bordering on the neighborhood of Jerusalem, but were not connected with any of the great ruling tribes. Some whim or notion of policy had induced them to embrace Christianity, but they were grossly ignorant of the rudiments of their adopted faith, and having no priest with them in their desert, they had as little knowledge of religious ceremonies as of

religion itself; they were not even capable of conducting themselves in a place of worship with ordinary decorum, but would interrupt the service with scandalous cries and warlike shouts. Such is the account the Latins give of them, but I have never heard the other side of the question. These wild fellows, notwithstanding their entire ignorance of all religion, are yet claimed by the Greeks, not only as proselytes who have embraced Christianity generally, but as converts to the particular doctrines and practise of their church. The people thus alleged to have concurred in the great schism of the Eastern Empire are never, I believe, within the walls of a church, or even of any building at all, except upon this occasion of Easter, and as they then never fail to find a row of some kind going on by the side of the Sepulcher, they fancy, it seems, that the ceremonies there enacted are funeral games, of a martial character, held in honor of a deceased chieftain, and that a Christian festival is a peculiar kind of battle fought between walls and without cavalry. It does not appear, however, that these men are guilty of any ferocious acts, or that they attempt to commit depredations. The charge against them is merely, that by their way of applauding the performance — by their horrible cries and frightful gestures, they destroy the solemnity of divine service, and upon this ground the Franciscans obtained a firman for the exclusion of such tumultuous worshipers. The Greeks, however, did not choose to lose the aid of their wild converts, merely because they were a little backward in their religious education, and they therefore persuaded them to defy the firman by entering the city en masse, and overawing their enemies. The Franciscans, as well as the Government authorities, were obliged to give way, and the Arabs triumphantly marched into the church. The festival, however, must have seemed to them rather flat, for although there may have been some "casualties" in the way of eyes black, and noses bloody, and women "missing," there was no return of "killed."

Formerly, the Latin Catholics concurred in acknowledging (but not I hope in working) the annual miracle of the heavenly fire, but they have for many years withdrawn their countenance from this exhibition, and they now repudiate it

as a trick of the Greek Church. Thus, of course, the violence of feeling with which the rival churches meet at the Holy Sepulcher, on Easter Saturday, is greatly increased, and a disturbance of some kind is certain. In the year I speak of, though no lives were lost, there was, as it seems, a tough struggle in the church. I was amused at hearing of a taunt that was thrown that day upon an English traveler: he had taken his station in a convenient part of the church, and was no doubt displaying that peculiar air of serenity and gratification with which an English gentleman usually looks on at a row, when one of the Franciscans came by, all reeking from the fight, and was so disgusted at the coolness and placid contentment of the Englishman (who was a guest at the convent) that he forgot his monkish humility as well as the duties of hospitality, and plainly said, "You sleep under our roof — you eat our bread — you drink our wine, and then when Easter Saturday comes you don't fight for us!"

Yet these rival churches go on quietly enough till their blood is up. The terms on which they live remind one of the peculiar relation subsisting at Cambridge between "town and gown."

These contests and disturbances certainly do not originate with the lay pilgrims, the great body of whom are, as I believe, quiet and inoffensive people; it is true, however, that their pious enterprise is believed by them to operate as a counterpoise for a multitude of sins, whether past or future, and perhaps they exert themselves in after-life to restore the balance of good and evil. The Turks have a maxim, which, like most cynical apothegms, carries with it the buzzing trumpet of falsehood, as well as the small, fine "sting of truth." "If your friend has made the pilgrimage once, distrust him — if he has made the pilgrimage twice, cut him dead!" The caution is said to be as applicable to the visitants of Jerusalem as to those of Mecca, but I cannot help believing that the frailties of all the Hadjis,[1] whether Christian or Mohammedan, are greatly exaggerated. I certainly regarded the pilgrims to Palestine as a well-disposed, orderly body of people, not strongly enthusiastic, but desirous to comply with the ordinances of their religion, and to attain

[1] Hadji — a pilgrim.

the great end of salvation as quietly and economically as possible.

When the solemnities of Easter are concluded, the pilgrims move off in a body to complete their good work, by visiting the sacred scenes in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, including the Wilderness of John the Baptist, Bethlehem, and above all the Jordan, for to bathe in those sacred waters is one of the chief objects of the expedition. All the pilgrims — men, women, and children — are submerged, en chemise, and the saturated linen is carefully wrapped up, and preserved as a burial dress that shall inure for salvation in the realms of death.

I saw the burial of a pilgrim; he was a Greek — miserably poor and very old; he had just crawled into the Holy City, and had reached at once the goal of his pious journey and the end of his sufferings upon earth; there was no coffin nor wrapper, and as I looked full upon the face of the dead, I saw how deeply it was rutted with the ruts of age and misery. The priest, strong and portly, fresh, fat, and alive with the life of the animal kingdom — unpaid or ill paid for his work, would scarcely deign to mutter out his forms, but hurried over the words with shocking haste; presently he called out impatiently — "Yalla! goor!" (Come! look sharp!) and then the dead Greek was seized; his limbs yielded inertly to the rude men that handled them, and down he went into his grave, so roughly bundled in that his neck was twisted by the fall, — so twisted, that if the sharp malady of life were still upon him, the old man would have shrieked and groaned, and the lines of his face would have quivered with pain; the lines of his face were not moved, and the old man lay still and heedless — so well cured of that tedious life-ache, that nothing could hurt him now. His clay was itself again — cool, firm, and tough. The pilgrim had found great rest; I threw the accustomed handful of the holy soil upon his patient face, and then, and in less than a minute, the earth closed coldly round him.

I did not say "Alas!" — (nobody ever does that I know of, though the word is so frequently written). I thought the old man had got rather well out of the scrape of being alive and poor.

The destruction of the mere buildings in such a place as Jerusalem would not involve the permanent dispersion of the inhabitants, for the rocky neighborhood in which the town is situate abounds in caves, which would give an easy refuge to the people until they gained an opportunity of rebuilding their dwellings. Therefore I could not help looking upon the Jews of Jerusalem, as being in some sort the representatives, if not the actual descendants, of the rascals that crucified our Savior. Supposing this to be the case, I felt that there would be some interest in knowing how the events of the Gospel History were regarded by the Israelites of modern Jerusalem. The result of my inquiry upon this subject was, so far as it went, entirely favorable to the truth of Christianity. I understood that the performance of the miracles was not doubted by any of the Jews in the place; all of them concurred in attributing the works of our Lord to the influence of magic, but they were divided as to the species of enchantment from which the power proceeded; the great mass of the Jewish people believed, I fancy, that the miracles had been wrought by aid of the powers of darkness, but many, and those the more enlightened, would call Jesus "the good Magician." To Europeans repudiating the notion of all magic, good or bad, the opinion of the Jews as to the agency by which the miracles were worked is a matter of no importance, but the circumstance of their admitting that those miracles were in fact performed is certainly curious, and perhaps not quite immaterial.

If you stay in the Holy City long enough to fall into anything like regular habits of amusement and occupation, and to become, in short, for the time a "man about town" at Jerusalem, you will necessarily lose the enthusiasm which you may have felt when you trod the sacred soil for the first time, and it will then seem almost strange to you to find yourself so thoroughly surrounded in all your daily pursuits by the signs and sounds of religion. Your Hotel is a monastery — your rooms are cells — the landlord is a stately abbot, and the waiters are hooded monks. If you walk out of the town you find yourself on the Mount of Olives, or in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or on the Hill of Evil Counsel. If you mount your horse and extend your rambles, you will be guided to

the wilderness of St. John, or the birthplace of our Savior. Your club is the great Church of the Holy Sepulcher, where everybody meets everybody every day. If you lounge through the town, your Bond Street is the Via Dolorosa, and the object of your hopeless affections is some maid or matron all forlorn, and sadly shrouded in her pilgrim's robe. If you would hear music, it must be the chanting of friars — if you look at pictures, you see Virgins with mis-foreshortened arms, or devils out of drawing, or angels tumbling up the skies in impious perspective. If you would make any purchases, you must go again to the church doors, and when you inquire for the manufactures of the place, you find that they consist of double-blessed beads and sanctified shells. These last are the favorite tokens which the pilgrims carry off with them; the shell is graven or rather scratched on the white side with a rude drawing of the Blessed Virgin, or of the Crucifixion, or some other scriptural subject; and having passed this stage, it goes into the hands of a priest; by him it is subjected to some process for rendering it efficacious against the schemes of our ghostly enemy; the manufacture is then complete, and is deemed to be fit for use.

The village of Bethlehem lies prettily couched on the slope of a hill. The sanctuary is a subterranean grotto, and is committed to the joint guardianship of the Romans, Greeks, and Armenians, who vie with each other in adorning it. Beneath an altar gorgeously decorated, and lit with everlasting fires, there stands the low slab of stone which marks the holy site of the Nativity; and near to this is a hollow scooped out of the living rock. Here the infant Jesus was laid. Near the spot of the Nativity is the rock against which the Blessed Virgin was leaning when she presented her babe to the adoring shepherds.

Many of those Protestants who are accustomed to despise tradition consider that this sanctuary is altogether unscriptural — that a grotto is not a stable, and that mangers are made of wood. It is perfectly true, however, that the many grottoes and caves which are found among the rocks of Judea were formerly used for the reception of cattle; they are so used at this day; I have myself seen grottoes appropriated to this purpose.

You know what a sad and somber decorum it is that outwardly reigns through the lands oppressed by Moslem sway. The Mohammedans make beauty their prisoner, and enforce such a stern and gloomy morality, or at all events such a frightfully close semblance of it, that far and long the wearied traveler may go without catching one glimpse of outward happiness. By a strange chance in these latter days it happened, that alone of all the places in the land this Bethlehem, the native village of our Lord, escaped the moral yoke of the Mussulmans, and heard again, after ages of dull oppression, the cheering clatter of social freedom and the voices of laughing girls. It was after an insurrection which had been raised against the authority of Mehemet Ali, that Bethlehem was freed from the hateful laws of Asiatic decorum. The Mussulmans of the village had taken an active part in the movement, and when Ibrahim had quelled it, his wrath was still so hot that he put to death every one of the few Mohammedans of Bethlehem who had not already fled. The effect produced upon the Christian inhabitants by the sudden removal of this restraint was immense. The village smiled once more. It is true that such sweet freedom could not long endure. Even if the population of the place should continue to be entirely Christian, the sad decorum of the Mussulmans, or rather of the Asiatics, would sooner or later be restored by the force of opinion and custom. But for a while the sunshine would last, and when I was at Bethlehem, though long after the flight of the Mussulmans, the cloud of Moslem propriety had not yet come back to cast its cold shadow upon life. When you reach that gladsome village, pray Heaven there still may be heard there the voice of free, innocent girls. It will sound so dearly welcome!

To a Christian and thoroughbred Englishman, not even the licentiousness which generally accompanies it can compensate for the oppressiveness of that horrible outward decorum, which turns the cities and the palaces of Asia into deserts and jails. So, I say, when you see and hear them, those romping girls of Bethlehem will gladden your very soul. Distant at first, and then nearer and nearer, the timid flock will gather around you with their large, burning eyes gravely fixed against yours, so that they see into your brain, and if

you imagine evil against them, they will know of your ill thought before it is yet well born, and will fly, and be gone in the moment. But presently if you will only look virtuous enough to prevent alarm, and vicious enough to avoid looking silly, the blithe maidens will draw nearer and nearer to you, and soon there will be one, the bravest of the sisters, who will venture right up to your side, and touch the hem of your coat, in playful defiance of the danger, and then the rest will follow the daring of their youthful leader, and gather close round you, and hold a shrill controversy on the wondrous formation that you call a hat, and the cunning of the hands that clothed you with cloth so fine; and then growing more profound in their researches, they will pass from the study of your mere dress to a serious contemplation of your stately height, and your nut-brown hair, and the ruddy glow of your English cheeks. And if they catch a glimpse of your ungloved fingers, then again will they make the air ring with their sweet screams of wonder and amazement, as they compare the fairness of your hand with their warmer tints, and even with the hues of your own sunburnt face; instantly the ringleader of the gentle rioters imagines a new sin: with tremulous boldness she touches — then grasps your hand, and smooths it gently betwixt her own, and pries curiously into its make and color, as though it were silk of Damascus, or shawl of Cashmere. And when they see you even then, still sage and gentle, the joyous girls will suddenly, and screamingly, and all at once, explain to each other that you are surely quite harmless and innocent, — a lion that makes no spring — a bear that never hugs, — and upon this faith, one after the other, they will take your passive hand, and strive to explain it, and make it a theme and a controversy. But the one — the fairest and the sweetest of all — is yet the most timid; she shrinks from the daring deeds of her playmates, and seeks shelter behind their sleeves, and strives to screen her glowing consciousness from the eyes that look upon her; but her laughing sisters will have none of this cowardice — they vow that the fair one shall be their complice — shall share their dangers — shall touch the hand of the stranger; they seize her small wrist, and drag her forward by force, and at last, whilst yet she strives to turn away, and to cover up her whole

soul under the folds of downcast eyelids, they vanquish her utmost strength — they vanquish your utmost modesty, and marry her hand to yours. The quick pulse springs from her fingers, and throbs like a whisper upon your listening palm. For an instant her large, timid eyes are upon you — in an instant they are shrouded again, and there comes a blush so burning that the frightened girls stay their shrill laughter, as though they had played too perilously and harmed their gentle sister. A moment, and all, with a sudden intelligence, turn away, and fly like deer; yet soon again, like deer they wheel round and return, and stand and gaze upon the danger, until they grow brave once more.

"I regret to observe that the removal of the moral restraint imposed by the presence of the Mohammedan inhabitants has led to a certain degree of boisterous, though innocent levity, in the bearing of the Christians, and more especially in the demeanor of those who belong to the younger portion of the female population; but I feel assured that a more thorough knowledge of the principles of their own pure religion will speedily restore these young people to habits of propriety, even more strict than those which were imposed upon them by the authority of their Mohammedan brethren." Bah! thus you might chant, if you chose; but loving the truth you will not so disown sweet Bethlehem — you will not disown nor dissemble the right good hearty delight with which, in the midst of the arid waste, you found this gushing spring of fresh and joyous girlhood.

CHAPTER XVII

The Desert

GAZA is upon the edge of the Desert, to which it stands in the same relation as a seaport to the sea. It is there that you charter your camels ("the ships of the Desert"), and lay in your stores for the voyage.

These preparations kept me in the town for some days; disliking restraint, I declined making myself the guest of the Governor (as it is usual and proper to do), but took up my quarters at the Caravanserai, or "Khan," as they call it in that part of Asia.

Dthemetri had to make the arrangements for my journey, and in order to arm himself with sufficient authority for doing all that was required, he found it necessary to put himself in communication with the Governor. The result of this diplomatic intercourse was, that the Governor, with his train of attendants, came to me one day at my Caravanserai, and formally complained that Dthemetri had grossly insulted him. I was shocked at this, for the man was always attentive and civil to me, and I was disgusted at the idea of his having been rewarded with insult. Dthemetri was present when the complaint was made, and I angrily asked him whether it was true that he had really insulted the Governor, and what the deuce he meant by it. This I asked, with the full certainty that Dthemetri, as a matter of course, would deny the charge—would swear that a "wrong construction had been put upon his words, and that nothing was further from his thoughts," etc., etc., after the manner of the parliamentary people; but to my surprise he very plainly answered that he certainly had insulted the Governor, and that rather grossly, but, he said, it was quite necessary to do this, in order to "strike terror and inspire respect." "Terror and respect! What on earth do you mean by that nonsense?" "Yes, but without striking terror and in-

spiring respect, he (Dthemetri) would never be able to force on the arrangements for my journey, and Vossignoria would be kept at Gaza for a month!" This would have been awkward, and certainly I could not deny that poor Dthemetri had succeeded in his odd plan of inspiring respect, for at the very time that this explanation was going on in Italian, the Governor seemed more than ever, and more anxiously, disposed to overwhelm me with assurances of good-will, and proffers of his best services. All this kindness, or promise of kindness, I naturally received with courtesy — a courtesy that greatly perturbed Dthemetri, for he evidently feared that my civility would undo all the good that his insults had achieved.

You will find, I think, that one of the greatest drawbacks to the pleasures of traveling in Asia, is the being obliged more or less to make your way by bullying. It is true that your own lips are not soiled by the utterance of all the mean words that are spoken for you, and that you don't even know of the sham threats, and the false promises, and the vainglorious boasts put forth by your dragoman; but now and then there happens some incident of the sort which I have just been mentioning, which forces you to believe, or suspect, that your dragoman is habitually fighting your battles for you in a way that you can hardly bear to think of.

A Caravanserai is not ill adapted to the purposes for which it is meant; it forms the four sides of a large quadrangular court. The ground floor is used for warehouses, the first floor for guests, and the open court for the temporary reception of the camels, as well as for the loading and unloading of their burdens, and the transaction of mercantile business generally. The apartments used for the guests are small cells opening into a corridor, which runs round the four sides of the court.

Whilst I lay near the opening of my cell, looking down into the court below, there arrived from the Desert a caravan, that is, a large assemblage of travelers; it consisted chiefly of Moldavian pilgrims, who, to make their good work even more than complete, had begun by visiting the shrine of the Virgin in Egypt, and were now going on to Jerusalem. They had been overtaken in the Desert by a gale of wind, which so drove the sand, and raised up such mountains before them, that their

journey had been terribly perplexed and obstructed, and their provisions (including water, the most precious of all) had been exhausted long before they reached the end of their toilsome march. They were sadly wayworn. The arrival of the caravan drew many and various groups into the court. There was the Moldavian pilgrim with his sable dress, and cap of fur, and heavy masses of bushy hair — the Turk with his various and brilliant garments — the Arab superbly stalking under his striped blanket, that hung like royalty upon his stately form — the jetty Ethiopian in his slavish frock — the sleek smooth-faced scribe with his comely pelisse, and his silver inkbox stuck in like a dagger at his girdle. And mingled with these were the camels — some standing — some kneeling and being unladen — some twisting round their long necks, and gently stealing the straw from out of their own pack-saddles.

In a couple of days I was ready to start. The way of providing for the passage of the desert is this: there is an agent in the town who keeps himself in communication with some of the desert Arabs that are hovering within a day's journey of the place; a party of these, upon being guaranteed against seizure, or other ill-treatment at the hands of the Governor, come into the town, bringing with them the number of camels which you require, and then they stipulate for a certain sum to take you to the place of your destination in a given time; the agreement which they thus enter into includes a safe conduct through their country, as well as the hire of the camels. According to the contract made with me, I was to reach Cairo within ten days from the commencement of the journey. I had four camels, one for my baggage, one for each of my servants, and one for myself. Four Arabs, the owners of the camels, came with me on foot. My stores were a small soldier's tent, two bags of dried bread brought from the convent at Jerusalem, and a couple of bottles of wine from the same source — two goatskins filled with water, tea, sugar, a cold tongue, and (of all things in the world) a jar of Irish butter, which Mysseri had purchased from some merchant. There was also a small sack of charcoal, for the greater part of the desert, through which we were to pass, is destitute of fuel.

The camel kneels to receive her load, and for a while she will allow the packing to go on with silent resignation, but when she begins to suspect that her master is putting more than a just burden upon her poor hump, she turns round her supple neck and looks sadly upon the increasing load, and then gently remonstrates against the wrong with the sigh of a patient wife; if sighs will not move you, she can weep; you soon learn to pity, and soon to love her for the sake of her gentle and womanish ways.

You cannot, of course, put an English or any other riding saddle upon the back of the camel, but your quilt, or carpet, or whatever you carry for the purpose of lying on at night, is folded and fastened on the pack-saddle upon the top of the hump, and on this you ride, or rather sit. You sit as a man sits on a chair when he sits astride and faces the back of it. I made an improvement on this plan: I had my English stirrups strapped on to the cross-bars of the pack-saddle, and thus by gaining rest for my dangling legs, and gaining, too, the power of varying my position more easily than I could otherwise have done, I added very much to my comfort. Don't forget to do as I did.

The camel, like the elephant, is one of the old-fashioned sort of animals that still walk along upon the (now nearly exploded) plan of the ancient beasts that lived before the flood: she moves forward both her near legs at the same time, and then awkwardly swings round her off shoulder and haunch, so as to repeat the maneuver on that side; her pace, therefore, is an odd disjointed and disjoining sort of movement, that is rather disagreeable at first, but you soon grow reconciled to it; the height to which you are raised is of great advantage to you in passing the burning sands of the desert, for the air at such a distance from the ground is much cooler and more lively than that which circulates beneath.

For several miles beyond Gaza the land, which had been plentifully watered by the rains of the last week, was covered with rich verdure, and thickly jeweled with meadow flowers, so fresh and fragrant that I began to grow almost uneasy—to fancy that the very desert was receding before me, and that the long-desired adventure of passing its "burning sands"

was to end in a mere ride across a field. But as I advanced the true character of the country began to display itself with sufficient clearness to dispel my apprehensions, and before the close of my first day's journey I had the gratification of finding that I was surrounded on all sides by a tract of real sand, and had nothing at all to complain of, except that there peeped forth at intervals a few isolated blades of grass, and many of those stunted shrubs which are the accustomed food of the camel.

Before sunset I came up with an encampment of Arabs (the encampment from which my camels had been brought), and my tent was pitched amongst theirs. I was now amongst the true Bedouins; almost every man of this race closely resembles his brethren; almost every man has large and finely formed features, but his face is so thoroughly stripped of flesh, and the white folds from his head-gear fall down by his haggard cheeks so much in the burial fashion, that he looks quite sad and ghastly; his large dark orbs roll slowly and solemnly over the white of his deep-set eyes — his countenance shows painful thought and long-suffering — the suffering of one fallen from a high estate. His gait is strangely majestic, and he marches along with his simple blanket as though he were wearing the purple. His common talk is a series of piercing screams and cries,[1] more painful to the ear than the most excruciating fine music that I ever endured.

The Bedouin women are not treasured up like the wives and daughters of other Orientals, and indeed they seemed almost entirely free from the restraints imposed by jealousy; the feint which they made of concealing their faces from me was always slight; they never, I think, wore the yashmak properly fixed; when they first saw me, they used to hold up a part of their drapery with one hand across their faces, but they seldom persevered very steadily in subjecting me to this privation. Unhappy beings! they were sadly plain. The awful haggardness which gave something of character to the faces of the men was sheer ugliness in the poor women. It is a great shame, but the truth is that except when we refer

[1] Milnes cleverly goes to the French for the exact word which conveys the impression produced by the voice of the Arabs, and calls them "un peuple criard."

to the beautiful devotion of the mother to her child, all the fine things we say and think about woman apply only to those who are tolerably good-looking or graceful. These Arab women were so plain and clumsy that they seemed to me to be fit for nothing but another and a better world. They may have been good women enough, so far as relates to the exercise of the minor virtues, but they had so grossly neglected the prime duty of looking pretty in this transitory life, that I could not at all forgive them; they seemed to feel the weight of their guilt and to be truly and humbly penitent. I had the complete command of their affections, for at any moment I could make their young hearts bound, and their old hearts jump, by offering a handful of tobacco, and yet, believe me, it was not in the first soirée that my store of latakia was exhausted!

The Bedouin women have no religion; this is partly the cause of their clumsiness; perhaps, if from Christian girls they would learn how to pray, their souls might become more gentle, and their limbs be clothed with grace.

You who are going into their country have a direct personal interest in knowing something about "Arab hospitality"; but the deuce of it is, that the poor fellows with whom I have happened to pitch my tent were scarcely ever in a condition to exercise that magnanimous virtue with much éclat; indeed, Mysseri's canteen generally enabled me to outdo my hosts in the matter of entertainment. They were always courteous, however, and were never backward in offering me the "youart," or curds and whey, which is the principal delicacy to be found amongst the wandering tribes.

Practically, I think, Childe Harold would have found it a dreadful bore to make "the desert his dwelling-place," for at all events if he adopted the life of the Arabs, he would have tasted no solitude. The tents are partitioned, not so as to divide the Childe and the "fair spirit," who is his "minister," from the rest of the world, but so as to separate the twenty or thirty brown men that sit screaming in the one compartment from the fifty or sixty brown women and children that scream and squeak in the other. If you adopt the Arab life for the sake of seclusion, you will be horribly disappointed, for you will find yourself in perpetual contact with a mass of

hot fellow creatures. It is true that all who are inmates of the same tent are related to each other, but I am not quite sure that that circumstance adds much to the charm of such a life. At all events, before you finally determine to become an Arab, try a gentle experiment: take one of those small, shabby houses in May Fair, and shut yourself up in it with forty or fifty shrill cousins for a couple of weeks in July.

In passing the desert you will find your Arabs wanting to start and to rest at all sorts of odd times; they like, for instance, to be off at one in the morning, and to rest during the whole of the afternoon; you must not give way to their wishes in this respect; I tried their plan once, and found it very harassing and unwholesome. An ordinary tent can give you very little protection against heat, for the fire strikes fiercely through single canvas, and you soon find that whilst you lie crouching, and striving to hide yourself from the blazing face of the sun, his power is harder to bear than it is where you boldly defy him from the airy heights of your camel.

It had been arranged with my Arabs, that they were to bring with them all the food which they would want for themselves during the passage of the desert, but as we rested at the end of the first day's journey, by the side of an Arab encampment, my camel men found all that they required for that night in the tents of their own brethren. On the evening of the second day, however, just before we encamped for the night, my four Arabs came to Dthemetri, and formally announced that they had not brought with them one atom of food, and that they looked entirely to my supplies for their daily bread. This was awkward intelligence; we were now just two days deep in the desert, and I had brought with me no more bread than might be reasonably required for myself and my European attendants. I believed at the moment (for it seemed likely enough) that the men had really mistaken the terms of the arrangement, and feeling that the bore of being put upon half rations would be a less evil (and even to myself a less inconvenience) than the starvation of my Arabs, I at once told Dthemetri to assure them that my bread should be equally shared with all. Dthemetri, however, did not approve of this concession; he assured me

quite positively that the Arabs thoroughly understood the agreement, and that if they were now without food, they had wilfully brought themselves into this strait for the wretched purpose of bettering their bargain by the value of a few paras' worth of bread. This suggestion made me look at the affair in a new light; I should have been glad enough to put up with the slight privation to which my concession would subject me, and could have borne to witness the semi-starvation of poor Dthemetri with a fine, philosophical calm, but it seemed to me that the scheme, if scheme it were, had something of audacity in it, and was well enough calculated to try the extent of my softness; I well knew the danger of allowing such a trial to result in a conclusion that I was one who might be easily managed; and therefore, after thoroughly satisfying myself from Dthemetri's clear and repeated assertions, that the Arabs had really understood the arrangement, I determined that they should not now violate it by taking advantage of my position in the midst of their big desert; so I desired Dthemetri to tell them that they should touch no bread of mine. We stopped, and the tent was pitched; the Arabs came to me, and prayed loudly for bread; I refused them.

"Then we die!"

"God's will be done."

I gave the Arabs to understand, that I regretted their perishing by hunger, but that I should bear this calmly, like any other misfortune not my own — that in short I was happily resigned to their fate. The men would have talked a great deal, but they were under the disadvantage of addressing me through a hostile interpreter; they looked hard upon my face, but they found no hope there, so at last they retired, as they pretended, to lay them down and die.

In about ten minutes from this time, I found that the Arabs were busily cooking their bread. Their pretense of having brought no food was false, and was only invented for the purpose of saving it. They had a good bag of meal which they had contrived to stow away under the baggage, upon one of the camels, in such a way as to escape notice. In Europe the detection of a scheme like this would have occasioned a disagreeable feeling between the master and the

delinquent, but you would no more recoil from an Oriental, on account of a matter of this sort, than in England you would reject a horse that had tried and failed to throw you. Indeed, I felt quite good-humoredly toward my Arabs, because they had so woefully failed in their wretched attempt, and because, as it turned out, I had done what was right; they too, poor fellows, evidently began to like me immensely, on account of the hard-heartedness which had enabled me to baffle their scheme.

The Arabs adhere to those ancestral principles of bread-baking which have been sanctioned by the experience of ages. The very first baker of bread that ever lived must have done his work exactly as the Arab does at this day. He takes some meal and holds it out in the hollow of his hands, whilst his comrade pours over it a few drops of water; he then mashes up the moistened flour into a paste, which he pulls into small pieces, and thrusts into the embers; his way of baking exactly resembles the craft or mystery of roasting chestnuts, as practised by children; there is the same prudence and circumspection in choosing a good berth for the morsel — the same enterprise and self-sacrificing valor in pulling it out with the fingers.

The manner of my daily march was this. At about an hour before dawn, I rose, and made the most of about a pint of water which I allowed myself for washing. Then I breakfasted upon tea and bread. As soon as the beasts were loaded, I mounted my camel and pressed forward; my poor Arabs being on foot would sometimes moan with fatigue, and pray for rest, but I was anxious to enable them to perform their contract for bringing me to Cairo within the stipulated time, and I did not therefore allow a halt until the evening came. About midday, or soon after, Mysseri used to bring up his camel alongside of mine, and supply me with a piece of bread softened in water (for it was dried hard like board), and also (as long as it lasted) with a piece of the tongue; after this there came into my hand (how well I remember it!) the little tin cup half filled with wine and water.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted

shrubs — even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains — you pass over newly reared hills — you pass through valleys that the storm of the last week has dug, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely, that your eyes turn toward heaven — toward heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky. You look to the Sun, for he is your taskmaster, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do; he comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you — then for a while and a long while you see him no more, for you are veiled, and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labors on — your skin glows, and your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering Time marches on, and by and by the descending Sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand, right along on the way for Persia; then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has became the redness of roses — the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more — comes blushing, yet still comes on — comes burning with blushes, yet hastens, and clings to his side.

Then arrives your time for resting. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon, and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound; the

beast instantly understood, and obeyed the sign, and slowly sank under me till she brought her body to a level with the ground; then gladly enough I alighted; the rest of the camels were unloaded, and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the desert, where shrubs there were, or where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food which was allowed them out of our stores.

My servants, helped by the Arabs, busied themselves in pitching the tent and kindling the fire. Whilst this was doing I used to walk away towards the east, confiding in the print of my foot as a guide for my return. Apart from the cheering voices of my attendants, I could better know and feel the loneliness of the desert. The influence of such scenes, however, was not of a softening kind, but filled me rather with a sort of childish exultation in the self-sufficiency which enabled me to stand thus alone in the wideness of Asia — a short-lived pride, for wherever man wanders, he still remains tethered by the chain that links him to his kind; and so when the night closed round me, I began to return — to return as it were to my own gate. Reaching at last some high ground, I could see, and see with delight, the fire of our small encampment, and when at last I regained the spot, it seemed to me a very home that had sprung up for me in the midst of these solitudes. My Arabs were busy with their bread, — Mysseri rattling tea-cups, — the little kettle with her odd, old-maidish look sat humming away old songs about England, and two or three yards from the fire my tent stood prim and tight with open portal, and with welcoming look like "the old armchair" of our Lyrist's "Sweet Lady Anne."

At the beginning of my journey, the night-breeze blew coldly; when that happened, the dry sand was heaped up outside, round the skirts of the tent, and so the Wind that everywhere else could sweep as he listed along these dreary plains was forced to turn aside in his course, and make way, as he ought, for the Englishman. Then within my tent there were heaps of luxuries, — dining-rooms, dressing-rooms, — libraries, bedrooms, drawing-rooms, oratories, all crowded into the space of a hearth-rug. The first night, I remember, with my books and maps about me, I wanted light, — they

brought me a taper, and immediately from out of the silent desert there rushed in a flood of life, unseen before. Monsters of moths of all shapes and hues, that never before perhaps had looked upon the shining of a flame, now madly thronged into my tent, and dashed through the fire of the candle till they fairly extinguished it with their burning limbs. Those who had failed in attaining this martyrdom, suddenly became serious and clung despondently to the canvas.

By and by there was brought to me the fragrant tea, and big masses of scorched and scorching toast, that minded me of old Eton days, and the butter that had come all the way to me in this desert of Asia, from out of that poor, dear, starving Ireland. I feasted like a king, — like four kings, — like a boy in the fourth form.

When the cold, sullen morning dawned, and my people began to load the camels, I always felt loath to give back to the waste this little spot of ground that had glowed for a while with the cheerfulness of a human dwelling. One by one the cloaks, the saddles, the baggage, the hundred things that strewed the ground, and made it look so familiar — all these were taken away, and laid upon the camels. A speck in the broad tracts of Asia remained still impressed with the mark of patent portmanteaus, and the heels of London boots; the embers of the fire lay black and cold upon the sand, and these were the signs we left.

My tent was spared to the last, but when all else was ready for the start, then came its fall; the pegs were drawn, the canvas shivered, and in less than a minute there was nothing that remained of my genial home but only a pole and a bundle. The encroaching Englishman was off, and instant, upon the fall of the canvas, like an owner who had waited and watched, the Genius of the Desert stalked in.

To servants, as I suppose to any other Europeans not much accustomed to amuse themselves by fancy, or memory, it often happens that after a few days' journeying the loneliness of the desert will become frightfully oppressive. Upon my poor fellows the excess of melancholy came heavy, and all at once, as a blow from above; they bent their necks, and bore it as best they could; but their joy was great on the fifth day, when we came to an Oasis called Gatieth, for here

we found encamped a caravan (that is an assemblage of travelers) from Cairo. The Orientals living in cities never pass the desert except in this way; many will wait for weeks, and even for months, until a sufficient number of persons can be found ready to undertake the journey at the same time — until the flock of sheep is big enough to fancy itself a match for wolves. They could not, I think, really secure themselves against any serious danger by this contrivance, for though they have arms, they are so little accustomed to use them, and so utterly unorganized, that they never could make good their resistance to robbers of the slightest respectability. It is not of the Bedouins that such travelers are afraid, for the safe-conduct granted by the chief of the ruling tribe is never, I believe, violated; but it is said that there are deserters and scamps of various sorts who hover about the skirts of the desert, particularly on the Cairo side, and are anxious to succeed to the property of any poor devils whom they may find more weak and defenseless than themselves.

These people from Cairo professed to be amazed at the ludicrous disproportion between their numerical forces and mine. They could not understand, and they wanted to know by what strange privilege it is that an Englishman with a brace of pistols and a couple of servants rides safely across the desert, whilst they, the natives of the neighboring cities, are forced to travel in troops, or rather in herds. One of them got a few minutes of private conversation with Dthemetri, and ventured to ask him anxiously, whether the English did not travel under the protection of Evil Demons. I had previously known (from Methley, I think, who traveled in Persia) that this notion, so conducive to the safety of our countrymen, is generally prevalent amongst Orientals; it owes its origin partly to the strong wilfulness of the English gentleman (which not being backed by any visible authority, either civil or military, seems perfectly superhuman to the soft Asiatic), but partly too to the magic of the Banking system, by force of which the wealthy traveler will make all his journeys, without carrying a handful of coin, and yet when he arrives at a city, will rain down showers of gold. The theory is that the English traveler has committed some sin

against God and his conscience, and that for this, the Evil Spirit has hold of him and drives him from his home, like a victim of the old Grecian Furies, and forces him to travel over countries far and strange, and most chiefly over deserts and desolate places, and to stand upon the sites of cities that once were, and are now no more, and to grope among the tombs of dead men. Often enough there is something of truth in this notion; often enough the wandering Englishman is guilty (if guilt it be) of some pride, or some ambition, big or small, imperial or parochial, which being offended has made the lone places more tolerable than ballrooms to him, a sinner.

I can understand the sort of amazement of the Orientals at the scantiness of the retinue with which an Englishman passes the desert, for I was somewhat struck myself when I saw one of my countrymen making his way across the wilderness in this simple style. At first there was a mere moving speck in the horizon; my party, of course, became all alive with excitement, and there were many surmises; soon it appeared that three laden camels were approaching, and that two of them carried riders; in a little while we saw that one of the riders wore the European dress, and at last the travelers were pronounced to be an English gentleman and his servant; by their side there were a couple, I think, of Arabs on foot, and this was the whole party.

You, — you love sailing, — in returning from a cruise to the English coast, you see often enough a fisherman's humble boat far away from all shores, with an ugly black sky above, and an angry sea beneath,— you watch the grizzly old man at the helm carrying his craft with strange skill through the turmoil of waters, and the boy, supple-limbed, yet weather-worn already, and with steady eyes that look through the blast,— you see him understanding commandments from the jerk of his father's white eyebrow, — now belaying, and now letting go, — now scrunching himself down into mere ballast, or bailing out Death with a pipkin. Stale enough is the sight, and yet when I see it I always stare anew, and with a kind of Titanic exultation, because that a poor boat, with the brain of a man and the hands of a boy on board, can match herself so bravely against black Heaven and Ocean; well, so when

you have traveled for days and days, over an Eastern desert, without meeting the likeness of a human being, and then at last see an English shooting-jacket and his servant come listlessly slouching along from out the forward horizon, you stare at the wide unproportion between this slender company, and the boundless plains of sand through which they are keeping their way.

This Englishman, as I afterward found, was a military man returning to his country from India, and crossing the desert at this part in order to go through Palestine. As for me, I had come pretty straight from England, and so here we met in the wilderness at about half-way from our respective starting-points. As we approached each other, it became with me a question whether we should speak; I thought it likely that the stranger would accost me, and in the event of his doing so I was quite ready to be as sociable and as chatty as I could be, according to my nature, but still I could not think of anything in particular that I had to say to him; of course among civilized people the not having anything to say is no excuse at all for not speaking, but I was shy and indolent, and I felt no great wish to stop and talk like a morning visitor, in the midst of those broad solitudes. The traveler, perhaps, felt as I did, for except that we lifted our hands to our caps and waved our arms in courtesy, we passed each other as if we had passed in Bond Street. Our attendants, however, were not to be cheated of the delight that they felt in speaking to new listeners and hearing fresh voices once more. The masters, therefore, had no sooner passed each other than their respective servants quietly stopped and entered into conversation. As soon as my camel found that her companions were not following her, she caught the social feeling and refused to go on. I felt the absurdity of the situation and determined to accost the stranger, if only to avoid the awkwardness of remaining stuck fast in the desert, whilst our servants were amusing themselves. When with this intent I turned round my camel, I found that the gallant officer who had passed me by about thirty or forty yards was exactly in the same predicament as myself. I put my now willing camel in motion and rode up toward the stranger, who, seeing this, followed my example and came forward to meet me. He was the first to speak; he was much

too courteous to address me as if he admitted of the possibility of my wishing to accost him from any feeling of mere sociability, or civilian-like love of vain talk; on the contrary, he at once attributed my advances to a laudable wish of acquiring statistical information, and accordingly, when we got within speaking distance, he said, "I dare say you wish to know how the Plague is going on at Cairo?" and then he went on to say, he regretted that his information did not enable him to give me in numbers a perfectly accurate statement of the daily deaths; he afterwards talked pleasantly enough upon other and less ghastly subjects. I thought him manly and intelligent; a worthy one of the few thousand strong Englishmen to whom the Empire of India is committed.

The night after the meeting with the people of the caravan, Dthemetri, alarmed by their warnings, took upon himself to keep watch all night in the tent; no robbers came except a jackal that poked his nose into my tent from some motive of rational curiosity; Dthemetri did not shoot him for fear of waking me. These brutes swarm in every part of Syria; and there were many of them even in the midst of the void sands, that would seem to give such poor promise of food; I can hardly tell what prey they could be hoping for, unless it were that they might find, now and then, the carcass of some camel that had died on the journey. They do not marshal themselves into great packs, like the wild dogs of Eastern cities, but follow their prey in families, like the place hunters of Europe; their voices are frightfully like to the shouts and cries of human beings; if you lie awake in your tent at night, you are almost continually hearing some hungry family as it sweeps along in full cry; you hear the exulting scream with which the sagacious dam first winds the carrion, and the shrill response of the unanimous cubs as they snuff the tainted air — "Wha! wha! wha! wha! wha! wha! — Whose gift is it in, mamma?"

Once, during this passage, my Arabs lost their way among the hills of loose sand that surrounded us, but after a while we were lucky enough to recover our right line of march. The same day we fell in with a Sheik, the head of a family that actually dwells at no great distance from this part of the desert during nine months of the year. The man carried a matchlock, of which he was very proud; we stopped and sat

down, and rested awhile, for the sake of a little talk; there was much that I should have liked to ask this man, but he could not understand Dthemetri's language, and the process of getting at his knowledge by double interpretation through my Arabs was unsatisfactory. I discovered, however (and my Arabs knew of that fact), that this man and his family lived habitually, for nine months of the year, without touching or seeing either bread or water. The stunted shrub growing at intervals through the sand in this part of the desert is fed by the dews which fall at night, and enables the camel mares to yield a little milk, which furnishes the sole food and drink of their owner and his people. During the other three months, (the hottest of the months, I suppose) even this resource fails, and then the Sheik and his people are forced to pass into another district. You would ask me why the man should not remain always in that district which supplies him with water during three months of the year, but I don't know enough of Arab politics to answer the question. The Sheik was not a good specimen of the effect produced by the diet to which he is subjected; he was very small, very spare, and sadly shriveled — a poor, overroasted snipe, a mere cinder of a man; I made him sit down by my side, and gave him a piece of bread and a cup of water from out of my goatskins. This was not very tempting drink to look at, for it had become turbid, and was deeply reddened by some coloring matter contained in the skins, but it kept its sweetness and tasted like a strong decoction of Russia leather. The Sheik sipped this, drop by drop, with ineffable relish, and rolled his eyes solemnly round between every draft, as though the drink were the drink of the Prophet, and had come from the seventh heaven.

An inquiry about distances led to the discovery that this Sheik had never heard of the division of time into hours; my Arabs themselves, I think, were rather surprised at this.

About this part of my journey, I saw the likeness of a fresh-water lake; I saw, as it seemed, a broad sheet of calm water that stretched far and fair toward the south — stretching deep into winding creeks, and hemmed in by jutting promontories, and shelving smooth off toward the shallow side; on its bosom the reflected fire of the sun lay playing and seeming to float upon waters deep and still.

Though I knew of the cheat, it was not till the spongy foot of my camel had almost trodden in the seeming waters, that I could undeceive my eyes, for the shore-line was quite true and natural. I soon saw the cause of the phantasm. A sheet of water heavily impregnated with salts had filled this great hollow; and when dried up by evaporation had left a white saline deposit that exactly marked the space which the waters had covered, and thus sketched a true shore-line. The minute crystals of the salt sparkled in the sun, and so looked like the face of a lake that is calm and smooth.

The pace of the camel is irksome, and makes your shoulders and loins ache from the peculiar way in which you are obliged to suit yourself to the movements of the beast; but you soon of course become inured to this, and after the first two days this way of traveling became so familiar to me, that (poor sleeper as I am) I now and then slumbered, for some moments together, on the back of my camel. On the fifth day of my journey the air above lay dead, and all the whole earth that I could reach with my utmost sight and keenest listening was still and lifeless as some dispeopled and forgotten world, that rolls round and round in the heavens, through wasted floods of light. The sun, growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever on me he shone before, and as I drooped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep, for how many minutes or moments, I cannot tell; but after a while I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells — my native bells — the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills! My first idea naturally was, that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself, and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then at least I was well enough wakened, but still those old Marlen bells rang on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing "for church." After a while the sound died away slowly; it happened that neither I nor any of my party had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to be that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through

which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around me; it seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension, and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory, that must have swept across my brain in a moment of sleep. Since my return to England it has been told me that like sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sailor becalmed under a vertical sun, in the midst of the wide ocean, has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells.

At this time I kept a poor, shabby pretense of a journal, which just enabled me to know the day of the month and the week, according to the European calendar, and when in my tent at night I got out my pocket-book, I found that the day was Sunday, and roughly allowing for the difference of time in this longitude, I concluded that at the moment of my hearing that strange peal, the church-going bells of Marlen must have been actually calling the prim congregation of the parish to morning prayer. The coincidence amused me faintly, but I could not pluck up the least hope that the effect which I had experienced was anything other than an illusion—an illusion liable to be explained (as every illusion is in these days) by some of the philosophers who guess at nature's riddles. It would have been sweeter to believe that my kneeling mother, by some pious enchantment, had asked and found this spell to rouse me from my scandalous forgetfulness of God's holy day; but my fancy was too weak to carry a faith like that. Indeed, the vale through which the bells of Marlen send their song is a highly respectable vale, and its people (save one, two, or three) are wholly unaddicted to the practise of magical arts.

After the fifth day of my journey, I no longer traveled over shifting hills, but came upon a dead level—a dead level bed of sand, quite hard, and studded with small shining pebbles.

The heat grew fierce; there was no valley nor hollow, no hill, no mound, no shadow of hill nor of mound, by which I could mark the way I was making. Hour by hour I advanced, and saw no change—I was still the very center of a round horizon; hour by hour I advanced, and still there was the same and the same and the same—the same circle of flaming sky—the same circle of sand still glaring with light and fire. Over

all the heaven above — over all the earth beneath, there was no visible power that could balk the fierce will of the sun; "he rejoiced as a strong man to run a race; his going forth was from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there was nothing hid from the heat thereof." From pole to pole, and from the east to the west, he brandished his fiery scepter as though he had usurped all Heaven and Earth. As he bade the soft Persian in ancient times, so now, and fiercely, too, he bade me bow down and worship him; so now in his pride he seemed to command me and say, "Thou shalt have none other gods but me." I was all alone before him. There were these two pitted together, and face to face — the mighty sun for one, and for the other — this poor, pale, solitary self of mine, that I always carry about with me.

But on the eighth day, and before I had yet turned away from Jehovah for the glittering god of the Persians, there appeared a dark line upon the edge of the forward horizon, and soon the line deepened into a delicate fringe that sparkled here and there, as though it were sown with diamonds. There, then, before me were the gardens and the minarets of Egypt, and the mighty works of the Nile, and I (the eternal Ego that I am!) — I had lived to see, and I saw them.

When evening came I was still within the confines of the desert, and my tent was pitched as usual, but one of my Arabs stalked away rapidly toward the west without telling me of the errand on which he was bent. After a while he returned; he had toiled on a grateful service; he had traveled all the way on to the border of the living world, and brought me back for token an ear of rice, full, fresh, and green.

The next day I entered upon Egypt, and floated along (for the delight was as the delight of bathing) through green, wavy fields of rice, and pastures fresh and plentiful, and dived into the cold verdure of groves and gardens, and quenched my hot eyes in shade, as though in deep rushing waters.

CHAPTER XVIII

Cairo and the Plague[1]

CAIRO and Plague! During the whole time of my stay, the Plague was so master of the city, and showed himself so staringly in every street and every alley, that I can't now affect to dissociate the two ideas.

When, coming from the desert, I rode through a village which lies near to the city on the eastern side, there approached me with busy face and earnest gestures a personage in the Turkish dress; his long flowing beard gave him rather a majestic look, but his briskness of manner and his visible anxiety to accost me seemed strange in an Oriental. The man, in fact, was French or of French origin, and his object was to warn me of the Plague and prevent me from entering the city.

Arrêtez-vous, Monsieur, je vous en prie — arrêtez-vous; il ne faut pas entrer dans la ville; la Peste y règne partout.

Oui, je sais,[2] mais —

[1] There is some semblance of bravado in my manner of talking about the Plague. I have been more careful to describe the terrors of other people than my own. The truth is, that during the whole period of my stay at Cairo, I remained thoroughly impressed with a sense of my danger. I may almost say that I lived in perpetual apprehension, for even in sleep, as I fancy, there remained with me some faint notion of the peril with which I was encompassed. But Fear does not necessarily damp the spirits; on the contrary, it will often operate as an excitement, giving rise to unusual animation, and thus it affected me. If I had not been surrounded at this time by new faces, new scenes, and new sounds, the effect produced upon my mind by one unceasing cause of alarm may have been very different. As it was, the eagerness with which I pursued my rambles among the wonders of Egypt was sharpened and increased by the sting of the fear of Death. Thus my account of the matter plainly conveys an impression that I remained at Cairo without losing my cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits. And this is the truth, but it is also true, as I have freely confessed, that my sense of danger during the whole period was lively and continuous.

[2] Anglice for "je le sais." These answers of mine, as given above, are not meant for specimens of mere French, but of that fine, terse, nervous,

Mais, Monsieur, je dis la Peste — la Peste; c'est de la PESTE qu'il est question.

Oui, je sais, mais —

Mais, Monsieur, je dis encore la PESTE — la PESTE. Je vous conjure de ne pas entrer dans la ville — vous serez dans une ville empestée.

Oui, je sais, mais —

Mais, Monsieur, je dois donc vous avertir tout bonnement que si vous entrez dans la ville, vous serez — enfin vous serez COMPROMIS ![1]

Oui, je sais, mais —

The Frenchman was at last convinced that it was vain to reason with a mere Englishman who could not understand what it was to be "compromised." I thanked him most sincerely for his kindly meant warning; in hot countries it is very unusual indeed for a man to go out in the glare of the sun and give free advice to a stranger.

When I arrived at Cairo I summoned Osman Effendi, who was, as I knew, the owner of several houses, and would be able to provide me with apartments; he had no difficulty in doing this, for there was not one European traveler in Cairo besides myself. Poor Osman! he met me with a sorrowful countenance, for the fear of the Plague sat heavily on his soul; he seemed as if he felt that he was doing wrong in lending me a resting-place, and he betrayed such a listlessness about temporal matters, as one might look for in a man who believed that his days were numbered. He caught me, too, soon after my arrival, coming out from the public baths,[2] and from

Continental English, with which I and my compatriots make our way through Europe. This language, by the by, is one possessing great force and energy, and is not without its literature — a literature of the very highest order. Where will you find more sturdy specimens of downright, honest, and noble English than in the Duke of Wellington's "French" despatches?

[1] The import of the word "compromised," when used in reference to contagion, is explained on page 2.

[2] It is said, that when a Mussulman finds himself attacked by the Plague he goes and takes a bath. The couches on which the bathers recline would carry infection, according to the notion of the Europeans. Whenever, therefore, I took the bath at Cairo (except the first time of my doing so), I avoided that part of the luxury which consists in being "put up to dry" upon a kind of bed.

that time forward he was sadly afraid of me, for he shared the opinions of Europeans with respect to the effect of contagion.

Osman's history is a curious one. He was a Scotchman born, and when very young, being then a drummer boy, he landed in Egypt with Mackensie Fraser's force. He was taken prisoner, and according to Mohammedan custom, the alternative of Death or the Koran was offered to him; he did not choose Death, and therefore went through the ceremonies which were necessary for turning him into a good Mohammedan. But what amused me most in his history was this, that very soon after having embraced Islam, he was obliged in practise to become curious and discriminating in his new faith — to make war upon Mohammedan dissenters, and follow the orthodox standard of the Prophet in fierce campaigns against the Wahabees, who are the Unitarians of the Mussulman world. The Wahabees were crushed, and Osman, returning home in triumph from his holy wars, began to flourish in the world; he acquired property and became effendi, or gentleman. At the time of my visit to Cairo he seemed to be much respected by his brother Mohammedans, and gave pledge of his sincere alienation from Christianity by keeping a couple of wives. He affected the same sort of reserve in mentioning them as is generally shown by Orientals. He invited me, indeed, to see his harem, but he made both his wives bundle out before I was admitted; he felt, as it seemed to me, that neither of them would bear criticism, and I think that this idea, rather than any motive of sincere jealousy, induced him to keep them out of sight. The rooms of the harem reminded me of an English nursery, rather than of a Mohammedan paradise. One is apt to judge of a woman before one sees her, by the air of elegance or coarseness with which she surrounds her home; I judged Osman's wives by this test, and condemned them both. But the strangest feature in Osman's character was his inextinguishable nationality. In vain they had brought him over the seas in early boyhood — in vain had he suffered captivity, conversion, circumcision — in vain they had passed him through fire in their Arabian campaigns — they could not cut away or burn out poor Osman's inborn love of all that was Scotch; in vain men called him Effendi — in vain

he swept along in Eastern robes — in vain the rival wives adorned his harem; the joy of his heart still plainly lay in this, that he had three shelves of books, and that the books were thoroughbred Scotch — the Edinburgh this, the Edinburgh that, and above all, I recollect, he prided himself upon the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library."

The fear of the Plague is its forerunner. It is likely enough that at the time of my seeing poor Osman, the deadly taint was beginning to creep through his veins, but it was not till after I left Cairo that he was visibly stricken. He died.

As soon as I had seen all that I wanted to see in Cairo, and in the neighborhood, I wished to make my escape from a city that lay under the terrible curse of the Plague; but Mysseri fell ill, in consequence, I believe, of the hardships which he had been suffering in my service; after a while he recovered sufficiently to undertake a journey, but then there was some difficulty in procuring beasts of burden, and it was not till the nineteenth day of my sojourn that I quit the city.

During all this time the power of the Plague was rapidly increasing. When I first arrived it was said that the daily number of "accidents" by Plague, out of a population of about 200,000, did not exceed four or five hundred, but before I went away the deaths were reckoned at twelve hundred a day. I had no means of knowing whether the numbers (given out, as I believe they were, by officials) were at all correct, but I could not help knowing that from day to day the number of the dead was increasing. My quarters were in a street which was one of the chief thoroughfares of the city. The funerals in Cairo take place between daybreak and noon, and as I was generally in my rooms during this part of the day, I could form some opinion as to the briskness of the Plague. I don't mean this for a sly insinuation that I got up every morning with the sun. It was not so, but the funerals of most people in decent circumstances at Cairo are attended by singers and howlers, and the performances of these people woke me in the early morning, and prevented me from remaining in ignorance of what was going on in the street below.

These funerals were very simply conducted. The bier was a shallow wooden tray carried upon a light and weak wooden

frame. The tray had, in general, no lid, but the body was more or less hidden from view by a shawl or scarf. The whole was borne upon the shoulders of men who contrived to cut along with their burdens at a great pace. Two or three singers generally preceded the bier; the howlers (who are paid for their vocal labors) followed after, and last of all came such of the dead man's friends and relations as could keep up with such a rapid procession; these, especially the women, would get terribly blown, and would straggle back into the rear; many were fairly "beaten off." I never observed any appearance of mourning in the mourners; the pace was too severe for any solemn affectation of grief.

When first I arrived at Cairo the funerals that daily passed under my windows were many, but still there were frequent and long intervals without a single howl. Every day, however (except one, when I fancied that I observed a diminution of funerals), these intervals became less frequent, and shorter, and at last the passing of the howlers from morn to noon was almost incessant. I believe that about one half of the whole people was carried off by this visitation. The Orientals, however, have more quiet fortitude than Europeans under afflictions of this sort, and they never allow the Plague to interfere with their religious usages. I rode one day round the great burial-ground. The tombs are strewed over a great expanse, among the vast mountains of rubbish (the accumulations of many centuries) which surround the city. The ground, unlike the Turkish "cities of the dead," which are made so beautiful by their dark cypresses, has nothing to sweeten melancholy — nothing to mitigate the odiousness of death. Carnivorous beasts and birds possess the place by night, and now in the fair morning it was all alive with fresh comers — alive with dead. Yet at this very time when the Plague was raging so furiously, and on this very ground which resounded so mournfully with the howls of arriving funerals, preparations were going on for the religious festival called the Kourban Bairam. Tents were pitched and swings hung for the amusement of children — a ghastly holiday! but the Mohammedans take a pride, and a just pride, in following their ancient customs undisturbed by the shadow of death.

I did not hear whilst I was at Cairo that any prayer for a

remission of the Plague had been offered up in the mosques. I believe that, however frightful the ravages of the disease may be, the Mohammedans refrain from approaching Heaven with their complaints until the Plague has endured for a long space, and then at last they pray God, not that the Plague may cease, but that it may go to another city!

A good Mussulman seems to take pride in repudiating the European notion that the will of God can be eluded by eluding the touch of a sleeve. When I went to see the Pyramids of Sakkara, I was the guest of a noble old fellow — an Osmanlee, whose soft rolling language it was a luxury to hear, after suffering as I had suffered of late from the shrieking tongue of the Arabs; this man was aware of the European ideas about contagion, and his first care, therefore, was to assure me that not a single instance of Plague had occurred in his village; he then inquired as to the progress of the Plague at Cairo — I had but a bad account to give. Up to this time my host had carefully refrained from touching me, out of respect to the European theory of contagion, but as soon as it was made plain that he, and not I, would be the person endangered by contact, he gently laid his hand upon my arm, in order to make me feel sure that the circumstance of my coming from an infected city did not occasion him the least uneasiness. That touch was worthy of Jove.

Very different is the faith and the practise of the Europeans, or rather I mean of the Europeans settled in the East, and commonly called Levantines. When I came to the end of my journey over the desert, I had been so long alone that the prospect of speaking to somebody at Cairo seemed almost a new excitement. I felt a sort of consciousness that I had a little of the wild beast about me, but I was quite in the humor to be charmingly tame, and to be quite engaging in my manners if I should have an opportunity of holding communion with any of the human race whilst at Cairo. I knew no one in the place, and had no letters of introduction, but I carried letters of credit, and it often happens in places remote from England that those "advices" operate as a sort of introduction, and obtain for the bearer (if disposed to receive them) such ordinary civilities as it may be in the power of the banker to offer.

Very soon after my arrival I went to the house of the Levantine to whom my credentials were addressed. At his door several persons (all Arabs) were hanging about and keeping guard. It was not till after some delay, and the passing of some communications with those in the interior of the citadel, that I was admitted. At length, however, I was conducted through the court and up a flight of stairs, and finally into the apartment where business was transacted. The room was divided by an excellent, substantial fence of iron bars, and behind this grille the banker had his station. The truth was, that from fear of the Plague he had adopted the course usually taken by European residents, and had shut himself up "in strict quarantine," — that is to say, that he had, as he hoped, cut himself off from all communication with infecting substances. The Europeans long resident in the East, without any, or with scarcely any, exception, are firmly convinced that the Plague is propagated by contact and by contact only — that if they can but avoid the touch of an infecting substance, they are safe, and if they cannot, they die. This belief induces them to adopt the contrivance of putting themselves in that state of siege which they call "quarantine." It is a part of their faith that metals and hempen rope, and also, I fancy, one or two other substances, will not carry the infection; and they likewise believe that the germ of pestilence which lies in an infected substance may be destroyed by submersion in water, or by the action of smoke. They therefore guard the doors of their houses with the utmost care against intrusion, and condemn themselves and all the members of their family, including any European servants, to a strict imprisonment within the walls of their dwelling. Their native attendants are not allowed to enter at all, but they make the necessary purchases of provisions, which are hauled up through one of the windows by means of a rope, and are then soaked in water.

I knew nothing of these mysteries, and was not therefore prepared for the sort of reception which I met with. I advanced to the iron fence, and putting my letter between the bars, politely proffered it to Mr. Banker. Mr. Banker received me with a sad and dejected look, and not "with open arms," or with any arms at all, but with — a pair of tongs!

— I placed my letter between the iron fingers which picked it up as if it were a viper, and conveyed it away to be scorched and purified by fire and smoke. I was disgusted at this reception, and at the idea that anything of mine could carry infection to the poor wretch, who stood on the other side of the grille — pale and trembling, and already meet for Death. I looked with something of the Mohammedan's feeling upon these little contrivances for eluding Fate; and in this instance at least they were vain; a few more days and the poor money-changer who had striven to guard the days of his life (as though they were coins) with bolts and bars of iron — he was seized by the Plague and he died.

To people entertaining such opinions as these respecting the fatal effect of contact, the narrow and crowded streets of Cairo were as terrible as the easy slope that leads to Avernus. The roaring Ocean and the beetling crags owe something of their sublimity to this — that if they be tempted, they can take the warm life of a man. To the contagionist, filled as he is with the dread of final causes, having no faith in Destiny, nor in the fixed will of God, and with none of the devil-may-care indifference which might stand him instead of creeds — to such a one, every rag that shivers in the breeze of a Plague-stricken city has this sort of sublimity. If by any terrible ordinance he be forced to venture forth, he sees Death dangling from every sleeve, and as he creeps forward he poises his shuddering limbs between the imminent jacket that is stabbing at his right elbow and the murderous pelisse that threatens to mow him clean down as it sweeps along on his left. But most of all he dreads that which most of all he should love — the touch of a woman's dress, for mothers and wives hurrying forth on kindly errands from the bedsides of the dying go slouching along through the streets more wilfully and less courteously than the men. For a while it may be that the caution of the poor Levantine may enable him to avoid contact, but sooner or later, perhaps, the dreaded chance arrives; that bundle of linen, with the dark tearful eyes at the top of it, that labors along with the voluptuous clumsiness of Grisi — she has touched the poor Levantine with the hem of her sleeve! From that dread moment his peace is gone; his mind, forever hanging upon the fatal touch, invites the

blow which he fears; he watches for the symptoms of Plague so carefully, that sooner or later they come in truth. The parched mouth is a sign — his mouth is parched; the throbbing brain — his brain does throb; the rapid pulse — he touches his own wrist (for he dares not ask counsel of any man lest he be deserted), he touches his wrist, and feels how his frighted blood goes galloping out of his heart; there is nothing but the fatal swelling that is wanting to make his sad conviction complete; immediately he has an odd feeling under the arm — no pain, but a little straining of the skin; he would to God it were his fancy that were strong enough to give him that sensation; this is the worst of all; it now seems to him that he could be happy and contented with his parched mouth, and his throbbing brain, and his rapid pulse, if only he could know that there were no swelling under the left arm; but dares he try? — in a moment of calmness and deliberation he dares not, but when for a while he has writhed under the torture of suspense, a sudden strength of will drives him to seek and know his fate; he touches the gland and finds the skin sane and sound, but under the cuticle there lies a small lump like a pistol bullet, that moves as he pushes it. Oh! but is this for all certainty, is this the sentence of death? Feel the gland of the other arm; there is not the same lump exactly, yet something a little like it; have not some people glands naturally enlarged? — would to heaven he were one! So he does for himself the work of the Plague, and when the Angel of Death, thus courted, does indeed and in truth come, he has only to finish that which has been so well begun; he passes his fiery hand over the brain of the victim, and lets him rave for a season, but all chance-wise, of people and things once dear, or of people and things indifferent. Once more the poor fellow is back at his home in fair Provence, and sees the sun-dial that stood in his childhood's garden — sees part of his mother, and the long-since-forgotten face of that little dead sister — (he sees her, he says, on a Sunday morning, for all the church bells are ringing); he looks up and down through the universe, and owns it well piled with bales upon bales of cotton, and cotton eternal — so much so, that he feels — he knows — he swears he could make that winning hazard, if the billiard table would not slant upwards,

and if the cue were a cue worth playing with; but it is not — it's a cue that won't move — his own arm won't move — in short, there's the devil to pay in the brain of the poor Levantine, and, perhaps, the next night but one he becomes the "life and the soul" of some squalling jackal family, who fish him out by the foot from his shallow and sandy grave.

Better fate was mine; by some happy perverseness (occasioned perhaps by my disgust at the notion of being received with a pair of tongs), I took it into my pleasant head that all the European notions about contagion were thoroughly unfounded — that the Plague might be providential or "epidemic" (as they phrase it), but was not contagious, and that I could not be killed by the touch of a woman's sleeve, nor yet by her blessed breath. I therefore determined that the Plague should not alter my habits and amusements in any one respect. Though I came to this resolve from impulse, I think that I took the course which was in effect the most prudent, for the cheerfulness of spirits which I was thus enabled to retain discouraged the yellow-winged Angel, and prevented him from taking a shot at me. I, however, so far respected the opinion of the Europeans, that I avoided touching, when I could do so without privation or inconvenience. This endeavor furnished me with a sort of amusement as I passed through the streets. The usual mode of moving from place to place in the city of Cairo is upon donkeys, of which great numbers are always in readiness, with donkey boys attached. I had two who constantly (until one of them died of the Plague) waited at my door upon the chance of being wanted. I found this way of moving about exceedingly pleasant, and never attempted any other. I had only to mount my beast, and tell my donkey boy the point for which I was bound, and instantly I began to glide on at a capital pace. The streets of Cairo are not paved in any way, but strewed with a dry sandy soil so deadening to sound that the footfall of my donkey could scarcely be heard. There is no trottoir, and as you ride through the streets, you mingle with the people on foot; those who are in your way, upon being warned by the shouts of the donkey boy, move very slightly aside so as to leave you a narrow lane through which you pass at a gallop. In this way you glide on delightfully in the very midst of crowds,

without being inconvenienced or stopped for a moment; it seems to you that it is not the donkey but the donkey boy who wafts you on with his shouts through pleasant groups and air that feels thick with the fragrance of burial spice. "Eh! Sheik,—eh! Bint,—reggalek—shumalek, etc., etc. —O old man, O virgin, get out of the way on the right—O virgin, O old man, get out of the way on the left,—this Englishman comes, he comes, he comes!" The narrow alley which these shouts cleared for my passage made it possible, though difficult, to go on for a long way without touching a single person, and my endeavors to avoid such contact were a sort of game for me in my loneliness, which was not without interest. If I got through a street without being touched, I won; if I was touched, I lost,—lost a deuce of a stake, according to the theory of the Europeans; but that I deemed to be all nonsense,—I only lost that game, and would certainly win the next.

There is not much in the way of public buildings to admire at Cairo, but I saw one handsome mosque, to which an instructive history is attached. A Hindostanee merchant, having amassed an immense fortune, settled in Cairo, and soon found that his riches in the then state of the political world gave him vast power in the city—power, however, the exercise of which was much restrained by the counteracting influence of other wealthy men. With a view to extinguish every attempt at rivalry the Hindostanee merchant built this magnificent mosque at his own expense; when the work was complete, he invited all the leading men of the city to join him in prayer within the walls of the newly built temple, and he then caused to be massacred all those who were sufficiently influential to cause him any jealousy or uneasiness—in short, all "the respectable men" of the place; after this he possessed undisputed power in the city, and was greatly revered —he is revered to this day. It seemed to me that there was a touching simplicity in the mode which this man so successfully adopted for gaining the confidence and good-will of his fellow citizens. There seems to be some improbability in the story (though not nearly so gross as it might appear to a European ignorant of the East, for witness Mehemet Ali's destruction of the Mamelukes, a closely similar act and at-

tended with the like brilliant success[1]), but even if this story be false, as a mere fact, it is perfectly true as an illustration — it is a true exposition of the means by which the respect and affection of Orientals may be conciliated.

I ascended one day to the citadel, which commands a superb view of the town. The fanciful and elaborate gilt work of the many minarets gives a light and florid grace to the city as seen from this height, but before you can look for many seconds at such things, your eyes are drawn westward — drawn westward, and over the Nile, till they rest with a heavy stare upon the massive enormities of the Ghizeh pyramids. I saw within the fortress many yoke of men, all haggard and woebegone, and a kennel of very fine lions well fed and flourishing; I say yoke of men, for the poor fellows were working together in bonds; I say a kennel of lions, for the beasts were not enclosed in cages, but simply chained up like dogs.

I went round the Bazaars; it seemed to me that pipes and arms were cheaper here than at Constantinople, and I should advise you, therefore, if you go to both places, to prefer the market of Cairo. I had previously bought several of such things at Constantinople, and did not choose to encumber myself, or, to speak more honestly, I did not choose to disencumber my purse, by making any more purchases. In the open slave market I saw about fifty girls exposed for sale, but all of them black, or "invisible" brown. A slave agent took me to some rooms in the upper story of the building, and also into several obscure houses in the neighborhood, with a view to show me some white women. The owners raised various objections to the display of their ware, and well they might, for I had not the least notion of purchasing; some refused on account of the illegality of the proceeding,[2] and others declared that all transactions of this sort were completely out of the question as long as the Plague was raging. I only succeeded in seeing one white slave who was for sale, but on this one the owner affected to set an immense value, and raised my expectations to a

[1] Mehemet Ali invited the Mamelukes to a feast, and murdered them in the Banquet Hall.

[2] It is not strictly lawful to sell white slaves to a Christian.

high pitch, by saying that the girl was Circassian, and was "fair as the full moon." After a good deal of delay, I was at last led into a room, at the farther end of which was that mass of white linen which indicates an Eastern woman; she was bidden to uncover her face, and I presently saw that though very far from being good-looking, according to my notion of beauty, she had not been inaptly described by the man who compared her to the full moon, for her large face was perfectly round and perfectly white. Though very young, she was nevertheless extremely fat. She gave me the idea of having been got up for sale — of having been fattened and whitened by medicines, or by some peculiar diet. I was firmly determined not to see any more of her than the face; she was perhaps disgusted at this, my virtuous resolve, as well as with my personal appearance — perhaps she saw my distaste and disappointment; perhaps she wished to gain favor with her owner, by showing her attachment to his faith; at all events she halloed out very lustily and very decidedly that "she would not be bought by the Infidel."

Whilst I remained at Cairo I thought it worth while to see something of the Magicians, who may be considered as it were the descendants of those who contended so stoutly against the superior power of Aaron. I therefore sent for an old man who was held to be the chief of the Magicians, and desired him to show me the wonders of his art. The old man looked and dressed his character exceedingly well: the vast turban, the flowing beard, and the ample robes were all that one could wish in the way of appearance. The first experiment (a very stale one) which he attempted to perform for me was that of attempting to show the forms and faces of my absent friends, not to me, but to a boy brought in from the streets for the purpose, and said to be chosen at random. A mangal (pan of burning charcoal) was brought into my room, and the Magician, bending over it, sprinkled upon the fire some substances which must have consisted partly of spices or sweetly burning woods, for immediately a fragrant smoke arose, which curled round the bending form of the Wizard, the while that he pronounced his first incantations; when these were over, the boy was

made to sit down, and a common green shade was bound over his brow; then the Wizard took ink, and, still continuing his incantations, wrote certain mysterious figures upon the boy's palm, and directed him to rivet his attention to these marks, without looking aside for an instant; again the incantations proceeded, and after a while the boy, being seemingly a little agitated, was asked whether he saw anything on the palm of his hand; he declared that he saw a kind of military procession with flags and banners, which he described rather minutely. I was then called upon to name the absent person whose form was to be made visible. I named Keate. You were not at Eton, and I must tell you, therefore, what manner of man it was that I named, though I think you must have some idea of him already, for wherever from utmost Canada to Bundelcund — wherever there was the whitewashed wall of an officer's room, or of any other apartment in which English gentlemen are forced to kick their heels, there, likely enough (in the days of his reign), the head of Keate would be seen scratched, or drawn with those various degrees of skill which one observes in the representations of Saints. Anybody, without the least notion of drawing, could still draw a speaking, nay, scolding, likeness of Keate. If you had no pencil, you could draw him well enough with a poker, or the leg of a chair, or the smoke of a candle. He was little more (if more at all) than five feet in height, and was not very great in girth, but in this space was concentrated the pluck of ten battalions. He had a really noble voice, which he could modulate with great skill, but he had also the power of quacking like an angry duck, and he almost always adopted this mode of communication in order to inspire respect; he was a capital scholar, but his ingenuous learning had not "softened his manners," and had "permitted them to be fierce" — tremendously fierce; he had the most complete command over his temper — I mean over his good temper, which he scarcely ever allowed to appear; you could not put him out of humor — that is, out of the ill humor which he thought to be fitting for a head master. His red, shaggy eyebrows were so prominent that he habitually used them as arms and hands for the purpose of pointing out any object toward which he

wished to direct attention; the rest of his features were equally striking in their way, and were all and all his own; he wore a fancy dress, partly resembling the costume of Napoleon, and partly that of a widow woman. I could not by any possibility have named anybody more decidedly differing in appearance from the rest of the human race.

"Whom do you name?" — "I name John Keate." — "Now, what do you see?" said the Wizard to the boy. — "I see," answered the boy, "I see a fair girl with golden hair, blue eyes, pallid face, rosy lips." There was a shot! I shouted out my laughter to the horror of the Wizard, who, perceiving the grossness of his failure, declared that the boy must have known sin (for none but the innocent can see truth), and accordingly kicked him down-stairs.

One or two other boys were tried, but none could "see truth"; they all made sadly "bad shots."

Notwithstanding the failure of these experiments, I wished to see what sort of mummery my Magician would practise, if I called upon him to show me some performances of a higher order than those which had been attempted; I therefore entered into a treaty with him in virtue of which he was to descend with me into the tombs near the Pyramids, and there evoke the Devil. The negotiation lasted some time, for Dthemetri, as in duty bound, tried to beat down the Wizard as much as he could, and the Wizard, on his part, manfully stuck up for his price, declaring that to raise the Devil was really no joke, and insinuating that to do so was an awesome crime. I let Dthemetri have his way in the negotiation, but I felt in reality very indifferent about the sum to be paid, and for this reason, namely, that the payment (except a very small present, which I might make or not, as I chose) was to be contingent on success. At length the bargain was made, and it was arranged that after a few days, to be allowed for preparation, the Wizard should raise the Devil for two pounds ten, play or pay — no Devil, no piasters.

The Wizard failed to keep his appointment. I sent to know why the deuce he had not come to raise the Devil. The truth was that my Mohammed had gone to the mountain. The Plague had seized him, and he died.

Although the Plague had now spread terrible havoc around him, I did not see very plainly any corresponding change in the looks of the streets until the seventh day after my arrival; I then first observed that the city was silenced. There were no outward signs of Despair, nor of violent terror; but many of the voices that had swelled the busy hum of men were already hushed in death, and the survivors, so used to scream and screech in their earnestness whenever they bought or sold, now showed an unwonted indifference about the affairs of this world; it was less worth while for men to haggle, and haggle, and crack the sky with noisy bargains, when the Great Commander was there, who could "pay all their debts with the roll of his drum."

At this time (the year was 1835), I was informed that of twenty-five thousand people at Alexandria, twelve thousand had died already; the Destroyer had come rather later to Cairo, but there was nothing of weariness in his strides. The deaths came faster than ever they befell in the Plague of London, but the calmness of Orientals under such visitations, and the habit of using biers for interment, instead of burying coffins along with the bodies, rendered it practicable to dispose of the Dead in the usual way, without shocking the people by any unaccustomed spectacle of horror. There was no tumbling of bodies into carts, as in the Plague of Florence and the Plague of London; every man, according to his station, was properly buried, and that in the usual way, except that he went to his grave at a more hurried pace than might have been adopted under ordinary circumstances.

The funerals which poured through the streets were not the only public evidence of deaths. In Cairo this custom prevails; at the instant of a man's death (if his property is sufficient to justify the expense), professional howlers are employed; I believe that these persons are brought near to the dying man, when his end appears to be approaching, and the moment that life is gone they lift up their voices, and send forth a loud wail from the chamber of Death. Thus I knew when my near neighbors died; sometimes the howls were near; sometimes more distant. Once I was awakened in the night by the wail of death in the next house, and another time by a like howl from the house opposite; and there were two

or three minutes, I recollect, during which the howl seemed to be actually running along the street.

I happened to be rather teased at this time by a sore throat, and thought it would be well to get it cured, if I could, before I again started on my travels. I therefore inquired for a Frank doctor, and was informed that the only one then at Cairo was a young Bolognese Refugee, who was so poor that he had not been able to take flight, as the other medical men had done. At such a time as this, it was out of the question to send for a European physician; a person thus summoned would be sure to suppose that the patient was ill of the Plague, and would decline to come. I therefore rode to the young doctor's residence; after experiencing some little difficulty in finding where to look for him, I ascended a flight or two of stairs, and knocked at his door. No one came immediately, but after some little delay the Medico himself opened the door and admitted me. I, of course, made him understand that I had come to consult him, but before entering upon my throat grievance, I accepted a chair, and exchanged a sentence or two of commonplace conversation. Now, the natural commonplace of the city at this season was of a gloomy sort—"Come va la peste?" (How goes the plague?), and this was precisely the question I put. A deep sigh, and the words "Sette cento per giorno, Signor" (Seven hundred a day), pronounced in a tone of the deepest sadness and dejection, were the answer I received. The day was not oppressively hot, yet I saw that the doctor was transpiring profusely, and even the outside surface of the thick shawl dressing-gown in which he had wrapped himself appeared to be moist; he was a handsome, pleasant-looking young fellow, but the deep melancholy of his tone did not tempt me to prolong the conversation, and without further delay I requested that my throat might be looked at. The Medico held my chin in the usual way, and examined my throat; he then wrote me a prescription, and almost immediately afterwards I bade him farewell; but as he conducted me toward the door I observed an expression of strange and unhappy watchfulness in his rolling eyes. It was not the next day, but the next day but one, if I rightly remember, that I sent to request another interview with my doctor; in due time Dthemetri, who was my messenger, returned,

looking sadly aghast — he had "met the Medico," for so he phrased it, "coming out from his house — in a bier!"

It was of course plain that when the poor Bolognese was looking at my throat, and almost mingling his breath with mine, he was stricken of the Plague. I suppose that the violent sweat in which I found him had been produced by some medicine which he must have taken in the hope of curing himself. The peculiar rolling of the eyes which I had remarked is, I believe, to experienced observers, a pretty sure test of the Plague. A Russian acquaintance of mine, speaking from the information of men who had made the Turkish campaigns of 1828 and 1829, told me that by this sign the officers of Sabalkansky's force were able to make out the Plague-stricken soldiers with a good deal of certainty.

It so happened that most of the people with whom I had anything to do, during my stay at Cairo, were seized with the Plague, and all these died. Since I had been for a long time en route before I reached Egypt, and was about to start again for another long journey over the desert, there were of course many little matters touching my wardrobe, and my traveling equipments, which required to be attended to whilst I remained in the city. It happened so many times that Dthemetri's orders in respect to these matters were frustrated by the deaths of the tradespeople, and others whom he employed, that at last I became quite accustomed to the peculiar manner which he assumed when he prepared to announce a new death to me. The poor fellow naturally supposed that I should feel some uneasiness at hearing of the "accidents" which happened to persons employed by me, and he therefore communicated their deaths, as though they were the deaths of friends; he would cast down his eyes, and look like a man abashed, and then gently, and with a mournful gesture, allow the words, "Morto, Signor," to come through his lips. I don't know how many of such instances occurred, but they were several, and besides these (as I told you before), my banker, my doctor, my landlord, and my magician all died of the Plague. A lad who acted as a helper in the house which I occupied lost a brother and a sister within a few hours. Out of my two established donkey boys one died. I did not hear of any instance in which a Plague-stricken patient had recovered.

Going out one morning, I met unexpectedly the scorching breath of the Khamsin wind, and, fearing that I should faint under the horrible sensations which it caused, I returned to my rooms. Reflecting, however, that I might have to encounter this wind in the desert, where there would be no possibility of avoiding it, I thought it would be better to brave it once more in the city, and to try whether I could really bear it or not. I therefore mounted my ass, and rode to old Cairo, and along the gardens by the banks of the Nile. The wind was hot to the touch, as though it came from a furnace; it blew strongly, but yet with such perfect steadiness, that the trees bending under its force remained fixed in the same curves without perceptibly waving; the whole sky was obscured by a veil of yellowish gray, which shut out the face of the sun. The streets were utterly silent, being indeed almost entirely deserted, and not without cause; for the scorching blast, whilst it fevers the blood, closes up the pores of the skin, and is terribly distressing, therefore, to every animal that encounters it. I returned to my rooms dreadfully ill. My head ached with a burning pain, and my pulse bounded quick, and fitfully; but perhaps (as in the instance of the poor Levantine, whose death I was mentioning) the fear and excitement which I felt in trying my own wrist may have made my blood flutter the faster.

It is a thoroughly well-believed theory, that during the continuance of the Plague you can't be ill of any other febrile malady; an unpleasant privilege that! for ill I was, and ill of fever, and I anxiously wished that the ailment might turn out to be anything rather than the Plague. I had some right to surmise that my illness may have been merely the effect of the hot wind, and this notion was encouraged by the elasticity of my spirits, and by a strong forefeeling that much of my destined life in this world was yet to come, and yet to be fulfilled. That was my instinctive belief, but when I carefully weighed the probabilities on the one side, and on the other, I could not help seeing that the strength of argument was all against me. There was a strong antecedent likelihood in favor of my being struck by the same blow as the rest of the people who had been dying around me. Besides, it occurred to me, that, after all, the universal opinion of the Europeans upon

a medical question, such as that of contagion, might probably be correct, and if it were, I was so thoroughly "compromised," and especially by the touch and breath of the dying Medico, that I had no right to expect any other fate than that which now seemed to have overtaken me. Balancing as well as I could all the considerations which hope and fear suggested, I slowly and reluctantly came to the conclusion that according to all merely reasonable probability the Plague had come upon me.

You would suppose that this conviction would have induced me to write a few farewell lines to those who were dearest, and that having done that, I should have turned my thoughts toward the world to come. Such, however, was not the case; I believe that the prospect of death often brings with it strong anxieties about matters of comparatively trivial import, and certainly with me the whole energy of the mind was directed toward the one petty object of concealing my illness until the latest possible moment — until the delirious stage. I did not believe that either Mysseri, or Dthemetri, who had served me so faithfully in all trials, would have deserted me (as most Europeans are wont to do) when they knew that I was stricken by Plague; but I shrank from the idea of putting them to this test, and I dreaded the consternation which the knowledge of my illness would be sure to occasion.

I was very ill, indeed, at the moment when my dinner was served, and my soul sickened at the sight of the food; but I had luckily the habit of dispensing with the attendance of servants during my meal, and as soon as I was left alone I made a melancholy calculation of the quantity of food which I should have eaten if I had been in my usual health, and filled my plates accordingly, and gave myself salt, and so on, as though I were going to dine; I then transferred the viands to a piece of the omnipresent *Times* newspaper, and hid them away in a cupboard, for it was not yet night, and I dared not to throw the food into the street until darkness came. I did not at all relish this process of fictitious dining, but at length the cloth was removed, and I gladly reclined on my divan (I would not lie down), with the "Arabian Nights" in my hand.

I had a feeling that tea would be a capital thing for me, but I would not order it until the usual hour. When at last

the time came, I drank deep drafts from the fragrant cup. The effect was almost instantaneous. A plenteous sweat burst through my skin, and watered my clothes through and through. I kept myself thickly covered. The hot, tormenting weight which had been loading my brain was slowly heaved away. The fever was extinguished. I felt a new buoyancy of spirits, and an unusual activity of mind. I went into my bed under a load of thick covering, and when the morning came, and I asked myself how I was, I found that I was thoroughly well.

I was very anxious to procure, if possible, some medical advice for Mysseri, whose illness prevented my departure. Every one of the European practising doctors, of whom there had been many, had either died or fled; it was said, however, that there was an Englishman in the medical service of the Pasha, who quietly remained at his post, but that he never engaged in private practise. I determined to try if I could obtain assistance in this quarter. I did not venture at first, and at such a time as this, to ask him to visit a servant who was prostrate on the bed of sickness; but thinking that I might thus gain an opportunity of persuading him to attend Mysseri, I wrote a note mentioning my own affair of the sore throat, and asking for the benefit of his medical advice; he instantly followed back my messenger and was at once shown up into my room; I entreated him to stand off, telling him fairly how deeply I was "compromised," and especially by my contact with a person actually ill, and since dead of Plague. The generous fellow, with a good-humored laugh at the terrors of the contagionists, marched straight up to me, and forcibly seized my hand, and shook it with manly violence. I felt grateful indeed, and swelled with fresh pride of race, because that my countryman could carry himself so nobly. He soon cured Mysseri, as well as me, and all this he did from no other motives than the pleasure of doing a kindness, and the delight of braving a danger.

At length the great difficulty[1] which I had had in procuring beasts for my departure was overcome, and now, too, I was to have the new excitement of traveling on dromedaries. With

[1] The difficulty was occasioned by the immense exertions which the Pasha was making to collect camels for military purposes.

two of these beasts, and three camels, I gladly wound my way from out of the pest-stricken city. As I passed through the streets, I observed a fanatical-looking elder, who stretched forth his arms, and lifted up his voice in a speech which seemed to have some reference to me; requiring an interpretation, I found that the man had said, "The Pasha seeks camels and he finds them not — the Englishman says, 'Let camels be brought,' and behold — there they are!"

I no sooner breathed the free, wholesome air of the desert, than I felt that a great burden, which I had been scarcely conscious of bearing, was lifted away from my mind. For nearly three weeks I had lived under peril of death; the peril ceased, and not till then did I know how much alarm and anxiety I had really been suffering.

CHAPTER XIX

The Pyramids

I WENT to see and to explore the Pyramids.

Familiar to one from the days of early childhood are the forms of the Egyptian Pyramids, and now, as I approached them from the banks of the Nile, I had no print, no picture before me, and yet the old shapes were there; there was no change; they were just as I had always known them. I straightened myself in my stirrups, and strove to persuade my understanding that this was real Egypt, and that those angles which stood up between me and the west were of harder stuff, and more ancient, than the paper pyramids of the green portfolio. Yet it was not till I came to the base of the great Pyramid, that reality began to weigh upon my mind. Strange to say, the bigness of the distinct blocks of stone was the first sign by which I attained to feel the immensity of the whole pile. When I came, and trod, and touched with my hands, and climbed, in order that by climbing I might come to the top of one single stone, then, and almost suddenly, a cold sense and understanding of the Pyramid's enormity came down overcasting my brain.

Now try to endure this homely, sick-nurse-ish illustration of the effect produced upon one's mind by the mere vastness of the great Pyramid: when I was very young (between the ages, I believe, of three and five years old), being then of delicate health, I was often in time of night the victim of a strange kind of mental oppression; I lay in my bed perfectly conscious, and with open eyes, but without power to speak, or to move, and all the while my brain was oppressed to distraction by the presence of a single and abstract idea, — the idea of solid Immensity. It seemed to me in my agonies, that the horror of this visitation arose from its coming upon me without form or shape — that the close presence of the

direst monster ever bred in hell would have been a thousand times more tolerable than that simple idea of solid size; my aching mind was fixed and riveted down upon the mere quality of vastness, vastness, vastness, and was not permitted to invest with it any particular object. If I could have done so, the torment would have ceased. When at last I was roused from this state of suffering, I could not of course in those days (knowing no verbal metaphysics, and no metaphysics at all, except by the dreadful experience of an abstract idea), I could not of course find words to describe the nature of my sensations, and even now I cannot explain why it is that the forced contemplation of a mere quality distinct from matter should be so terrible. Well, now my eyes saw and knew, and my hands and my feet informed my understanding, that there was nothing at all abstract about the great Pyramid, — it was a big triangle, sufficiently concrete, easy to see, and rough to the touch; it could not, of course, affect me with the peculiar sensation which I have been talking of, but yet there was something akin to that old nightmare agony in the terrible completeness with which a mere mass of masonry could fill and load my mind.

And Time, too; the remoteness of its origin, no less than the enormity of its proportions, screens an Egyptian Pyramid from the easy and familiar contact of our modern minds; at its base the common Earth ends, and all above is a world — one not created of God — not seeming to be made by men's hands, but rather the sheer giant work of some old dismal age weighing down this younger planet.

Fine sayings! but the truth seems to be, after all, that the Pyramids are quite of this world; that they were piled up into the air for the realization of some kingly crotchets about immortality, — some priestly longing for burial fees; and that as for the building — they were built like coral rocks by swarms of insects — by swarms of poor Egyptians, who were not only the abject tools and slaves of power, but who also ate onions for the reward of their immortal labors![1] The Pyramids are quite of this world.

I, of course, ascended to the summit of the great Pyramid,

[1] Herodotus, in an after-age, stood by with his note-book and got, as he thought, the exact returns of all the rations served out.

PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH.

Photogravure from a painting by J. Douglas Woodward.

and also explored its chambers, but these I need not describe. The first time that I went to the Pyramids of Ghizeh, there were a number of Arabs hanging about in its neighborhood, and wanting to receive presents on various pretenses; their Sheik was with them. There was also present an ill-looking fellow in soldier's uniform. This man on my departure claimed a reward, on the ground that he had maintained order and decorum amongst the Arabs; his claim was not considered valid by my Dragoman, and was rejected accordingly. My donkey boys afterwards said they had overheard this fellow propose to the Sheik to put me to death whilst I was in the interior of the great Pyramid, and to share with him the booty; fancy a struggle for life in one of those burial chambers, with acres and acres of solid masonry between oneself and the daylight! I felt exceedingly glad that I had not made the rascal a present.

I visited the very Ancient Pyramids of Aboucir and Sakkara; there are many of these, and of various shapes and sizes, and it struck me that taken together they might be considered as showing the progress and perfection (such as it is) of Pyramidical Architecture. One of the Pyramids at Sakkara is almost a rival for the full-grown monster of Ghizeh; others are scarcely more than vast heaps of brick and stone; these last suggested to me the idea that after all the Pyramid is nothing more nor less than a variety of the sepulchral mound so common in most countries (including, I believe, Hindostan, from whence the Egyptians are supposed to have come). Men accustomed to raise these structures for their dead Kings, or conquerors, would carry the usage with them in their migrations; but arriving in Egypt, and seeing the impossibility of finding earth sufficiently tenacious for a mound, they would approximate as nearly as might be to their ancient custom by raising up a round heap of these stones,—in short, conical pyramids; of these there are several at Sakkara, and the materials of some are thrown together without any order or regularity. The transition from this simple form, to that of the square angular pyramid, was easy and natural, and it seemed to me that the gradations through which the style passed from infancy up to its mature enormity could plainly be traced at Sakkara.

CHAPTER XX

The Sphinx

AND near the Pyramids, more wondrous, and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphinx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once worshiped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mold of beauty — some mold of beauty now forgotten — forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness, through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss you your charitable hand with the big, pouting lips of the very Sphinx.

Laugh, and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols, but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity — unchangefulness in the midst of change — the same seeming will and intent forever and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian Kings — upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors — upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern Empire — upon battle and pestilence — upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race — upon keen-eyed travelers — Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton[1] to-day —

[1] Eliot Warburton, who is known to be the author of those brilliantly sparkling papers, the "Episodes of Eastern Travel," which lit up our last November. His book ("The Crescent and the Cross") must and will be capital.

upon all and more this unworldly Sphinx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new, busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphinx.

CHAPTER XXI

Cairo to Suez

THE "dromedary" of Egypt and Syria is not the two-humped animal described by that name in books of natural history, but is in fact of the same family as the camel, to which it stands in about the same relation as a racer to a cart-horse. The fleetness and endurance of this creature are extraordinary. It is not usual to force him into a gallop, and I fancy from his make that it would be quite impossible for him to maintain that pace for any length of time; but the animal is on so large a scale that the jog-trot at which he is generally ridden implies a progress of perhaps ten or twelve miles an hour, and this pace, it is said, he can keep up incessantly without food, or water, or rest, for three whole days and nights.

Of the two dromedaries which I had obtained for this journey, I mounted one myself, and put Dthemetri on the other. My plan was, to ride on with Dthemetri to Suez as rapidly as the fleetness of the beasts would allow, and to let Mysseri (who was still weak from the effects of his late illness) come quietly on with the camels and baggage.

The trot of the dromedary is a pace terribly disagreeable to the rider, until he becomes a little accustomed to it; but after the first half hour I so far schooled myself to this new exercise, that I felt capable of keeping it up (though not without aching limbs) for several hours together. Now, therefore, I was anxious to dart forward, and annihilate at once the whole space that divided me from the Red Sea. Dthemetri, however, could not get on at all; every attempt which he made to trot seemed to threaten the utter dislocation of his whole frame, and indeed I doubt whether any one of Dthemetri's age (nearly forty, I think) and unaccustomed to such exercise could have borne it at all easily; besides, the drome-

dary which fell to his lot was evidently a very bad one; he every now and then came to a dead stop, and coolly knelt down, as though suggesting that the rider had better get off at once, and abandon the attempt as one that was utterly hopeless.

When for the third or fourth time I saw Dthemetri thus planted, I lost my patience, and went on without him. For about two hours, I think, I advanced without once looking behind me. I then paused, and cast my eyes back to the western horizon. There was no sign of Dthemetri, nor of any other living creature. This I expected, for I knew that I must have far outdistanced all my followers. I had ridden away from my party merely by way of gratifying my impatience, and with the intention of stopping, as soon as I felt tired, until I was overtaken. I now observed, however (which I had not been able to do whilst advancing so rapidly), that the track which I had been following was seemingly the track of only one or two camels. I did not fear that I had diverged very largely from the true route, but still I could not feel any reasonable certainty that my party would follow any line of march within sight of me.

I had to consider, therefore, whether I should remain where I was, upon the chance of seeing my people come up, or whether I would push on alone, and find my way to Suez. I had now learned that I could not rely upon the continued guidance of any track, but I knew that (if maps were right) the point for which I was bound bore just due east of Cairo, and I thought that, although I might miss the line leading most directly to Suez, I could not well fail to find my way sooner or later to the Red Sea. The worst of it was that I had no provision of food or water with me, and already I was beginning to feel thirst. I deliberated for a minute, and then determined that I would abandon all hope of seeing my party again in the desert, and would push forward as rapidly as possible toward Suez.

It was not, I confess, without a sensation of awe that I swept with my sight the vacant round of the horizon, and remembered that I was all alone and unprovisioned in the midst of the arid waste; but this very awe gave tone and zest to the exultation with which I felt myself launched. Hitherto, in all

my wanderings, I had been under the care of other people — sailors, Tatars, guides, and Dragomen had watched over my welfare; but now at last I was here in this African desert, and I myself, and no other, had charge of my life; I liked the office well; I had the greatest part of the day before me, a very fair dromedary, a fur pelisse, and a brace of pistols, but no bread, and no water; for that I must ride, — and ride I did.

For several hours I urged forward my beast at a rapid though steady pace, but now the pangs of thirst began to torment me. I did not relax my pace, however, and I had not suffered long, when a moving object appeared in the distance before me. The intervening space was soon traversed, and I found myself approaching a Bedouin Arab mounted on a camel, attended by another Bedouin on foot. They stopped. I saw that, as usual, there hung from the pack-saddle of the camel a large skin water flask which seemed to be well filled; I steered my dromedary close up alongside of the mounted Bedouin, caused my beast to kneel down, then alighted, and keeping the end of the halter in my hand, went up to the mounted Bedouin without speaking, took hold of his water flask, opened it, and drank long and deep from its leathern lips. Both of the Bedouins stood fast in amazement and mute horror, and really if they had never happened to see a European before, the apparition was enough to startle them. To see for the first time a coat and a waistcoat with the pale semblance of a human head at the top, and for this ghastly figure to come swiftly out of the horizon, upon a fleet dromedary — approach them silently, and with a demoniacal smile, and drink a deep draft from their water flask — this was enough to make the Bedouins stare a little: they, in fact, stared a great deal — not as Europeans stare, with a restless and puzzled expression of countenance, but with features all fixed, and rigid, and with still, glassy eyes; before they had time to get decomposed from their state of petrifaction, I had remounted my dromedary, and was darting away toward the east.

Without pause, or remission of pace, I continued to press forward, but after a while I found to my confusion, that the slight track, which had hitherto guided me, now failed altogether; I began to fear that I must have been all along fol-

lowing the course of some wandering Bedouins, and I felt that if this were the case, my fate was a little uncertain. To comfort myself, I began to nurse up a theory that death by thirst was not so terrible as inexperienced people were apt to imagine. (Say what you will, there is comfort in theories; some of the repudiating Americans of the United States entertain a theory that they are distinguishable from common swindlers, and the national pride of the "young Republic" is wholly supported by the indulgence of this singular fancy.)

I had no compass with me, but I determined upon the eastern point of the horizon as accurately as I could, by reference to the sun, and so laid down for myself a way over the pathless sands.

But now my poor dromedary, by whose life and strength I held my own, began to show signs of distress; a thick, clammy, and glutinous kind of foam gathered about her lips, and piteous sobs burst from her bosom in the tones of human misery; I doubted for a moment whether I would give her a little rest, or relaxation of pace, but I decided that I would not, and continued to push forward as steadily as before.

The character of the country became changed; I had ridden away from the level tracts, and before me now, and on either side, there were vast hills of sand, and calcined rocks that interrupted my progress, and baffled my doubtful road, but I did my best; with rapid steps I swept round the base of the hills, threaded the winding hollows, and at last, as I rose in my swift course to the crest of a lofty ridge, Thalatta! Thalatta! by Jove! I saw the Sea!

My tongue can tell where to find the clue to many an old pagan creed, because that (distinctly from all mere admiration of the beauty belonging to Nature's works) I acknowledge a sense of mystical reverence, when first I look to see some illustrious feature of the globe — some coast-line of Ocean — some mighty river or dreary mountain range, the ancient barrier of kingdoms. But the Red Sea! It might well claim my earnest gaze by force of the great Jewish migration which connects it with the history of our own Religion. From this very ridge, it is likely enough, the panting Israelites first saw that shining inlet of the sea. Aye! aye! but moreover, and

best of all, that beckoning Sea assured my eyes, and proved how well I had marked out the east for my path, and gave me good promise that sooner or later the time would come for me to rest and drink. It was distant, the Sea, but I felt my own strength, and I had heard of the strength of dromedaries. I pushed forward as eagerly as though I had spoiled the Egyptians, and were flying from Pharaoh's police.

I had not yet been able to discover any symptoms of Suez, but after a while I descried in the distance a large, blank, isolated building; I made toward this, and in time got down to it. The building was a fort, and had been built there for the protection of a well which it contained within its precincts. A cluster of small huts adhered to the fort, and in a short time I was receiving the hospitality of the inhabitants, who were grouped upon the sands near their hamlet. To quench the fires of my throat with about a gallon of muddy water, and to swallow a little of the food placed before me, was the work of few minutes, and before the astonishment of my hosts had even begun to subside, I was pursuing my onward journey. Suez, I found, was still three hours distant, and the sun going down in the west warned me that I must find some other guide to keep me in the right direction. This guide I found in the most fickle and uncertain of the elements. For some hours the wind had been freshening, and it now blew a violent gale; it blew not fitfully, and in squalls, but with such remarkable steadiness that I felt convinced it would come from the same quarter for several hours. When the sun set, therefore, I carefully looked for the point from which the wind was blowing, and found that it came from the very west, and was blowing exactly in the direction of my route. I had nothing to do therefore but to go straight to leeward, and this was not difficult, for the gale blew with such immense force that if I diverged at all from its line, I instantly felt the pressure of the blast on the side toward which I was deviating. Very soon after sunset there came on complete darkness, but the strong wind guided me well, and sped me, too, on my way.

I had pushed on for about, I think, a couple of hours after nightfall when I saw the glimmer of a light in the distance, and this I ventured to hope must be Suez. Upon approach-

ing it, however, I found that it was only a solitary fort, and I passed on without stopping.

On I went, still riding down the wind, when an unlucky accident occurred, for which, if you like, you can have your laugh against me. I have told you already what sort of lodging it is which you have upon the back of a camel. You ride the dromedary in the same fashion: you are perched rather than seated upon a bunch of carpets or quilts upon the summit of the hump. It happened that my dromedary veered rather suddenly from her onward course; meeting the movement, I mechanically turned my left wrist as though I were holding a bridle-rein, for the complete darkness prevented my eyes from reminding me that I had nothing but a halter in my hand; the expected resistance failed, for the halter was hanging upon that side of the dromedary's neck toward which I was slightly leaning; I toppled over, head foremost, and then went falling and falling through air till my crown came whang against the ground. And the ground, too, was perfectly hard (compacted sand), but the thickly wadded head-gear which I wore for protection against the sun saved my life. The notion of my being able to get up again after falling head foremost from such an immense height seemed to me at first too paradoxical to be acted upon, but I soon found that I was not a bit hurt. My dromedary utterly vanished; I looked round me and saw the glimmer of a light in the fort which I had lately passed, and I began to work my way back in that direction. The violence of the gale made it hard for me to force my way toward the west, but I succeeded at last in regaining the fort. To this, as to the other fort which I had passed, there was attached a cluster of huts, and I soon found myself surrounded by a group of villainous, gloomy-looking fellows. It was a horrid bore for me to have to swagger and look big at a time when I felt so particularly small on account of my tumble and my lost dromedary, but there was no help for it; I had no Dthemetri now to "strike terror" for me. I knew hardly one word of Arabic, but somehow or other I contrived to announce it as my absolute will and pleasure that these fellows should find me the means of gaining Suez. They acceded, and having a donkey, they saddled it for me, and appointed one of their number to attend me on foot.

I afterward found that these fellows were not Arabs, but Algerine refugees, and that they bore the character of being sad scoundrels. They justified this imputation to some extent on the following day. They allowed Mysseri with my baggage, and the camels, to pass unmolested, but an Arab lad belonging to the party happened to lag a little way in the rear, and him (if they were not maligned) these rascals stripped and robbed. Low, indeed, is the state of bandit morality, when men will allow the sleek traveler with well-laden camels to pass in quiet, reserving their spirit of enterprise for the tattered turban of a miserable boy.

I reached Suez at last. The British Agent, though roused from his midnight sleep, received me in his home with the utmost kindness and hospitality. Oh! by Jove, how delightful it was to lie on fair sheets, and to dally with sleep, and to wake, and to sleep, and to wake once more, for the sake of sleeping again!

CHAPTER XXII

Suez

I WAS hospitably entertained by the British Consul, or Agent, as he is there styled; he is the employee of the East India Company, and not of the Home Government. Napoleon, during his stay of five days at Suez, had been the guest of the Consul's father, and I was told that the divan in my apartment had been the bed of the great Commander.

There are two opinions as to the point at which the Israelites passed the Red Sea: one is that they traversed only the very small creek at the Northern extremity of the inlet, and that they entered the bed of the water at the spot on which Suez now stands; the other that they crossed the sea from a point eighteen miles down the coast. The Oxford theologians who, with Milman, their Professor,[1] believed that Jehovah conducted his chosen people without disturbing the order of Nature, adopt the first view, and suppose that the Israelites passed during an ebb tide aided by a violent wind. One among many objections to this supposition is, that the time of a single ebb would not have been sufficient for the passage of that vast multitude of men and beasts, or even for a small fraction of it. Moreover, the creek to the north of this point can be compassed in an hour, and in two hours you can make the circuit of the salt marsh over which the sea may have extended in former times; if, therefore, the Israelites crossed so high up as Suez, the Egyptians, unless infatuated by divine interference, might easily have recovered their stolen goods from the encumbered fugitives, by making a slight detour. The opinion which fixes the point of passage at eighteen miles distance, and from thence right across the Ocean depths to the eastern side of the sea, is supported by the unanimous tradition of the people, whether Christians

[1] See Milman's "History of the Jews." 1st Edition, Family Library.

or Mussulmans, and is consistent with Holy Writ; "the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left." The Cambridge Mathematicians seem to think that the Israelites were enabled to pass over dry land by adopting a route not usually subject to the influx of the Sea; this notion is plausible in a merely hydrostatical point of view, and is supposed to have been adopted by most of the fellows of Trinity, but certainly not by Thorp, who is one of the most amiable of their number; it is difficult to reconcile this theory with the account given in Exodus, unless we can suppose that the words "sea" and "waters" are there used in a sense implying dry land.

Napoleon, when at Suez, made an attempt to follow the supposed steps of Moses by passing the creek at this point; but it seems, according to the testimony of the people at Suez, that he and his horsemen managed the matter in a way more resembling the failure of the Egyptians, than the success of the Israelites. According to the French account, Napoleon got out of the difficulty by that warrior-like presence of mind which served him so well when the fate of nations depended on the decision of a moment: he ordered his horsemen to disperse in all directions, in order to multiply the chances of finding shallow water, and was thus enabled to discover a line by which he and his people were extricated. The story told by the people of Suez is very different: they declare that Napoleon parted from his horse, got thoroughly submerged, and was only fished out by the assistance of the people on shore.

I bathed twice at the point assigned to the passage of the Israelites, and the second time that I did so I chose the time of low water, and tried to walk across but I soon found myself out of my depth, or at least in water so deep that I could only advance by swimming.

The dromedary which had bolted in the desert was brought into Suez the day after my arrival, but my pelisse and my pistols, which had been attached to the saddle, had disappeared; these articles were treasures of great importance to me at that time, and I moved the Governor of the town to make all possible exertions for their recovery; he acceded to my wishes as well as he could, and very obligingly

imprisoned the first seven poor fellows he could lay his hands on.

At first the Governor acted in the matter from no other motive than that of courtesy to an English traveler, but afterward, and when he saw the value which I set upon the lost property, he pushed his measures with a degree of alacrity and heat which seemed to show that he felt a personal interest in the matter; it was supposed either that he expected a large present in the event of succeeding, or that he was striving by all means to trace the property in order that he might lay his hands on it after my departure.

I went out sailing for some hours, and when I returned I was horrified to find that two men had been bastinadoed by order of the Governor, with a view to force them to a confession of their theft. It appeared, however, that there really was good ground for supposing them guilty, since one of the holsters was actually found in their possession. It was said, too (but I could hardly believe it), that whilst one of the men was undergoing the bastinado, his comrade was overheard encouraging him to bear the torment without peaching. Both men, if they had the secret, were resolute in keeping it, and were sent back to their dungeon. I, of course, took care that there should be no repetition of the torture, at least as long as I remained at Suez.

The Governor was a thorough Oriental, and until a comparatively recent period had shared in the old Mohammedan feeling of contempt for Europeans. It happened, however, one day that an English gun-brig had appeared off Suez, and sent her boats ashore to take in fresh water. Now fresh water at Suez is a somewhat scarce and precious commodity; it is kept in tanks, the chief of which is at some distance from the place. Under these circumstances the request for fresh water was refused, or at all events was not complied with. The Captain of the brig was a simple-minded man, with a strongish will, and he at once declared that if his casks were not filled in three hours, he would destroy the whole place. "A great people, indeed!" said the Governor — "a wonderful people, the English!" He instantly caused every cask to be filled to the brim from his own tank, and ever afterward entertained for the English a degree of affection and

respect for which I felt infinitely indebted to the gallant Captain.

The day after the abortive attempt to extract a confession from the prisoners, the Governor, the Consul, and I sat in Council, I know not how long, with a view of prosecuting the search for the stolen goods. The sitting, considered in the light of a criminal investigation, was characteristic of the East. The proceedings began as a matter of course by the Prosecutor's smoking a pipe, and drinking coffee with the Governor, who was Judge, Jury, and Sheriff. I got on very well with him (this was not my first interview), and he gave me the pipe from his lips in testimony of his friendship. I recollect, however, that my prime adviser, thinking me, I suppose, a great deal too shy and retiring in my manner, entreated me to put up my boots, and to soil the Governor's divan, in order to inspire respect, and strike terror. I thought it would be as well for me to retain the right of respecting myself, and that it was not quite necessary for a well-received guest to strike any terror at all.

Our deliberations were assisted by the numerous attendants who lined the three sides of the room not occupied by the divan. Any one of these, who took it into his head to offer a suggestion, would stand forward, and humble himself before the Governor, and then state his views, which were always more or less attended to.

After a great deal of fruitless planning, the Governor directed that the prisoners should be brought in. I was shocked when they entered, for I was not prepared to see them come carried into the room upon the shoulders of others. It had not occurred to me that their battered feet would be too sore to bear the contact of the floor. They persisted in asserting their innocence. The Governor wanted to recur to the torture, but that I prevented, and the men were carried back to their dungeon.

A scheme was now suggested by one of the attendants which seemed to me childishly absurd, but it was nevertheless tried. The plan was to send a man to the prisoners, who was to make them believe that he had obtained entrance into their dungeon upon some other pretense, but that he had in reality come to treat with them for the purchase

of the stolen goods. This shallow expedient of course failed.

The Governor himself had not nominally the power of life and death over the people in his district, but he could, if he chose, send them to Cairo, and have them hanged there. I proposed therefore that the prisoners should be threatened with this fate. The answer of the Governor made me feel rather ashamed of my effeminate suggestion; he said that if I wished it, he would willingly threaten them with death, but he also said that if he threatened, he should execute the threat.

Thinking at last that nothing was to be gained by keeping the prisoners any longer in confinement, I requested that they might be set free. To this the Governor acceded, though only, as he said, out of favor to me, for he had a strong impression that the men were guilty. I went down to see the prisoners let out with my own eyes. They were very grateful, and fell down to the earth, kissing my boots. I gave them a present to console them for their wounds, and they seemed to be highly delighted.

Although the matter terminated in a manner so satisfactory to the principal sufferers, there were symptoms of some angry excitement in the place; it was said that public opinion was much shocked at the fact that Mohammedans had been beaten on account of a loss sustained by a Christian. My journey was to recommence the next day, and it was hinted that if I persevered in my intention of proceeding, the people would have an easy and profitable opportunity of wreaking their vengeance on me. If ever they formed any scheme of the kind, they at all events refrained from any attempt to carry it into effect.

One of the evenings during my stay at Suez was enlivened by a triple wedding. There was a long and slow procession. Some carried torches, and others were thumping drums and firing pistols. The bridegrooms came last, all walking abreast; my only reason for mentioning the ceremony (which was otherwise uninteresting) is that I scarcely ever in all my life saw any phenomena so ridiculous as the meekness and gravity of those three young men whilst being "led to the altar."

CHAPTER XXIII

Suez to Gaza

THE route over the desert from Suez to Gaza is not frequented by merchants, and is seldom passed by a traveler. This part of the country is less uniformly barren than the tracts of shifting sand which lie on the El Arish route. The shrubs on which the camels feed are more frequent, and there are many spots on which the sand is mingled with so much of productive soil as to admit the growth of corn. The Bedouins are driven out of this district during the summer by the total want of water; but before the time for their forced departure arrives, they succeed in raising little crops of barley from these comparatively fertile patches of ground; they bury the fruit of their labors, leaving marks by which, upon their return, they may be able to recognize the spot. The warm dry sand stands them for a safe granary. The country, at the time I passed it (in the month of April), was pretty thickly sprinkled with Bedouins expecting their harvest; several times my tent was pitched alongside of their encampments; I have told you already what the impressions were which these people produced upon my mind.

I saw several creatures of the antelope kind in this part of the desert, and one day my Arabs surprised in her sleep a young gazelle (for so I call her), and took the darling prisoner. I carried her before me on my camel for the rest of the day, and kept her in my tent all night; I did all I could to coax her, but the trembling beauty refused to touch food, and would not be comforted; whenever she had a seeming opportunity of escaping, she struggled with a violence so painfully disproportioned to her fine, delicate limbs, that I could not continue the cruel attempt to make her my own. In the morning, therefore, I set her free, anticipating some

pleasure from seeing the joyous bound with which, as I thought, she would return to her native freedom. She had been so stupefied, however, by the exciting events of the preceding day and night, and was so puzzled as to the road she should take, that she went off very deliberately, and with an uncertain step. She went away quite sound in limb, but her intellect may have been upset. Never, in all likelihood, had she seen the form of a human being until the dreadful moment when she woke from her sleep, and found herself in the gripe of an Arab. Then her pitching and tossing journey on the back of a camel, and lastly, a soirée with me by candlelight! I should have been glad to know, if I could, that her heart was not utterly broken.

My Arabs were somewhat excited one day by discovering the fresh print of a foot — the foot, as they said, of a lion. I had no conception that the Lord of the forest (better known as a crest) ever stalked away from his jungles to make inglorious war in these smooth plains against antelopes and gazelles. I supposed that there must have been some error of interpretation, and that the Arabs meant to speak of a tiger. It appeared, however, that this was not the case; either the Arabs were mistaken, or the noble brute, uncooped and unchained, had but lately crossed my path.

The camels with which I traversed this part of the desert were very different in their ways and habits from those which you get on a frequented route. They were never led. There was not the slightest sign of a track in this part of the desert, but the camels never failed to choose the right line. By the direction taken at starting, they knew, I suppose, the point (some encampment) for which they were to make. There is always a leading camel (generally, I believe, the eldest) who marches foremost and determines the path for the whole party. If it happens that no one of the camels has been accustomed to lead the others, there is very great difficulty in making a start; if you force your beast forward for a moment, he will contrive to wheel and draw back, at the same time looking at one of the other camels with an expression and gesture exactly equivalent to "après vous." The responsibility of finding the way is evidently assumed very unwillingly. After some time, however, it becomes un-

derstood that one of the beasts has reluctantly consented to take the lead, and he accordingly advances for that purpose. For a minute or two he goes on with much indecision, taking first one line and then another, but soon, by the aid of some mysterious sense, he discovers the true direction and follows it steadily from morning to night. When once the leadership is established, you cannot by any persuasion, and can scarcely by any force, induce a junior camel to walk one single step in advance of the chosen guide.

On the fifth day I came to an Oasis, called the Wady el Arish, a ravine, or rather a gully, through which during a part of the year there runs a stream of water. On the sides of the gully there were a number of those graceful trees which the Arabs call Tarfa. The channel of the stream was quite dry in the part at which we arrived, but at about half a mile off some water was found, which, though very muddy, was tolerably sweet. This was a happy discovery, for the water which we had brought from the neighborhood of Suez was rapidly putrefying.

The want of foresight is an anomalous part of the Bedouin's character, for it does not result either from recklessness or stupidity. I know of no human being whose body is so thoroughly the slave of mind as that of the Arab. His mental anxieties seem to be forever torturing every nerve and fiber of his body, and yet with all this exquisite sensitiveness to the suggestions of the mind, he is grossly improvident. I recollect, for instance, that when setting out upon this passage of the desert, my Arabs, in order to lighten the burden of their camels, were most anxious that we should take with us only two days' supply of water. They said that by the time that supply was exhausted, we should arrive at a spring which would furnish us for the rest of the journey. My servants very wisely, and with much pertinacity, resisted the adoption of this plan, and took care to have both the large skins well filled. We proceeded, and found no water at all, either at the expected spring, or for many days afterward, so that nothing but the precaution of my own people saved us from the very severe suffering which we should have endured if we had entered upon the desert with only a two days' supply. The Arabs themselves being on foot

would have suffered much more than I from the consequences of their improvidence.

This unaccountable want of foresight prevents the Bedouin from appreciating at a distance of eight or ten days the amount of the misery which he entails upon himself at the end of that period. The Bedouin's dread of the city is one of the most painful mental affections that I have ever observed, and yet when the whole breadth of the desert lies between him and the town to which you are going, he will freely enter into an agreement to land you in the city for which you are bound. When, however, after many a day of toil, the distant minarets at length appear, the poor Bedouin relaxes the vigor of his pace, — his step becomes faltering and undecided, — every moment his uneasiness increases, and at length he fairly sobs aloud, and embracing your knees, implores with the most piteous cries and gestures that you will dispense with him and his camels and find some other means of entering the city. This, of course, one can't agree to, and the consequence is that one is obliged to witness and resist the most moving expressions of grief and fond entreaty. I had to go through a most painful scene of this kind when I entered Cairo, and now the horror which these wilder Arabs felt at the notion of entering Gaza led to consequences still more distressing. The dread of cities results partly from a kind of wild instinct which has always characterized the descendants of Ishmael, but partly, too, from a well-founded apprehension of ill treatment. So often it happens that the poor Bedouin, when once jammed in between walls, is seized by the Government authorities for the sake of his camels, that his innate horror of cities becomes really well justified by results.

The Bedouins with whom I performed this journey were wild fellows of the desert, quite unaccustomed to let out themselves and their beasts for hire, and when they found that by the natural ascendency of Europeans they were gradually brought down to a state of subserviency to me, or rather to my attendants, they bitterly repented, I believe, of having placed themselves under our control. They were rather difficult fellows to manage, and gave Dthemetri a good deal of trouble, but I liked them all the better for that.

Selim, the chief of the party and the man to whom all our camels belonged, was a fine, wild, stately fellow; there were, I think, five other Arabs of the party; but when we approached the end of the journey, they, one by one, began to make off toward the neighboring encampments, and by the time that the minarets of Gaza were in sight, Selim, the owner of the camels, was the only one who remained; he, poor fellow, as we neared the Town, began to discover the same terrors that my Arabs had shown when I entered Cairo. I could not possibly accede to his entreaties and consent to let my baggage be laid down on the bare sands, without any means of having it brought on into the city. So, at length, when poor Selim had exhausted all his rhetoric of voice and action and tears, he fixed his despairing eyes for a minute upon the cherished beasts that were his only wealth, and then wildly and suddenly dashed away into the farther desert. I continued my course and reached the city at last, but it was not without immense difficulty that we could constrain the poor camels to pass under the hated shadow of its walls. They were the genuine beasts of the desert, and it was sad and painful to witness the agony which they suffered when thus they were forced to encounter the fixed habitations of men; they shrank from the beginning of every high narrow street, as though from the entrance of some horrible cave or bottomless pit; they sighed and wept like women. When at last we got them within the courtyard of the Khan, they seemed to be quite broken-hearted, and looked round piteously for their loving master, but no Selim came. I had imagined that he would enter the town secretly by night in order to carry off those five fine camels, his only wealth in this world, and seemingly the main object of his affection. But no — his dread of civilization was too strong; during the whole of the three days that I remained at Gaza, he failed to show himself, and thus sacrificed, in all probability, not only his camels but the money which I had stipulated to pay him for the passage of the desert. In order, however, to do all I could toward saving him from this last misfortune, I resorted to a contrivance which is frequently adopted by the Asiatics. I assembled a group of grave and worthy Mussulmans in the courtyard of the Khan, and in their presence paid over the

gold to a Sheik who was accustomed to communicate with the Arabs of the desert. All present solemnly promised that if ever Selim should come to claim his rights, they would bear true witness in his favor.

I saw a great deal of my old friend, the Governor of Gaza. He had received orders to send back all persons coming from Egypt, and force them to perform quarantine at El Arish; he knew so little of quarantine regulations, however, that his dress was actually in contact with mine, whilst he insisted upon the stringency of the orders which he had received. He was induced to make an exception in my favor, and I rewarded him with a musical snuff-box which I had bought at Smyrna, for the purpose of presenting it to any man in authority who might happen to do me an important service. The Governor was immensely delighted with this toy, and took it off to his harem with great exultation; he soon, however, returned with an altered countenance: his wives, he said, had got hold of the box, and put it out of order. So short-lived is human happiness in this frail world!

The Governor fancied that he should incur less risk if I remained at Gaza for two or three days more, and he wanted me to become his guest; I persuaded him, however, that it would be better for him to let me depart at once; he wanted to add to my baggage a roast lamb, and a quantity of other cumbrous viands, but I escaped with half a horse load of leaven bread, which was very good of its kind, and proved a most useful present. The air with which the Governor's slaves affected to be almost breaking down under the weight of the gifts which they bore on their shoulders, reminded me of the figures one sees in some of the old pictures.

CHAPTER XXIV

Gaza to Nablous

PASSING now once again through Palestine and Syria, I retained the tent which I had used in the desert, and found that it added very much to my comfort in traveling. Instead of turning out a family from some wretched dwelling, and depriving them of a repose which I was sure not to find for myself, I now, when evening came, pitched my tent upon some smiling spot within a few hundred yards of the village to which I looked for my supplies — that is, for milk and bread, if I had it not with me, and sometimes also for eggs. The worst of it is, that the needful viands are not to be obtained by coin, but only by intimidation. I at first tried the usual agent — money; Dthemetri, with one or two of my Arabs, went into the village near which I was encamped, and tried to buy the required provisions, offering liberal payment, but he came back empty-handed. I sent him again, but this time he held different language: he required to see the elders of the place, and threatening dreadful vengeance, directed them upon their responsibility to take care that my tent should be immediately and abundantly supplied. He was obeyed at once, and the provisions which had been refused to me as a purchaser soon arrived, trebled, or quadrupled, when demanded by way of a forced contribution. I quickly found (I think it required two experiments to convince me) that this peremptory method was the only one which could be adopted with success; it never failed. Of course, however, when the provisions have been actually obtained, you can, if you choose, give money exceeding the value of the provisions to somebody: an English — a thoroughbred English traveler will always do this (though it is contrary to the custom of the country) for the quiet (false quiet though it be) of his own conscience; but so to order the mat-

ter that the poor fellows who have been forced to contribute should be the persons to receive the value of their supplies is not possible; for a traveler to attempt anything so grossly just as that would be too outrageous. The truth is that the usage of the East, in old times, required the people of a village, at their own cost, to supply the wants of travelers, and the ancient custom is now adhered to, not in favor of travelers generally, but in favor of those who are deemed sufficiently powerful to enforce its observance; if the villagers, therefore, find a man waiving this right to oppress them, and offering coin for that which he is entitled to take without payment, they suppose at once that he is actuated by fear (fear of them, poor fellows!), and it is so delightful to them to act upon this flattering assumption, that they will forego the advantage of a good price for their provisions, rather than the rare luxury of refusing for once in their lives to part with their own property.

The practise of intimidation, thus rendered necessary, is utterly hateful to an Englishman; he finds himself forced to conquer his daily bread by the pompous threats of the Dragoman; his very subsistence, as well as his dignity and personal safety, being made to depend upon his servants assuming a tone of authority which does not at all belong to him. Besides, he can scarcely fail to see that, as he passes through the country, he becomes the innocent cause of much extra injustice — many supernumerary wrongs. This he feels to be especially the case when he travels with relays. To be the owner of a horse or a mule, within reach of an Asiatic potentate, is to lead the life of the hare and the rabbit — hunted down and ferreted out. Too often it happens that the works of the field are stopped in the daytime, that the inmates of the cottage are roused from their midnight sleep, by the sudden coming of a Government officer, and the poor husbandman, driven by threats and rewarded by curses, if he would not lose sight forever of his captured beasts, must quit all and follow them; this is done that the Englishman may travel; he would make his way more harmlessly if he could, but horses or mules he must have, and these are his ways and means.

The town of Nablous is beautiful; it lies in a valley

hemmed in with olive groves, and its buildings are interspersed with frequent palm-trees. It is said to occupy the site of the ancient Sychem. I know not whether it was there, indeed, that the father of the Jews was accustomed to feed his flocks; but the valley is green and smiling, and is held at this day by a race more brave and beautiful than Jacob's unhappy descendants.

Nablous is the very furnace of Mohammedan bigotry, and I believe that only a few months before the time of my going there it would have been quite unsafe for a man, unless strongly guarded, to show himself to the people of the town in a Frank costume; but since their last insurrection, the Mohammedans of the place had been so far subdued by the severity of Ibrahim Pasha that they dared not now offer the slightest insult to a European. It was quite plain, however, that the effort with which the men of the old school refrained from expressing their opinion of a hat and a coat was horribly painful to them; as I walked through the streets and Bazaars, a dead silence prevailed; every man suspended his employment, and gazed on me with a fixed, glassy look which seemed to say, "God is good, but how marvelous and inscrutable are his ways, that thus he permits this whitefaced dog of a Christian to hunt through the paths of the faithful!"

The insurrection of these people had been more formidable than any other that Ibrahim Pasha had to contend with; he was only able to crush them at last by the assistance of a fellow renowned for his resources in the way of stratagem and cunning, as well as for his knowledge of the country. This personage was no other than Aboo Goosh ("the father of lies")[1] who was taken out of prison for the purpose. The "father of lies" enabled Ibrahim to hem in the insurrection and extinguish it; he was rewarded with the Governorship of Jerusalem, which he held when I was there; I recollect, by the by, that he tried one of his stratagems upon me. I did not go to see him as I ought in courtesy to have done, during my stay at Jerusalem, but I happened to be the owner

[1] This is an appellation, not implying blame, but merit; the "lies" which it purports to affiliate are feints and cunning stratagems rather than the baser kind of falsehoods. The expression, in short, has nearly the same meaning as the English word "Yorkshireman."

of a rather handsome amber tchibouque piece which the Governor heard of, and by some means contrived to see; he sent to me, and dressed up a statement that he would give me a price immensely exceeding the sum which I had given for it. He did not add my tchibouque to the rest of his trophies.

There was a small number of Greek Christians resident in Nablous, and over these the Mussulmans held a high hand, not even permitting them to speak to each other in the open streets; but if the Moslems thus set themselves above the poor Christians of the place, I, or rather my servants, soon took the ascendent over them. I recollect that just as we were starting from the place, and at a time when a number of people had gathered together in the main street to see our preparations, Mysseri, being provoked at some piece of perverseness on the part of a true Believer, coolly thrashed him with his horsewhip before the assembled crowd of fanatics. I was much annoyed at the time, for I thought that the people would probably rise against us. They turned rather pale, but stood still.

The day of my arriving at Nablous was a fête — the New Year's day of the Mussulmans.[1] Most of the people were amusing themselves in the beautiful lawns and shady groves without the city. The men (except myself) were all remotely apart from the other sex. The women in groups were diverting themselves and their children with swings. They were so handsome that they could not keep up their yashmaks; I believe that they had never before looked upon a man in the European dress, and when they now saw in me that strange phenomenon, and saw, too, how they could please the creature by showing him a glimpse of beauty, they seemed to think it was better fun to do this than to go on playing with swings. It was always, however, with a sort of Zoölogical expression of countenance that they looked on the horrible monster from Europe, and whenever one of them gave me to see for one sweet instant the blushing of her unveiled face, it was with the same kind of air as that with which a young, timid girl will edge her way up to an elephant, and tremblingly give him a nut from the tips of her rosy fingers.

[1] The 29th of April.

CHAPTER XXV

Mariam

THERE is no spirit of Propagandism in the Mussulmans of the Ottoman dominions. True it is that a prisoner of War, or a Christian condemned to death, may on some occasions save his life by adopting the religion of Mohammed, but instances of this kind are now exceedingly rare, and are quite at variance with the general system. Many Europeans, I think, would be surprised to learn that which is nevertheless quite true, namely, that an attempt to disturb the religious repose of the Empire by the conversion of a Christian to the Mohammedan faith is positively illegal; an incident which occurred at Nablous, and which I am going to mention, showed plainly enough that the unlawfulness of such interference is recognized even in the most bigoted stronghold of Islam.

During my stay at this place I took up my quarters at the house of the Greek Papa, as he is called, that is, the Greek Priest; the priest himself had gone to Jerusalem upon the business I am going to tell you of, but his wife remained at Nablous, and did the honors of her home.

Soon after my arrival, a deputation from the Greek Christians of the place came to request my interference in a matter which had occasioned vast excitement.

And now I must tell you how it came to happen, as it did continually, that people thought it worth while to claim the assistance of a mere traveler, who was totally devoid of all just pretensions to authority, or influence of even the humblest description, and especially I must explain to you how it was that the power thus attributed did really belong to me, or rather to my Dragoman. Successive political convulsions had at length fairly loosed the people of Syria from their former rules of conduct and from all their old habits of reliance.

The violence and success with which Mehemet Ali crushed the insurrections of the Mohammedan population, had utterly beaten down the head of Islam, and extinguished, for the time at least, those virtues and vices which had sprung from the Mohammedan Faith. Success so complete as Mehemet Ali's, if it had been attained by an ordinary Asiatic potentate, would have induced a notion of stability. The readily bowing mind of the Oriental would have bowed low and long under the foot of a conqueror whom God had thus strengthened. But Syria was no field for contests strictly Asiatic — Europe was involved, and though the heavy masses of Egyptian troops, clinging down with strong gripe upon the land, might seem to hold it fast, yet every peasant practically felt and knew that in Vienna, or Petersburg, or London, there were four or five pale-looking men who could pull down the star of the Pasha with shreds of paper and ink. The people of the country knew, too, that Mehemet Ali was strong with the strength of the Europeans, — strong by his French General, his French tactics, and his English engines. Moreover, they saw that the person, the property, and even the dignity of the humblest European was guarded with the most careful solicitude. The consequence of all this was that the people of Syria looked vaguely, but confidently, to Europe for fresh changes; many would fix upon some nation, France or England, and steadfastly regard it as the arriving sovereign of Syria; those whose minds remained in doubt equally contributed to this new state of public opinion, which no longer depended upon Religion and ancient habits, but upon bare hopes and fears. Every man wanted to know, — not who was his neighbor, but who was to be his ruler; whose feet he was to kiss, and by whom his feet were to be ultimately beaten. Treat your friend, says the proverb, as though he were one day to become your enemy, and your enemy as though he were one day to become your friend. The Syrians went further, and seemed inclined to treat every stranger as though he might one day become their Pasha. Such was the state of circumstances and of feeling which now for the first time had thoroughly opened the mind of western Asia for the reception of Europeans and European ideas. The credit of the English especially was so great, that a good Mussulman

flying from the conscription, or any other persecution, would come to seek from the formerly despised hat that protection which the turban could no longer afford, and a man high in authority (as, for instance, the Governor in command of Gaza) would think that he had won a prize, or at all events a valuable lottery ticket, if he obtained a written approval of his conduct from a simple traveler.

Still, in order that any immediate result should follow from all this unwonted readiness in the Asiatic to succumb to the European, it was necessary that some one should be at hand who could see and would push the advantage; I myself had neither the inclination nor the power to do so, but it happened that Dthemetri, who as my Dragoman represented me on all occasions, was the very person of all others best fitted to avail himself with success of this yielding tendency in the Oriental mind. If the chance of birth and fortune had made poor Dthemetri a tailor during some part of his life, yet Religion, and the literature of the Church which he served, had made him a Man, and a brave Man, too. The lives of Saints with which he was familiar were full of heroic actions, which invited imitation, and since faith in a creed involves a faith in its ultimate triumph, Dthemetri was bold from a sense of true strength; his education, too, though not very general in its character, had been carried quite far enough to justify him in pluming himself upon a very decided advantage over the great bulk of the Mohammedan population, including the men of authority. With all this consciousness of religious and intellectual superiority, Dthemetri had lived for the most part in countries lying under Mussulman Governments, and had witnessed (perhaps, too, had suffered from) their revolting cruelties; the result was, that he abhorred and despised the Mohammedan faith and all who clung to it. And this hate was not of the dry, dull, and inactive sort; Dthemetri was in his sphere a true Crusader, and whenever there appeared a fair opening in the defenses of Islam, he was ready and eager to make the assault. These sentiments, backed by a consciousness of understanding the people with whom he had to do, made Dthemetri not only firm and resolute in his constant interviews with men in authority, but sometimes, also (as you may know already), very violent, and even insulting. This tone,

which I always disliked, though I was fain to profit by it, invariably succeeded: it swept away all resistance; there was nothing in the then depressed and succumbing mind of the Mussulman that could oppose a zeal so warm and fierce.

As for me, I of course stood aloft from Dthemetri's crusades, and did not even render him any active assistance when he was striving (as he almost always was, poor fellow) on my behalf; I was only the death's head and white sheet with which he scared the enemy; I think, however, that I played this spectral part exceedingly well, for I seldom appeared at all in any discussion, and whenever I did I was sure to be pale and calm.

The event which induced the Christians of Nablous to seek for my assistance was this. A beautiful young Christian, between fifteen and sixteen years old, had lately been married to a man of her own creed. About the same time (probably on the occasion of her wedding) she was accidentally seen by a Mussulman Sheik of great wealth and local influence, who instantly became madly enamored of her. The strict morality which so generally prevails where the Mussulmans have complete ascendency prevented the Sheik from entertaining any such sinful hopes as a European might have ventured to cherish under the like circumstances, and he saw no chance of gratifying his love, except by inducing the girl to embrace his own creed; if he could induce her to take this step, her marriage with a Christian would be dissolved, and then there would be nothing to prevent him from making her the last and brightest of his wives. The Sheik was a practical man, and quickly began his attack upon the theological opinions of the bride; he did not assail her with the eloquence of any Imaums or Mussulman Saints — he did not press upon her the eternal truths of the "Cow,"[1] or the beautiful morality of the "Table,"[1] — he sent her no tracts — not even a copy of the holy Koran. An old woman acted as missionary. She brought with her a whole basketful of arguments — jewels, and shawls, and scarfs, and all kinds of persuasive finery. Poor Mariam! she put on the jewels, and took a calm view of the Mohammedan Religion in a little hand mirror — she could

[1] These are the names given by the Prophet to certain chapters of the Koran.

not be deaf to such eloquent earrings, and the great truths of Islam came home to her young bosom in the delicate folds of the Cashmere; she was ready to abandon her faith.

The Sheik knew very well that his attempt to convert an infidel was illegal, and that his proceedings would not bear investigation, so he took care to pay a large sum to the Governor of Nablous in order to obtain his connivance.

At length Mariam quitted her home, and placed herself under the protection of the Mohammedan authorities, who, however, refrained from delivering her into the arms of her lover, and detained her in a mosque, until the fact of her real conversion (which had been indignantly denied by her relatives) should be established. For two or three days the mother of the young convert was prevented from communicating with her child by various evasive contrivances, but not, it would seem, by a flat refusal. At length it was announced that the young lady's profession of faith might be heard from her own lips. At an hour appointed, the friends of the Sheik and the relatives of the damsel met in the mosque. The young convert addressed her mother in a loud voice, and said, "God is God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God, and thou, O my mother, art an infidel feminine dog!"

You would suppose that this declaration, so clearly enounced, and that, too, in a place where Mohammedanism is, perhaps, more supreme than in any other part of the Empire, would have sufficed to confirm the pretensions of the lover. This, however, was not the case. The Greek Priest of the place was despatched on a mission to the Governor of Jerusalem (Aboo Goosh) in order to complain against the proceedings of the Sheik, and obtain a restitution of the bride. Meanwhile the Mohammedan authorities at Nablous were so conscious of having acted unlawfully, in conspiring to disturb the faith of the beautiful infidel, that they hesitated to take any further step, and the girl was still detained in the mosque.

Thus matters stood when the Christians of the place came and sought to obtain my assistance.

I felt (with regret) that I had no personal interest in the matter, and I also thought that there was no pretense for my interfering with the conflicting claims of the Christian husband and the Mohammedan lover, and I therefore declined to take any step.

My speaking of the husband, by the by, reminds me that he was extremely backward about the great work of recovering his youthful bride. The relations of the girl, who felt themselves disgraced by her conduct, were vehement, and excited to a high pitch, but the Menelaus of Nablous was exceedingly calm and composed.

The fact that it was not technically my duty to interfere in a matter of this kind was a very sufficient, and yet a very unsatisfactory, reason for my refusal of all assistance. Until you are placed in situations of this kind, you can hardly tell how painful it is to refrain from intermeddling in other people's affairs — to refrain from intermeddling when you feel that you can do so with happy effect, and can remove a load of distress by the use of a few small phrases. Upon this occasion, however, an expression fell from one of the girl's kinsmen, which not only determined me against all interference, but made me hope that all attempts to recover the proselyte would fail; this person, speaking with the most savage bitterness, and with the cordial approval of all the other relatives, said that the girl ought to be beaten to death. I could not fail to see that if the poor child were ever restored to her family, she would be treated with the most frightful barbarity; I heartily wished, therefore, that the Mussulmans might be firm, and preserve their young prize from any fate so dreadful as that of a return to her own relations.

The next day the Greek Priest returned from his mission to Aboo Goosh, but the "father of lies," it would seem, had been well plied with the gold of the enamored Sheik, and contrived to put off the prayers of the Christian by cunning feints. Now, therefore, a second and more numerous deputation than the first waited upon me, and implored my intervention with the Governor. I informed the assembled Christians that since their last application I had carefully considered the matter. The religious question, I thought, might be put aside at once, for the excessive levity which the girl had displayed proved clearly that, in adopting Mohammedanism, she was not quitting any other religion; her mind must have been thoroughly blank upon religious questions, and she was not, therefore, to be treated as a Christian that had strayed from the flock, but rather as a child without any religion at all, who was willing

to conform to the usages of those who would deck her with jewels, and clothe her with Cashmere shawls.

So much for the religious part of the question. Well, then, in a merely temporal sense, it appeared to me that (looking merely to the interests of the damsel, for I rather unjustly put poor Menelaus quite out of the question) the advantages were all on the side of the Mohammedan match. The Sheik was in a much higher station of life than the superseded husband, and had given the best possible proof of his ardent affection, by the sacrifices which he had made, and the risks which he had incurred for the sake of the beloved object. I therefore stated fairly, to the horror and amazement of all my hearers, that the Sheik, in my view, was likely to make a most capital husband, and that I entirely "approved of the match."

I left Nablous under the impression that Mariam would soon be delivered to her Mussulman lover; I afterwards found, however, that the result was very different. Dthemetri's religious zeal and hate had been so much excited by the account of these events, and by the grief and mortification of his coreligionists, that when he found me firmly determined to decline all interference in the matter, he secretly appealed to the Governor in my name and (using, I suppose, many violent threats, and telling, no doubt, many lies about my station and influence) extorted a promise that the proselyte should be restored to her relatives. I did not understand that the girl had been actually given up whilst I remained at Nablous, but Dthemetri certainly did not desist from his instances until he had satisfied himself by some means or other (for mere words amounted to nothing) that the promise would be actually performed. It was not till I had quitted Syria, and when Dthemetri was no longer in my service, that this villainous though well-motived trick of his came to my knowledge; Mysseri, who informed me of the step which had been taken, did not know it himself until some time after we had quitted Nablous, when Dthemetri exultingly confessed his successful enterprise. I know not whether the engagement which my zealous Dragoman extorted from the Governor was ever complied with. I shudder to think of the fate which must have befallen poor Mariam, if she fell into the hands of her husband.

CHAPTER XXVI

The Prophet Damoor

FOR some hours I passed along the shores of the fair Lake of Galilee, and then turning a little to the westward I struck into a mountainous country, the character of which became more bold and beautiful as I advanced. At length I drew near to Safet, which sits as proud as a fortress upon the summit of a craggy height, and yet because of its minarets and stately trees the place looks bright and beautiful. It is one of the holy cities of the Talmud, and according to this authority the Messiah will reign there forty years before he takes possession of Zion. The sanctity thus attributed to the city renders it a favorite place of retirement for Israelites, of whom it contains four thousand, a number nearly balancing that of the Mohammedan inhabitants. I knew by my experience of Tabarieh that a "holy city" was sure to have a population of vermin somewhat proportionate to the number of its Israelites, and I therefore caused my tent to be pitched upon a green spot of ground at a respectable distance from the walls of the town.

When it had become quite dark (for there was no moon that night), I was informed that several Jews had secretly come from the city, in the hope of obtaining some assistance from me in circumstances of imminent danger; I was also informed that they claimed my aid upon the ground that some of their number were British subjects. It was arranged that the two principal men of the party should speak for the rest, and these were accordingly admitted into my tent. One of the two called himself the British Vice-Consul, and he had with him his consular cap; but he frankly said that he could not have dared to assume this emblem of his dignity in the daytime, and that nothing but the extreme darkness of the night rendered it safe for him to put it on upon this occasion.

The other of the spokesmen was a Jew of Gibraltar, a tolerably well-bred person, who spoke English very fluently.

These men informed me that the Jews of the place, who were exceedingly wealthy, had lived peaceably in their retirement until the insurrection which took place in 1834, but about the beginning of that year a highly religious Mussulman, called Mohammed Damoor, went forth into the market-place, crying with a loud voice, and prophesying that on the fifteenth of the following June the true Believers would rise up in just wrath against the Jews, and despoil them of their gold, and their silver, and their jewels. The earnestness of the prophet produced some impression at the time, but all went on as usual until at last the fifteenth of June arrived. When that day dawned the whole Mussulman population of the place assembled in the streets, that they might see the result of the prophecy. Suddenly Mohammed Damoor rushed furious into the crowd, and the fierce shout of the prophet soon insured the fulfilment of his prophecy. Some of the Jews fled, and some remained, but they who fled, and they who remained, alike and unresistingly left their property to the hands of the spoilers. The most odious of all outrages, that of searching the women for the base purpose of discovering such things as gold and silver concealed about their persons, was perpetrated without shame. The poor Jews were so stricken with terror, that they submitted to their fate, even where resistance would have been easy. In several instances a young Mussulman boy, not more than ten or twelve years of age, walked straight into the house of a Jew, and stripped him of his property before his face and in the presence of his whole family.[1] When the insurrection was put down, some of the Mussulmans (most probably those who had got no spoil wherewith they might buy immunity) were punished, but the greater part of them escaped; none of the booty was restored, and the pecuniary redress which the Pasha had undertaken to enforce for them had been hitherto so carefully delayed, that the hope of ever obtaining it had grown very faint. A new Governor had been appointed to the command of the place, with stringent orders to ascer-

[1] It was after the interview which I am talking of, and not from the Jews themselves, that I learnt this fact.

tain the real extent of the losses, and to discover the spoilers, with the view of compelling them to make restitution. It was found that, notwithstanding the urgency of the instructions which the Governor had received, he did not push on the affair with the vigor which had been expected; the Jews complained, and either by the protection of the British Consul at Damascus, or by some other means, had influence enough to induce the appointment of a special Commissioner, — they called him "the Modeer," — whose duty it was to watch for and prevent anything like connivance on the part of the Governor, and to push on the investigation with vigor and impartiality.

Such were the instructions with which some few weeks since the Modeer came fraught; the result was that the investigation had made no practical advance, and that the Modeer, as well as the Governor, was living upon terms of affectionate friendship with Mohammed Damoor and the rest of the principal spoilers.

Thus stood the chances of redress for the past, but the cause of the agonizing excitement under which the Jews of the place now labored was recent and justly alarming: Mohammed Damoor had again gone forth into the market-place, and lifted up his voice, and prophesied a second spoliation of the Israelites. This was a grave matter; the words of such a practical man as Mohammed Damoor were not to be despised. I fear I must have smiled visibly, for I was greatly amused, and even, I think, gratified, at the account of this second prophecy. Nevertheless, my heart warmed toward the poor oppressed Israelites, and I was flattered too, in the point of my national vanity, at the notion of the far-reaching link, by which a Jew in Syria, who had been born on the rock of Gibraltar, was able to claim me as his fellow countryman. If I hesitated at all between the "impropriety" of interfering in a matter which was no business of mine, and the "horrid shame" of refusing my aid at such a conjucture, I soon came to a very ungentlemanly decision — namely, that I would be guilty of the "impropriety" and not of the "horrid shame." It seemed to me that the immediate arrest of Mohammed Damoor was the one thing needful to the safety of the Jews, and I felt confident (for reasons

which I have already mentioned in speaking of the Nablous affair) that I should be able to obtain this result by making a formal application to the Governor. I told my applicants that I would take this step on the following morning; they were very grateful, and were for a moment much pleased at the prospect of safety which might thus be opened to them, but the deliberation of a minute entirely altered their views, and filled them with new terror: they declared that any attempt, or pretended attempt, on the part of the Governor to arrest Mohammed Damoor would certainly produce an immediate movement of the whole Mussulman population, and a consequent massacre and robbery of the Israelites. My visitors went out and occupied considerable time, if I rightly remember, in consulting their brethren, but all agreed that their present perilous and painful position was better than the certain and immediate attack which would be made if Mohammed Damoor were seized — that their second estate would be worse than their first. I myself did not think that this would be the case, but I could not, of course, force my aid upon the people against their will, and moreover the day fixed for the fulfilment of this second prophecy was not very close at hand; a little delay, therefore, in providing against the impending danger would not necessarily be fatal. The men now confessed that although they had come with so much mystery, and as they thought at so great a risk, to ask my assistance, they were unable to suggest any mode in which I could aid them, except, indeed, by mentioning their grievances to the Consul-General at Damascus. This I promised to do, and this I did.

My visitors were very thankful to me for the readiness which I had shown to intermeddle in their affairs, and the grateful wives of the principal Jews sent to me many compliments, with choice wines and elaborate sweetmeats.

The course of my travels soon drew me so far from Safet that I never heard how the dreadful day passed off which had been fixed for the accomplishment of the second prophecy. If the predicted spoliation was prevented, poor Mohammed Damoor must have been forced, I suppose, to say that he had prophesied in a metaphorical sense. This would be a sad falling off from the brilliant and substantial success of the first experiment.

CHAPTER XXVII

Damascus

FOR a part of two days I wound under the base of the snow-crowned Djibel el Sheik, and then entered upon a vast and desolate plain, rarely pierced at intervals by some sort of withered stem. The earth in its length and its breadth, and all the deep universe of sky, was steeped in light and heat. On I rode through the fire, but long before evening came there were straining eyes that saw, and joyful voices that announced, the sight — of Shaum Shereef — the "Holy," the "Blessed" Damascus.

But that which at last I reached with my longing eyes was not a speck in the horizon, gradually expanding to a group of roofs and walls, but a long, low line of blackest green that ran right across in the distance from east to west. And this, as I approached, grew deeper — grew wavy in its outline; soon forest trees shot up before my eyes and robed their broad shoulders so freshly that all the throngs of olives as they rose into view looked sad in their proper dimness. There were even now no houses to see, but only the minarets peered out from the midst of shade into the glowing sky and bravely touched the sun. There seemed to be here no mere city, but rather a province, wide and rich, that bounded the torrid waste.

Until within a year or two of the time at which I went there, Damascus had kept up so much of the old bigot zeal against Christians, or rather against Europeans, that no one dressed as a Frank could have dared to show himself in the streets; but the firmness and temper of Mr. Farren, who hoisted his flag in the city as Consul-General for the district, had soon put an end to all intolerance of Englishmen. Damascus was safer than Oxford.[1] When I entered the

[1] An enterprising American traveler, Mr. Everett, lately conceived the bold project of penetrating to the University of Oxford, and this, notwith-

city, in my usual dress, there was but one poor fellow that wagged his tongue, and him, in the open streets, Dthemetri horsewhipped. During my stay I went wherever I chose, and attended the public baths without molestation. Indeed, my relations with the pleasanter portion of the Mohammedan population were upon a much better footing here than at most other places.

In the principal streets of Damascus there is a path for foot passengers, which is raised, I think, a foot or two above the bridle-road. Until the arrival of the British consul-general, none but a Mussulman had been permitted to walk upon the upper way. Mr. Farren would not, of course, suffer that the humiliation of any such exclusion should be submitted to by an Englishman, and I always walked upon the raised path as free and unmolested as if I had been striding through Bond Street; the old usage was, however, maintained with as much strictness as ever against the Christian Rayahs and Jews; not one of them could have set his foot upon the privileged path without endangering his life.

I was lounging one day, I remember, along "the paths of the faithful," when a Christian Rayah from the bridle-road below saluted me with such earnestness, and craved so anxiously to speak and be spoken to, that he soon brought me to a halt. He had nothing to tell, except only the glory and exultation with which he saw a fellow Christian stand level with the imperious Mussulmans; perhaps he had been absent from the place for some time, for otherwise I hardly know how it could have happened that my exaltation was the first instance he had seen. His joy was great; so strong and strenuous was England (Lord Palmerston reigned in those days) that it was a pride and delight for a Syrian Christian to look up, and say that the Englishman's faith was his too.

standing that he had been in his infancy (they begin very young, those Americans) a Unitarian preacher. Having a notion, it seems, that the Ambassadorial character would protect him from insult, he adopted the stratagem of procuring credentials from his government as Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of her Britannic Majesty; he also wore the exact costume of a Trinitarian, but all his contrivances were vain: Oxford disdained and rejected him, not because he represented a swindling community, but because that his infantine sermons were strictly remembered against him; the enterprise failed.

A STREET IN DAMASCUS.

Photogravure from a painting by Charles Werner.

If I was vexed at all that I could not give the man a lift, and shake hands with him on level ground, there was no alloy to his pleasure; he followed me on, not looking to his own path, but keeping his eyes on me; he saw, as he thought and said (for he came with me on to my quarters), the period of the Mohammedan's absolute ascendency — the beginning of the Christian's. He had so closely associated the insulting privilege of the path with actual dominion, that seeing it now in one instance abandoned, he looked for the quick coming of European troops. His lips only whispered, and that tremulously, but his fiery eyes spoke out their triumph in long and loud hurrahs! "I, too, am a Christian. My foes are the foes of the English. We are all one people, and Christ is our King."

If I poorly deserved, yet I liked this claim of brotherhood. Not all the warnings which I heard against their rascality could hinder me from feeling kindly towards my fellow Christians in the East. English travelers, from a habit perhaps of depreciating sectarians in their own country, are apt to look down upon the Oriental Christians as being "dissenters" from the established religion of a Mohammedan Empire. I never did thus. By a natural perversity of disposition, which my nurse-maids called contrairiness, I felt the more strongly for my creed when I saw it despised among men. I quite tolerated the Christianity of Mohammedan countries, notwithstanding its humble aspect, and the damaged character of its followers; I went further, and extended some sympathy towards those who, with all the claims of superior intellect, learning, and industry, were kept down under the heel of the Mussulmans by reason of their having our faith. I heard, as I fancied, the faint echo of an old Crusader's conscience, that whispered, and said, "Common cause!" The impulse was, as you may suppose, much too feeble to bring me into trouble; it merely influenced my actions in a way thoroughly characteristic of this poor sluggish century, that is, by making me speak almost as civilly to the followers of Christ as I did to their Mohammedan foes.

This "Holy" Damascus, this "earthly paradise" of the Prophet, so fair to the eyes, that he dared not trust himself to tarry in her blissful shades, she is a city of hidden palaces, of

copses, and gardens, and fountains, and bubbling streams. The juice of her life is the gushing and ice-cold torrent that tumbles from the snowy sides of Anti-Lebanon. Close along on the river's edge, through seven sweet miles of rustling boughs and deepest shade, the city spreads out her whole length; as a man falls flat, face forward on the brook, that he may drink, and drink again, so Damascus, thirsting forever, lies down with her lips to the stream, and clings to its rushing waters.

The chief places of public amusement, or rather, of public relaxation, are the baths, and the great café; this last, which is frequented at night by most of the wealthy men, and by many of the humbler sort, consists of a number of sheds very simply framed, and built in a labyrinth of running streams, which foam and roar on every side. The place is lit up in the simplest manner by numbers of small, pale lamps, strung upon loose cords, and so suspended branch to branch, that the light, though it looks so quiet amongst the darkening foliage, yet leaps and brightly flashes, as it falls upon the troubled waters. All around, and chiefly upon the very edge of the torrents, groups of people are tranquilly seated. They all drink coffee, and inhale the cold fumes of the narguilè; they talk rather gently the one to the other, or else are silent. A father will sometimes have two or three of his boys around him, but the joyousness of an Oriental child is all of the sober sort, and never disturbs the reigning calm of the land.

It has been generally understood, I believe, that the houses of Damascus are more sumptuous than those of any other city in the East. Some of these — said to be the most magnificent in the place — I had an opportunity of seeing.

Every rich man's house stands detached from its neighbors, at the side of a garden, and it is from this cause, no doubt, that the city has hitherto escaped destruction. You know some parts of Spain, but you have never, I think, been in Andalusia; if you had, I could easily show you the interior of a Damascene house, by referring you to the Alhambra, or Alcanzar of Seville. The lofty rooms are adorned with a rich inlaying of many colors, and illuminated writing on the walls. The floors are of marble. One side of any room intended for noonday retirement is generally laid open to a quadrangle, in the center of which there dances the jet of a fountain. There

is no furniture that can interfere with the cool, palace-like emptiness of the apartments. A divan (which is a low and doubly broad sofa) runs round the three walled sides of the room; a few Persian carpets (which ought to be called Persian rugs, for that is the word which indicates their shape and dimension) are sometimes thrown about near the divan; they are placed without order, the one partly lapping over the other, and thus disposed, they give to the room an appearance of uncaring luxury; except these (of which I saw few, for the time was summer and fiercely hot), there is nothing to obstruct the welcome air, and the whole of the marble floor from one divan to the other, and from the head of the chamber across to the murmuring fountain, is thoroughly open and free.

So simple as this is Asiatic luxury! The Oriental is not a contriving animal — there is nothing intricate in his magnificence. The impossibility of handing down property from father to son, for any long period consecutively, seems to prevent the existence of those traditions by which, with us, the refined modes of applying wealth are made known to its inheritors. We know that in England a newly-made rich man cannot, by taking thought and spending money, obtain even the same looking furniture as a Gentleman. The complicated character of an English establishment allows room for subtle distinctions between that which is "comme il faut" and that which is not. All such refinements are unknown in the East; the Pasha and the peasant have the same tastes. The broad, cold, marble floor — the simple couch — the air freshly waving through a shady chamber — a verse of the Koran emblazoned on the walls — the sight and the sound of falling water — the cold, fragrant smoke of the narguilè, and a small collection of wives and children in the inner apartments — all these, the utmost enjoyments of the grandee, are yet such as to be appreciable by the humblest Mussulman in the empire.

But its gardens are the delight — the delight and the pride of Damascus; they are not the formal parterres which you might expect from the Oriental taste; they rather bring back to your mind the memory of some dark old shrubbery in our northern isle, that has been charmingly "un-kept up" for many and many a day. When you see a rich wilderness of wood in

decent England, it is like enough that you see it with some soft regrets. The puzzled old woman at the lodge can give small account of "the family." She thinks it is "Italy" that has made the whole circle of her world so gloomy and sad. You avoid the house in lively dread of a lone housekeeper, but you make your way on by the stables; you remember that gable with all its neatly-nailed trophies of fitches, and hawks, and owls, now slowly falling to pieces — you remember that stable, and that the doors are all fastened that used to be standing ajar — the paint of things painted is blistered and cracked — grass grows in the yard — just there, in October mornings, the keeper would wait with the dogs and the guns — no keeper now — you hurry away, and gain the small wicket that used to open to the touch of a lightsome hand — it is fastened with a padlock (the only new-looking thing), and is stained with thick, green damp — you climb it, and bury yourself in the deep shade, and strive but lazily with the tangling briers, and stop for long minutes to judge and determine whether you will creep beneath the long boughs, and make them your archway, or whether perhaps you will lift your heel, and tread them down under foot. Long doubt, and scarcely to be ended, till you wake from the memory of those days when the path was clear, and chase that phantom of a muslin sleeve that once weighed warm upon your arm.

Wild as that, the nighest woodland of a deserted home in England, but without its sweet sadness, is the sumptuous garden of Damascus. Forest trees, tall and stately enough if you could see their lofty crests, yet lead a tussling life of it below, with their branches struggling against strong numbers of bushes and wilful shrubs. The shade upon the earth is black as night. High, high above your head and on every side all down to the ground, the thicket is hemmed in and choked up by the interlacing boughs that droop with the weight of roses, and load the slow air with their damask breath.[1] There are no other flowers. Here and there, there are patches of ground made clear from the cover, and these are either carelessly planted with some common and useful vegetable, or else are left free to the wayward ways of Nature,

[1] The rose-trees which I saw were all of the kind we call "damask"; they grow to an immense height and size.

and bear rank weeds, moist-looking and cool to your eyes, and freshening the sense with their earthy and bitter fragrance. There is a lane opened through the thicket, so broad in some places that you can pass along side by side, in some so narrow (the shrubs are forever encroaching) that you ought, if you can, to go on the first and hold back the bough of the rose-tree. And through this wilderness there tumbles a loud rushing stream, which is halted at last in the lowest corner of the garden, and there tossed up in a fountain by the side of the simple alcove. This is all.

Never for an instant will the people of Damascus attempt to separate the idea of bliss from these wild gardens and rushing waters. Even where your best affections are concerned, and you (prudent preachers) "hold hard," and turn aside when they come near the mysteries of the happy state, and we (prudent preachers too), we will hush our voices and never reveal to finite beings the joys of the "Earthly Paradise."

CHAPTER XXVIII

Pass of the Lebanon

"THE ruins of Baalbec!" Shall I scatter the vague, solemn thoughts and all the airy phantasies which gather together when once those words are spoken, that I may give you instead tall columns, and measurements true, and phrases built with ink?—No, no; the glorious sounds shall still float on as of yore, and still hold fast upon your brain with their own dim and infinite meaning.

Come! Baalbec is over; I got "rather well" out of that.

The pass by which I crossed the Lebanon is like, I think, in its features to one which you must know, namely, that of the Foorca in the Bernese Oberland. For a great part of the way I toiled rather painfully through the dazzling snow, but the labor of ascending added to the excitement with which I looked for the summit of the pass. The time came. There was a minute in the which I saw nothing but the steep white shoulder of the mountain, and there was another minute, and that the next, which showed me a nether heaven of fleecy clouds that floated along far down in the air beneath me, and showed me beyond the breadth of all Syria west of the Lebanon. But chiefly I clung with my eyes to the dim steadfast line of the sea which closed my utmost view. I had grown well used of late to the people and the scenes of forlorn Asia, well used to tombs and ruins, to silent cities and deserted plains, to tranquil men and women sadly veiled; and now that I saw the even plain of the sea, I leaped with an easy leap to its yonder shores, and saw all the kingdoms of the West in that fair path that could lead me from out of this silent land straight on into shrill Marseilles, or round by the pillars of Hercules, to the crash and roar of London. My place upon this dividing barrier was as a man's puzzling station in eternity, between the birthless Past and the Future

that has no end. Behind me I left an old decrepit World, — Religions dead and dying,— calm tyrannies expiring in silence, — women hushed and swathed, and turned into waxen dolls, — Love flown, and in its stead mere Royal and "Paradise" pleasures. — Before me there waited glad bustle and strife, — Love itself, an emulous game, — Religion a Cause and a Controversy, well smitten and well defended, — men governed by reasons and suasion of speech, — wheels going, — steam buzzing, — a mortal race and a slashing pace, and the Devil taking the hindmost, — taking me, by Jove (for that was my inner care), if I lingered too long upon the difficult Pass that leads from Thought to Action.

I descended, and went towards the West.

The group of Cedars remaining on this part of the Lebanon is held sacred by the Greek Church, on account of a prevailing notion that the trees were standing at the time when the Temple of Jerusalem was built. They occupy three or four acres on the mountain's side, and many of them are gnarled in a way that implies great age, but except these signs I saw nothing in their appearance or conduct that tended to prove them contemporaries of the cedars employed in Solomon's Temple. The final cause to which these aged survivors owed their preservation was explained to me in the evening by a glorious old fellow, a Christian Chief, who made me welcome in the valley of Eden. In ancient times, the whole range of the Lebanon had been covered with cedars, but as the fertile plains beneath became more and more infested with Government officers and tyrants of high and low degree, the people by degrees abandoned them, and flocked to the rugged mountains, which were less accessible to their insolent oppressors. The cedar forests gradually shrank under the ax of the encroaching multitudes, and seemed at last to be on the point of disappearing entirely, when an aged Chief who ruled in this district, and who had witnessed the great change effected even in his own lifetime, chose to say that some sign or memorial should be left of the vast woods with which the mountains had formerly been clad, and commanded accordingly that this group of trees (which was probably situate at the highest point to which the forest had reached) should remain untouched. The Chief, it seems, was not

moved by the notion I have mentioned as prevailing in the Greek Church, but rather by some sentiment of veneration for a great natural feature, — a sentiment akin, perhaps, to that old and earthborn Religion, which made men bow down to Creation before they had yet learned how to know and worship the Creator.

The Chief of the valley in which I passed the night was a man of large possessions, and he entertained me very sumptuously; he was highly intelligent, and had had the sagacity to foresee that Europe would intervene authoritatively in the affairs of Syria. Bearing this idea in mind, and with a view to give his son an advantageous start in the ambitious career for which he was destined, he had hired for him a teacher of the Italian language, the only accessible European tongue. The tutor, however, who was a native of Syria, either did not know, or did not choose to teach, the European forms of address, but contented himself with instructing his pupil in the mere language of Italy. This circumstance gave me an opportunity (the only one I ever had, or was likely to have)[1] of hearing the phrases of Oriental courtesy in a European tongue. The boy was about twelve or thirteen years old, and having the advantage of being able to speak to me without the aid of an interpreter, he took a very prominent part in doing the honors of his father's house. He went through his duties with untiring assiduity, and with a kind of gracefulness which can scarcely be conveyed by mere description to those who are unacquainted with the manners of the Asiatics. The boy's address resembled a little that of a highly polished and insinuating Roman Catholic Priest, but had more of girlish gentleness. It was strange to hear him gravely and slowly enunciating the common and extravagant compliments of the East in good Italian, and in soft, persuasive tones. I recollect that I was particularly amused at the gracious obstinacy with which he maintained that the house in which I was so hospitably entertained belonged not to his father, but to me; to say this once was only to use the common form of speech, signifying no more than our sweet word "welcome," but the amusing part of the matter was that, whenever in the course

[1] A Dragoman never interprets in terms the courteous language of the East.

of conversation I happened to speak of his father's house or the surrounding domain, the boy invariably interfered to correct my pretended mistake, and to assure me once again with a gentle decisiveness of manner that the whole property was really and exclusively mine, and that his father had not the most distant pretensions to its ownership.

I received from my host much and (as I now know) most true information respecting the people of the mountains, and their power of resisting Mehemet Ali. The Chief gave me very plainly to understand that the mountaineers, being dependent upon others for bread and gunpowder (the two great necessaries of martial life), could not long hold out against a power which occupied the plains and commanded the sea, but he also assured me, and that very significantly, that if this source of weakness were provided against, the mountaineers were to be depended upon; he told me that in ten or fifteen days the Chiefs could bring together some fifty thousand fighting men.

CHAPTER XXIX

Surprise of Satalieh

WHILST I was remaining upon the coast of Syria, I had the good fortune to become acquainted with the Russian Sataliefsky,[1] a General Officer, who, in his youth, had fought and bled at Borodino, but was now better known among Diplomats by the important trust committed to him at a period highly critical for the affairs of Eastern Europe. I must not tell you his family name; my mention of his title can do him no harm, for it is I, and I only, who have conferred it in consideration of the military and diplomatic services performed under my own eyes.

The General as well as I was bound for Smyrna, and we agreed to sail together in an Ionian Brigantine. We did not charter the vessel, but we made our arrangement with the Captain upon such terms that we could be put ashore upon any part of the coast which we might think proper. We sailed, and day after day the vessel lay dawdling on the sea with calms and feeble breezes for her portion. I myself was well repaid for the painful restlessness which such weather occasions, because I gained from my companion a little of that vast fund of interesting knowledge with which he was stored, — knowledge, a thousand times the more highly to be prized, since it was not of the sort that is to be gathered from books, but only from the lips of those who have acted a part in the world.

When after nine days of sailing, or trying to sail, we found ourselves still hanging by the mainland to the north of the Isle of Cyprus, we determined to disembark at Satalieh and to proceed from thence by land. A light breeze favored our purpose, and it was with great delight that we neared the

[1] A title signifying Transcender or Conqueror of Satalieh.

fragrant land, and saw our anchor go down in the bay of Satalieh, within two or three hundred yards of the shore.

The town of Satalieh [1] is the chief place of the Pashalik in which it is situate, and its citadel is the residence of the Pasha. We had scarcely dropped our anchor when a boat from the shore came alongside, with officers on board, who announced that the strictest orders had been received for maintaining a quarantine of three weeks against all vessels coming from Syria, and directed accordingly that no one from the vessel should disembark. In reply we sent a message to the Pasha, setting forth the rank and titles of the General, and requiring permission to go ashore. After a while the boat came again alongside, and the officers declaring that the orders received from Constantinople were imperative and unexceptional, formally enjoined us in the name of the Pasha to abstain from any attempt to land.

I had been hitherto much less impatient of our slow voyage than my gallant friend, but this opposition made the smooth sea seem to me like a prison from which I must and would break out. I had an unbounded faith in the feebleness of Asiatic Potentates, and I proposed that we should set the Pasha at defiance. The General had been worked up to a state of the most painful agitation by the idea of being driven from the shore which smiled so pleasantly before his eyes, and he adopted my suggestion with rapture.

We determined to land.

To approach the sweet shore after a tedious voyage, and there to be suddenly and unexpectedly prohibited from landing, — this is so maddening to the temper that no one who had ever experienced the trial would say that even the most violent impatience of such restraint is wholly inexcusable. I am not going to pretend, however, that the course which we chose to adopt on this occasion can be perfectly justified. The impropriety of a traveler's setting at naught the regulations of a foreign state is clear enough, and the bad taste of compassing such a purpose by mere gasconading is still more glaringly plain. I knew perfectly well that if the Pasha understood his duty, and had energy enough to per-

[1] Spelled "Attalia" and sometimes "Adalia" in English books and maps.

form it, he would order out a file of soldiers the moment we landed, and cause us both to be shot upon the beach, without allowing more contact than might be absolutely necessary for the purpose of making us stand fire; but I also firmly believed that the Pasha would not see the line of conduct which he ought to adopt nearly so well as I did, and that even if he did know his duty he would never be able to find resolution enough to perform it.

We ordered the boat to be got in readiness, and the officers on shore, seeing these preparations, gathered together a number of guards, who assembled upon the sands; we saw that great excitement prevailed, and that messengers were continually going to and fro between the shore and the citadel. Our Captain, out of compliment to his Excellency, had provided the vessel with a Russian war flag, which he had hoisted alternately with the Union Jack, and we agreed that we would attempt our disembarkation under this, the Russian standard; I was glad when we came to that resolution, for I should have been very sorry to engage the honored flag of England in such an affair as that which we were undertaking. The Russian ensign was therefore committed to one of the sailors, who took his station at the stern of the boat. We gave particular instructions to the Captain of the Brigantine, and when all was ready, the General and I with our respective servants got into the boat, and were slowly rowed towards the shore. The guards gathered together at the point for which we were making, but when they saw that our boat went on without altering her course, they ceased to stand very still; none of them ran away or even shrank back, but they looked as if the pack were being shuffled, every man seeming desirous to change places with his neighbor. They were still at their post, however, when our oars went in, and the bow of our boat ran up, — well up upon the beach.

The General was lame by an honorable wound which he had gained at Borodino, and required some assistance in getting out of the boat; I, therefore, landed the first. My instructions to the Captain were attended to with the most perfect accuracy, for scarcely had my foot indented the sand, when the four six-pounders of the Brigantine sublimely rolled

out their brute thunder. Precisely as I had expected, the guards, and all the people who had gathered about them, gave way under the shock produced by the mere sound of guns, and we were all allowed to disembark without the least molestation.

We immediately formed a little column, or rather, as I should have called it, a procession, for we had no fighting aptitude in us, and were only trying, as it were, how far we could go in frightening full-grown children. First marched the sailor with the Russian flag of war bravely flying in the breeze; then came the General and I; then our servants, and lastly, if I rightly recollect, two more of the Brigantine's crew. Our flag-bearer entered into the spirit of the enterprise, and bore the standard aloft with so much of pomp and dignity, that I found it exceedingly hard to keep a grave countenance. We advanced towards the castle, but the people had now had time to recover from the effect of the six-pounders (which were only, of course, loaded with powder), and they could not help seeing, not only the weakness of our party, but the very slight amount of pomp and power which it seemed to imply; they began to hang around us more closely, and just as this reaction was beginning, the General, who was perfectly unacquainted with the Asiatic character, thoughtlessly turned round in order to speak to one of the servants; the effect of this slight move was magical; the people thought we were going to give way, and instantly closed round us. In two words, and with one touch, I showed my comrade the danger he was running, and in the next instant we were both advancing more pompously than ever. Some minutes afterwards there was a second appearance of reaction, followed again by wavering and indecision on the part of the Pasha's people, but at length it seemed to be understood that we should go unmolested into the audience hall.

Constant communication had been going on between the receding crowd and the Pasha, and so when we reached the gates of the citadel we saw that preparations were made for giving us an awe-striking reception. Parting at once from the sailors and our servants, the General and I were conducted into the audience hall; and there at least I suppose the Pasha hoped that he would confound us by his greatness. The hall

was nothing more than a large whitewashed room. Oriental potentates have a pride in that sort of simplicity when they can contrast it with the exhibition of power, and this the Pasha was able to do, for the lower end of the hall was filled with his officers; these men, of whom I thought there were about fifty or sixty, were all handsomely though plainly dressed in the military frock-coats of Europe; they stood in mass and so as to present a hollow, semicircular front towards the upper end of the hall at which the Pasha sat; they opened a narrow lane for us when we entered, and as soon as we had passed they again closed up their ranks. An attempt was made to induce us to remain at a respectful distance from his Mightiness; to have yielded to this point would have been fatal to our success, — perhaps to our lives; but the General and I had already determined upon the place which we should take, and we rudely pushed on towards the upper end of the hall.

Upon the divan and close up against the right-hand corner of the room there sat the Pasha — his limbs gathered in — the whole creature coiled up like an adder. His cheeks were deadly pale, and his lips perhaps had turned white, for without moving a muscle the man impressed me with an immense idea of wrath within him. He kept his eyes inexorably fixed, as if upon vacancy, and with the look of a man accustomed to refuse the prayers of those who sue for life. We soon discomposed him, however, from this studied fixity of feature, for we marched straight up to the divan and sat down, the Russian close to the Pasha, and I by the side of the Russian. This act astonished the attendants and plainly disconcerted the Pasha; he could no longer maintain the glassy stillness of the eyes which he had affected, and evidently became much agitated. At the feet of the Satrap there stood a trembling Italian; this man was a sort of medico in the Potentate's service, and now, in the absence of our attendants, he was to act as interpreter. The Pasha caused him to tell us that we had openly defied his authority, and had forced our way upon shore in the teeth of his own officers.

Up to this time I had been the planner of the enterprise, but now that the moment had come when all would depend upon able and earnest speechifying, I felt at once the immense superiority of my gallant friend, and gladly left to him the

whole conduct of the discussion; indeed, he had vast advantages over me, not only by his superior command of language, and his far more spirited style of address, but also in his consciousness of a good cause, for whilst I felt myself completely in the wrong, his Excellency had really worked himself up to believe that the Pasha's refusal to permit our landing was a gross outrage and insult. Therefore, without deigning to defend our conduct, he at once commenced a spirited attack upon the Pasha. The poor Italian Doctor translated one or two sentences to the Pasha, but he evidently mitigated their import; the Russian growing warm, insisted upon his attack with redoubled energy and spirit; but the medico, instead of translating, began to shake violently with terror, and at last he came out with his "non ardisco," and fairly confessed that he dared not interpret fierce words to his master.

Now then, at a time when everything seemed to depend upon the effect of speech, we were left without an interpreter.

But this very circumstance, which at first appeared so unfavorable, turned out to be advantageous. The General, finding that he could not have his words translated, ceased to speak in Italian, and recurred to his accustomed French; he became eloquent; no one present, except myself, understood one syllable of what he was saying, but he had drawn forth his passport, and the energy and violence with which, as he spoke, he pointed to the graven Eagle of Russia, began to make an impression; the Pasha saw at his side a man, who not only seemed to be entirely without fear, but to be raging with just indignation, and thenceforward he plainly began to think that in some way or other (he could not tell how) he must certainly have been in the wrong. In a little time he was so much shaken, that the Italian ventured to resume his interpretation, and my comrade had again the opportunity of pressing his attack upon the Pasha; his argument, if I rightly recollect its import, was to this effect: "If the vilest Jews were to come into the harbor, you would but forbid them to land, and force them to perform quarantine, yet this is the very course, O Pasha, which your rash officers dared to think of adopting with us! Those mad and reckless men would have actually dealt towards a Russian General Officer and an

English Gentleman as if they had been wretched Israelites! Never, never will we submit to such an indignity. His Imperial Majesty knows how to protect his nobles from insult, and would never endure that a General of his army should be treated in matter of quarantine as though he were a mere Eastern Jew!" This argument told with great effect; the Pasha fairly admitted that he felt its weight, and he now only struggled to obtain a compromise which might seem to save his dignity; he wanted us to perform a quarantine of one day for form's sake, and in order to show his people that he was not utterly defied, but finding that we were inexorable, he not only abandoned his attempt, but promised to supply us with horses.

When the discussion had arrived at this happy conclusion, tchibouques and coffee were brought, and we passed, I think, nearly an hour in friendly conversation. The Pasha, it now appeared, had once been a prisoner of war in Russia, and the conviction of the Emperor's power which he must have acquired during his captivity probably rendered him more alive than an untraveled Turk would have been to the force of my comrade's eloquence.

The Pasha now gave us a generous feast; our promised horses were brought without much delay; I gained my loved saddle once more, and when the moon got up and touched the heights of Taurus, we were joyfully winding our way through one of his rugged defiles.

THE END