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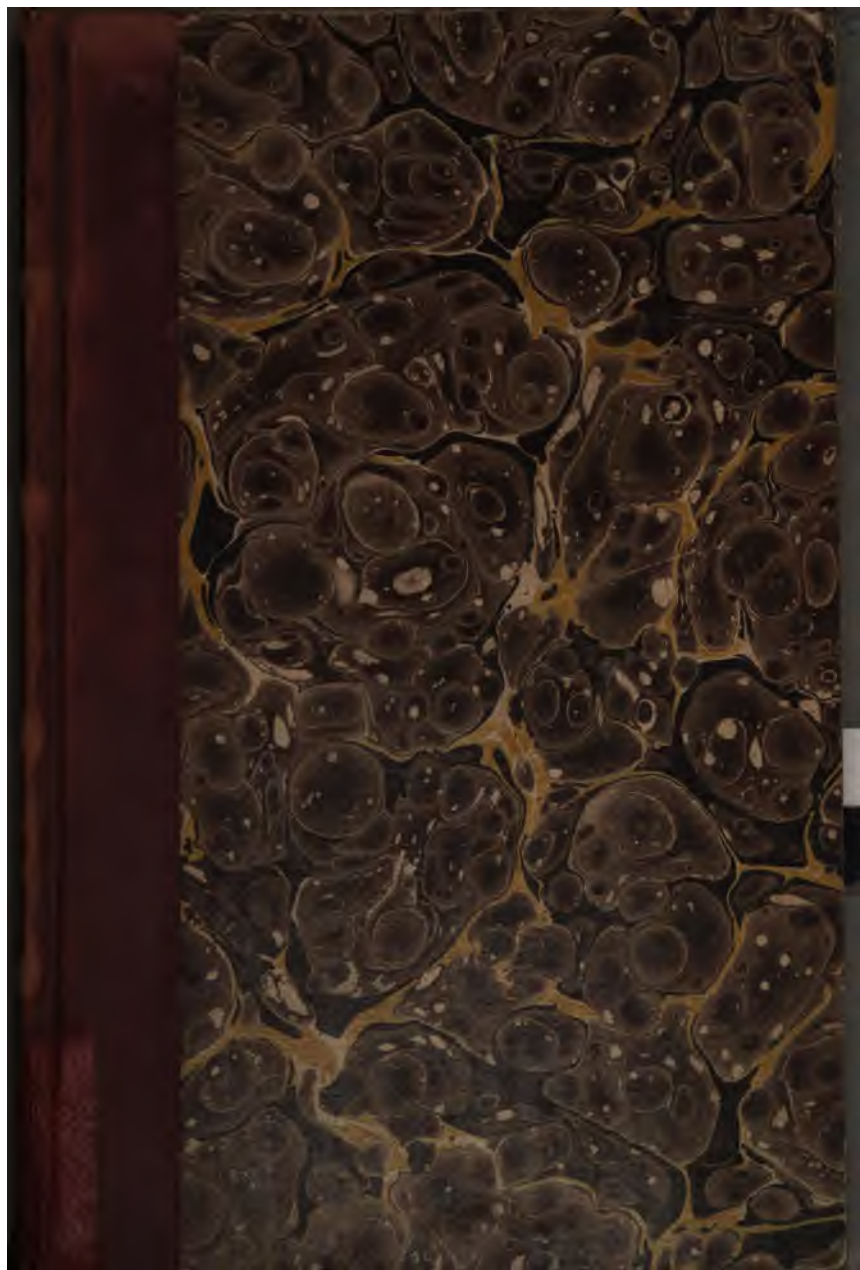
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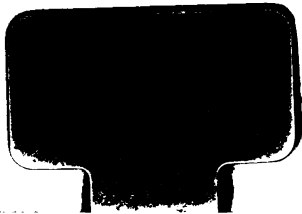
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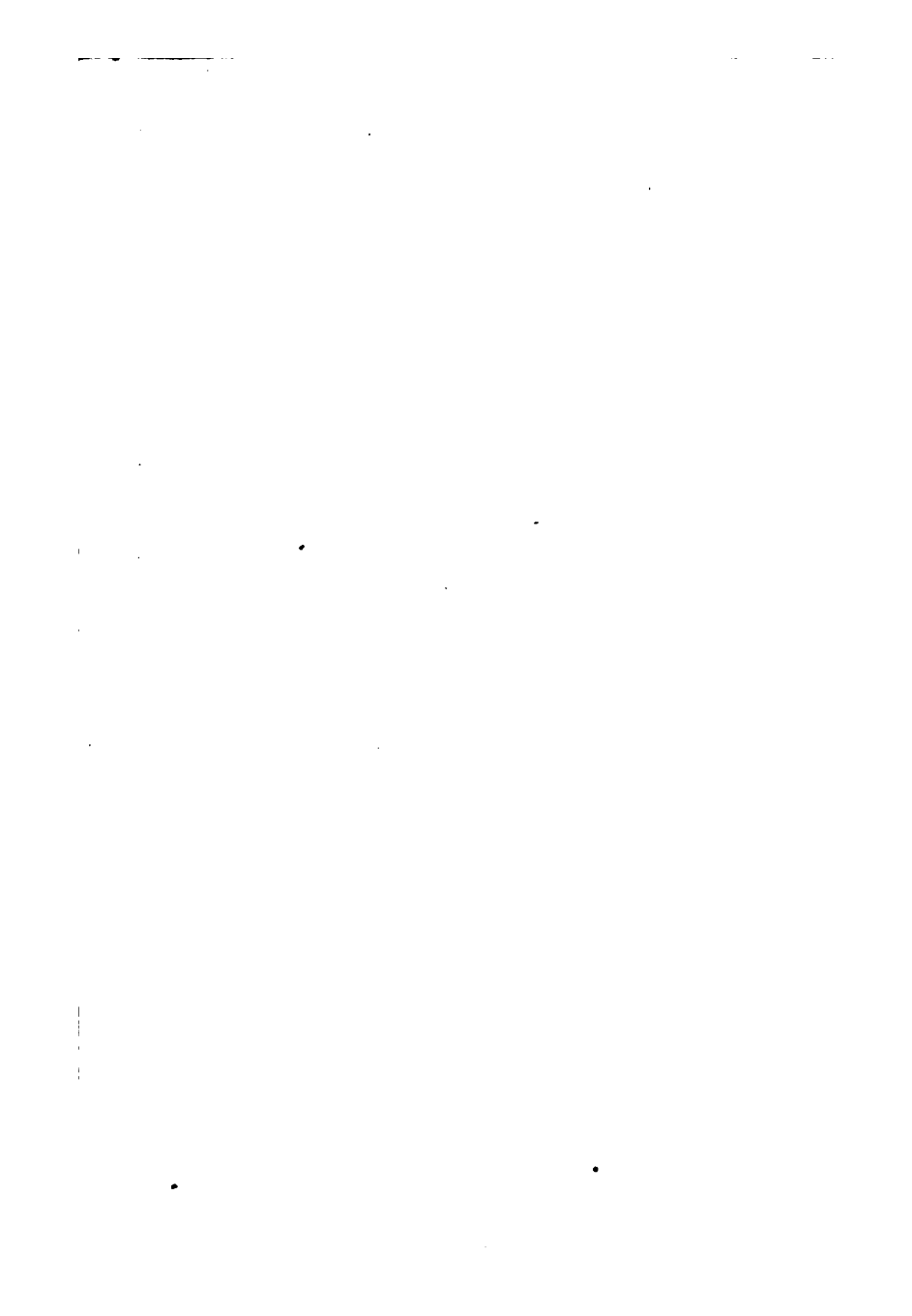
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A

VISIT TO BELGRADE.

TRANSLATED BY

JAMES WHITTLE.

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"He who has seen Belgrade, has seen the East in miniature."  
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## P R E F A C E .

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THE original Work, from which this little Volume has been selected and translated, was published in 1851, under the title of "Südslavische Wanderungen." It records the impressions of the author, a Bohemian gentleman, during a tour through the provinces of the Lower Danube. I trust that the sketches here offered to the readers of my own Country will prove acceptable, especially at a time when the attention of Europe is turned with breathless interest to the East. I have freely used the privilege of selection, omitting much that appeared to me of minor interest, and condensing where the original seemed diffuse.

J. W.



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# A VISIT TO BELGRADE.



## CHAPTER I.

### SEMLIN.

THE voyage from Carlowitz to Semlin offers nothing worthy of remark : the shores on either side of the Danube are dull and monotonous, interspersed with marshes, generally under water, but here and there rising steep and abrupt. By noon we reached Semlin.

Semlin is one of the few frontier towns in which the iron rule of the Theresian statutes and frontier laws, so fatal to all progress, have proved ineffectual in destroying commercial life. It is situated opposite to the capital of Servia, at the confluence of the Danube and Save, which latter river unites Slavonia, Croatia, and Trieste with the countries of the Lower Danube. This admirable position has enabled it, to a certain point, to resist the obstacles presented by the military domination, and

made it an emporium of commerce (chiefly for corn), and consequently the chosen residence of many rich merchants. Beyond this point no power can, in the face of such institutions, raise it,—institutions which not only obstruct, but render impossible, all attempts to establish more extended commercial relations. Not to advance however is to retrograde, and this is exemplified in Semlin, which, were it protected by Government, or even left to its own free course, would at this moment be one of the richest marts for the products of Austrian industry, and an inexhaustible source from which the treasures of the countries of the Danube would flow into the Imperial states. When we contrast this phantom of prosperity with what might be, we see sufficient proof how dead to her best interests Austria is, in preferring to support a worn-out institution like the frontier system, to extending her own commercial prosperity.

Semlin is a small well-built town: the broad high-street forms, with the market, its centre point. Here are ranged, on either side, the dwellings of the wealthy merchants, and on the houses themselves are inscribed, in Servian characters, the names of the principal firms known in the commercial world of Europe. The Turkish Jews residing in Semlin have, for the last ten years, though born in the town, been only permitted to remain on the same terms as strangers, and must be furnished with passports from their own Govern-

ment. These, with Servians and Turks carrying their long pipes, and wandering from shop to shop making purchases, indicate a near approach to the Sultan's dominions, and prove the uninterrupted relations maintained with them.

"You think of going to Belgrade, and have no special passport?" said a friend whom I accidentally met, after a long separation, in the high-street of Semlin. "The times of 1848 and 1849 are gone by, and the strictest surveillance is now maintained. Without a passport it is out of the question to think of crossing into Serbia; the minutest investigation is made respecting every one who attempts to enter the country without permission, and still greater suspicion attaches to those who travel with English or French passports."

"What has occasioned this severity?" I inquired.

"Austria and Serbia unite in the restrictions. Since the termination of the Hungarian revolution, numberless refugees and Magyars have hurried through Belgrade and Servia on their way to place themselves under the protection of the Porte. Persons of importance have passed under the very eyes of the Austrian guards and the troops at Semlin, and, unmolested, have escaped to Belgrade and Constantinople. The Imperial officers are consequently bound to redouble their vigilance. Suspicions have arisen that a number of exiles have taken up their abode at Belgrade, who, it is believed, keep up a correspondence with the malcon-

tents on this side the river. All things considered, it will be more prudent in you to abandon your intention of seeing Belgrade. Even the inhabitants, unless their business is clearly specified, find it difficult to procure permission to cross over, much more foreigners."

I weighed deliberately what my diplomatic friend had said; and although I was obliged to acknowledge the difficulties he suggested, I could not resolve to relinquish altogether the hope of visiting Belgrade. There were two ways left open,—either to quit Semlin, and, following the bank of the Save, commit myself to the mercy of a Turkish crew, and under shadow of night escape the observation of the troops, and effect a landing on the Servian shore; or to go at once to the authorities, and make a direct application to them for permission to visit Belgrade. The first plan had been of late adopted by many travellers, and with success; but a failure would be attended with disagreeable consequences, and almost certainly conduct me to the prison of Temesvar.

Experience had shown me that it is in all cases better to go at once to the fountain-head, since there is no class of men less accessible than that of official underlings. I determined therefore to address myself direct to the Commander. The General was occupied with visitors when I called, but to my surprise, although it was late in the evening, he entered the office in a few minutes,

holding my card in his hand. General K \* \* \*, a man whose career and merit were testified by the simple cross he wore on his breast, was advanced in years, with that courteous address which is met with only in persons of the higher ranks, whose path through life has not always been strewn with roses. I imparted my desire to him. The General frankly stated to me the necessity which existed for the utmost caution on his part. "Belgrade," he said, "is an interesting town, and it would be a pity to travel on the Lower Danube without having visited it, for he who has seen Belgrade has seen the East in miniature. My first visit made a deep impression upon me, and I should be loth to deny to any well-informed traveller the pleasure I myself received. My position however compels me to observe the strictest vigilance. Are you known to any one in Semlin?"

"To no one."

"That is perplexing. I have no reason to distrust you, yet I must not forget my own responsibility."

I bethought me of a letter of introduction which I had with me to General Knicanin in Belgrade. He took this from me, and, examining it, said, "I regret that I cannot read Servian. Knicanin is a good name, and an undoubted guarantee for your respectability. Will you leave the letter with me, that I may have it read to me this evening? If indeed, as I readily believe, you have no other ob-

ject than to see Belgrade, come to me tomorrow morning at seven o'clock."

As the clock struck seven I presented myself at the office of the General.

"Have you a good stomach?" was the extraordinary speech with which he received me. Not knowing what to understand from these words, and anticipating an unpleasant explanation, I involuntarily stepped back.

"Don't be alarmed," he said; "I do not mean a moral, but simply a physical stomach."

Even yet I could not guess what the General was aiming at: he turned however to the window which overlooked the Danube; the stream dashed along, raising huge waves, and a Turkish boat was tossing about on its surface, as if on a tumultuous sea. His meaning was now clear, but I declared myself ready to make the voyage even in a worse storm, and in a few moments I held in my hand a certificate which gave me permission to spend twenty-four hours in Belgrade.

## CHAPTER II.

## CROSSING THE DANUBE.

THE Danube ran high indeed; during the early spring it had swollen far and near, bursting its banks, and hardly leaving a trace of its original bed visible. At Semlin the water had not only intruded on the house in which the ferryman had his station, but had advanced to the palisades, partially destroying the dam which protected the city from inundation, and seriously injuring the path which secured a landing-place for the steam-boats. The *tschardaken*, or houses of the frontier guards, who form the *cordon*, are erected on wooden piles, at intervals along the left shores of the Danube; they usually stand high and dry on the land, but now they seemed to rise from the very centre of the stream. The stormy wind, moreover, which had risen in the middle of the night, blew so violently, that the usually quiet river resembled a



little sea, in which the waves, lashed into fury, rolled foaming over each other.

The bells from Semlin had already sounded the midday hour, and the storm still continued unabated. The ferrymen, who had until this time waited, hoping for a change in the weather, and sitting patiently oar in hand in their boats, now quitted them, declaring that until the wind was laid, there was no possibility of making the passage to Belgrade. A number of Servian merchants, who, like myself, were anxious to cross over, had previously quitted the spot, resolved to await more favourable weather. Only five or six persons remained, amongst whom were two ladies dressed in black, apparently from their ages mother and daughter. They had until now remained aloof, pacing backwards and forwards, under the escort of a young Servian, and had strongly excited my interest. I had accidentally observed their passports in the General's office, and remarked that they were undersigned by General Haynau, and contained the word "emigrants." The ladies seemed chafing under the delay in their departure: from time to time they despatched their companion to the neighbouring public-house, where the ferrymen had taken shelter, to inquire if it were not yet possible to undertake the voyage. In the meanwhile the storm gave not the slightest symptom of subsiding; on the contrary, it raged increasingly; but still the poor ladies, at every mo-

mentary lull, seemed to think it was settled enough to put off from the shore. They kept their eyes fixed on the opposite bank, where their thoughts evidently were, although perhaps the last moments they would ever spend in their own country were fast fleeting away. Suddenly a beardless young man, who, from his costume and turban, belonged evidently to the other side of the Danube, advanced to meet them. He addressed them in an under tone, and after a few words had passed between them, handed them a sheet of paper folded up.

The ladies glanced quickly over the contents of the paper, and having kissed it repeatedly, followed the young Turk with rapid steps. About half an hour afterwards I observed a boat on the surface of the stream: it rose on the crest of the angry waves, and then, covered with white spray, disappeared in the furrows of the sea, as if to rise no more. Four sturdy Turks pulled at the oars, and in the stern-sheets sat the two ladies dressed in black.

A Servian merchant standing near me remarked, "I would lay a wager those ladies are Magyars; we must give the Hungarians at least the credit of not knowing what fear means."

A young Catholic priest from Croatia, who was on his way to visit some distant relatives in Belgrade, had been standing hitherto unobserved on the landing-place. He now came forward, and assured us that it was utterly useless waiting any

longer, for the "tschaikisten" had come to the determination not to start that day on account of the weather. The merchant from Belgrade however seemed to think we must not let ourselves be outdone by two Hungarian women, but rather follow their example, and endeavour to cross over in the same way. It is true an Austrian tschaik\* is much larger and stronger than a Turkish jamatz†, but, on the other hand, the Turkish sailors are more experienced, and more to be relied on, in the navigation of the Danube, than the Austrian.

The landing-place for the Turkish boats was situated a few hundred yards higher up the river, at a place called the "cavalry piquette." Here passengers are obliged to show their passports, and goods are examined by the custom-house officers. A few boats were drawn up on the shore, and some Turkish seamen were sitting cross-legged on the sand, while others sauntered leisurely about, their arms crossed behind their backs, and their tchibouks‡ hanging from their mouths.

"Will you undertake to ferry us over," I said, addressing myself to the oldest of the men, a grey-headed seaman, with an Arabian cast of counte-

\* The vessel used by the Austrians in navigating this part of the Danube is called a *tschaik*, and the sailors *tschaikisten*. They are larger and more commodious than the Turkish boats.

† *Jamatz* is the name of the Turkish boat.

‡ The *tchibouk* is a long Turkish pipe, the stem of which is generally made of a straight branch of the wild cherry-tree.

nance, silvery beard, and snow-white turban, who was puffing out volumes of dense blue smoke.

The old fellow, without giving himself the trouble to speak, or indeed to look at me, merely shook his head, as I understood, in token of refusal.

“ You think, then,” I rejoined, “ that the storm will not blow over today.”

The veteran removed the amber mouthpiece of his pipe from his lips, cried out “ Yok, yok !” and nodded assentingly ; at the same time, assuming an imposing air of infallibility, he made a peculiar smacking noise with his tongue.

I went back not much edified to the merchants, to consult with them what was best to be done, telling them that even the Turks refused to cross.


“ That can hardly be,” answered one of them ; “ a Turk would not hesitate to cross the Danube if the waves were sweeping over Belgrade itself.”

The merchant who had first proposed to us to attempt the passage, now went up to the Turk and put the same question to him. The old fellow replied, that he had already intimated plainly enough that he would cross over ; all he wanted was to be allowed to finish his tchibouk in peace, and by that time he expected his momzen (men) would have returned from the barosch (town), where they had all sorts of posla (business) to attend to.

It was not till afterwards I learned that the

motion of the head which with us would signify a refusal, with the Turks indicates assent, and that a peculiar snapping of the tongue, accompanied by a nod of the head and shutting of the eyes, expresses dissent.

In a few minutes the sailors returned from the town, and getting into the boats we pushed off from shore. A Wallachian and his son, a young Servian student, on his way back from Heidelberg, where he had been studying for some years at the expense of his Government, and the Catholic priest, were my fellow-passengers. The stream rushed on with extraordinary force, and the waves, dashing right and left against our light craft, deluged us at every moment with showers of spray, as if enraged at the opposition presented to them by the few wretched planks which contained us. Our four sailors, among whom was a Moor with a brilliantly black skin, sat as if glued to their seats, and, with their arms bared to the shoulders, pulled at their oars in perfect time. The old Turk squatted on a carpet at the stern of the boat, and, with the rudder in one hand and the tchibouk in the other, puffed out majestically clouds of tobacco-smoke. The young priest however could not take matters so easily; his mind misgave him ere we were many yards from the shore, and in the excess of his terror he exclaimed, "My God, my God! how madly have I rushed into danger. Alas! man is but a creature of sin, and never sufficiently prizes



what is good, till he has learned in danger to fear the loss of it."

I tried to comfort the unhappy priest, but it was of no use; and seeing that I only made him the more wretched, I left off.

At length, after tossing about for an hour and a half, we reached the foot of the rock upon which Belgrade, so rich in historical associations, is built. The water had at this point reached such a height, that it swept all along the lower walls of the fortress, and rushing into the portholes inundated the inner works, and indeed in some places had nearly flowed over the top of the walls. Our men set up a small mast in the boat, to the top of which they fastened a rope, and having climbed upon the wall of the fortress, they towed us round to the landing-place. Here and there we passed groups of half-naked Turkish soldiers, busily washing their long-neglected linen, or squatted lazily on heaps of stones, smoking their pipes. At intervals miserable-looking sentry-boxes, occupied by the outposts, appeared rising out of the waves.

The appearance of the fortress from the outside does not certainly give much promise of its internal condition. The walls are in many places undermined, hollowed out and broken in from the force of the stream, and everywhere neglected and in disorder, covered with weeds and stained with damp.

The landing-place for the ferry-boats is a few

yards distant from the fortress, and we were here received by a Servian Haiduk. He was not dressed in any way different from the other Servians, and only to be recognized as a police-officer from the stick which he carried in his hand. Having handed to him our passports, we stepped out upon Servian land.

## CHAPTER III.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—ADVENTURES.

THE first impression which the sight of Belgrade made upon me was one which I can never forget. A broad and by no means lofty rock rises out of the water, encompassed by several rows of dark-coloured bastions and grassgrown ramparts. Half-sunk battlements crown its heights, upon which here and there a Turkish soldier, his arms gleaming in the sun, saunters lazily up and down before his sentry-box. Here the glittering spire of the slender minaret seems to pierce the driving clouds, and a little further on the white tin-covered roof of the Christian church flashes in the sun. On one side of this rock, upon which alternately the fierce armies of the Cross and the Crescent had planted their banners, gardens and shrubberies extend to the shore of the river, and from amidst the green foliage, scattered houses and taper minarets peep rising into the blue vault of heaven. On the other



side a new town, or rather its commencement, stretches down the hill and on the level ground, showing the red-roofed houses scattered about in gardens and fallow fields,—such is the view of Belgrade, as it appears to those crossing over from Semlin. A history which seems about to play out its last act, the history of the conquering race of Osman, and the history which seems only beginning to occupy a place in the events of the world, appear here to meet and amalgamate. You see in Belgrade a town in which the death of old habits comes in contact with the birth of new, the past touches the future, and the purple dawn mingles with the glow of evening. One sees the dominion of the Crescent dying away, and that of the Cross springing into fresh vigour. The progress of to-day emerges from the stagnation of yesterday, and European civilization gradually usurps the place of stern and unbending Islamism; decay yields to a healthy regeneration, abject depression to noble aspiration, and slavery to freedom. It is like the spectacle of the fettered slave struggling to wrench the last links of the chain from the enfeebled hand of his master. These at least were my first impressions on entering Belgrade.

The storm had settled shortly after we landed. The priest thanked God for his rescue from such imminent danger, as such at least it had appeared to him, and had quitted me in search of his relations; I stood alone on the shore with my luggage,

and for the first time since I began my travels found myself without a single offer of help to carry it for me. Several Turkish porters, it is true, were seated before a wine-shop not five paces off, puffing away at their long pipes, but none of them stirred or offered their services, although they plainly saw how much I needed them. The listless contentedness and absence of all rivalry peculiar to the East, seems to have annihilated individual exertion, and put a stop to all spirit of emulation.

Perceiving that I might wait till doomsday if I depended on offers of assistance, or be obliged to become my own porter, I cried, "Is there no one here who wishes to earn a piece of money?"

"Oh yes, every one does," answered the porters in one voice, but not one of them stirred. "Which of us shall it be?"

"Whichever you like," I answered, "it is all the same to me."

They puffed out some thick clouds of smoke, and looked at each other in perfect silence. At length one, who appeared the senior of the party, said, "Allil, have you had a job today?"

"No," replied a slender Moorish youth with a white turban, white jacket, and wide red trowsers.

"Well, do you take the gentleman's things," rejoined the questioner; whereupon the Moor started up from his seat and shouldered my luggage.

"Where shall I take you to?" he inquired good-sounding Servian.

“To a Mehana.”

“Do you like one where you will be treated in the Turkish or in the Servian fashion?”

“Take me,” I said, “to the best Mehana in Belgrade, where people of my condition usually lodge.”

“Enough,” answered the Moor, “the Zdanias is the place for you,” and off he set before me.

From seeing Allil stretched lazily on the ground with his fellow-porters, I should scarcely have expected the energy which he now put forth: on he strided, at a speed with which I could hardly keep pace, seemingly as unconcerned at the weight he carried on his own shoulders, as at my exhausted condition, toiling under the scorching heat of a midday sun. The soles of my feet however were neither accustomed to the sands of the desert, nor to the rough pavement of Belgrade, and I was obliged to call to the Moor to slacken his speed.

“What do you want, Komschiah (neighbour)?”

“Where did you learn to run at such a pace?”

“Komschiah, certainly not in the wars; but, what was better for me, on the road hither from Stamboul.”

“How was that?”

“Well, Komschiah, I was a slave, and two years ago, when the vessel in which I rowed reached Stamboul, I freed myself one night from the bench to which I was fastened, and ran off all the way to Belgrade, and now I am free.”

“Have you become a Christian?” I asked.

“No, Komschiah, I have not; I am a Mussulman, and intend to remain one: the Mussulman who changes his religion and turns Christian, is like a rose cast amongst husks for the swine; but a Christian converted to Mohammedanism resembles a pebble which the Sultan picks up from the ground, has set in gold, and fastens with it his turban. My wife however was a Christian.”

“What, then, are you married?”

“Yes; I married a Christian, a white woman, white as the pale snow which falls in this country, and we have a little daughter as brown as the most beautiful Jinjirli (gipsy) child.”

“And how do you support yourself?”

“Up to the present time as a porter, and indeed by any service that comes in my way. I shall be all right, and able to support wife and child comfortably, when I can scrape together enough to buy a *jamatz*” (small cart).

Beguiling the way with such conversation, we passed the Austrian Consulate, and climbed up a steep and wretched-looking street, which brought us to the house of the Metropolitan and the handsome new church, and a little further on to the Zdania.

The Zdania is one of the two inns in Belgrade which have been fitted up with some reference to the comforts and requirements of European travellers. Prince Michael Obrenovitsch, to whom

the house belongs, appears to have spared no expense, either in the spaciousness of the edifice or the splendour of its decorations. Indeed the "Zdania"—that is, the mere building—is one of the largest and handsomest houses in Belgrade, and, were it not for the universal neglect and waste which prevails in Eastern countries, might compete with the first hotels in Prague or Vienna. It is true that the custom of indiscriminate hospitality is here considered so sacred, that there is less demand for the accommodation of hotels than in other countries; and the best houses, from want of use, become neglected and shabby-looking. A great part of these hotels is let out to private individuals and men in office, and the remainder is kept in poor order for the few travellers who frequent them.

My appearance at the Zdania seemed not to have the least effect upon the domestic genii of the place. The only living creatures visible were two gigantic dogs, who began paying attentions so far from agreeable to my porter, that he was obliged to throw down my luggage on the ground, and defend himself. I remained in the *porte-cochère*, calling as loud as I could for some one to show me a place where to rest my weary head. I might indeed have shouted till now, had it not been for the howling of the dogs, whom Allil was belabouring with the stem of his tchibouk; but this seemed to rouse the sleeping servants: a little fellow, almost a dwarf in stature, and having the appear-

ance of a house-porter, rushed downstairs cursing and swearing; he was followed by a dirty-looking servant-woman, and to all appearance they seemed bent upon taking part with the dogs against us. The poor Moor would have fared badly among them, had I not stepped forward and requested accommodation, and to be shown into a room, at the same time taking the Moor under my high and mighty protection.

The little man received me with more civility than his exterior promised, and having kicked the dogs one into one corner and the other into another, handed me over to the tender mercies of the dirty girl, with directions that she should show me at once into a *soba* (room). She ran up the great staircase before me, and opened a door at the end of the corridor, assuring me that she gave me the best room in Belgrade.

The room was certainly spacious enough, lofty, handsomely painted, and provided with folding-doors and polished inlaid floors, but it wanted all the comfort which we now consider necessary to our daily existence. Indeed the entire furniture of the apartment consisted of a rickety bed, which looked as if it would tumble to pieces at the first attempt to lie on it. I was about to remonstrate with the maiden on the scantiness of the accommodation, but she had already disappeared, and Allil alone was visible, waiting at the door for his money.

Being now left alone in the empty room, I went

to the window, and was certainly astonished at the beauty of the prospect seen from it. All Belgrade lay spread out before my eyes, presenting, with its many-coloured buildings, a most extraordinary view. The Zdania stands on the summit of an elevated piece of ground, which is covered with houses, some of them old-fashioned, and others built in the modern style of art. The roofs of moss-covered shingle and red tile, the green Venetian blinds and narrow grated windows of the Turkish houses, with the walls of stone and whole stories of wood, form a curious and variegated picture; whilst the eye is relieved by the soft green of the nut-trees and juniper-bushes, scattered about on all sides. Narrow, crooked streets wind between the houses and garden-walls. On the eastern side the dilapidated works of the old fortress come prominently into view, and further off appear here and there the red walls of the Turkish gardens, and the slender towers of the mosques; whilst on the western and southern side is situated that part of Belgrade whose history dates no further back than the revolt of the Servians. The houses here, for the most part new and well built, are scattered about at great distances from each other, upon green hills and in the verdant plains on the borders of the Save. The streets are broad and regular, especially in the neighbourhood of the gates and ramparts, which form the barrier between the old and new town. The buildings how-

ever are so thinly scattered, that the town may be looked on more prospectively than as actually existing; it is in its infancy, but destined probably to be the great capital of southern Slavonia.

As it was still early in the evening, I determined to take a stroll for an hour or two. I descended to the street, and, leaving chance to guide my steps, turned toward the most crowded thoroughfare. Servians and Turks, in their bright and rich costumes, passed by; the red fez and the white turban mingled their colours, and only here and there were seen the white hat or black cap, the former denoting the presence of a stranger, the latter of an officer in the civil service.

The street I entered was long and steep; on either side were ranged the booths of the merchants and workshops of the artisans; and although the sun had already disappeared behind the hill, the stalls were still open and the workmen busily employed. Here stood the Servian irgowatz, or merchant, behind his counter, marking and labeling his stuffs and wares, which had probably been just imported from the market of Vienna or the fair of Leipzig; further on sat the Bosniak on the raised floor of his booth, with his feet tucked under his body, offering saddles and harness for sale. The Bulgarian armourer hammered lustily in a neighbouring stall, at a long *puschka* (gun) inlaid with silver. A Jewish money-changer, on the opposite side of the street, was counting out gold



piastres and silver zwanzigers, and a Turkish du-chantchih was shredding his last okka of tobacco to the fineness of a hair.

Before I perceived it, I found myself entangled in a labyrinth of cross streets, in which I completely lost my way. The evening was beginning to close in, and it was necessary to regain my hotel. I fortunately turned into a narrow street which led from the Turkish part of the town, to an open piece of ground on which some sheep were browsing. This was the Kalmeidan, a kind of neutral territory, which separates the town from the fortress: it is certainly anything but prepossessing in appearance. The broken ground, strewn with barren rocks, does not afford nourishment for a tree or bush; the grass grows thin and coarse, and the bleached bones of starved horses and oxen are scattered among the crumbling ruins of the Turkish monuments. The view from this spot however is magnificent, comprising the streams of the Danube and the Save, losing themselves in the far distance.

The sun had nearly disappeared in the waters of the Save. I looked around, and observed at the extremity of the Kalmeidan a man who, from his white hat and light summer dress, appeared to me a stranger. He shaded his eyes with his hand, and seemed to be looking for something on the  
on the opposite shore. He did not ap-  
-e, but came down from the little

eminence on which he had been standing, and took the road to the town, frequently casting furtive glances in the direction of the river. I approached him: he immediately doubled his pace. I saluted him: he thanked me, and turned away from the road on which I was, then suddenly stood still, as if anxious, by a greater show of indifference, to render his wish to escape observation less remarkable.

“You are enjoying the magnificent view,” I said to the stranger, a man of about forty years of age, with a large red beard and intelligent countenance.

“It is not bad,” was the laconic answer.

“You seem to have the advantage of me in a knowledge of this neighbourhood,” I continued; “I only arrived two hours ago, and if the question is not impertinent, you have already resided in Belgrade some time?”

“I have been living here since—since—I do not indeed know when. I care nothing about the neighbourhood, and hardly ever go out,” replied the stranger, evidently wishing to avoid me.

I thought I recognized the Polish accent in his German, but colouring up he said that he was an Hungarian.

“Then we are almost fellow-countrymen,” I replied; “at least the stream which we see before us forms the boundary of our mutual home. I too am from Austria.”

The Hungarian looked at me with an ill-con-

cealed air of perplexity, which I was at a loss to understand: he then raised his hat, bade me good-bye, and without another word hurriedly took the road leading to the town. As I was a perfect stranger in Belgrade, I begged he would let me accompany him.

“Gladly,” he replied; but it was plain that his words did not coincide with his wishes. Without any further conversation we reached the town.

“Are you going to the Zdanja?” asked the stranger.

“Yes, I live there; we are perhaps neighbours.”

“I do not live there,” was all the answer I received; and with those words the Hungarian suddenly disappeared down a narrow alley, and left me to find my inn as I best could. At last I caught a sight of the red roof of the Zdanja, and was hurrying to it across the square, when my attention was arrested by the pale features of a young man which seemed familiar to me. Many a long year had passed since I had last seen them; I could not even remember where. But there was the same slight elastic figure, opposite which I had so often sat, the same animated, intelligent features, whose meaning I had so often fathomed ere the words had uttered it,—changed indeed, but evidently aged more from suffering than time. He seemed to have recognized me: we both stood still, looked intently at each other for a moment, and then rushed into each other’s arms.

“Gustave ——!” I exclaimed in joyful surprise.

“Hush!” hurriedly replied my friend of former days, “do not utter that word; the name I once bore must no longer be heard; he whom you now see bears another. I will tell you the whole story over a bottle of wine in my own room. I live at—— but no, come with me at once, I will not let you go out of my sight. You have lost the —— of other days, but you will find Gustave the same as ever.”

## CHAPTER IV.

## HUNGARIAN EXILES.

THE moon was shining brightly in the heavens, as arm-in-arm with my newly-found friend we threaded our way through the dark streets and narrow alleys of the old town of Belgrade. At one of the gates we passed, a Turkish soldier was on guard (for their duties are not confined to the citadel), whilst his companions had taken up their quarters for the night on the bare earth in front of a shabby-looking guard-room.

“That is the Barosch-kapia (Barosch-gate),” said Gustave, as we proceeded into the open streets of the Terasia, a part of the new town.

These were the first words that had passed his lips since our recognition, and he did not break silence again until we reached his home. A deep seriousness, foreign to his naturally joyous and sparkling nature, had taken possession of my  
His head drooped, his arm was locked

convulsively in mine, his hand trembled, and his steps were slow and unsteady. I saw that he was deeply agitated and oppressed with thought; my appearance had recalled to him years long past, with their mingled memories of joy and sorrow,—memories which must have given a darker colour to the occurrences that had since happened, so full of passion and error, hope and despair. I too remained silent, unwilling to intrude upon his thoughts. There are moments which occur perhaps once, perhaps never, in the life of man, but such moments when they do come are sufficient to purify a whole life, and he who would ruthlessly intrude on them, disturbs the divine influence in its holiest and most blessed exercise.

The long, wide street through which we walked silently was empty and dreary-looking; here and there a light was seen in the windows of the thinly scattered houses, or the voice of some Servian maid was heard singing her love-song. At length we turned into a side street, and stood opposite to a small house half concealed among elder-bushes, from two windows of which light was visible. Gustave withdrew his arm from mine, went up to the house, and knocked three times at the door.

“Is it you, Gustave?” said a female voice.

“Yes, Lina, open the door,” he answered. We entered a small courtyard planted with fragrant rose-trees, and passed into a large chamber lighted with two wax candles.

“ You are now in my house,” said Gustave to me, at the same time introducing me by name to his wife, a pretty fair-complexioned woman.

“ Ah, you are an old friend of my husband, and therefore dear to me,” said the young woman, as she held out her hand to me,—not to kiss, according to the etiquette of the country, but for a hearty shake of kindly welcome.

“ Has Gabor been here this afternoon? Have his friends crossed over, or have you had any certain news?” inquired Gustave, his voice trembling with agitation.

“ What ails you, Gustave? you are not well, or you have heard bad news.”

“ T is nothing,” he replied; “ since I have so unexpectedly met my old friend I do not know well what I am doing: my head is bewildered; but do not be anxious. Let us have some wine; or shall we set tobacco and coffee before our friend, according to the custom of the country? But I cannot think what has become of Gabor; has he really not been here?”

“ I have not seen him since early this morning,” she answered. “ He was then going to the Kalmeidan, to see if they had crossed over. Most likely they are not yet come, or he would surely have returned.”

“ No doubt,” replied Gustave, “ the storm has detained them, or they have perhaps met with some accident.”

“Leave all care of that to Gabor,” replied the hostess: “when you have a friend visiting you, you must be cheerful; sit down and make yourselves as comfortable as you can. The tobacco and coffee will be here directly.”

Gustave had arranged his room (the only one he had, excepting his bedroom) with tolerable comfort, considering the very moderate means he possessed. His writing-table, covered with books and papers, stood at one window; a mindeluk, or sofa, covered with scarlet cloth, was placed against the wall, and a table with some chairs completed the furniture.

“This is in the morning my workroom, in the middle of the day my dining-room, and in the evening my reception-room,” said Gustave, throwing himself upon the mindeluk, and inviting me to do the same. “Poor exiles like us must be content with such accommodation.”

“Tell me, truly,” I said, turning to Gustave as we sat together alone, “is that word *home* a mere empty phrase, a sentimental delusion, or are there not times when men of mind and intelligence, who do not fear to doubt, have the courage to call that wrong which the rest of the world calls right, feel the unutterably melancholy influence of this word?”

Gustave passed his hands through his curling hair, and after a few minutes answered, in a choking voice, “Yes, my friend; there is a power in the sound,—that I can testify. Men may doubt,



may deny it, but they who do so have never been compelled to renounce their home: those who can at any moment return to their family, and revisit the land of their birth, know not the deep significance of the word *home*. But where free-will ceases, and the right of return is denied, a man learns to know all that a home means. He who, from whatever cause, is conscious that he can never revisit his country, is conscious of a feeling the existence of which the philosophy of the cosmopolite denies. I at least feel this; and had I not a wife and children dependent on me, there are times when I should be in utter despair."

"How long is it since you have left Hungary?" I asked, wishing to turn the conversation.

"I left it when the cause of Hungary was lost, at the capitulation of Vilagos. At the hazard of my life I crossed over into the Turkish territory: starved in Widdin, was nearly frozen in Schumla, went thence to Constantinople, and finally came hither to join my family. I live here, as you see, quiet and retired; I smoke my pipe, drink my coffee, pursue my studies, and have at least the happiness of knowing that my own dear country, Hungary, is not far off."

"You were then with the army at Vilagos?"

"Yes, I was in Görgei's immediate presence. I however did not capitulate: I smelt the stew while it was still seething in the cauldron, and I turned my back on Vilagos before the great Field-

Marshal had lifted up the lid and sent the foul vapour forth, to dim the light of God's sun and blacken the world's history for future ages. No, I had no part in it."

"You think then that Görgei was a traitor?"

"No."

"That he was betrayed then?"

"No, not even that: I think he was a fool, and one of the worst kind, since he was gifted with talent,—a fool who meant to act a tragedy, and ended by playing a farce. I do not even think he was ambitious, but rather that he was jealous; or, if he had any ambition, it was of that vulgar kind which is satisfied with the astonishment, when it cannot gain the applause, of the world."

The "Hausfrau"—the name I liked best for Gustave's wife—brought in two tchibouks, with burning charcoal on the fragrant yellow tobacco, and placed the coffee-pot upon the table.

A knocking was now heard at the door. A gentleman, dressed in a great-coat buttoned up to the chin, entered the room, with two ladies in black leaning on his arm. Gustave and his wife rushed forward with a cry of joy to meet them, and kisses and embraces were rapidly exchanged between them.

"Oh, how happy I am to see you once again!" exclaimed Gustave's wife in a transport of joy, as she led the ladies to the sofa and made them sit down. "But how have you crossed over? and

what has kept you so long? We have been expecting you now several days, and were becoming quite anxious."

"It was not so easy to get away from Pesth as we expected," replied the elder of the two ladies: "Haynau detained us for his signature, and we did not arrive in Semlin until early this morning. We wished to take boat at once, but you know what a dreadful storm there was. The Austrian boatmen refused to venture across, and, in spite of wind and rain, we were obliged to trust ourselves to Turkish sailors. In the midst of the stream one of our two men broke his oar, and the other had not strength alone to battle with the river, which carried us away: our little boat rushed swift as an arrow down the stream. You may imagine our despair. The frontier guards on both sides of the river made repeated attempts to arrest our progress, but all in vain: we continued our headlong course, until about five miles below Belgrade we were carried into smooth water, and contrived to reach the land; with some difficulty we procured a pair of wretched horses, and arrived at Belgrade an hour ago."

The gentleman in the great-coat, who had been holding a whispered, but, to judge from his gesticulations, very animated conversation with Gustave, now stepped forward. I at once recognized him as the person I had met on the Kalmeidan.

"There is no need of introducing the gentlemen

to each other, I see," said Gustave; "they are already acquainted, and I have now only to clear up a ridiculous mistake which has occurred."

We were all attention.

"Only think, Lina!" continued Gustave, "Gabor, the moment he entered the room and saw our friend sitting here, wanted to go away again."

"But why?" exclaimed the Hausfrau, laughing.

"Why, these gentlemen met this morning upon the Kalmeidan, and Gabor mistook our friend here for an Imperial commissioner or emissary, or indeed, not to mince the matter, for an agent of police, come over expressly to arrest him."

"Well, that is good!" said the Hausfrau, turning to Gabor; "you may act the hero uncommonly well, but you will never be one. To take our poor young tourist for a full-blown commissioner of police, and be afraid to walk alone with him on the Kalmeidan, is what I should never have expected from a Magyar, a tragic hero, and an ex-commissioner of the Hungarian Government."

Coffee was now ready, and with two or three other gentlemen, who had meanwhile come in, we sat down to table. An animated conversation ensued, and I found myself plied with questions on all sides about acquaintances, friends, and relatives of the exiles in Vienna or Pesth.

"We see newspapers enough," remarked one of the party, "and we have a full knowledge of all those events which the public press records; but

that cannot fill the void in our hearts caused by our ignorance of the fate and fortunes of our relatives and friends. We obtain such information only by chance or in a roundabout way, for letters are hardly ever allowed to reach us."

Wine was now brought in, and the conversation turned on the late events in Hungary, the revolution, and its leaders.

It was near midnight, when the sound of repeated knocking was heard. Gustave went at once to the window, and a few minutes afterwards opened the door, and introduced a Turk. On entering he cast his eyes carefully around the room, took out a paper from a secret pocket, and, whispering something to Gustave, handed it to him.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Gustave in a burst of joy. "Letters from home,—from our own people! They have at last discovered a way of transmitting letters to us and getting our answers in return,—an expensive one indeed, since they must pass through the hands of Ben Isre the Jew; but never mind, if it only succeed."

Gustave's wife seemed no less rejoiced than himself: they broke the seals, kissed the letters again and again, and with sparkling eyes ran over the lines penned by their dear distant relatives. Gustave poured out a glass of wine, and every one stood up: "Long live our homes! (Eljen a Magyarorszag!)" he cried from the fulness of his heart, and drained his glass to the last drop.

“*Eljen!* may they live long!” answered all present. Hereupon the Turk approached the table, and tapping Gustave on the shoulder, whispered a few words into his ear.

“Again!” said Gustave, grown suddenly serious, and almost angry. “We must separate,” he continued, “we are watched, and spies set over us.”

His words seemed to act like an electric shock on the whole assembly; all further toasts were dispensed with, and every one appeared anxious to be off as fast as possible.

“Friend,” said Gabor to Gustave, “fare you well! my dear ones are arrived, and tomorrow I embark for Constantinople.”

The night was calm, and under the guidance of Gustave I took my way back to the Zdanian. We walked in silence through the empty streets: Gustave was again sad and thoughtful; we were followed at a short distance by a man whom Gustave recognized as the agent of a neighbouring European state.

“I tell you,” said Gustave, “he who would know what it is to have a country, must first suffer banishment; mine I shall never see again.” These were his last words. The agent disappeared down one of the side streets.

## CHAPTER V.

## BUYERS AND SELLERS IN BELGRADE.

USTA HASSAN.

THE bright morning sun threw its rays upon one of the most miserable couches ever slept upon by weary traveller. I arose at once, and went to the window: every street and alley seemed full of life and bustle; a motley crowd thronged the streets, motley in every sense of the word, in men and things, in colours and costumes,—a perfect refreshment to eyes accustomed to the monotonous aspect of a European crowd. It seemed as if a picture had been suddenly unrolled, upon which individuals and groups in fantastic costume kept perpetually moving about and changing places; it did not require much stretch of imagination to suppose oneself suddenly set down in the East, or transported to the scenes of one of the tales of the ‘Arabian Nights.’

All the shops were already open, and the air was

filled with the buzz of buying and selling, talking, quarrelling, and bargaining, mingled with hammering, crying, and swearing. A small caravan of miserable-looking horses was just passing up the street, each beast carrying on his back two well-packed baskets covered with gaily coloured carpets, or a couple of sacks hung pannier-wise on each side. The owner of the caravan, a rich Servian, in a blue dress hanging in many folds, rode a little in advance, mounted on a handsome horse, and seated in a well-stuffed saddle: the drivers, a set of dirty but picturesque-looking fellows, followed, belabouring the sweating sides of the beasts with their sticks, and incessantly crying out, "Idi! Idi!"

Dark-complexioned peasant-women, in bright dresses and gay head-gear, were standing in groups barefooted before the handkerchief and ribbon stalls, now handling a bale of Servian linen, or examining gaudy flowered silks, suitable for bodices. They seemed to ponder the matter well: first they talked it over with each other, then went away, but returned in a minute or two, and demanded the price; a second consultation ensued, and perhaps by midday the bargain with the merchant would be effected. One must not however measure the sales of the vendors by the number of apparent purchasers, for, generally speaking, where you see five or six women examining an article and haggling about its price, you may be pretty sure that there will be only one *bond fide* purchaser



among them. The men act just in the same way: I observed five or six of them, mounted on lean horses, standing round an old pleasant-looking Turk, who carried his whole stock of wares hung about him in picturesque confusion.

“Do you not want to purchase, Servians?”

“Let us know what you have got, old Turk!”

“Will you buy a fez, or a belt, or a beautiful marama (handkerchief)? Here is a brace of pistols, here a noble handjar (a cutlass about a foot and half long),—what will you have?”

“Let us look at the fez.”

The Turk loosened it from his girdle, and handed it to one of the horsemen.

“It is a splendid article, the last I have left out of six hundred which I had the day before yesterday direct from Stamboul, a genuine fez of Stamboul; and such a tassel!—there is not a better in all Turkey. You shall have it for fifteen piastres, and it is dirt-cheap at the money.”

The horsemen tried on the fez, one after the other, consulted together as to its shape, strength, etc., and finally handed it back to the merchant, with the remark that they did not want it. In a similar manner they discussed the merits of the girdle and the handjar; and then, sticking their heels into their horses' sides, they galloped off.

I determined to pay my first visit to Usta Hassan, to whom I had an introduction, and accordingly directed my steps towards the Turkish

part of the town, with which my yesterday evening's ramble had made me somewhat familiar. On reaching the Bit Bazaar (for Belgrade too has its bazaar), I went up to a knot of Turks, and inquired my way to the Djinjirli-Djamiah and to the residence of the Lüledjiah Usta Hassan.

"We can direct you easily enough to the Djinjirli-Djamiah," replied one of the party; "but Usta Hassan—does any one know where Usta Hassan, the Lüledjiah, lives?"

A young man, rather meanly clad, disengaging himself from the group of Turks who had crowded round to gaze at and examine me, now stepped forward, and tapping me on the shoulder said, "I know Usta Hassan the Lüledjiah: follow me, and I will bring you to him."

We threaded our way through the booths of the Bit Bazaar. I was at once struck with the extraordinary resemblance of a Turkish bazaar to a Jewish fair: there is the same haggling and bargaining between buyers and sellers, the same mixture of the most valuable with old, worn-out, and apparently worthless wares: gold and silver sparkle in one stall, whilst the walls of another are hung round with tattered garments, dingy harness, and second-hand saddles; here highly polished arms are offered for sale, there rusty old iron; in this shop shoes, in the one opposite the most splendid shawls attract the eye. The sales are all conducted in the open air, in the full sight

and hearing of the passers-by. Indeed a Jewish clothes-fair is but a poor reflection of the Oriental system of commerce, and the contentment of the people here with small gains, and their capability of putting everything, no matter in what condition, to some use and profit, is a faint picture of Oriental industry.

On leaving the Bit Bazaar, we went through several narrow and less-frequented streets to the Dartjol, another part of the Turkish quarter of Belgrade.

“Do you see those walls?” remarked my guide, pointing to the gloomy ruins of a building which must originally have been a handsome edifice, but was now overgrown with moss and ivy; “that was once the palace of a Giaour, a great hero, Prince Jevjenije. He was a brave man, and took Belgrade from the Sultan, and built this house for himself. But the Sultan was braver still than the Prince: he drove him back again, and laid his palace in ruins; and now the cobblers and ‘meat-friers’ set up their booths among them.”

Passing the house of Prince Eugene, “the noble knight,” we entered a narrow street, and halted opposite a small workshop.

“Usta Hassan,” shouted my guide, “the Effendi wishes to speak to you.”

Usta Hassan, the Lüledjiah, was seated cross-legged in his workshop, his shirt-sleeves tucked up to his shoulders, and a white tight-fitting cap

drawn over his closely-shorn head down to his eyebrows; he was hard at work. A young Turkish lad, not more than seven years old, sat beside him, kneading red clay with his white hands. Every now and then Usta Hassan took up a piece of the clay, pressed it into a tin shape, then bored a hole in the compressed lump, and, with considerable care, turned a *lile* (bowl of a pipe) out of the tin mould.

So Usta Hassan the Lüledjiah turned out to be a pipemaker! A man with a long beard sat opposite to him, smoothing away with a sharp knife any inequalities or rough places from the pipes after they were turned out of the mould, and executing pretty devices upon them with fine steel instruments. The pipe-heads were then put on one side to dry; and through a narrow door in the back of the shop glowed the red charcoal fire of the oven in which they were afterwards baked. Hassan was so absorbed in his occupation that he did not seem to have heard the call of my guide.

“Usta Hassan!” he shouted in a louder voice, and without any further ceremony entered the shop and sat down upon a sheepskin which was spread out on the ground. Usta Hassan looked up from his work, and observing me, nodded, as if I had been an old acquaintance.

“Ha! Komschiah, so you are come at last; I was expecting you yesterday and the day before,” said Usta Hassan. “Welcome to Belgrade! Won’t

you come in, that I may pay my respects to you?" he added, but without interrupting his pipe-making.

I stepped into the shop and seated myself on a carpet four times folded, which the young Turk, on a sign from Hassan, had spread out for me.

"Well, how are you pleased with us?" asked Hassan, taking up a fresh piece of red clay; "is it not better here than over yonder in your German towns?"

I assured Hassan that the gay and unusual colours and the mode of life interested me extremely, and that I was never tired of gazing about me.

"Ah!" he continued, "there is always something worth seeing in Belgrade. People meet here from all quarters of the globe,—Macedonians, Greeks, Bulgarians, Bosniaks, Herzegovinians, Montenegrins, and even Swabians."

"And pray from what race are you descended, Master Hassan?" I asked of my *friend*; and as such it was contrary to etiquette to address him any longer with the title of Usta.

"I! I am a native of Belgrade," he replied.

"You can then remember the time when Belgrade belonged to your Sultan."

"Why should I not? I can remember it well as a boy, and I never walk through the streets and look about me without remembering it."

"Why so, pray?"

"Because I see the fine houses and the noble

gardens, some inhabited and lorded over by the Servians, others falling into ruin, in which I might still be living had it not pleased Allah to will it otherwise. I am now only a respectable pipemaker, but my father was one of our richest Spahias (landholders) and in high repute with the Pasha; he could have given more ducats away in presents than many a Servian has now to squander. But times have altered since then."

"It must be painful to you, Master Hassan, to pass those gardens and mansions which once belonged to your father, and feel that you must earn your daily bread by such hard labour."

"Painful, Komschiah? oh no, not at all. Had it not been the will of Allah, it would not have so happened. Everything has its season,—the moon and sun, day and night. The Servians formerly were not better off: we were their masters, and they our servants; now they are the masters, and it ought to be our turn to serve them. But all is in the hands of Allah: the Turk may become poor, may lose power and authority, but Allah will never permit him to serve a Christian."

I could not help expressing to Hassan my astonishment at his resignation under his change of fortune, and remarking that it must be rare among his fellow-countrymen.

"We are all the same," answered Hassan, shaking his head; "I don't know if you have seen my neighbour Youssuf, the cobbler, with the snow-

white beard: he possessed at one time two hundred thousand ducats and forty wives. Black George (Kara or Cerni Georg, the liberator of Servia from the Turkish yoke) robbed him of all he had, and then, as a great favour, granted him his life. Youssuf did not spend his time in useless regrets; he looked at his hands and saw that they could work, so he got an awl and began to mend shoes. He sings the live-long day, and I am often obliged to beg him to leave off for awhile. He mends my shoes regularly, and never forgets to say 'Evalah!' (I thank you) when I pay him his twenty paras for his work."

"And how do you get on with the Servians?" I asked; "you must often have quarrels and disagreements with them."

"Never," replied Hassan, making a peculiar noise with his tongue as a sign of denial; "we live in perfect harmony with them; indeed I may go further, and say that we have many friends among them. We visit them in their houses, and they us in return; we live with them as good neighbours, and on an equality, for they are not our masters. We owe allegiance to the Sultan of Stamboul, and they pay him tribute. The Pasha, in the fortress above, governs and directs us, and a Servian Prince rules them. Since we must both of us pay taxes and yield obedience, why should we be enemies? the only difference is that they have a master and we another."

The strange modulations of a deep, tremulous bass voice sounded at this moment in the neighbourhood, somewhat resembling the tones of the old precentors in the Jewish synagogues.

“Do you hear him? that is old Youssuf,” remarked Hassan.

“He is at his favourite song again, about Su-leiman and Fatima,” said Hassan’s journeyman; “will you not ask him in, that your guest may hear him?”

“Willingly,” answered Hassan, and, first whispering something into the boy’s ear, he told him to go and invite Youssuf to come in.

The little apprentice jumped from the workshop into the street, and a few minutes afterwards the sounds of the bass voice were heard approaching. A venerable-looking grey-headed man now made his appearance at Hassan’s shop, and sat down quietly on the counter, tucking one leg under him and letting the other dangle carelessly down. He wore bright red trowsers, a sky-blue jacket, and had a handsome flower-patterned shawl twisted round his fez. His whole costume bore the marks of former richness and splendour, but it was now so much worn that even the colours of the garments were rather to be guessed at than positively defined: his carriage however and whole demeanour were full of dignity and pride, but at the same time tinged with a dash of humour.

“If you have called me to fill my pipe, neighbour,



I have not a word to say against it," began the old cobbler; "but if you want me to mend your shoes, why you may walk home barefooted, for I will not work another stitch this day."

"Why so?" asked the journeyman.

"Because I have got money enough to last till morning," was Youssuf's laconic reply.

The apprentice now returned, carrying three small cups of black coffee, which he presented to me, my guide, and old Youssuf in succession. That nothing should be omitted to do honour to his guest, Hassan directed the boy to provide me with a tchibouk, tobacco, and a piece of glowing charcoal. Indeed the young man who had acted as my guide, better instructed than I was in the customs of the country, had, immediately on entering, taken the journeyman's pipe from his mouth and coolly demanded his tobacco-pouch. Youssuf, as soon as he came in, took a handful of tobacco from Hassan's bag and filled his own pipe with it.

"And pray who is your friend?" inquired Youssuf of the Lüledjiah, as soon as the tobacco in his pipe was sufficiently lighted to allow him to bestow his attention on matters of minor importance.

"A Hetjim-Bashi from Betji" (a physician from Vienna), answered Hassan.

"And what does he want with us?" pursued Youssuf; "does he travel about purchasing pipe-bowls?"

"He is travelling for pleasure," said Hassan, taking the answer out of my mouth.

"And," I added, "to learn a little of the world."

"You will not do that in a hurry," drily rejoined the cobbler.

"We have been telling him of you and your misfortunes, Youssuf, and therefore he wanted to make your acquaintance."

"Am I then a part of the world he wants to know, or is there anything so extraordinary in my fate?"

"More extraordinary at least than mine," chimed in Hassan's journeyman; "for I never lost anything, nor ever had anything to lose."

"You are in the right, my man," said Youssuf, clapping him on the shoulder; "I may be proud that my life has been a wonderful one; not every one in Belgrade could boast that he is the son of Abdallah, the Pasha of Rumili, and that he has been reduced to earn his bread by mending shoes."

"It is not of that you may be proud," I said, "but of the courage and resignation with which you bear your lot."

"In that case," said Youssuf, "the whole Turkish quarter of Belgrade is nothing a show-box of wonders."

"You sing, too," I continued; "I can assure you no one in our country who had suffered such reverses of fortune, would bear the change so

quietly, much less lighten his misfortunes by singing. When we are overwhelmed with calamity, we either fret ourselves to death, or take to evil courses."

"That comes of your self-conceit," replied Abdallah's son; "you think yourselves wiser than we are, and look down on us as rude and uncultivated. If you were to read the Koran, you would have neither suicides nor worthless scoundrels, but, in their place, men who would think it no shame to stitch shoes and lighten their work by singing songs."

"Komschiah," said Hassan, joining in our conversation, "you must know that Youssuf is one of the best singers you would meet on a long day's journey. What he sings he has never learned from any one; he composes for himself, and the others imitate him."

"Will you not give our guest a song?" asked Hassan's journeyman of the old cobbler.

"Don't believe all you are told, Hetjim Bashi," said Youssuf, turning toward me; "my voice is now old and trembles, and would give you little pleasure; but, if you like, I will bring my grandson to you, who sings like the bülbül in the gardens of Stamboul."

"Where is your grandson?" asked Hassan.

"He is at work in the shop."

"Shall I go and fetch him?" inquired my guide, jumping up from his seat.

"Ay, Moseh, bring him here," cried the whole party with one voice, "we will leave off work for the day and listen to Achmed."

"Not so much hurry," was however Youssuf's counsel; "we can wait till evening; idling is more easily learned than working, and Achmed is still young and ought to work."

"Youssuf is right," said I; "the light of day is made for labour, and the evening for song; we will meet together this evening, and listen to the sweet tones of Achmed, and then perhaps Youssuf too may be persuaded to break silence."

"Agreed!" said Hassan, "let us settle to meet in my garden; you know where it is, Moseh?"

"I know," replied Moseh, nodding his head in token of assent; "I'll bring you there, Hetjim Bashi." Whereupon I got up from my comfortable carpet, and stretched out my hand to Hassan to take leave of him.

"Not so fast!" said he, wiping the red clay from his hands on his apron; "that is not our custom: you have called to see me in my workshop, and cannot leave without taking with you some token in remembrance of your visit."

With these words he opened a press, and taking out a highly-ornamented pipe-bowl, made of red clay, handed it to me.

"Nor must you leave me empty-handed," cried Youssuf; "and since I cannot have the honour of mending your shoes, I must be content

you this rose :” so saying, he took a rose from his girdle, and presented it to me. “It will last till evening, and remind you of me at least so long ; I will then give you what will outlast even the *lilie*.”

## CHAPTER VI.

TURKISH STILL-LIFE, AND FINANCIAL  
EXPERIENCES.

THE sun was already above the horizon, and had tinged the roofs of the houses with a golden light, when I was roused from my slumbers by the entrance of Steva, the house-porter.

“Well, what have you got to say for yourself?” I drawled out, sitting up in my bed, hardly sure whether I was asleep or awake.

“The Momak has been here three times, and three times I have sent him away; here he is again,” replied Steva, in the most atrocious attempt at German: “the Momak will not go until he has seen you.”

I ordered him to send in the unfortunate Momak (man-servant), who was waiting in the corridor. I found he was the servant of Gospodin G——, one of the wealthiest Servians in Belgrade, who, having heard of me from a friend, had sent me an invitation to dinner. My day was ---

sequently disposed of before it had begun : an invitation to a Servian entertainment necessitates the sacrifice of the best hours of the day ; once seated at table, you are expected to remain, and devote yourself heart and soul to the feast. I was therefore obliged to consider how I could most advantageously occupy the few hours which remained to me before dinner. The first object I had in view was to explore the celebrated fortress, and, if possible, pay a visit to the Pasha, the representative of the last remnant of Turkish power in Belgrade. I found my indefatigable *cicerone*, Moseh, sitting in the court-yard as I came downstairs, and asked him if he could take me to the fortress.

“Of course I can,” he answered ; “I will show you the way ; but have you had breakfast ?”

To my answer in the negative he replied, “Ah, Komschiah, that is a bad habit ; we shall pass a Turkish *kavana* on our way,—you must stop there and take some refreshment.”

Moseh was a poor good-natured fellow, without father, mother, or relative of any kind ; indeed, upon my once questioning him about himself, he replied that Allah had been his only relative, and chance his only instructor. Ever since the day he had shown me the way to Usta Hassan’s house, he had been my indefatigable guide and servant ; and as I divined that his anxiety about breakfast was not altogether disinterested, I gladly fell into his views. We accordingly stopped at the best

Turkish *kavana* that Belgrade can boast of, to fortify ourselves, preparatory to our attack upon the fortress.

The honour of the invention of coffee-houses is due to the Orientals ; but, satisfied with the invention, they left the perfecting of these establishments to the more civilized nations who speedily adopted them. The worshipers of conservatism have no more idea of the uses and advantages of a coffee-house, for the purpose of business, political discussion, or recreation, than those Arabians who first formed the idea of disposing of their coffee for money in their tents. The Servians have made a step in advance, having set up in Belgrade a *citalistje*, or reading-room, in connexion with the coffee-house, where the principal French, German, and Slaavish newspapers are taken in ; indeed, the Servians exhibit considerable zeal for reform and progress.

The "best Turkish coffee-house" in Belgrade, as it was called, differed from the numerous other establishments of the kind merely in its occupying the first floor of a corner house, to which we had to ascend by a rickety flight of stairs, besmeared and bedaubed with a coating of mud, which had for years remained undisturbed. The coffee-room was spacious,—that is, very long and wide,—but so low that a man of more than the ordinary height could not by any possibility have stood upright in it. Mindeluks, or sofas, about eighteen inches high



from the ground, were placed around the room close to the walls, and covered with carpets; these were the only furniture visible. A few jars and coffee-pots stood on the ground near the door, and a bundle of tchibouks occupied a corner of the room. The walls were daubed over with streaks of red, orange, and blue: a thick perpendicular stripe of red paint, from which others diverged on either side at right angles, represented a tree, whilst a green line, surmounted at the top by a red or yellow ball, stood for a flower. Much as the Turks like to see the walls of their rooms ornamented with painting, they have made no further progress in art than I have described. It seems as if the art of imitation had, with few exceptions, remained undeveloped in them; and this is curious, as they exhibit considerable taste in the forms and ornaments of jars, cups, and vessels, as well as pipe-bowls and working-tools.

A few elderly Turks were seated round the room in profound silence, with their long tchibouks stretched out before them, reaching into the middle of the room; they were listlessly gazing through the large windows, which exposed to their view all the bustle and stir of the Bit Bazaar and the Dortjöl. In this way they pass hour after hour; indeed I may say, day after day. There are many Turks, especially men advanced in life, retired tradesmen, who make their appearance in their coffee-house immediately after morning

prayer; they seat themselves cross-legged on a carpet at the window, and concentrating all their thoughts on the busy and varied life passing in the streets, dream and smoke away the whole day. The moment the call is sounded from the minaret they disappear, and hurrying to the nearest Djamia, despatch their prayers. Their remaining time is spent in drinking coffee, smoking their tchibouks, and passing the beads of the *tespi*\* through their hands. They never converse: should one of them ask a question of another, he receives a monosyllabic answer, and the silence, for the instant broken, reigns again undisturbed, save by the dropping of the beads one on the other, the simmering of the coffee, or the buzzing of the flies.

Our entrance into the Kavana produced no change in the usual quiet of the place, except perhaps that the regular guests, strewn (if I may use the expression) about the room, looked up for an instant in wonder at our loud footsteps, and then, without a remark, resumed their occupation of vacantly staring into the streets.

We seated ourselves very composedly; Moseh having first abstracted a couple of tchibouks from

\* The *tespi* is the Turkish rosary, the *brojamitzu* the Servian, the only difference being that the latter has a cross attached to it. They are made of beads of glass, wood, bone, ivory, cocconut, amber, or ebony, according to the wealth or luxury of those who wear them. The Turk, in his dreamy, *far-niente* life, is very fond of counting his beads.

a corner, and filled them from a large tobacco-pouch, probably the common tobacco-bag of the house. A considerable time passed without any one inquiring what we wanted: there appeared to be no one whose business it was to attend to us, or care whether we were served or not. I grew tired of this state of things, and in good European fashion gave a few sharp blows on the floor with my stick.

“What is the matter with you?” demanded Moseh in alarm; and I found that this method, so commonly adopted in England to catch the attention of the servants, is considered here as the sign of a sudden outburst of rage.

“Holloa! is there no one here? are there no servants here?”

A young Turk with a graceful figure now entered, and without taking the slightest notice of my excited exclamations, went to a small stove, raked up the fire, and ladling out with a spoon a certain quantity of the famous brown powder from a tin box, in a few minutes presented us with two cups of the strongest and most delicious Mocha coffee. The custom, I found, is for the attendant not to offer his services until the coffee is ready, it being taken for granted that every one who enters the house will drink at least one cup of coffee, and it has to be prepared afresh for each guest.

Moseh was so enamoured with his portion, that he had recourse to a second cup. They do not, as

with us, clear the coffee, but pour it in with the grounds, so that it has the appearance of a thickish soup, and in this state hardly requires the addition of sugar. I had to pay about sixty paras for our breakfast, equal to six or eight kreuzers ( $2\frac{1}{2}d.$  to  $3\frac{1}{2}d.$  English); and quite forgetting where I was, I pulled out a one-gulden banknote from my purse, and handed it over to satisfy the claims against me.

“What is this?” inquired the coffee-house keeper.

“Money,” I replied.

“Don’t try to make a fool of me, Komschiah,” was the answer; “that is a piece of paper, and not large enough to wrap an orange in.”

“That is a gulden,” I said, “equal to three zwanzigers, or ten piastres.”

“Nonsense!” replied the host, shaking his head, “three zwanzigers are three pieces of white shining silver; this is nothing but a scrap of paper with a few marks on it, and I’d lay a wager nobody would give you three zwanzigers for it in your own country, so you can hardly expect it here.”

Thoroughly disarmed by the bitter and incontrovertible truth of these words, I withdrew my banknote from the vulgar gaze, and re-transferring it to the folds of my pocketbook, (much as I imagine a Minister of Finance would seek to hurry a rejected budget out of sight,) was obliged to follow the example of my beloved country in the year

1811, and declare myself bankrupt. I was forced to own that I had not a coin of the realm in my possession; and had it not been for my good friend Moseh, I believe I must have left my watch in pledge for our morning's repast. This, by the way, would not have been so great an inconvenience as it sounds, for ever since arriving on Turkish soil it had caught the infection of the place and refused to move. But, as I said, Moseh proved my good genius, a very Rothschild in my need, and satisfied the demands of the landlord.

My first thought on leaving the coffee-house, where I had certainly not raised the financial reputation of my countrymen in the eyes of the Turks, was to provide myself, at whatever loss, with some current coin; for dirty bits of paper, torn and rent in every direction according to the need of the owner, do not circulate in Servia as they do in my country. The only money employed here is made of gold, silver, or copper\*.

"You want money," said Moseh to me; "I will take you to a money-changer;" and in a few minutes we stood before the stall of a Jew.

\* At the time these Sketches were written, there was a deplorable absence of coined money throughout the whole of the Austrian dominions, arising from the exhausted state of the Exchequer. I have myself seen a banknote, whose value in England would be about twenty-pence, torn into sixteen parts, in order to give change, and I believe the subdivisions were often greater.—TRANSL.

"I don't take *Banken*\*; they cost me more trouble than they are worth to turn into hard cash."

Moseh consoled me by saying that Abraham Menasse was celebrated for his incivility to strangers, and well known to take a pleasure in putting people in embarrassing situations. Isaac Almansur would be sure to do all I required. But I did not find Isaac Almansur one jot better: he told me at once that he had long since declined having anything to do with "*Banken*," as he had only suffered loss by them. If I buy today," he said, "at two-and-twenty, they will be worth tomorrow no more than one-and-twenty, and I lose five per cent., and thus it is ever; so I thought to myself, this way of doing business will not prosper, and I gave it up."

"Isaac Almansur has made a poor day's business, and is in a bad humour," said Moseh; "we will go to Jacob Sabbathei Zebi; from him we are sure to get what we want."

Jacob Sabbathei Zebi was a little, insignificant, blear-eyed Jew, whom we found squatted on his counter, wrapped in a brown kaftan. He wore a black cap on his head, and, as we approached, was diligently occupied in stroking his beard.

Moseh, addressing him in Portuguese (the ordinary language of the Jews in Belgrade, and indeed

\* "*Austrian Notes*," so called in Servia, to distinguish them from "*Novace*," the name given to coined metal.

throughout Turkey), told him my business. Jacob Sabbathei Zebi did not at first utter a word, but made a face of disgust, as if some one had suddenly presented to him a piece of that flesh so rigidly prohibited by the Mosaic law; I gathered however some courage from his silence.

“What!” he remarked at last in the nasal drawl peculiar to his tribe, “you want to change money, do you? and pray how much will you change, and how will you have it? Will you have silver, or will you have gold? What will you have? If you take silver, you must lose by it; if you take gold, you will lose still more: if you take silver, you must be content with seventy-five silver for one hundred paper zwanzigers; and if you require gold you must give eighteen zwanzigers for a ducat.”

I never had any remarkable talent for figures, and I own it cost me some trouble to understand, or rather to acknowledge, the necessity of sacrificing twenty-five per cent. before I could turn my banknotes into silver, and that before I could get gold I must first buy silver, and then re-sell it at a considerable loss. I could not help expressing to Mr. Sabbathei Zebi my disapproval of this style of doing business.

“What, not contented!” exclaimed Sabbathei, jumping off his counter in the greatest excitement, whilst at the same time he opened a drawer and exposed to my admiring eyes such a collection of

shining gold and silver coins as I had not seen for many a long day.

Jacob Sabbathei Zebi no doubt reckoned on the enchanting effect of his money-drawer upon me. "Look at them!" he said, "look at the gold and silver, and then look at your bit of paper! mine is money, yours is—well, I won't say anything to offend you, but there is the money; take it if you will; if you don't like it, leave it, I don't want to persuade you; I only take your notes to oblige you, and because you are a gentleman."

With these words he closed his money-box, and seated himself composedly upon the counter, as if our business was over and he did not wish to have anything more to do in the matter. I looked at Moseh inquiringly: he shrugged his shoulders and signified to me that he knew no other money-changer. "If you do not take his silver," he continued, "you will hardly get even copper elsewhere."

I had no alternative left, so bowing to my fate, sacrificed five-and-twenty per cent. on the altar of necessity.

"There, take it!" said Sabbathei Zebi, as he counted out a quantity of dirty silver coins, mostly bent and full of holes, on his counter. The ducats and the new zwanzigers he kept closely locked up, and seemed to preserve merely as a sort of decoy to attract customers.

Being now provided with real hard cash, I pur-



sued my way to the fortress, not, I confess, without experiencing the unpleasant feeling of having had the worst of a bargain; but, as I said before, commercial and financial matters were never my *forte*, so I put up with my discomfiture as best I could, only thankful that my loss was no greater.

## CHAPTER VII.

## A VISIT TO FATZLI PASHA.

I MUST now conduct the reader to the citadel, by one of the many paths which connect it with the town. In order to reach the interior, we had to pass several lines of ramparts and fosses, protected by gates and drawbridges. Belgrade must at one time have been very strongly fortified, and, if kept in any ordinary state of repair, would still be capable of holding out for a long time against an attack, aided even by all the appliances of modern science; the citadel is however so neglected, that in a few years it will probably fall entirely to ruin. The fosses and ramparts are overgrown with grass several feet high, the bridges and gates are in the worst condition, and the wall considerably sunk. Cannons, it is true, are planted in all directions; but their carriages, rudely constructed, are choked up with a rank growth of thistles and bushes; here and there I even detected moss peeping from their

mouths, and dandelions springing from their touch-holes. Sentries mount guard at the deserted gates and at isolated points on the ramparts, but seem placed there more for the sake of dispelling their own *ennui*, than to protect the works of the fortress.

The garrison consists principally of youths, whose faces are much tanned and destitute of anything like beard, except perhaps a meagre moustache; their heads are protected from the sun by a red fez, from the crown of which hangs a dark blue tassel, fastened on with a small plate of copper; their necks are either bare, or covered with a coarse cravat, carelessly looped round. A blue cloth jacket, with red facings and collar, white linen trowsers, and thick shoes, complete the uniform. Each soldier carries a musket, a cartouch-box, and a short side-arm attached to a black leather-strap: this equipment is very simple, but is appropriate, and even ornamental when kept in proper order. But the frightful dirt which covers the Turkish soldier from his neck down to his tattered shoes, produces in the beholder a feeling compounded of disgust and pity, which is by no means diminished by their lazy, careless carriage, the feeble expression of their countenances, the rust and filth on their weapons, and the wretched condition of their guard-rooms. Of the green tents, which once were pitched on the very plains before  
a, and struck terror into the nations around,

one or two are now occasionally seen pitched at long intervals in the trenches, with a lean and worn-out charger cropping the rank grass beside them.

The interior of the fortification contains but few buildings, and these, with the exception of the mosque and the dwelling of the Pasha, are entirely of a military character; the stronghold being inhabited only by the garrison and the Pasha, with his suite. All the buildings, except the mosque and a new barrack, bear the marks of decay, and are overgrown with weeds and grass.

The fortress, as I entered it, seemed like a city of the dead; a deep silence reigned around, not a living creature was visible. I approached the house which Moseh pointed out to me as the palace of the Pasha: it was a large edifice, built of stone and wood, but everywhere, even to the roof, in a ruinous condition. I felt however that the palace of a Pasha could hardly be destitute of human beings, and determined to continue my search.

At the head of the stairs, which are carried up outside, there was an open door; I entered, and at last discovered a living being, in the form of a man wrapped and muffled up to the ears, and squatting in a corner of a bare and comfortless room. He was fast asleep, and, fancying that he might be the porter, or the holder of some equally important post, who would be far from pleased at my awaking him, I stole away quietly and continued my investigations in other rooms. I began to think that

Moseh, instead of conducting me to the residence of the Pasha, had brought me to some deserted palace of the Sultan, and that this slumbering figure was the only living being in the place, left behind by a Sultan perhaps five hundred years ago, when he last quartered here, and who had never awakened from that day to this. All at once however I was startled by an extraordinary rattling in a neighbouring room: discovering a dirty little door, I opened it, and entered a small dark chamber, about the floor of which heaps of straw and some coarse baskets were scattered, with two men squatting on the ground, who were amusing themselves with dice.

"What do you want?" inquired one of the men, a tall gaunt figure, looking like an Arab.

"Is the Pasha at home?"

"He is at home."

"How can I get access to him?"

"You must inquire of Achmed Effendi."

"Where is Achmed Effendi to be found?"

"Wait a moment; I will help you to find him."

Whereupon the tall Arab got up, put his feet into his slippers, and stepped before me into the passage. We were met by a man of low stature, dressed in a black frogged surtout, and wearing the fez; he had a slouching gait, but there was an expression of much acuteness and intelligence in his face.

"This is Achmed Effendi," cried the Arab, and  
ied back to his game.

Achmed Effendi saluted me politely, and addressed me with the words, "In what way can I be of service to you? (*Womit kann ich Ihnen dienstbar seyn?*)" thereby giving me to understand that he was acquainted with the German language. I asked if I could not be presented to his Excellency the Pasha. Having made himself acquainted with my name and position, he replied, "I will announce you to him at once; follow me."

On reaching the upper rooms, Achmed Effendi begged my indulgence for a short time, until he should inform the Pasha of my arrival. The place in which he left me was a large gloomy ante-chamber, from which a great many doors of various sizes opened into rooms and closets, its aspect being rendered still more dreary by the entire absence of furniture. My presence by degrees attracted a number of *fezzed* and turbaned individuals, some of whom were in a semi-European dress, some in the Turkish costume; they either sat down at once on the ground, and taking the *tespi* between their fingers, stupidly and silently gazed at me, or remained standing at a distance and making their remarks to each other in whispers. In one of the rooms, which was blackened with smoke, a dirty little fellow, with an extraordinarily large head, was sitting crosslegged on the top of a kind of press, and smoking a long pipe, which rested on the floor; from time to time he stirred with a spoon something in a vessel on the fire, and cast sig-

nificant looks upon the others. This was the coffee-maker, to all appearance busy in preparing an extraordinary supply of that delightful beverage for some of his friends, members of the household of the Pasha. The steaming decoction of Mocha was now ready, the cook was reaching forward the small cups to be filled, one after another had crept up to receive the proffered beverage, when suddenly Achmed Effendi appeared, and the improvised coffee-feast became a matter of doubt: he had only to utter a word, and all their hopes would vanish. The detected feasters stood as if rooted to the earth, awaiting their doom. Achmed Effendi however, suspecting nothing of the coffee conspiracy, merely begged me to follow him. At the door of the Pasha's reception-room he took off his shoes, and entered in his stockings. But when I speak of a reception-room, I must beg the reader not to indulge in any ideas of European elegance: that of the Pasha was simply a large, cheerful, wainscoted room, against the sides of which were placed soft mindeluks covered with brocaded stuff; there were besides two sofas and an old-fashioned fauteuil, on the last of which sat Fatzli Pasha, smoking a nargile. He appeared to be between forty and fifty years of age; his features were noble, his bearing distinguished, and his dress carefully and even elegantly arranged. His beard was cut close, his fez was large and handsome, and under the nson kaftan, bordered with white fur, appeared

a European dress of the most recent fashion and finest materials. Upon the floor, a few paces from him, and in the middle of the room, stood the nargile—a glass vessel containing water, and somewhat resembling in form our modern machines for making effervescing drinks. Above this, in a bowl, the finest tobacco was burning, the smoke of which was conducted through the water by means of an elastic tube about fifteen long, which was ornamented with parti-coloured tassels, and lay coiled upon the ground.

Achmed Effendi directed me to a place on the sofa to the right, and seated himself on the *min-deluk* to the left, of the Pasha. As neither the Pasha understood German, nor I Turkish, Achmed Effendi was obliged to undertake the office of *dragoman*.

“His Excellency desires to know from whence you come.” I said, from Austria.

“His Excellency asks from what part of Austria, and of what nation,—whether you are an Hungarian.” I mentioned the place of my birth.

“Then you are not an Hungarian; you did not take part in the Hungarian war?” I answered at once in the negative, wishing to anticipate the supposition that I had come to demand aid or counsel from the representative of the Porte; and repeated what I had already said to Achmed Effendi, that I was merely travelling for amusement, and had no request to make, except for permission to inspect



the Military Hospital and other institutions, having been informed, on the Austrian side of the river, that in many respects they were a pattern of practical arrangement.

Achmed Effendi made known my wishes to the Pasha, who nodded his head in sign of acquiescence, and said it gave him great pleasure to hear that any Turkish institution had met with approval in Austria; that, in the character of Hetjim-Bashi, I was at perfect liberty to examine everything, even to the minutest details; and that he should feel obliged if I would subsequently tell him what impression I had received from my inspection. He then spoke long, and apparently very earnestly, with Achmed Effendi.

“His Excellency desires me to tell you that he thinks the Turkish institutions are not properly understood in Europe. We are reproached with our want of progress and dread of reform. In comparison with other countries, we are doubtless much behind; at the same time we acknowledge it, and are using every means to retrieve what we have neglected. The arrangements of other nations will not always serve as an example for us, and our performances should not be measured by their standard: our position is different, and more difficult. In other countries the people require reforms, and struggle against the conservatism of their governments; with us the case is reversed. In other lands revolutions are effected by the

people; in Turkey, by the Government. In other countries the obstinacy of the rulers is the barrier to progress; with us the obstacles lie in the superstition, or, I may say, the entire religious belief, of the inhabitants; with us religious faith is, and has been from time immemorial, one with political faith,—our laws and form of administration are laid down in our religious code, to which the people adhere firmly. We shall never be in a position to set about the work of reform earnestly, until the mass of the people, as well as the intelligent portion, are persuaded to consider the Church as an institution separable from the State.”

I ventured to observe that in Europe such a course would be too tedious; whilst the tendency of Islamism is thus to impede reform, Christianity is essentially progressive, impelling man toward the highest development of which he is capable, ever opening up new sources of enlightenment, and affording new impulses to intellectual and moral culture. This progressive spirit is so essential an element, that even the Christians in Turkey cannot divest themselves of it; free institutions, as they exist in neighbouring Christian states, cannot be unknown to them, and must infallibly awaken their desire to enjoy similar blessings.

“Most certainly!” chimed in Achmed; “we are in a difficult predicament. We know perfectly well what justice to the Rayahs requires of us; but their desires are so entirely opposed to those of the Turk-

ish people, that it would be impossible to reconcile them. Should a portion of the Rayahs free themselves by revolutionary means, the Turks would bear it quite unperturbed, merely recognizing in the event the hand of fate; but they would never suffer their own Government to place the Rayahs in a position of equality with themselves. The Government has therefore only one of two alternatives,—either to throw itself for support on the Rayahs, or depend on the people from which it has itself emanated. Both the past history and present sympathies of the former convince us that we cannot depend upon them; there is then but one course left for us,—to frame our reforms according to the capability of the people to receive them, and to introduce them gradually and unostentatiously, so as not to arouse opposition. The future may open to us a more rapid system of operation, when our people shall have learned to estimate the value of progress.”

Our conversation, which was rendered doubly interesting by the difficulties under which we carried it on, was here interrupted by the entrance of five servants in blue laced coats, bringing in the tchibouk, the presentation of which to a visitor is never omitted. One of them placed the tube in my hand, a second deposited a tin plate for ashes under the *lûle* (bowl), a third applied the lighted coal to the tobacco, and the remaining two stood like a couple of posts at the door; they all crossed their

hands upon their breast on presenting the portion of the pipe over which they had charge, and performed the same act of courtesy on retiring. The five servants then stood in a row at the door, made a salaam, and retired in military order. The tchibouk was followed by coffee. I cannot let this opportunity pass without remarking on the peculiar courtesy and gracefulness displayed by both the Turkish and Servian servants in receiving and fulfilling orders, and on the complete contrast between the refinement of their manners and the boorishness of their exterior. There is an attentiveness, a gentleness, even a grace, in their movements, which Europeans would do well to copy. The only drawback is the European dress, which utterly disfigures the Turk: the picturesque costume is necessary to the graceful motion.

Achmed Effendi, on a sign from the Pasha, now rose, and invited me to follow him. The Pasha dismissed me, seated and smoking, as he had received me; a gracious inclination of the head alone marked that he was satisfied with the interview. I commenced my examination of the fortress under the guidance of a Turk,—I think a Dervish,—to whose particular care Achmed Effendi confided me.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## SERVIAN HOSPITALITY, AND SERVIAN WOMEN.

A STROLL through a Lazaretto is not calculated to give one an appetite for dinner, especially a Turkish Lazaretto, which I found to be anything but deserving the praise I had heard bestowed upon it. I will not edify my readers with a description of my visit to the hospital wards, nor even of the kitchen, where three brown Nizams were sitting round a steaming kettle, in a room filled with smoke, busied with rolling up boiled rice in cabbage-leaves, and with their filthy hands kneading it into dumplings, which looked like fir-cones. I prefer conducting my readers at once to the house of the Gospodin G——, where I had an opportunity of making a complete study of the national culinary art.

The house of the Gospodin was situated at some distance from the Zdania, in a small bye-street. In outward appearance it differed entirely from the

more modern edifices, having preserved in its architecture and arrangement the original and peculiar character of Servian dwelling-houses. As it forms no part of the luxury of even the wealthiest Servians to keep a great idle fellow kicking his heels all day long at the door, and vibrating between the extremes of servility and rudeness according to the rank of the visitor, I was compelled myself to perform the office of porter; pushing open the great creaking gate, I groped my way amid numerous obstacles, in the shape of agricultural implements, into a spacious courtyard, filled with pieces of timber, carts, tubs, and barrels. The entrance to the house was closed, and not a creature was visible. A delicious odour however assailed my olfactory nerves,—an odour which, according to credible authority, has raised many a hungry child of the Muses into a state of rapture,—I mean the steam of the kitchen.

What a picture of bustle and excitement! What a steaming, blazing, crackling, bubbling, seething, and roasting! What a hurrying to and fro in this kitchen! A thousand hands,—for the sake of the subject I must be forgiven the Homeric exaggeration,—a thousand hands laboured might and main in preparing hecatombs of fowls and herds of lambs and oxen, and in turning innumerable spits. The products of entire kitchen-gardens were chopped up and sliced, and pitched into the steaming cauldron; whilst myriads of fishes swam

in seas of sauce. A kind of awe came over me at the sight of these vast preparations, an elevating feeling coursed through my veins, and unconsciously I burst forth in the words of the poet,—

“Geseget sey das Haus,  
Wo dies ist kleine Gabe!”

My exclamation did not pass unobserved: a powerful female figure, reminding one of the heroic age, as much from her gigantic stature as from the rigid simplicity of her costume, came out, and inquired if I were the expected guest. To my answer in the affirmative she did not seem to give very ready credence, hardly conceiving perhaps that such a mighty feast could be prepared for such a spare little man; nevertheless she instructed one of her underlings to conduct me to the room in which the *Gospoda*\* was assembled to receive me; and in a few seconds I exchanged the appetizing odour of the kitchen for the more ethereal scents of *Gospodin G*——’s beautiful garden.

The Servian gardens are generally kept in better order than the Turkish; in beds and arbours, as in everything else, the European style is adopted, without however entirely sacrificing national peculiarities. *Smilye i bosilye* (Everlasting and Basil) are never omitted in the garden of a genuine Servian: these two flowers are to him what Violets and Forget-me-nots are to a German,—the Alpha and

\* *Gospoda* means the ladies and gentlemen of the family—*Herrschaft*.

Omega of his poetry of flowers. *Smilye* and *bosilye* abound in love-ditties and hymeneal songs, and are woven into nursery rhymes and funeral dirges; *smilye* and *bosilye* form the ready medium when a young Servian wishes to compliment his mistress; nor do *smilye* and *bosilye* fail at feasts and games.

“Golden goblets stand on the table,  
Adorned with Basil and Everlasting.”

“There went a youth to the house of his love,  
And he carried Basil and Everlasting in his girdle.”

“A maiden walked early in the morning in the garden;  
She gathered Basil and Everlasting for her garland.”

As I entered the garden, the last couplet, taken from a Servian love-song, was recalled to my mind, not merely by the presence of the favourite plants, but by the apparition of a lovely girl, in the bloom of youth, who was busy plucking flowers,—

“Selbst so schön wie Smilje und Bosilje.”

I had hardly caught a glimpse of her beautiful form and the little red fez on her coal-black hair, when she disappeared behind an elder-bush. Thinking it would be contrary to etiquette to pursue the maiden into the shady walk of elders and jasmine, I directed my steps to a quarter of the garden from which I could hear the sound of several voices in animated conversation, now and then interrupted by peals of hearty laughter. I soon found that I had not mistaken my path: in a few moments I stood within a cool arbour, in the presence of the Gospodin G—— and a small party of Servian



gentlemen, who seemed by no means inclined to take things too much in earnest.

Gospodin G—— was an old Servian of the genuine stamp, tall, broad-shouldered, and powerful, with a ruddy face, and grey, almost white, moustaches. He at once recognized me as the person who had brought letters of introduction to him; with a shake of the hand he warmly bade me welcome, and, kindly smiling, handed me a glass of rakia, and made room for me to sit beside him.

“It was kind of you to accept my unceremonious invitation; but when I heard you were a Tschek, I thought you would not stand on punctilio. That is the way with us Servians,—we invite any one we like, prince or priest, though we should never have seen him before, or do not even know his name. I have not the least idea what your name is, and yet you are my most welcome guest.”

I was about to mention my name, but was prevented by the Gospodin: “It is quite unnecessary,” he said; “I did not invite you on account of your name, I invited yourself; and now finish your glass of rakia. That is our way in Servia: we think it puts the stomach in order, and that he who would eat a good dinner, should sit down with a cheerful heart and a well-prepared stomach.”

I took the glass, and emptied it, with the words “*Na zdravlye!*” (Success to the giver). In pronouncing these two simple words I little knew the consequences that would ensue.

To reciprocate politeness is with the Servians a sacred law, and one which they would be especially ashamed to violate, in the presence of a glass of wine or a bottle of rakia ; Gospodin G—— at any rate was the last person upon whom such an imputation would be cast. He responded to my salutation by quaffing a large glass of the same liquor : this was equivalent to “ *Zdravlye nasoga hostenoga gosta !* ” (To the health of our much-honoured guest). All the gentlemen present, not to show themselves heretics to ancient Servian customs, were obliged to follow the example. To prevent even the suspicion of heterodoxy, a priest, who was present,—a tall, thin man, with a spare beard,—rose, and assuming an imposing attitude, filled a large glass with rakia, and drained it off to my health ; he then removed the little silk cap which the priests always wear, and began : “ Most worthy host—— ” The worthy host however, who had probably heard enough of the priest’s discourses in his day, would not allow him to proceed. He made repeated efforts to obtain a hearing, but at last with a deep sigh sat down. Every one now began to drink his neighbour’s health, and I do not know to what state my unfortunate words would have brought us, had we not been interrupted by the approach of the mistress of the house. “ Gentlemen, the dinner is served,” said he lady. This agreeable intelligence put a stop to the rakia-drinking.

“ Come, gentlemen,” said our host, rising, “ let

us see what sort of a feast our *majka* (mother) has prepared, in honour of our guest from the land of the Tscheks."

We all stood up, and the mistress of the house, whose duty it is to precede the guests, led the way to the dining-room. At the foot of the stairs the "Gospa" took off her shoes, and put on another pair, which lay ready on the lowest step. The practice of changing the shoes is invariably observed in all Servian houses of distinction, where the original customs of the country are maintained. Master and mistress, sons and daughters, guests and servants, all deposit on the lowest step of the house-stairs the shoes which they have worn in the fields, the streets, or even in the garden, and put on a cleaner pair; these again they take off at the top, and put on a third pair before entering the dwelling-rooms; in many houses indeed they do not enter the rooms in shoes at all, but take off the third pair at the threshold, walking into the room in their stockings. This custom is quite necessary, in consequence of the filthy state of the court-yards, in which cattle are kept, and the mud in the streets, produced by the frequent torrents of rain, which here fall like waterspouts.

The Gospa, having changed her shoes for the third time, led us into the dining-room. In the middle stood a long table, profusely covered with plates, dishes, jugs, bottles, and glasses; the golden-houred rakia held the place of honour in one gi-

gantic flagon, whilst others glowed with rich ruby wine ; nor was there any lack of silver vessels, for a Servian loves to make an impression upon his guest. The Gospodin took the head of the table, the Gospa being on his left, and myself on his right ; next to the Gospa sat the captain, next to me the priest, and the rest of the party below. No nation maintains a stricter etiquette in the arrangement of guests at table than the Servians, and any breach of it would be severely animadverted on. Rank, seniority, social position, and even affection or wealth, are the qualifications which determine the order of precedence.

The table was loaded with delicacies, which, both in quantity and quality, were worthy of the boasted hospitality of the Servians. The rakia-drinking was soon renewed, nor was the quenching of our thirst confined to that beverage alone. The quantity these Servians will drink is amazing : so long as their lips can articulate the words "*Na zdravlye!*" they will respond to it by emptying a glass. Gospodin G—— was in this respect no innovator : he kept his guests steadily to their work, and, with the exception of myself, had certainly no reason to complain of their backwardness. The servants had enough to do in bringing up fresh supplies of wine from the cellar, so rapidly did we empty the bottles.

My worthy neighbour, the priest, who had been cut short in his præprandial discourse, performed

miracles : he sat and swilled, and, like all men who are in earnest, maintained perfect silence, except when he had to propose a health. He was determined however to relieve his breast of the pent-up discourse of the morning ; so he rose, and proposing the health of the host instead of the guest, he began :—"To thy health, brother *Hausherr!* By the help of God and to the honour of his name, we are met once more at thy hospitable board, to exalt thy reputation and diminish thy wine. May thy head shine with the honour of the Patriarch and the splendour of Woiwoden ! May the Lord give thee wheat in full measure and corn in abundance, but wine in still greater proportion ; and mayest thou pour it forth at thy table to the praise of God and the delight of thy friends ! May He adorn thy house, bless thy land, increase thy hearth ! May thy brothers love thee, and friends come to thee from all the corners of the earth, laden with love and praise ! When thou leavest thy house, mayest thou always return to it with honour and prosperity ! May God will, that as we drink with thee today, so may we always do ! Honoured brother, may our gratitude be a pleasure to thee, and may the Mother of God send thee good fortune ! Mayest thou ever be in a position to serve thy friends, and not require the same from them in return ! May the Lord impart to thee what is good ; may He and the Saints stand by thee ; may he bestow upon thee an abundance, that thou mayest

receive guests at thy table during the remainder of thy life! As many goblets as we drain at thy board, so many sons, daughters-in-law, and grandchildren mayest thou have, to the honour of thy name! May they be a glory and an ornament to thee, as the waves to the sea, as the rainbow and the glittering stars to the heavens, as the blossoms to the trees, as the lightning to the clouds, the seeds to the fields, and martial deeds to heroes! And, to conclude with one more good wish, may the avengers upon thine enemies be as difficult to count as the drops in this bowl!"

The Gospodin accepted the toast, and then proposed the health of his foreign guest, in a speech which differed from the last only in its profuse adornment with poetry and proverbs; I will however spare my readers, thinking they have had quite enough in the specimen already given. Meantime wine was rapidly disappearing, and glasses were being emptied, when I was kindly rescued from the Saturnalia by the Gospa, who proposed to accompany me to one of the Djamias (mosques), in which the Turks were then celebrating their penitential services.

## CHAPTER IX.

SERVIAN AND TURKISH WOMEN.—A DJAMIA.  
FRANKISH JEWS.

IN the same harbour in which Gospodin G—— had regaled his friends with rakia, I found a fair circle of Servian women, waiting for the “Milostiva Gospa,” and employing the interval of her absence in discussing coffee and sherbet. The women are as refined, courteous, and even fastidious, in their deportment, as the men are hardy and unpolished. In dress they follow the fashion of the day, in adopting French materials, while they retain their national form of costume; thus you see skirts of the finest merino or costly satin, surmounted by the Servian jacket of cloth or silk, trimmed with fur; a small flat fez, worn a little on one side, protects the head, round which are twisted the long heavy braids of coal-black hair; gold rings adorn the ears, over which droops gracefully the long blue silk tassel; one or two gold coins are

twined with the braids of hair, or passed through the tassel, but the headgear is never deemed complete without a rose or carnation stuck carelessly beneath the fez; a single or double string of gold coins as a necklace, and a thin silk scarf as a girdle, complete the simple and elegant costume of the Servian women of the better class. Their deportment and conversation are imbued with a gracefulness, which would astonish those who have been accustomed to form their ideas of the Servians from Hungarian despatches and memoirs, which depict them as little better than a horde of robbers. Their social customs and habits of politeness are neither French nor German, yet at the same time refined and courteous.

The young girl whom I had before dinner surprised in the garden, now came forward to meet me, and presented me with a rose and a sprig of basil. "My daughter," remarked the lady of the house, "gives you these flowers, to show that you are a welcome guest in her garden: that is our custom. Women we greet with flowers and kisses, but men must for the present content themselves without the latter."

I put the rose and basil in my button-hole, and offered to the beautiful dark-eyed maiden the assistance of my arm, on our road to one of the Djamias, the minarets of which, rising amidst groups of trees and variously-coloured houses, looked like so many pepper-boxes. I beg to say



I make this simile in no spirit of irreverence, but at this moment my thoughts and feelings were deeply imbued with the material appliances of Servian hospitality; indeed, to show how completely Epicurean my thoughts had become (I must own my head was not quite free from the Negotin wine), I found myself complimenting my fair companion on her lips, which I compared to the most delicious rose sherbet, regretting at the same time that I had no opportunity of testing their sweetness,—her eyes to the polished ebony beads of the priest's rosary, who had counted off by it his glasses of rakia instead of his paternosters,—and her taper fingers to the most delicate biscuits which ever appeared at her father's table.

As we entered a narrow street I observed some extraordinary muffled-up figures about thirty paces before us. I at first hesitated as to what sort of animals they were: neither sons of Adam nor daughters of Eve, thought I, thus stalk through life; they came nearer to one's idea of the three witches who greeted the Thane of Glamis and Cawdor on the heath, than anything else. Long coverings, hardly to be called clothes, enveloped the body from the neck to the heels, falling in full but ungraceful folds, which seemed expressly devised to disfigure or conceal the human form. These graceless sacks, made of green or brown cloth, trailed along the ground, carrying with them the straws and thistles which they encountered on the road.

The head was like a round bundle of white linen, and the whole figures suggested the idea of peripatetic mounds of earth surmounted by snowballs, or gigantic rice-dumplings enveloped in cabbage-leaves, such as I had seen in the kitchen of the Lazaretto. I asked my young Servian companion what these curious objects were, waddling along the street. "Why, Gospodin, don't you know? they are Turkish women!" replied the astonished Gospodiena.

"Turkish women!" I exclaimed in amazement; "are these then the Odaliques which our painters represent to us in such richness of colour and beauty of form?—these the Bayadères and the Houris, in whose embraces earth becomes heaven, and heaven itself a refined and purified earth?" and I inwardly thanked God that I was not a Turk.

"You must not be shocked, Gospodin," replied my conductress; "their laws and customs require this of the Turkish women, whom you never see otherwise in the streets than wrapped in cloaks from top to toe, be the heat ever so great. You must not however suppose that this is their proper attire: although they appear thus disfigured in the streets, they are brilliantly dressed at home, where they indulge in a passionate love of dress. They vie with each other in the hideousness of their out-of-doors costume, that it may never enter into any man's head to approach them too nearly.

"If that be their object," I replied, "I must give the Turkish ladies credit for complete success.

I have however been given to understand that this custom originated in the too well-founded jealousy of the men, rather than in any extraordinary bashfulness on the part of the ladies themselves. And is there then no chance of beholding a Turkish lady?" I inquired.

"Impossible, Gospodin!—at least at her home. We Servian ladies are however on intimate terms with them: we visit them, and they us. Ugly as these figures appear to you, there are among them many beautiful women. The moment they enter their rooms, they throw off the hideous outer garment, and you see them handsomely dressed, according to their fortune or rank in life. The white cloth is removed from the head, and beautiful tresses peep out from a rich shawl bound round the forehead; pendants hang from their ears, and precious stones adorn their necks; upper garments of the heaviest and richest silks fall in beautiful folds, the remainder being of lace, crape, and the finest linen. You should just for once see the Pashitza (wife of the Pasha) when she receives visits: you would not believe it possible that so noble a figure, adorned with silks and satins, and gold and pearls, could be transformed into such an abominable bundle of clothes. In the streets they appear awkward and uncouth, but in their own apartments they recline in graceful attitudes upon the softest couches, and introduce a mirror into every available corner of the room, into which they

are never weary of gazing. Their leisure-time they employ at the loom or in embroidery: in the latter they are very clever, and exhibit a great deal of taste. The Turkish husband takes great pride in the beautiful *maramas* (handkerchiefs) which his wives embroider for him. Look at my marama; it was presented to me by a Turkish lady, who embroidered it herself;" and the young Servian handed it to me. I was astonished at the beauty of the work: it consisted of a piece of blue muslin, covered with the most delicate spangles of silver and gold, and minutely embroidered in patterns with white, blue, green, and yellow silk.

"But," said I, "if these Turkish ladies are always, at their own homes, invisible to strangers of the other sex, there is the more reason why we should endeavour to see something of them when we meet them abroad." In truth, my imagination, previously excited by the wonderful harem adventures which abound in the narratives of our tourists, was still more aroused by what my young companion had just told me.

"I recommend you to attempt nothing of the kind," answered the Gospodiena; "you might easily get into trouble. A case occurred lately, in which an Austrian gentleman, who insisted on looking at the face of a Turkish woman whom he met in the street, nearly lost his life. The woman shrieked out for help, and had not some Servians fortunately been present, I believe the Turks would have murdered him."

I had no intention of following the dangerous example of my countryman, and risking my life for a momentary peep at a Turkish beauty; still I thought of accomplishing by stratagem what I dared not attempt publicly. I accordingly quickened my steps, which, being remarked by the fair Turks, caused them to slacken their speed and to bury themselves still deeper in their outward garments. I soon overtook them, and, to put them off their guard, passed on without taking any notice of them. I turned down a narrow street, and concealing myself behind some thick bushes, where I could see and not be seen, I awaited the approach of the ladies. My young Servian friend was obliged to join in the stratagem. The women gradually drew near: the heat was oppressive, and not a breath of air stirred; not fearing a surprise, they had loosened their garments, and drawn back the white cloths from their faces. I cast a rapid and piercing glance over the little troop. Alas for the vanity of human wishes, the mockery of curiosity! Wherever I looked, I saw only old and withered faces,—shriveled Moors with dazzling white teeth and yellow hands, or pale faces, either old and furrowed, or, if young, utterly faded,—with not a trace of the bloom of youth on any of them. Unconsciously I allowed an exclamation of disappointment to escape me.

“Your stratagem was hardly worth the trouble,” remarked my companion a little maliciously, as we were about to emerge from our ambush.

All at once we were startled by a crashing sound in the bushes. The young girl sprang back in terror; at our feet lay a large stone, which, had it struck the head at which it was aimed, would have eased it for ever from all trouble; a second and a third followed: the Turkish women had discovered us, and, enraged that a Giaour should so cunningly have gained a sight of their charms, had torn up from the street the largest stones they could find, and in Turkish fashion rewarded the stranger for his delicate attention. An indescribable howl, which served as a running accompaniment to the stoning, alarmed me, lest I should meet with the fate from which the Austrian had been happily saved. I decided on getting out of range of the missiles as fast as possible, and waiting the arrival of the Milostiva Gospa, who spoke Turkish extremely well. Fortunately she and her party arrived sooner than a Turkish smith, whom I saw coming up as fast as he could, hammer in hand, and attended by three Cyclops, to avenge the outrage on his countrywomen.

The lady of the Gospodin knew how to pour oil on the troubled waters: a few soft words, with a present in money to the smith, and the abandonment by the Servian ladies of their embroidered *maramas* to the *fair* Turks, whose modesty had been so greatly offended, induced the latter to declare their honour satisfied, and, what was more to the purpose, to leave us in peace.

“You may think yourself very lucky,” said the Gospa, “to escape thus easily. Another time, if you should wish to see Turkish women, you must manage differently; it is not so difficult as some suppose, and by no means requires one to run the risk of being stoned to death. They are only so shy when they get old, or when many of them are together, for they are afraid of each other: when alone, they take the matter more coolly.”

A few minutes after this adventure we arrived at one of the many Djamias of the Dortjols. The courtyard was laid out as a garden, tolerably well arranged and prettily planted; and on the turf, under the shade of jasmine-trees, a number of Turks, old and young, were lying about, smoking their tchibouks and chatting, until the Muezzin should announce from the minaret the hour of prayer.

“Komschiah!” cried a familiar voice, which, without seeing the speaker, I at once recognized. A little man, dressed in a crimson Friday’s dress richly laced with gold, sprang from a reclining position on the grass, and came forward with friendly greetings. This individual, who, from the magnificence of his attire, might have passed for a Pasha of Macedonia or Bulgaria, was no other than my friend Hassan, the pipe-maker, whose sole occupation during the rest of the week was to press with his dirty hands red clay into leaden moulds.

“What brings you to our Djamia?” inquired

the Lüledjiah. "Are you going to turn Turk,—and that pretty girl with you? I tell you what, Komschiah, you would not make a bad Moslem: you are learned, and might become a Dervish or a Mufti, or perhaps Hetjim-Bashi to the Nizam of the Sultan; and your friend there would make the prettiest Pashitza I ever saw."

"Let him alone!" growled a deep bass voice, which could belong to no one but the cobbler Youssuf; "it is easier to make a new shoe out of a tattered slipper, than a thorough-going honest Moslem out of one who has not been born in Islam. Not one of the foreigners have sworn by the Koran because they thought it the best, but because Turkish gold weighs heavier, and is more easily earned, than Swabian banknotes."

I disavowed all intention of becoming a convert to Islamism, and said I had been led hither by curiosity, and a desire to see how the children of Osman and Seljuk worship that one God whose only Prophet was Mahomet,—that Mahomet who fled from Medina, and whose light has never since been extinguished, although he has long lain buried in a coffin of brass at Mecca.

"You are free to do so," replied Hassan, who seemed astonished at my intimate acquaintance with the Koran.

"I will lead you in myself," rejoined the cobbler; "although you will never be a true Turk, yet you know all that a Turk should know, and are worthy

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"Shall I?" said the young Turk who handed me the pipe, appealing to the master of the house as he looked down at my boots.

The owner of the pointed turban nodded assent; and before I could answer, the fellow had caught hold of my feet, and was tugging away with might and main to disencumber me of my boots. This was not so easy as he imagined, and far from agreeable to me: it requires some practice, and no little strength, to haul a pair of tight boots from the feet of a man seated on a floor well strewn with sand, and presenting no *point d'appui*. After some labour however he succeeded, and I was reduced to a proper condition for entering a mosque.

This feat accomplished, the Superior rose from his seat, his example being followed by all present: our pipes were placed in one corner of the room, our shoes thrust into another, and we prepared to enter the place for worship, which was separated only by a small chamber from the apartment of the Dervishes.

In extent the Djamia was nothing more than a tolerably large and lofty room; the walls were painted all round with innumerable green strokes, which were evidently intended by the artist to represent trees and bushes; a niche in the wall, facing the entrance, was somewhat more elaborately ornamented, and contained a burning lamp. Some Turks had already taken up their position on the floor, upon sheepskins and blankets, forming a wide

circle ; and new comers squatted down beside them, tucking their feet under their bodies. The pock-marked Turk took his place under the niche, and the penitential performances began.

Dependence on a higher Being, the recognition of his illimitable power, fear of having broken his laws, and the necessity of repentance and abasement, are doctrines inseparable from all human forms of religion. One faith enjoins fasting, another mortification ; the worshiper of the fire-spirit on a barren island in the wide ocean, thinks he is fulfilling the wishes of his God when he tortures his body in a bed of nettles ; the wild Indian imagines he propitiates his Deity by cleaving his hand from his arm. Of all religions, Mohammedanism is certainly not one which inculcates the belief that man renders a nobler and more welcome homage to the Supreme Being by the enjoyment of life in its highest and purest pleasures, than by the wilful sacrifice of its happiness. I must say that the sight of these thirty or forty Turks, at their penance on the floor of the Djamia, was to me most painful and repulsive, exemplifying as it did the baseness and degradation of the worshipers, who thought to honour the Almighty by grovelling on the earth before Him, rather than by a reverential admiration of the beauty and power which are manifest in the smallest as well as the greatest of His works. Deep sadness came over me, when I thought of the ideas such men must have formed

of the Infinite Being whom they meant to propitiate by such penance.

The chief Dervish shook his head from side to side, drawled out a Turkish prayer, in that nasal twang and modulation chiefly to be remarked in the Jews, and then called loudly upon Allah. The whole congregation then began to sing out the words "El Allah! il Allah!" with a peculiar intonation, laying the stress always upon the words *el* and *il*. They uttered these words about a hundred times, slowly and in a deep voice, then gradually increasing in rapidity and chromatic gradation, until they reached a point, both in speed of utterance and shrillness of voice, which could hardly have been surpassed. They accompanied these exclamations with a rolling, not of the head alone, but of the whole body, growing more and more rapid, until it produced dizziness. When the final "El Allah! il Allah!" was shrieked out, they fell down exhausted, their voices sinking suddenly from the highest tones to the lowest murmur. Numerous supplications of a similar kind were uttered by the Superior, with regularly increasing rapidity, elevation of tone, and bodily action, differing only from the first in greater exertion and quicker movement. At last, their faces pale and haggard, and their bodies reeking with perspiration, they began to strike the ground with their foreheads, and to beat each other frantically with their clenched fists: then I could endure it no longer, and hur-

ried from the Djamia into the apartment of the Dervishes; I could not bear, from mere curiosity, to witness such an exhibition of fanaticism and self-abasement.

A continued shrieking resounded through the building, followed by a suppressed murmur or whine, like the groans of a slave under his master's lash. This gradually yielded to a shrill wailing chant, as of atonement, and finally the song alone was heard. The penitential service was now over: the penitents rose and left the Djamia; pale and exhausted, but with countenances expressive of perfect repose, as if nothing had occurred to disturb their equanimity.

"Well, Komschiah, would you not like to become a Turk?" asked Master Hassan with an air of profound self-satisfaction; and I must do him the justice to say that, in shrieking and swaying his body, he had greatly distinguished himself. Instead of answering him, I begged he would take me at once to the ladies.

"I see, Komschiah," said the Turk, "you are not fit to be a Moslem, or you would understand that I cannot take you to a place where women are assembled, the moment I have completed my hour of penance. You, Moseh, bring the Effendi's ladies from the garden."

Moseh, who had been all this time asleep on a stone bench in front of the Djamia, jumped up and went in search of the Milostiva Gospa and

her friends. They were sitting in a corner of the garden, by a cupola erected over a natural fountain, which here gushed from the ground. Every Turk, on leaving the Djamia, went to drink of the water, which was excellent, and was believed to possess miraculous qualities. A handsome boy, about thirteen, served it in a copper bowl to all comers, who invariably repeated a verse from the Koran before drinking. At a signal from the head Dervish, some of the water was handed to us, and we then departed.

After proceeding a short distance, I observed a marked difference in the appearance of the people we met. The women and girls were dressed in Servian style, but some wore silk handkerchiefs round the fez, apparently to conceal their hair; whilst others had their hair ornamented with gold coins, as if to display their wealth. The men wore a long dark-coloured kaftan, different from that of the Turks, a striped under-garment reaching to the heels, and either a dark cloth cap, a turban, or a fez.

“We are now in the Jalia,” remarked my conductress,—“the part of the town inhabited by the Jews.”

A pretty brown face, with sparkling black eyes peeping from a mass of ebony hair, nodded to us from one of the windows. The head, which plainly evidenced its descent from one of the Patriarchs, was certainly very beautiful, and its beauty was

greatly set off by a costly little red fez, ornamented with five rows of double ducats; there was also a weighty necklace of gold coins round the maiden's neck.

"She is a Jewish bride," said my companion.

"The daughter of the wealthy Isaac," added the Milostiva Gospa.

The young bride appeared at the door, and, having kissed my companion, invited us to enter.

The Jews in Belgrade, as throughout Turkey, separate themselves entirely from their fellow Israelites in other parts of Europe, and consider themselves a distinct race. The "German Jews," as they term their European brethren, are not sufficiently strict in their observance of the Mosaic law to be recognized by them as genuine descendants of Israel; they regard them as semi-apostates, and avoid forming any ties of relationship with them. The Turkish or "Frankish" Jews, as they call themselves, observe the Sabbaths and festivals, and the minutest of the Levitical ceremonies, to the letter of the law, and resist reformation in the most trivial matters. Their language is a sort of Spanish jargon, which, in their commercial dealings, they write in Hebrew characters. In the Hebrew language, which they pronounce differently from the German Jews, they are mostly well versed; but they have neither scientific knowledge, nor any ambition to acquire learning, except such relates to the Bible or the Talmud. The boys

are brought up to trade, and the girls to household work ; both are early betrothed and married.

The daughter of the wealthy Isaac was about thirteen, tall and slender, *brune*, rather childish in appearance, with eyes expressive of good-humour, but unintellectual. She introduced us into the "great room," where the mistress of the house, seated on a low ottoman and surrounded by the sisters of the bride, was giving orders to her maids. It was Friday afternoon, and everything was prepared for the commencement of the Sabbath: fresh wicks lay ready for lighting on the branches of the brass lamps, and tables and presses were covered with clean cloths. The good lady bore on her head, breast, and wrists, a small fortune in ducats; the children were in their gay Sabbath dresses.

"We hear that your eldest daughter is betrothed," said the Milostiva Gospa; "we have taken this opportunity of offering our hearty good wishes."

"What can we do?" replied the Jewess: "the girl is past thirteen; there is no time to be lost."

"And who is the bridegroom?"

"Ben Rastali, the Jew."

"If I mistake not, he is a rich man," said the Milostiva Gospa; "you will have to give a pretty good dowry."

"We shall do what poor folks like us can," said the Jewess: "we intend to give our Rachel two



thousand ducats, full weight, without reckoning those she wears. More than that we cannot spare; we have other children, you know, to provide for."

The door opened, and a young man entered, bearing a flat silver dish filled with pastry. He bowed slightly, then went straight to the bride, kissed her, and placed the dish at her feet. The girl took it up, blushing deeply; and the Jew, kissing her again, left the room without having uttered a word.

"He has visited us," said the mother of the bride, "once a week since their betrothal. He always comes just before the Sabbath, kisses his bride, and lays at her feet some pastry which his mother has made, that the girl may think of him all the week. He must repeat this from Friday to Friday for a year, before he can take her home as his wife. That is the way, amongst us, in which bridegroom and bride must conduct themselves."

This method of wooing, however romantic, did not seem to meet the approval of the Gospodiena; she took her young Jewish friend aside, and I overheard her advocating, in a lively manner, that system of love-making in which the heart and lips are allowed free intercourse. The young Jewess did not seem at all disinclined to the arguments of her friend, and it is hard to say how far her conversion might have been accomplished, had not our visit been terminated by the shrill call of an old Jew, who appeared at the window.

“It is time to light the lamps,” said the Jewess; “our *Shamas* (servant of the synagogue) has just given us notice.”

“We will not disturb their religious observances,” said the *Milostiva Gospa* to me; “in Belgrade we have three Sabbaths every week: the Turks keep theirs on Friday, the Jews on Saturday, and the Christians on Sunday.”

We took leave of our Hebrew acquaintances, and after a short walk I found myself again in the dining-room of *Gospodin G*——. Nothing had changed since I left it: the *Gospodin* sat smiling at the table, the Priest showed no traces of his morning’s disappointment, the Captain seemed still to have stowage for another bottle, and the other two guests looked like those heroes celebrated in song,—

“Who sat quaffing red wine so long and so bold,  
Till the whites of their eyes were yellow as gold,  
And the tears o’er their flush’d cheeks downward roll’d.”

Thus ended my short but pleasant visit to the renowned city of Belgrade.

THE END.

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