A MONTH

AT CONSTANTINOPLE

BY

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M DCCC L.

TO HIS MOTHER,

THIS BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

I FEAR that those of my friends who looked for a "Comic Constantinople" in this volume, will be somewhat disappointed; so also will those who thought I might be tempted, by the example of all other writers, to give my own opinions, either upon the long-vexed question of Eastern politics, or the social and probable condition of the Turks. With the conviction that, in the first place, the funny school has been a little overdone of late; and, in the second, that far more able and experienced heads than those of the mere tourist are constantly and gravely discussing the relations between Turkey and the Frank world, with practical views and powers, I have only essayed to present a book of First Impressions—describing all things, as plainly as may be, just as they struck me upon my journey; colouring nothing for the sake of a page of poetical description or conventional enthusiasm, nor depreciating anything because it chanced to cross some private whim or fancy of my own.

When I was on my way to the East, by the route that I have detailed in the appendix, I met many return travellers, whom I was always eager to question upon several points connected with the general superficial features of a sojourn at Constantinople: and I found many little practical hints they gave me, of much service on my arrival. In turn, I now present these to my readers, premising that my humble addition to the catalogue of works upon the East already published, is intended solely for those who have not been there.

With respect to the illustrations, I have given only those which appeared to be the most characteristic, rather than the most imposing. After the magic pencils that have so admirably delineated the principal features of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, any attempt on my part, to offer a fresh view of the pinnacled glories of Stamboul, or the fairy palaces of the "Ocean Stream," would have been preposterous and absurd. There are many works of first-rate excellence, popular in England, in which fine drawings will be found of most of the spots I have described, and which they will more ably illustrate than any attempts of my own.

It is with the greatest pleasure I am enabled to acknowledge, in this place, the kindness I received from my friends at Constantinople. Mr. Taylor,

of the Gun Factory; Mr. Grace, of Galata; Mr. O'Brien, of Therapia; Mr. Smith, the Architect; and Mr. Robertson, of the Mint, by their unwearying attentions, have caused me to look back upon Pera as a spot where some of my most pleasant hours were passed. To the latter gentleman, I am indebted for the charming water-colour sketch from which the frontispiece of this volume has been engraved. If I do not allude especially to the courtesy I experienced at our Embassy, it is because the names of Sir Stratford and Lady Canning are already world-renowned for graceful hospitality.

That my readers may gain a clearer notion of Constantinople than they have hitherto had, and be induced, by my statement of expenses and other practical matters in the Appendix, to make the tour; or that, haply bought at Malta, its perusal may beguile one or two of the hot lazy hours on the Levantine steamers, is the extent of my ambition with respect to the book now before them.

London, *April*, 1850.

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ERRATUM.

Page 51, three lines from top, *for* "gashmack," *read* "yashmack."

A MONTH AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE DEPARTURE FROM MALTA.

T six o'clock P.M., on Saturday, August 25th, 1849, the French Mediterranean mail steamer, *Scamandre*, left Malta harbour for Constantinople; after the proper ount of swearing, screaming, rushing about with- t a purpose, and general confusion, which charac-

terizes every species of action in which more than one Frenchman chances to be engaged. Lest my readers should imagine that I took the usual bustle attendant upon a vessel's departure for something more than common, the question put to the crew generally by an impertinent English sailor, (who was rowing from the *Terrible* to the Marina Gate,) of "Why don't you make a noise?" may prove, however indistinctly, that the uproar was beyond what he considered absolutely necessary.

Although I had rested but a very short time at Malta, I left it with as much regret as though it had been a second home. For after a troublesome journey through Baden, Lombardy, the Roman States, and Naples, at an especially troublesome epoch, subjected besides to every annoyance and imposition that police, passports, and political quarantines could inflict on a traveller, the feeling was one of great comfort to catch the first sight of an English soldier on guard; to walk under a gateway with the familiar lion and unicorn—fighting for the crown as of old—boldly carved above it; to see well known names over the shops in every direction; and to take halfcrowns and halfpence in change, in as matter of fact a manner as though the shops had been in Oxford Street. Above all, it was pleasant to hear "God save the Queen" played by English drums and fifes, calling up the echoes from the glowing rocks of our far off Mediterranean island.

There was enough to interest one, before the steamer started, in the *coup d'œil* of the harbour—the noble ships of the line, and steam frigates, lying

lazily at anchor; the impregnable fortifications; the clean stone houses, dazzling in sharp outlines in the clear bright air; and the odd mixture of all sorts of costumes from every corner of the Mediterranean, between Gibraltar and Beyrout. Besides this, there were two or three parties of dirty urchins—cousins Maltese of the boys who seek for halfpence in the mud of Greenwich and Blackwall—who came up in singularly fragile boats, and petitioned for pieces of money to be thrown into the harbour, that they might dive after them. One of these little fellows was sufficiently clever to attract general attention. His head was shaved all but a comical tuft over his forehead, giving him the appearance, in his party-coloured *caleçons*, of a small unpainted clown. When the piece of money was thrown into the water, and had sunk for a few seconds, he leapt in feet first after it, and he was never long in reappearing at the surface, holding it up in his hand, always overtaking it before it had reached the bottom. These lads were succeeded by a floating band of music, the members of which played the Marseillaise and the Girondins' Hymn, out of compliment to the French steamer. But a shilling brought them round in an instant to our National Anthem, and Rule Britannia; and as we left the port we heard the last chords, inappropriately enough, of "Home, sweet home." They had evidently got up the latter to excite the people on their way home from India, in the quarantine harbour, but had immature notions of its application.

For the last month the Mediterranean had been as calm as a lake—much more so, indeed, than that of

Geneva under certain winds—and the fine weather promised to continue. This was fortunate for several reasons; the chief one being that the *Scamandre* was a very old boat, not calculated to encounter heavy seas; and in fact was said to be making her last voyage before condemnation to short coasting or river service. With great exertion she could be propelled at the rate of something under eight knots an hour; but the engineer respected the age of her machinery, and did not tax its powers. She was also very dirty, and the crew did their best to keep her in countenance; at the same time, there were few places on deck to sit down upon, except such accommodation as the coils of rope, water-barrels, and chicken coops afforded.

It is far from my intention, however, in thus speaking of the old *Scamandre*, to run down the admirable service of French mail steamers plying between Marseilles and the Levant generally. On the contrary, their extreme punctuality, their moderate fares, and their excellent arrangements, entitle them to the attention of all tourists to whom time and money are objects. There is as little distinction observable between the appointments of their first and second class passengers, as on the foreign railways; and as there is, on the other hand, a great difference in the price, and no servants, nor persons considered by the administration to be in any way unfit society for educated and well-bred people, are admitted into the cabin, this part of the boat is the most extensively patronised. We mustered about twenty passengers, and the first class cabin had not above four or five, who looked so dull and lonely, that we quite commiserated them. Indeed,

one of them—a good-tempered American— preferred now and then coming to dine with us, "to know what was going on," as he said. There were two other classes still. The third, who had a species of cabin, still fore, to retire to at night; and the fourth, who bivouacked upon deck. And very pleasant was even this last way of travelling. I had come down a deck-passenger from Genoa to Leghorn; from Leghorn to Civita Vecchia; and from Naples to Malta, with a knapsack (which comprised all my luggage, and which I had carried many times across the Alps) for my pillow; and I had learned to sleep as soundly upon planks as upon feathers. In the mild, warm nights, no bed-clothes were required; and in the finest palace in the world there was no such ceiling to a sleeping chamber as the deep blue heaven afforded, spangled with its myriads of golden stars, which gleamed and twinkled with a lustre unknown to us in northern England.

As we left Malta, the passengers all sat down to dinner; and for the first time we saw our companions for the next week. To begin with, there were three very pretty French girls. Two of these were cousins—Mademoiselle Virginie, and Mademoiselle Pauline, and they said they were going out to Bucharest as governesses; but we subsequently discovered that they were milliners, from a quantity of finery they got rid of at Smyrna. The third, who was from Marseilles, had large dark eyes, and long black lashes, with a tinged cheek that suggested Andalusian blood. She was travelling with her brother, and another Frenchman, to whom she was engaged; both these

being employed in commerce at Marseilles. They had large beards, were great republicans, and kept very much to themselves and their cigarettes. There was also a French lady of a tolerably certain age, who had been in London, and somewhat astonished me at first with her intimate knowledge of all the leading town circles. She was too well educated for a lady's maid, and yet wanted the repose of perfect good breeding; so that I was much puzzled to place her, until one evening she told me that she had been two seasons, several years ago, in the company of French actors at the St. James' Theatre. We had an Englishman, who was on a speculating expedition to see if he could get some muskets into Hungary; he was also a great phrenologist, and, generally, a thinking, determined man. A young Irishman who had thrown up his commission in a line regiment, and was going to join the insurgents in the above named country, not having yet heard of their betrayal and dispersion: the amiable and intelligent Greek professor of the Harvard University in America, Mr. Sophocles, going home to his country after twenty years' absence; and several persons engaged in the Levant trade, whose race was as difficult to be detected as their exact occupation—their language being as complicated a jumble of odd dialects, as their luggage was of strange bags and boxes. So that, amongst them all, the conversation was tolerably lively; and when I went again upon deck after dinner, I found Malta fading away into a small blue hill upon the burnished horizon, and felt, for the first time, fairly off, on my journey to the Levant.

The violet light lingered in the clear sky, high up above the east, long after the brilliant glow of sunset had died away behind the deep purple bars that flecked it as it disappeared. Then, one by one, the golden stars came out, and the bright crescent moon, looking like a symbol of the new land to which we were now hastening, was mirrored quivering in the sea, which scarcely rippled in the light evening breeze that swept over it. It was long, however, before the last gleam of light left the horizon, and I leant over the trembling stern of the old *Scamandre*, watching its gradual departure with a feeling of pleasure in gazing on what I fancied might be the direction of England, which those only can appreciate, who, at a distance from home, have recalled its dear faces around them.

CHAPTER II.

ON BOARD THE SCAMANDRE.

The cabin assigned to us was a small closet off the chief one, containing ten berths, with a space of floor about seven feet by five, which they surrounded. We were quite full, and when each passenger had brought in his carpet-bag or hat-box—and one light-hearted foreigner appeared to be travelling from Marseilles to Smyrna with no more luggage than the latter contained—there was little room to turn round; indeed, that cruel feat with a cat, traditionally performed to determine habitable space, was here practically impossible. So we were obliged to go to bed and get up one at a time; and when undressed, we had to pack our clothes up at our feet as well as we could, only to find that they had all got down into the depths of the mattresses, and underneath them even, by the morning. We were fortunate, however, in having a species of stout cucumber frame for a skylight, which could be lifted right away; and but for this, there is no telling how any one of us might have survived asphyxiation to recount our voyage. For having crept on to my shelf, which was one of the lower ones, about ten o'clock, with a very stout

Armenian above me, who weighed so heavily on his sacking, that I was constantly knocking my head against it whenever I moved, I could not very readily get to sleep. The night was uncommonly sultry, even for the parallel of Malta, and I could not shake off a horrible impression that the stout Armenian would break through his sacking, and smother me at some remote period of the night. I could not get the fearful story I once read, of a man who was in a prison that got smaller every day until it crushed him, out of my head; and this suffocating notion followed me into a troubled doze; so that when I awoke about twelve, almost stifled by the heat, and looking up, saw the skylight above-mentioned, with the stars shining through the opening, I had some hazy impression that this was the last window of the six that had disappeared, one by one, and day by day, in the story alluded to. In an agony of terror, such as I had never before experienced, I scrambled from my berth, and springing on a portmanteau, contrived to raise myself through the hatchway, and get a little breath of such air as was stirring. On the foreigners, the close and stifling heat appeared to make but a small impression. Not only had some of them gone to bed with the greater part of their clothes on, but one or two had even drawn closely together the blue curtains that ran on rods along the top of the berths, and so almost hermetically closed themselves up, to stew and swelter, as is their wont in diligences, steamers, and even rooms of hotels, or anywhere in fact, wherever an opportunity can be found of excluding such fresh air as might otherwise

intrude. To me the sensation was so indescribably distressing, that I shuffled on some clothes, and pulling myself up through the opening, once more laid down upon the deck, amidst a dozen fourth class passengers, scarcely disturbed by the occasional visits of an enormous rat, who was scuffling about, picking up such few scraps as had fallen from the deck suppers. Here I remained until six in the morning, when I went below for my toilet. The four ladies had a cabin opposite to ours, and about the same size, but it had no hatchway. There was only a thick plate of ground glass to light it, and they had opened the door into the saloon for as much ventilation as they could get. They appeared to care but little about privacy—air was evidently the chief consideration; so that, as it happened, a man might have looked upon far more disagreeable objects than the dark-eyed Marseillaise, as she was lying in her berth and fanning herself, with her black hair floating about her pillow, and—if such may be mentioned—half-uncovered shoulders. She did not appear to think anything of the display, nor indeed did any body else—her *fiancé* and her brother included, with the latter of whom she kept conversing all the time he was dressing.

I should be very sorry to class foreigners, generally, as a dirty set of people when left to themselves, but I fear there is too much reason to suppose that (in how many cases out of ten I will refrain from saying) a disrelish for a good honest plunging wash is one of their chief attributes. It requires but very little experience, in even their best hotels, to come to this conclusion. I do not mean in those houses

where an influx of English has imposed the necessity of providing large jugs, baths, and basins; but in the equally leading establishments—patronized chiefly by themselves—in these, one still perceives the little pie-dish and milk-jug, the scanty d'oyley-looking towel, and the absence of a soap dish; whilst it would be perfectly futile to ask for anything further. So, on board the *Scamandre,* this opinion was not weakened. They dipped a corner of a little towel, not in the basin, but in the stream that trickled from the cistern as slowly as vinegar from any oyster-shop cruet, and dabbed their face about with it. Then they messed about a little with their hands; and then, having given a long time to brushing their hair, they had a cigarette instead of a tooth brush, and their toilet was complete. This description does not only apply to the *Scamandre* passengers, but to the majority of their race, whom I afterwards encountered about the Mediterranean.

There was such a terrible noise still upon deck—such hauling about of huge chains and dashing them down, as though theatrical gaolers were constantly making their entrances or exits — such renewed squabbling, and stamping, and screaming; and useless covering up and darkening of hatchways, that I was glad to get back upon deck, along which the rising sun came right from the bowsprit, to tell us again that we were at last going towards the East. And here it would have been more to our comfort, if the sailors had transferred to themselves, some of the pains they took to wash the decks. The engine pumped up the water into a tub, and this they dashed

about in the most reckless manner; now flooding you away from the seat you had picked out upon a coil of ropes; now almost washing the scared poultry clean out of their coops; and at last not leaving a spot so big as a foot-print to stand upon. So that when the ladies were dressed, we were not sorry to go down to breakfast, at three bells—which, (as everybody will say they knew,) is the nautical for half-past nine;—and here a very good meal of omelettes, fish, cutlets, potatoes, fruit, and wine, awaited us.

On board ship, breakfast or dinner is made to last as long as possible—there is so little to occupy the rest of the time; so that we did not complain of being kept waiting between the courses, but clutched eagerly at any subject of general conversation that was started. There was no lack of this amongst the French, at their end of the table; but it was astonishing to analyze it, and see what trivial subjects occupied them. Those accustomed to the clatter of a table d'hote must frequently have observed the same thing, In the present case, one of the party occupied the attention of the entire table for ten minutes with an anecdote, which he prefaced by saying, "*Il m'est arrivé quelque chose de bien singulièr quand j'étais à Smyrne pour la dernière fois;*" and then recounted his story at length, of which, in all honest truth, the following is the essence:—that he had been going by a shop and seen a large fish exposed for sale, and that, the same morning, he called upon a friend at breakfast-time, and saw a piece of the same sort of fish on the table. This was all; but one would have thought from his energy and excitement, that a matter of the deepest

importance was connected with the occurrence, as he struck the table so violently to enforce its singularity, that the glasses jumped about. But his audience appeared amazingly astonished at the event, and said, "*Tiens!*" "*Dieu!*" and "*Voila, ce qu'est charmant!*" with the liveliest enthusiasm. Encouraged by this, he next called the attention of the company to a peach that he had cut through, stone and all, as another affair "*très singulière.*" There is no telling what other matters of interest he might have touched upon, had not our phrenologist turned the conversation by observing that the bust of Lycurgus, in the Royal Academy, at Naples, was the image of Mazzini; whereupon everybody went off at once about Rome and the Pope, Hungary, Louis Napoleon, Garibaldi, Russia, and the state of Venice, in such full cry, that it is a wonder how their mouths found opportunities to finish breakfast. It was, however, over at last, and then we all went upon deck, beneath an awning, to read, work, or smoke, until the heat was so intense that we could do nothing but lie down, completely overcome, in our berths, until dinner. This meal was a superior edition of breakfast; and when it was over we went on deck again. The crew were lying lazily about, playing at cards and dominoes; and a young Maltese, whom I found out to be the first flute in the orchestra of the Italian Opera at Constantinople, played several popular airs from Norma and Lucrezia Borgia. He was a nice intelligent fellow, and had established himself in a boat, upon deck, where he had his mattress and baggage, with a species of "bachelor's kitchen," in which he made coffee and soup,

cooked fish, boiled eggs, and concocted all sorts of dishes. As night came on, the fourth-class passengers arranged their different bivouacs—under the bulwarks, alongside the guns, and about. One group was especially effective. A young Greek girl, her brother, and a little child in their charge—all from Tunis and on their way to Athens, took up their position under the capstan, and looked so well—the man in his

Albanian costume, and the girl in her petticoat, (for her night toilet only consisted in taking off her gown) that I did my best to make a sketch of them, which a more able hand has put on the wood. Gavarni himself could not have surprised some wearied masqueraders in a better *pose*. As soon as it became tolerably dusky, the fowls and ducks were assassinated by the light of a lantern, at the side of the paddle-

box, for the morrow's consumption; and later, a sheep shared the same fate. Then, one by one, the passengers of the cabins crept below; but the heat was still so far beyond anything possible to be conceived, that I got my knapsack, as before, and laid myself down again upon the deck, where I was soon fast asleep, being followed in my example by one or two more of my gasping fellow travellers. This night I am not aware that the large rat paid us a visit; he was possibly attracted by the results of the fowl-murders on the other side of the boat. Anyhow, I slept undisturbed until after four in the morning.

The progress of the next day presented little variety. We still had nothing but blue sky and sea to look upon, when we sought distraction beyond the bulwarks of the steamer. Mademoiselle Virginie was studying navigation with the Commissaire, in his cabin; she was there nearly all day. Pauline was incessantly employed upon a piece of crochet-work, which lasted all the journey, and got very dirty towards the end of it—being one of those fearfully uncomfortable things called *anti-macassars*, which hang on the backs of chairs, to make your hair rough and tumble over your head. About four o'clock in the afternoon we caught sight of Greece—high up over the larboard bow; and at dinner-time a pretty stiff breeze came on and the boat began to ride, which had the admirable effect of keeping the foreigners rather more quiet at table; indeed, one or two left it. At dusk, we passed Cerigo, one of our English possessions —a melancholy reddish-rock island. It was difficult to conceive a more dreary time than the officer

must have had of it who was stationed there with his handful of troops. I longed to have seen some small boat by which I could have sent him a bundle of *Galignanis*, and a few numbers of *Punch* that we had on board. Then the little concert on deck began again—the opera airs bringing up thoughts of Grisi, and Covent Garden and the London season, here, out and away, at one of the gates of the Archipelago; and then, at nine o'clock we all began to think of retiring. I did not try the berths again; but the Maltese lent me a coat, and lying down on this, with my knapsack as before, for a pillow, I was soon comfortably curled up with my own thoughts. I was, however, obliged to silence two runaway patriots, from some of the Italian States, who had been arguing loudly for an hour upon the affairs of Rome, without any chance of approaching a conclusion. When this was done, and the usual quantity of fowls had been killed, as on the preceding night, everything became quiet, and I was soon wandering in the world of dreams.

CHAPTER III.

ATHENS IN SIX HOURS.

On getting up at six in the morning of the 28th, we found land about us in all directions. Passing the islands of Poros and Egina—the former possessing a fine arsenal, with every capability for building large ships on English principles, if the money could but be found; and the latter, the remains of a noble temple —on our left, and Sunium on our right, we came to anchor in the Piræus about half past nine.

It was here that I found myself in the midst of the first Levantine fancy costumes, that attract the traveller's attention—the real well-known bright Albanian dress of the masquerades and panoramic paper hangings, to say nothing of Madame Tussaud's Byron. One after another, picturesque fellows, in clean white kilts, so to speak, and scarlet leggings, shot off from the shore in light boats, which they rowed admirably, having adopted our own fashion from the people of the Ionian Islands. As soon as they had surrounded the bottom of the steamer's ladder, they commenced fighting in a most furious manner to get the best position; banging each other with boat-hooks and large sticks, which they had evidently brought with

them for the nonce, and climbing up the sides of the packet, like cats. In vain the crew of the *Scamandre* repulsed them—brushing them back into the swarm of boats, to get freshly beaten by their fellows on whom they tumbled—they were up again like wasps in an instant; and the passengers had enough to do to avoid being involved in the battle, which continued even on deck, amongst the hotel touters.

"I say, sir! here, sir! Hotel d'Orient is the best. Here's the card, sir—old palace—Murray says ver good," cried one of the costumes.

"Hi!" screamed another; "don't go with him, master—too dear! Come with me!"

The parties were immediately engaged in single combat.

"Hotel d'Angleterre à Athènes, tenu par Elias Polichronopulos et Yani Adamopulos," shouted another, all in a breath; I copy the names from the card he gave me, for they were such as no one could remember.

"Yes, sir; good hotel," said his companion. "Look in Murray, sir—page 24—there, sir: here, sir: look, sir!"

"Who believes Murray?" asked a fellow in plain clothes, with a strong Irish accent.

"You would, if he put down your house in the handbook," replied another.

They all appeared to have, more or less, a knowledge of English.

At length, by dint of great strength of mind, combined with physical force, a few of us got into a boat, (having been told that the packet would wait until next morning in the harbour,) and we were soon

standing on the quay of the Piræus, the town being a collection of small newly-built houses, consisting chiefly of merchants' stores, customs establishments, and agents' offices, with some inferior câfés, on one of which was written "*Grogs-shop*," intended, I suppose, as a translation of the more classical Οἰνοπώλεον, on the other shutter. A nominal examination of the luggage of such of the passengers as were going to land took place on the quay, and every one was then allowed to go where he pleased. Just then a good-looking fellow, in an Albanian dress, stepped up to our party and proffered his services as guide, for the day, to Athens. His name was Demetri Pomoni; he spoke excellent English, and told us "that he was a subject of Queen Victoria; that he had lived in London, and that we should find his name in the eternal Murray, page 25." They had all got their position by heart. We engaged Demetri for the day, and hiring a shabby hack carriage, from a cluster of regular country railway flies, drawn up in cab-stand rank upon the port, we started off at a dismal pace for Athens, distant about five miles.

It was very hot, and the road was very dusty—indeed the whole country about appeared parched up to the last degree of drought. We put up the windows, but the dust still got in, and before long our beards assumed a most venerable appearance. We stopped to bait at a little wine-shed half-way on the road, where there was a well, and where one or two Albanians lounging about under a rude trellis of grapes made an effective "bit." Here we had some iced lemonade, which appeared to be all the establishment

afforded, with some lumps of Turkish sweetmeat; and then we dragged on again for another half-hour, in the heat and dust, until we were deposited at the door of the Hotel d'Orient—a fine house furnished in the English fashion, and formerly a palace, as the touter had informed us. Demetri now told us that he let horses with English saddles to travellers; and that if we wished to see all the "lions," we must hire some, otherwise there would not be time to do so. So we had up some stumbling ponies from the town, for which we were to pay a dollar each; and then started to visit the wonders, and be back to dinner by five o'clock.

"Athens in six hours" is rather quick work to be sure; however, after I had been taken the round of the usual sights, I should have been sorry to have remained there much longer. But the exceeding beauty of the ruins can scarcely be overpraised; albeit the degree of enthusiasm, real or conventional, with which one regards them, must depend entirely upon such early classical training as the traveller may have been fortunate enough to have undergone. Yet I doubt whether I could have gazed upon those graceful remains with greater delight than I did on this occasion, had I gone through any further preparation to visit them than had been afforded by an ordinary public school education. Apart from their histories and their associations—their lovely symmetry, the effect of their clean sandstone colour against the bright blue sky, their admirable position, and the horizon of finely swelling purple hills almost surrounding them, broken to the south-west by the silver harbour of the Piræus, were quite sufficient to call up the most vivid

sensations of delight. Their beauty, also, was enhanced by the picturesque people who idled about them—all was so artistic, so sunny, so admirably thrown together, that whichever way the eye was turned, it appeared to rest on the reality of some exquisite drop-scene.

Guardians are stationed where there is anything to knock off and carry away more portable than the Elgin marbles The interior of the temple of Theseus is used as a museum; and the fragments are of greater interest, even to the most ordinary traveller, than such as he may elsewhere encounter. Here we made a luncheon from some singularly fine grapes and fresh figs, with bread, spread on part of a column, and then proceeded to the Acropolis, which Demetri had properly kept for the last visit. From hence the view was most superb, but it wanted the relief of green. Everything for miles round was baked up. The channel of the Ilyssus was without water, and the barley which covers the undulating ground had all been cut, leaving only the naked hot reddish tracts of land. The guardians had a sort of habitation below the Propylæa, and cultivated a few vegetables in small artificial gardens, the leaves of which looked quite refreshing. Amongst the masses of marble ruins which the Turks had tumbled down from the Parthenon, to make cannon balls from, or grind up for mortar, several wild plants trailed and flourished. One of these bore a green fruit which, being ripe, burst into dust the instant it was touched, however gently, by the foot; and the guides appeared more anxious to call the attention of the visitors to this fact, than to the solemn glories of the Acropolis.

As we were standing before the Erectheum, Demetri said, "When I was in London, sir, I lived in Euston Square; and I used often to look at the Caryatides at the side of St. Pancras Church, and think of this temple." It must have been a strong home feeling

that called up associations of Athens and the Acropolis, amidst the mud, stunted shrubs, metropolitan atmosphere, and omnibuses of the New Road!

We had killed all our lions by five o'clock; and, by making all use of our eyes and tongues, had become as well acquainted with the positions and appearance

of the Tower of the Winds and the Arch of Hadrian; the Areopagus and polished Anti-Malthusian slope; the Stadium and the prison of Socrates, as Demetri himself. Our horses, too, were tolerably weary; and so we returned to the hotel through Athens, which is as dirty, irregular, uninteresting a place as can well be imagined. An enormous village is a better term for it than an insignificant city.

The dinner, to which six or eight of us sat down, was perfectly English. We had the luxuries of anchovy and cayenne with our fish, Harvey's sauce with our steaks, and a bottle of pale ale was gravely put down before me and my compatriots. Our plates and dishes had a British name on their backs, and our knives were accredited by "Deane, Monument Yard." One only comprehends to the full, under similar circumstances, the extent of business pertaining to certain of our London houses. The traveller's story of the English-built omnibus running from the city to the Parthenon, with the cad, named Themistocles, crying "'Cropolis, 'Rectheum!" and of the placard of Warren's Blacking, posted on the temple of Victory Apteros, may prove a truth yet.

I strolled through some of the streets after dinner, and my companion, who was a smoker, was delighted at the quantity of latakia he could purchase for a few pence. Some people came up and offered curiosities for sale: these chiefly consisted of chaplets of shells from the Archipelago made up with little glass beads, and walking sticks and pipe tubes of Parnassus Blackthorn.

Possibly the most novel feature of my stroll was the lettering on the shops, &c., everywhere in the

familiar Greek character, hitherto only associated with my Merchant Tailors' School knowledge of the Diatessaron, Isocrates, and the Iliad, but now used to betoken the store of the baker, the coffee-house keeper, and the bookseller. At one of the latter establishments I bought a child's first primer for twenty-five lepta—about twopence-halfpenny. The curiosity of seeing little urchins, who can scarcely speak, puzzling out their Greek characters, must be as great as that which everybody experiences and notices upon first landing in France, on hearing the children squabbling in that language. It may not be out of place to give a page of the book I purchased:—

ΑΛΦΑΒΗΤΑΡΙΟΝ			ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΙΑΣ.		
βα	γε	δη	ζω	θι	κυ
λε	μα	ξο	πη	ρυ	φε
κι	ψυ	το	χυ	φα	νε
ξι	κυ	πω	λε	γη	ρα
λέγω	φέρω	χῶμα	νερὸν	πίνω	ἐγὼ
γάλα	ψωμὶ	ψάρι	χαρὰ	χέρι	τιμὴ
ζώνη	κόρη	ἔχω	ψήνω	τυρὶ	γάτα

Ὁ ῥάπτης ῥάπτει. — Ὁ ψωμᾶς ζυμόνει. — Ὁ Ἥλιος φέγγει. — Ὁ κτίστης κτίζει. — Ὁ βαφεὺς βάφει. — Ὁ ψαρᾶς ψαρεύει. — Ὁ ἵππος τρέχει. — Ἡ βελόνη κεντᾷ. — Ὁ σκύλος δαγκάνει. — Ὁ βοσκὸς βόσκει. — Τὸ παιδίον παίζει. — Ἡ κόρη γνέθει. — Τὸ νερὸν χύνεται. — Ἡ πέτρα πίπτει.

The streets became more striking as the warm twilight crept over them, and the people turned out to walk about in great numbers, or sat at their doors.

The Albanian and the Turkish costumes, or mixtures of each, were those generally worn; that is to say, by the men—those of the women betraying little variety of taste. All the former were smoking; the narrow thoroughfares were foggy with tobacco; and clouds poured forth from the windows of the *câfés*, while the customers were mostly eating quince ices—very large and cheap, but not particularly nice. A great number of fugitives from Rome were clustered about, and their pallid faces wore a sadly anxious and jaded look. The Greek government allowed these poor fellows lodging in some barracks, and about fourpence a day for their keep.

Our carriage of the morning took us back to the Piræus about half-past nine. The night was most lovely, and the solemn effect of the Acropolis in the clear moonlight, with Hymettus in the distance, more impressive than anything I had ever seen. Everything was still along the road, except at the half-way shed, where the same people appeared to have been lounging about since the morning. The water in the harbour was like glass, and the air so transparent, that the sharp outline of the vessels lying even at a considerable distance was most remarkable. Amongst these was H.M.S. *Sharpshooter*, which will perhaps account for my hearing the air of "Jim Crow" played on a violin in the "grogs-shop." But beyond this absurdity, nothing broke the silence, and before the quivering ripples that our boat produced had quite died away, I had gone down to my berth for the first time —the temperature being considerably lower than before; and, very tired with the day's work, soon fell asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

SMYRNA.

At five o'clock the next morning, the 29th, all the old noise began again—the same frightful riot, clanking of chains, bawling and stamping over head, that appeared necessary to move the steamer—in the middle of which they shut down our hatchway, and threw a tarpaulin over it, which brought me from my berth in an instant.

I found we had taken in several deck passengers—chiefly Grecks. An Albanian family had encamped in the flat boat upon deck. There was a young man and his wife, her brother, a very old woman, and a baby; and they had made a perfect nest of bedding, carpets, and baggage, in which they all huddled. There was a look of extreme misery and broken spirit about these poor people that was excessively painful. They did not appear to have anything more than a melon or two, and some coarse bread, for their stores; and they drank the tepid water from a tub on deck. Our little milliners took the baby under their care in the cabin, for which the mother—a mere girl herself—was most grateful. The conveyance was effected entirely by pantomime, for each was ignorant of the

other's language, and very prettily it was done. The family was bound to Smyrna, to pack figs—a wretched employment enough I should imagine, but one which appeared to be worth the migration. The girl's head was dressed in the manner I had seen most prevalent at Athens. First she wore the common scarlet skull-cap, bound round with a yellow handkerchief. Over this again, her long black hair was wound, neatly plaited; and about it, but irregularly, were hung a few trifling coins, with holes bored in them. The effect altogether was novel and graceful.

Our course lay amongst many islands, none of them striking; and, indeed, some were bare stony hills, rising at once from the sea. We could only read to get through the day, for it was again too hot to talk, and no particularly exciting events occurred. The cabin-boy, to be sure, was found out in telling stories, and sentenced to have his hair cut close to his head for a punishment, which was done by an amateur hand, in a fashion the most extraordinary; and the cook, who had been six years with Cavaignac, and three with Changarnier, in Africa, had a row with the *commissaire*, or purser, because the passengers had complained of his *fricassee de poulet* that morning, suggesting that it was made from the results of the preceding chief cabin dinner; and would not stand any more omelettes. So he promised that special fowls should be reserved for the next dish, and that an artful compound of eggs and onions, which he termed *œufs à la tripe*, should supersede the omelettes; and thus harmony was restored, and the day wore lazily on. Virginie and Pauline dressed and un-

dressed the baby every half-hour, and made it a little coat, amidst a pitiless storm of *badinage*. The Marseilles brunette was lost in a volume of Alfred de Musset's poetry. I did not see what she was reading, but if congeniality had led her to reflect upon the *Andalouse*, her thoughts must have been more or less remarkable. Our phrenologist had fixed the American to a game of chess, played upon a little portable board, with card men that slipped into the squares, and were difficult to be distinguished; and the rest of the folks sent the winged moments flying upon wreaths of cigar smoke, as they re-read old newspapers, or lay down in their berths. However, night came at last; and when we awoke the next morning at daybreak, we were informed that we were approaching Smyrna.

It was very pleasant to hear this—to be told that the land I saw close to us was Asia, and that the distant slender spires that rose from the thickly clustered houses were minarets—that I should have twelve hours to go on shore, and see real camels, fig-trees, scheiks, and veiled women! And yet I could scarcely persuade myself that such was the case: that the distant Smyrna—of which I had only heard, in the Levant mail, as a remote place, burnt down once a year, where figs came from—was actually within a good stone's throw of the steamer. When the engines stopped, the boat was surrounded with light *caiques*, containing now all Turks, who clustered round the ladder in the usual fashion; but they were more quiet and grave than the intruders of the Piræus. Some were custom-house officials, others brought off fresh fruits, others meat, and some of the boats only held solemn old gentlemen of the real rhubarb-selling race, whose object was merely curiosity, and a more perfect enjoyment of their pipes.

After breakfast, at which we had one of the most delicious melons I ever tasted, with a very thin smooth green rind, and white inside, bought from the boats, a *valet de place* was selected, and we went on shore; entering the city from the port, along which the flags of the different consuls were hoisted, by an arched way. Of course the bazaars were the first attraction; as a matter of course, our dragoman led us to them. And very novel and striking was the introduction to them. The shops, which were all open, were built of wood, on stone or brick basements, like the *barraques* one may see nearer home, at Boulogne

Fair. They could be shut in by one enormous shutter, folding down from above, which, when pulled up, formed a sort of pent-house; so that, as the thoroughfare was very narrow, there was not a space of above three or four feet between one of these and its opposite fellow. This was covered in by very light thin boards, almost like hurdles, and occasionally large pieces of canvas, or what was very picturesque, a thick-leaved vine, to keep out the sun. The floors of these shops were raised between two or three feet from the ground. On this a carpet was spread—usually one of the Turkish hearthrugs we are familiar with in England; and here the master sat with his pipe, surrounded by his wares.

Apart from the party-coloured and changing crowd which filled the thoroughfare, I was most struck with the wares exposed for sale—calling up the renewed indefinable feeling of pleasure at seeing things laid out to be bought at ordinary common-place prices, which we only knew at home as the products of long mysterious voyages from other quarters of the globe. Here, were huge morsels of the "best Turkey sponge," redolent of ocean depths, and heavy with the sea-sand that still filled their pores: there, were baskets of yellow rhubarb, cakes of aromatic opium, and bags of fresh clammy dates, ready to burst with their very sweetness. Then we came to a perfumer's, where the otto of roses scented the air all round, even from its little thick gilded bottles with their small reservoir of essence; where the musk purses and tablets also contributed their odour, and the rosaries hung about had their beads turned from dark and fragrant aloes-

wood. Anon were beautiful arms from Damascus—arabesqued and glittering blades, with jewelled handles and velvet-coloured sheaths,—curious and elaborately mounted pistols, and strangely-picturesque fire-arms, amongst which might haply be seen, as the greatest curiosity of all, to the vendor, a double-barrelled percussion gun from Birmingham. Then came rich carpets, and quilted coats of silk, scarlet caps, and costly pipes of every shape and fabric; and then a seller of sherbet—real Eastern sherbet—at something more than a half-penny a cup; or a dresser of kebobs, and pillaff, plying his trade in the very centre of the above-named rarities.

In themselves, the shops most striking at first sight were those for selling glass lamps, such as were hung in the Mosques and Greek churches; and slippers, of every bright colour, worked with thread of gold and silver. I have spoken of the gay crowds who jostled one another through the bazaars. Every passenger appeared to wear a fresh costume. Turks, Albanians, Persians, Egyptians, and Circassians,—merchants, scheiks, dervishes, slaves, and water-sellers,—with every variety of head-dress, from the simple scarlet fez to the tall black sheepskin cap, or the huge white or green turban, that looked several stories high, and might have served for the owner's store-room,—were jumbled up together in a strange kaleidoscope, as bewildering as it was attractive. One wanted several eyes to watch all that was going on at once; and when a jangling train of fourteen or fifteen camels came blundering along the passage, the two sides of which they almost swept with their packages,

the delight of all our party was complete. Everything was so bright, so novel; everything so much more than realized our expectations,—not a very common occurrence with travellers,—that I do not believe throughout the future journey any impressions were conveyed more vivid than those we experienced during our first half hour in the bazaars of the sunny, bustling, beauty-teeming Smyrna.

The appearance of our guide put all the merchants on the alert. One handsome, merry-faced fellow accosted me in excellent English, as follows:—

"How dy'e do, sir: very well? that's right. Look here, sir; beautiful musk purse; very fine smell. Ten piastres."

(A piastre is worth two pence and a fraction.)

"How did you learn to speak English so well?" I asked.

"All English gentlemen come to me, sir," he said, "and I learn it from the ships, and from the Americans. Shake hands, sir: that's right. Buy the purse, sir."

"How much is it?" asked one of our party.

"Six piastres," replied the brother of the merchant, who also spoke English, but had not heard the first price.

"And you asked me ten!" I said to the other.

"So I did, sir," he replied with a laugh; "then if I get the other four, that's my profit. But what's four piastres to an English gentleman—nothing. It's too little for him to know about. Come—buy the purse. What will you give?

"Five piastres," I answered.

"It is yours," he added, directly, throwing it to me.

"What a merry fellow you are," I observed.

"Yes, sir; I laugh always: very good to laugh. English gentlemen like to laugh, I know: laugh very well. Look at his turban—laugh at that!"

He directed our attention to an old Turk, who was going by with a most ludicrous and towering head-dress. It was diverting to find him making fun of his compatriot.

"Good bye, sir," he said; "come and see me when you come back, and buy some figs for London. Good figs, sir. Mr. Mille knows me at the Hotel, and Mr. Hanson knows me: everybody knows me. Good voyage, sir."

As we left the bazaar, one of our companions had a letter to deliver to a merchant; and, whilst waiting for him in the court of the house, I saw nearly two hundred people packing figs in drums for the English market. This court was at the end of a long alley of acacia and fig trees, under the shade of which the packers took their seats. They first carried them from the warehouses, on the floor of which I saw hundreds of bushels, brought in on camels, from the country. They were then pulled into shape—this task being confided to females; and, after that, sent on to the men who packed them. They gathered six or seven, one after the other, in their hand; and then wedged them into the drum, putting a few superior ones on the top, as we have seen done with strawberries. Each packer had a basin of, I believe, sea water at his side, with some leaves floating in it. When the drum was full, three or four of these leaves were placed on the top, and a little boy took it away to be

fastened up. A man gave me some of the figs to eat. they were between ripe and dry, and had none of the saccharine efflorescence about them that we see on our dessert figs in England. The people at work were Greeks; and the girls were mostly very handsome.

The next scene of interest we arrived at was a large enclosure, with a fountain in the centre, which appeared to be the rendezvous of all the caravan camels. They were there by hundreds—not brothers to the broken-spirited, mangy, solitary animal, who whilome went about our English villages with a monkey and a dancing bear; nor relations to that consumptive, dull-eyed, ragged beast, whom I remember to have seen in every procession at Astley's, of every locality where a camel could not have been supposed, by any outlay of the treasures he carried on his back, or facility of land or water communication, to have possibly arrived—I would not swear that he was not introduced into the *Battle of Waterloo*, and *Mazeppa*—but rugged, noisy, muscular brutes, not moving out of the way for anybody, and sufficiently independent and obstinate, when they chose, to knock over all sympathy with their popularly-acknowledged patient and enduring character. For your camel is a great obtainer of pity, under false pretences. He can be as self-willed and vicious as you please; and his bite is particularly severe. When once his powerful teeth have fastened, it is with the greatest difficulty that he is forced to relinquish his hold. The pitiful noise, too, which he makes upon being over-laden, is all sham, as small natural historians remark. It proceeds from sheer idleness, rather than a sense of

oppression. With many camels, if you make pretence to put a small object on their backs—a tile, or a stone for instance—whilst they are kneeling down, they begin mechanically to bellow, and blink their eyes, and assume such a dismal appearance of suffering and anguish, that it is perfectly painful for susceptible natures to regard them. And yet, when their load is well distributed and packed, they can move along under seven hundred weight.

Of the camels we saw in this square, some were being unpacked, others had just arrived from the interior, and others were kneeling down to have their new burthens adjusted, moaning most grievously the whole time. The loads were built up very high, and fastened to their backs with a contrivance like an enormous clothes-peg. This rude harness was, for the most part, adorned with shells, worsted tufts, and other finery—the object of this being to divert the glance of the Evil Eye—and each carried an ill-toned bell. Their riders either vaulted across their backs as they knelt down, or sprang up by putting the left foot in the bend of their powerful necks, and so climbing on to the hump, as they were going on. When there, they twisted their legs round a species of pummel, rising from what cannot be termed a saddle, and then went on their way, guiding the animal by hitting him with a stick on the side of the head opposite to that direction which they wished him to take.

Our guide did not have much of a sinecure this day. From the camelry we went on to a mosque—a small edition of St. Sophia to be spoken of hereafter. No firman was requisite to enter. A few piastres

dispelled all Mahommedan prejudices, and allowed the feet of the Giaour to press the sacred matting: but we were obliged to take off our shoes, and leave them at the door. This edifice was not very striking. The chief decorations, consisting of common glass lamps, ostrich eggs, and horse-hair swishes, were of a trumpery character. One old gentleman, in a huge white turban, was droning out some verses of the Koran, on a raised platform, and an idiot was curled up in a corner; these, with our party, comprised the congregation. We next went on to the Slave Market, which was held in a hot court-yard, with a tree in the centre. Two black men, a black woman with a baby, and a little boy, were its only occupants; and they had squatted down together in the fierce sun, until their brains must almost have dried up and rattled, like nuts, in their skulls. The men grinned at us, and held out their hands for money; the woman took no notice, but continued unconcernedly nursing her baby; and the boy nestled in the dust, and played with it. There was nothing to excite compassion; in fact, the Slave Market was pronounced a failure. One of our companions tried to get up a little virtuous indignation, and began to talk about the degraded condition of human beings, with other Exeter-Hall conventionalities; but he could not excite the sympathies of the party, and the American having made a daring observation to the effect that if he saw one of these slaves and an elephant, side by side, he should think the latter the more intelligent of the two, we all hurried out to stop the argument which was evidently impending.

From the Slave Market we were taken a long, hot, up-hill walk to the ruins of the castle on Mount Pagas, from which the view, fine as it was, hardly compensated for the trouble. Thence descending, and passing some cemeteries and public fountains, we came to the outskirts of the city, which consist chiefly of gardens, producing olives, oranges, raisins, and figs, irrigated by creaking water-wheels, worked by donkeys. At one of these I saw a droll contrivance. The donkey, who went round and round, was blinded, and in front of him was a pole, one end of which was

fixed to the axle, and the other slightly drawn towards his head-gear, and there tied; so that from the spring

he always thought somebody was pulling him on. The guide told me that idle fellows would contrive some rude mechanism, so that a stick should fall upon the hind quarters of the animal at every round, and so keep him to his work, whilst they went to sleep under the trees.

We returned to the port through the Armenian quarter of the town, where the houses are European in their style, and well built. At the *Hotel des Deux Augustes*, we sat down to a capital dinner; and afterwards, in the cool evening, walked about the Frank quarter of the town, and were well repaid by the sight of scores of beautiful Greek girls, sitting at their doors and peeping from their windows, in all the streets. An intelligent Hungarian, whom we met at the *table-d'hôte*, accompanied us. He was evidently very popular with the fair Smyrniotes; for nothing but bright smiles and laughing eyes greeted him in every direction. Yet he knew his value: for he told me that, on a fair average, there were fourteen girls to every eligible young man, in Smyrna; which was a sad prospect indeed!

At length, the time came for us to re-embark. With the solemn chant of the Muezzims calling the faithful to prayers from the minarets, sounding over the city, we bade good-night to Smyrna. And then, as I crept down to our old cabin in the *Scamandre*, and that venerable boat once more got into action, as her joints warmed up, all the events of the day appeared like some bright dream.

But the recollection of the dream is still vivid; nor is it likely soon to pass away.

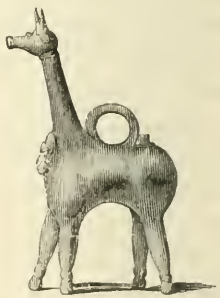
CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST DAY AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

I FOUND, next morning, we had taken in some more passengers at Smyrna. Going up upon deck, I nearly tumbled over two old Turks, who had spread their carpets towards Mecca, and were going through all those curious performances which compose the prayers of a Mussulman. The most difficult of these—which they achieved with wonderful agility for two such old gentlemen—consisted in falling suddenly on their faces, and then getting up again solely by the agency of their feet—as we see boys do, when their arms are put back over a stick to play at cock-fighting, which this certainly beat. Then they repeated it, and recovered themselves in a similar manner, always going through the feat twice, and preluding it by bending down their heads with their hands on their knees, as if going to 'make a back.' Nothing put them out. The sailors were hauling ropes about, and arranging baggage; and now and then stumbling against them, but they went through the entire programme as composedly as if they had been quite by themselves.

This day we entered the Dardanelles about noon,

and passed a great many ships of all countries—more, indeed, than I have seen at the entrance to the Thames—beating up towards the Sea of Marmora. In two hours, we anchored for a while between the two famous castles of Europe and Asia, to land the mails, and transact other business, at a dreary little town close to the former fort, known as Chanak-Kalessi to the Turks, and as the Dardanelles to us. The people put off in boats, and brought rude pottery for sale, made here to a great extent. The traffic was principally in tall, and not ungraceful water-jugs, ornamented with gold leaf; but I bought a bottle, made like a stag, as a present for a friend—certainly the ugliest thing I ever saw in my life.



We had a discussion whilst waiting here, about the story of Hero and Leander, but no one knew where to look for Sestos and Abydos ; nor is the course the young lover took at all decided upon. Lord Byron crossed where we were now lying. He came over diagonally with the current, which made the distance about four English miles from starting to landing, although the Hellespont here is not much more than

a mile across; and the distance was accomplished in an hour and ten minutes. Had we waited longer, I should have tried it myself, with the American; for there did not appear any remarkable difficulty about it—certainly nothing to make its accomplishment a matter of record.

On starting again, we were accompanied by a shoal of very large fish, with sharp noses and fins; they kept up with the steamer for a great distance, leaping about in a curious fashion, and racing, as it were, in pairs, until they all disappeared together with a white gleam, and left us once more to our own devices.

The ships continued all along the Dardanelles, and there was very little else to engage our attention, the low hills that form the coast on either side being very bare and monotonous. Indeed, if a little scandal had not been started about Virginie's prolonged disappearance after dinner, and subsequent discovery in the *commissaire's* cabin, I do not know how we should have got through the evening. Yet we all sat on deck until a late hour that evening, for it was the last of our voyage, and a cool wind coming down from the Euxine made it very pleasant.

At half-past seven the next morning, the first of September, we caught our first sight of Constantinople, with its white buildings and minarets glittering in the sun, at the extremity of the Sea of Marmora. I was not sorry to find the end of my journey approaching; and there was something very refreshing in the anticipation of an Eastern bath and regular bed-room, after the contracted arrangements for washing, and the crowded berth-cabin of the *Scamandre*. The

Turks and Greeks bundled up their luggage into bales; the other passengers got anxious about their effects, and kept hovering round the hold; and the French girls came forth in their smartest toilettes. Everybody was anxious to land.

I must confess that the first view of Stamboul, as we neared that part of the city, certainly disappointed me. I had heard and read such extraordinary accounts of the beauty of the *coup-d'œil*, and my expectations had been raised to such an absurd height, that although I knew I was staring hard at the Mosque of St. Sophia, and that the dark cypress grove coming down to the blue water before us surrounded the Sultan's Hareem, and that this blue water was the Bosphorus, my first exclamation to myself was, "And is this all!" But when we rounded the Seraglio Point, and slowly glided into the Golden Horn, where the whole gorgeous panorama opened upon me in its unequalled loveliness, the feeling of wonder and admiration became absolutely oppressive. I had never been so strangely moved before but once—when I looked down upon London, by night, from a balloon.

To speak of the magnificent domes and lofty minarets that detached themselves from the amphitheatres of buildings as we proceeded, and stood in clear white relief against the bright blue sky; or of the quaint houses, and intermingled foliage, and graceful cypress groves that climbed to the very summits of the hills, and stretched far away in the distance—of the thousand ships that the noble harbour brought alongside the very streets—the fairy palaces commencing to border the Bosphorus—the light

gilded wherries that darted by in all directions amidst the tame sea-birds who rode upon the clear rippling water—the gaily-coloured crowds upon the bridge—the vivid sunlight—the exhilarating atmosphere—above all, perhaps, the sudden change from the *ennui* of a sea-voyage—is only to repeat what everybody has said who has ever visited Constantinople—to anticipate what everybody will say on future arrivals. And yet, perfectly aware of this, I cannot stay my pen in an attempt to convey some rude notion—to produce some coarse rough sketch of the enchanted scene that surrounded me. The buildings on either side of the Golden Horn—for so is the harbour termed, which runs up between the Turkish and Frank divisions of Constantinople—these quaint toy-box houses came to the very water's edge; so closely, indeed, that the lowest seemed to float on it. There was a light unsubstantiality about them—a tottering half tumble-down look, that harmonized admirably with the architecture of the mosques and pinnacles. One regular Thames-side eight-storied warehouse, would have spoiled the whole picture. Behind us, at Scutari, on the Asiatic side, the eye still fell on minarets, domes, and palaces; cypress groves, and leafy terraces, with a background of blue hills, and the picturesque little steeple, known as Leander's, or the Maiden's Tower, rising from the bright sea in front. Everywhere, the waterside rows of buildings were seen through forests of ships, the lines of which were agreeably broken by the slanting spars of the felucca-rigged vessels which formed the greater portion of those at anchor. In the middle of

the stream were ten or twelve noble men-of-war—the largest of the Ottoman navy; nearer, was a fleet of steamers, of all sizes, from the fine boats of the Peninsular and Oriental, or Austrian Lloyd's, Company, to the little craft that went to Therapia, or Prince's Island every day. The port was swarming with life; the men in the caiques were moving about as thickly as one has seen boats at a rowing match, yet not more than was the ordinary custom. Heavy barges, manned by Arabs, were being pulled up and down the Golden Horn. Lighters, filled with melons, skins, grain, and bales, were slowly nearing the quays; and where the landing places were, there was such a jam of wherries—each forced as nearly as possible up to the stairs—that it was marvellous how they were ever extricated with their passengers. All was picturesque form and motion; and over the entire view was thrown such a glorious flood of sunny light—sparkling in the water, dazzling as it was thrown back from the minarets, and twinkling on the humblest casements—that for once, and once only, the realization of some glittering scene from childhood's story-book visions appeared to be accomplished.

There was very little confusion here on disembarking; and no serious fighting amongst the hotel keepers, as at Athens; for the passengers had mostly settled in their own minds where to go to, during the voyage. The good-tempered, intelligent Misseri—Eothen's Misseri—collected his intended inmates into a large caique for the Hotel d'Angleterre; and young Destuniano (whose father was formerly the best dragoman at Constantinople, and now keeps the Hotel d'Europe)

followed. I was with the latter, being anxious not to break up a little party we had formed during the voyage.

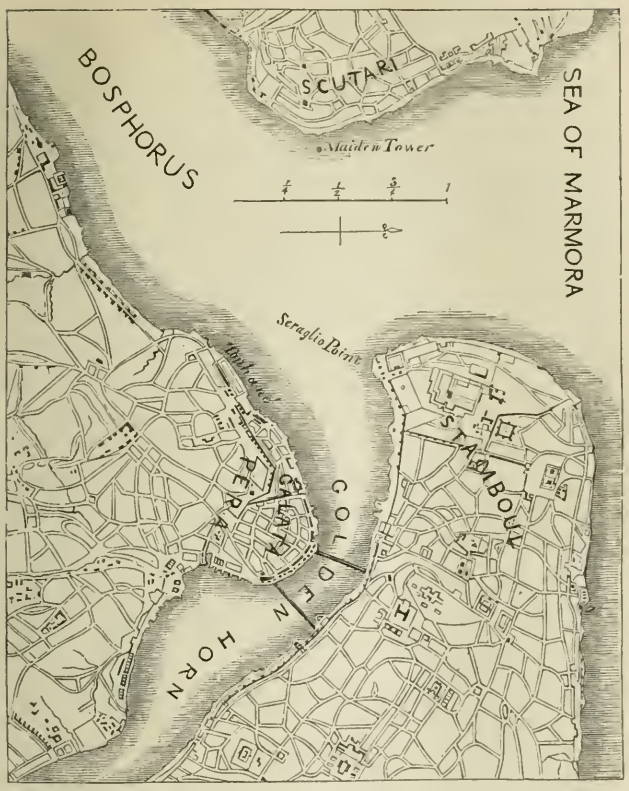
As we were putting off from the old *Scamandre*, a gilded barge approached us, in which were sitting two imposing Turks, officers of the customs. Their proper duty was to examine our luggage, but a bribe of three piastres—a little more than sixpence for the party—satisfied all their scruples. They gravely received this; and then, not proud, saluted our party, and went away to another boat. I must own my ears tingled when I reflected that my own share of a pecuniary offering to these noble and gorgeous gentlemen had been under a penny. But there was little need for any delicacy upon the matter. It appears perfectly understood that the Customs at Constantinople are established for individual benefit; and thus not a dollar of any kind of duty ever finds its way into the Sultan's treasury.

We landed at the Tophané stairs, and at once found enough to occupy all our attention. First of all, five or six Turkish women got out of a boat just before us, veiled up to their eyes, and looking very like the nuns in the incantation scene of Robert the Devil, before they throw off their dresses; only these had black skirts. Then there were a great many sellers of fruit and cakes—the former consisting of grapes, honestly and literally as large as plovers' eggs, and the latter of a species of pancake. Their appearance, with their little tables, very like what the pea-and-thimble men used to carry at the races, was very novel and amusing. Directly, down came a string of mules laden

with rubbish from the buildings at Pera; and they unloaded themselves by going down on their haunches, when they reached the landing, and allowing their panniers at one end to slide off. Next, some sturdy porters, or Hamals, seized upon our luggage. These fellows, who were mostly past the prime of life, wore their knots half way down their backs, and appeared capable of carrying immense weights. Preceded by them we set off, jostled by crowds in every variety of striking costume, and picking our way amongst the half-wild dogs, who lay about the streets by scores, and did not get out of the way for any one.

A little plan of the manner in which Constantinople is divided, will at once give the reader a clear notion of its districts. *

* *Stamboul* may be termed Constantinople proper, inhabited by the Turks, and containing the Seraglio, chief Mosques, great public offices, bazaars, and places of Government and general business. It is the most ancient, and most important part, *par excellence*. *Galata* is the Wapping of the city: here we find dirty shops for ships' stores, merchants' counting-houses, and tipsy sailors. *Tophané* is so called from the large gun-factory close at hand. Both these suburbs are situated at the base of a very steep hill; the upper part of which is *Pera*, the district allotted to the Franks, or foreigners, and containing the palaces of the ambassadors, the hotels, the European shops, and the most motley population under the sun. *Scutari* is to Stamboul, as Birkenhead to Liverpool; and is in Asia. It is important in its way, as being the starting-place of all the caravans going inland. There are some other districts of less interest to the average tourist.



As soon as we left the landing-place, and entered the steep lane that leads up to Pera, all the enchantment vanished. In an instant, I felt that I had been taken behind the scenes of a great 'effect.' The Constantinople of Vauxhall Gardens, a few years ago, did not differ more, when viewed, in front from the gallery, and behind, from the dirty little alleys bordering the river. The miserable, narrow, ill paved

thoroughfare did not present one redeeming feature, —even of picturesque dreariness. The roadway was paved with all sorts of ragged stones, jammed down together without any regard to level surface; and encumbered with dead rats, melon-rinds, dogs, rags, brickbats, and rubbish, that had fallen through the mules' baskets, as they toiled along it. The houses were of wood—old and rotten; and bearing traces of having been once painted red. There had been evidently never any attempt made to clean them, or their windows or doorways. Here and there, where a building had been burnt, or had tumbled down, all the ruins remained as they had fallen. Even the better class of houses had an uncared-for, mouldy, plague-imbued, decaying look about them; and with their grimy lattices, instead of windows, on the upper-stories, and dilapidated shutters and doors on the ground-floors, it was difficult to imagine that they were inhabited by people who had such notions, according to report, of home and cleanliness, that they never sought for society apart from their own divans, or harems, and never were fit for prayers until they had, more or less effectively, washed themselves.

We found our hotel possessed the double advantage of being a stone building, and completely insulated—a great comfort in so combustible a district as Pera. I got a good bedroom that overlooked the Bosphorus, part of the Golden Horn, and a few of the Mosques; came to an understanding about expenses,—which is always advisable; had the inexpressible comfort of washing and dressing in a large well-appointed room, after the confined closet of the *Scamandre;* and then

we all sat down to breakfast, learning that everything was to be had in Constantinople but fresh butter. Some white bitter compound, perfectly uneatable, was produced once or twice during my stay; but it was so unpalatable, that we usually preferred 'Irish;' and at last came to eat, with a relish, what many of our English servants would have turned up their noses at. The tea was excellent, and so were the cutlets; but there was some wine on the table—a native production, I believe,—like very bad still champagne, sickened with coarse moist sugar, to which I preferred the grapes in their natural state.

There was the most wonderful waiter at this hotel that I ever saw—a tall, thin, lath-built fellow, from Venice, who sprang and darted about the *salle-à-manger* in such an extraordinary manner—changing the dish of meat into that of figs, with such strange rapidity; waiting upon twenty people at once; banging out at one door, and directly afterwards in at another quite opposite, and wearing such an odd tight dress, that we christened him Arlechino. He poured out tea for everybody, drew a dozen corks, shot into the kitchen, came back and said he had thrashed the cook who was a Greek, frightened two or three guests of nervous fibre so, by his activity, that they were afraid to ask for anything—in fact, did so much, that I don't suppose anybody would have been astonished to have seen him take a leap, and disappear through the dial of a clock, or the centre of a picture, or any other of those strange points which harlequins generally select for their sudden departures.

Breakfast over, by this accomplished fellow's assist-

ance, I prepared to go forth with the impatience of feeling that the world of Constantinople was all before me. I found a ready dragoman in the hall,—another Demetri, and a Greek also, as may be supposed,—and with him I started down another steep hill towards Galata. This thoroughfare was just as narrow and dirty as the former one; but it was bordered with shops kept by Italians, Greeks, and Frenchmen. There were many English articles for sale,—stockings, cotton prints, cutlery, and blacking. In one window was a number of *Punch*, with one of Mr. Leech's clever cuts, attracting the puzzled gaze of some Levantines: at a corner was a sign-board, with "Furnished Apartments to Let" painted on it; and on the wall of a small burying-ground a Turk sat with a tray of Birmingham steel pens on cards.

The number of veiled women, straggling and shuffling about, in their large awkward yellow Wellington boots,—for I can describe them in no better fashion,—first engaged my observation. The greater portion of them were clad in a cumbersome wrapper, or *ferigee*, of what appeared to be coarse brown serge, entirely concealing the figure. When it was drawn up a little, one could see the naked skin of the leg just appearing above the foot; for socks and stockings are unknown to the inmates of the hareems. They thrust these odious boots into slipshod slippers with-

out heels when they go abroad; and the difficulty of keeping them on produces a most ungainly shuffling in-toed gait. The veil, or *gashmack*, is of one or two pieces, arranged as shown in the illustration. It is now made of such fine material,—a simple layer of tarlatane in most instances,—that the features are perfectly discernible through it; and the more coquettish beauties allow something more than their eyes to be seen, where it divides. These last features are wonderfully fine—dark, heavy-lashed, and almond-shaped; and they derive a strange force of expression from their contrast with the veil. Their brilliancy is aided by a dark powder introduced under the lid, which blackens its edges. The women wear no gloves, but stain the ends of their fingers, and palms of their hands, (as well as, I believe, the soles of their feet,) with a dye called *Henna*. This tinges them a deep tawny red, and the effect is most unseemly, making them anything but the "rosy-fingered" beauties which some writers have laboured to pass them off as. Their complexions are pallid and unhealthy-looking, which may, in some measure result from want of legitimate exercise; and they become prematurely aged. There is not, I imagine, a more perfect representation of a witch to be found, than an old Turkish woman affords, when seen hobbling, with a long staff, along the dingy alleys of Constantinople.

Descending the steep narrow lane, we passed an old gateway which divides Pera from Galata, and then the road became steeper and narrower still. But the same busy throng kept slipping and jostling, and hurrying up and down; although the absence of car-

riages allowed an odd kind of silence to prevail,—such as has struck one in a great London thoroughfare when the pavement has been taken up. Now and then, a horseman clattered and stumbled over the rough pavement, in imminent danger as regarded himself, his horse, and the foot passengers: and occasionally some mules increased the confusion. But everything was carried by the *hamals*—even the blocks of stone from the port, to be used for the buildings high above us; and at last, I met one toiling up with a sick sailor on his back, going to a hospital.

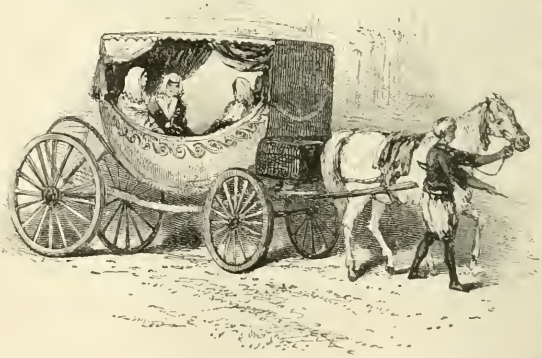
A few minutes brought us down to the bridge of boats, leading from Galata to Stamboul, across the Golden Horn, which is here somewhat over a quarter of a mile in breadth. From this point, one of the most superb views in Constantinople is to be obtained,—more comprehensive than that from the steamer, as the continuation of the port towards the arsenal is added to the range. Emerging from the close and dirty Galata, the bright panorama fairly takes one's breath away. The wondrous and dazzling confusion of minarets, domes, towers, ships, trees, ruins, kiosks, and warehouses, with the sparkling water below, more intensely blue than the sky above, is beyond description. The ever-changing kaleidoscope, however, that the bridge affords, may be better dealt with. One has only to lean against the rails for five minutes,

and he will see some specimen of every known oriental race pass by him. Take your place, with your back to the arsenal, near where the good-tempered little cripple has permission to sit and ask for alms, (as the blind girl in the large straw hat, and the man with the ragged vulture, used to do on the Pont des Arts at Paris,) and make all use of your eyes. First observe how the poor mannikin at your feet has chosen his place carefully. He knows that some *paras* will come in change from the toll, and he waits for them, near the gate, before you put them in your pocket. At the other end of the bridge he would have no chance of this small money. And now watch the folks before you, and let me be the showman.

First of all comes a person high in command, upon horseback. He has adopted, in common with his Sultan, the European dress—the red fez alone distinguishes him from any other foreigner you might chance to meet. His servant, in Turkish costume, runs by his side, and can keep up with him for any distance. The trappings of the horse are magnificently embroidered with tinsel and gold, and they carry your mind back to the days when you saw the combat between Kerim and Sanballat, in *Timour the Tartar*. The old Turk with the mighty turban, who meets him, dislikes the European dress and the simple fez; he foresees, in the change from the lumbering costume of himself and fathers, the spirit of advancing civilization which must shake the most time-honoured observances of the Eastern world, in another age: and he knows, with sorrow to himself, that every paddle-wheel which churns the waters of

the Bosphorus, produces, by its revolutions, others almost imperceptible, but no less certain, in his social and political state. He clings, however, to his religion and his Koran: *that* will always endure, for the wily impostor who drew up the Mahommedan code so flattered the passions of his followers, that their allegiance was certain as long as human nature remained unchanging.

There is loud musical female laughter now heard, and an odd vehicle crosses the bridge, drawn by a jaded horse. We have no conveyance like it in England: nor possibly is there its fellow out of Turkey. It has no seats; but on cushions in its interior



those dark-eyed beauties are sitting,—pale Circassian girls, and inmates of the harem of some great man. The carriage halts in front of you, to allow a train of mules, carrying planks, to pass on their way to Pera, and you can see the inmates plainly. One of them stares fixedly at you: you look again, and she is not angry—a few years ago, you would have been sent

away. She only draws back, but she still keeps her eyes on you—wondrous large-pupiled eyes, in whose depths your own vision appears to lose itself. Then she speaks to her companions, and just as the vehicle moves on, they all three join in another burst of ringing laughter, and leave you to debate whether an uncompaniable beauty—to say nothing of three—can be regarded as a jewel or a bore, in a man's household.

All this time the tide of foot passengers has been flowing on. Here are some Turkish soldiers: untidy-looking fellows, in blue coats and white trowsers, still with the red fez. A *cavass*, or policeman, is with them. He wears a surtout, pistols are in his belt, a sabre at his side, and his breast is ornamented with rows of cartridges: they are all going to take up some unfortunate wight. He is followed by a Dervish—one of those who dance, on certain days, at Pera: he also keeps a shop in Stamboul. The other way comes a group of keen Armenian merchants, each swinging a chaplet of beads about, or counting them, restlessly, and half unconsciously, with his finger. This will be a feature you cannot fail to notice before you have been an hour in Constantinople. The chaplet, or *tesbeh*, contains ninety-nine wooden beads, divided into three rows by little oblong pieces of turned wood. It is used in certain forms of the Mohammedan religion; but the active minds of the Armenian and Greek traders require something to expend their irritability upon, and so they all carry these beads, constantly whirling them

about, or rapidly reckoning them up, by twos and threes, all the while they are conversing or smoking.

Amongst the crowd you see porters ; water-carriers, or *Sakas ;* cake-men, or *Lokumjees ;* native couriers, or *Tatars*, who will take you for a certain sum, everything included, to Bagdad, if you please; and, bending beneath their baskets, are grape-sellers, with the beautiful fruit we have before noticed—the *chow-oosh-uzume*, as it is pronounced, and which you should always ask for. Now two trains of mules, laden with firewood and barrels, have met, and there is great confusion, which the drivers considerably increase. On the water below, there is equal bustle. The eighty thousand caiques, said to be plying about Constantinople, must necessarily get, at times, in each other's way ; and our own "bargees" would pale before the riot and swearing that begin when such takes place. Here a heavy boat, filled with country people, is going up the Bosphorus: there two steamers are lying, all ready to start from the bridge—one for Prince's Islands, and the other for Buyukdere. The dogs sleep about the bridge just the same as in the streets, and do not move for anybody. Little Greek children, taught to beg with a winning smile and courtesy, instead of the whining cant of our mendicants, get immediately before you ; and the distant appearance of a camel or two at the Stamboul end of the bridge, and a

buffalo drove at the other, with the opposition mules still in the centre, promises such an awkward rencontre, that our best plan is to get away as soon as possible. But you will often return to this Galata bridge, and always find amusement in watching its ever-changing objects.

My guide took me on, through the narrow crooked streets of Stamboul—which are certainly a trifle cleaner than those of Pera—towards the chief bazaar. He was anxious to prove that he was doing his duty; and showed and told me so much that my head was soon in an absolute whirl.

"Here's where they cut the heads off," he said, in somewhat more difficult English than I care to distress the reader with; "just here, where these two streets meet, and the body is left here a day or so, and sometimes the dogs get at it. Not many executions now —only English subjects."

There was something very startling in this information, until it was explained. By "English subjects," he meant the emigrants from Malta and the Ionian Islands—natives of those places, who bear the worst characters of all the graceless scamps forming, unfortunately, a large proportion of the Pera population. There had not, however, been an execution for more than a year, with all the popular talk of Turkish scimitars and sacks.

"All English gentlemen," continued Demetri, "think they cut off heads every day in Stamboul, and put them, all of a row, on plates at the Seraglio Gate. And they think people are always being drowned in the Bosphorus. Not true. I know a fellow who is a

dragoman, and shows that wooden shoot which comes from the wall of the Seraglio Point, as the place they slide them down. It is only to get rid of the garden rubbish. Same with lots of other things."

Demetri was right. To be completely *desillusioné* on certain points, one has but to journey with a determination to be only affected by things as they strike you. Swiss girls, St. Bernard dogs, Portici fishermen, the Rhine, Nile travelling, and other objects of popular rhapsodies, fearfully deteriorate upon practical acquaintance. Few tourists have the courage to say that they have been "bored," or at least disappointed, by some conventional lion. They find that Guide-books, Diaries, Notes, Journals, &c. &c., all copy one from the other in their enthusiasm about the same things; and they shrink from the charge of vulgarity, or lack of mind, did they dare to differ. Artists and writers *will* study effect, rather than graphic truth. The florid description of some modern book of travel is as different to the actual impressions of ninety-nine people out of a hundred —allowing all these to possess average education, perception, and intellect—when painting in their minds the same subject, as the artfully tinted lithograph, or picturesque engraving of the portfolio or annual, is to the faithful photograph.

"That fellow's a Dervish—dam' rascal!" Demetri went on, pointing to the individual; "we shall see him dance on Friday; he keeps a shop in the bazaar. That's a man from Bokhara—dam' fellow, too; all bad there. This is a Han."

The Han, or, as we usually pronounce it, *Khan*,

was a square surrounded by buildings, with galleries; with other occupants it could have been easily converted into a slave-market. A vague notion of it may be formed from an old Borough inn—one story high, and built of stone. There was, however, a tree or two in the middle, and a fountain; in the corner was also an indifferent coffee-house.

These places, of which there are nearly two hundred in Constantinople, have been built, from time to time, by the Sultans, and wealthy persons, for the accommodation of the merchants arriving, by caravan, from distant countries. No charge is made for their use; but the rooms are entirely unfurnished, so that the occupier must bring his mattress, little carpet, and such humble articles of cookery as he may require, with him. A key of his room is given to him, and he is at once master, for the time being, of the apartment. In the Han I visited, the occupants were chiefly Persians, in high black sheep-skin caps, squatted, in the full enjoyment of Eastern indolence, upon their carpets, and smoking their narghillas, or "*hubble-bubbles.*" Some of them came from a very great distance—Samarcand, and the borders of Cabool, for instance; so that their love of repose after the toil and incertitude of a caravan journey was quite allowable.

Demetri next insisted that I should see the two vast subterraneous cisterns, relics of great antiquity. One of these, the roof of which was supported by three or four hundred pillars, is dry, and used as a rope-walk, or silk-winding gallery. The other has water in it. You go through the court of a house,

and then descend, over rubbish and broken steps, to a cellar, from which the reservoir extends, until lost in its gloomy immensity. The few bits of candle which the man lights to show it off, cannot send their rays very far from the spectator. It is more satisfactory to throw a stone, and hear it plash in the dark water at the end of its course with a strange hollow sound. Over this mighty tank are the houses and streets of Stamboul. The number of columns, which are of marble, is said to be about three hundred; and the water, which you are expected to taste, is tolerably good.

We left the cistern, and traversed a few more lanes on our way to the bazaars. In these Eastern thoroughfares, narrow and crowded, one continually labours under the impression of being about to turn into a broad street or large square from a bye-way: but this never arrives. A man may walk for hours about Constantinople, and always appear to be in the back streets; although, in reality, they may be the great arteries of the city. Tortuous and very much alike, Stamboul is also one large labyrinth, as regards its thoroughfares; the position of a stranger left by himself in the centre would be hopeless.

Smyrna had, in some measure, prepared me for the general appearance of an oriental bazaar; but the vast extent of these markets at Constantinople created a still more vivid impression. To say that the covered rows of shops must altogether be miles in length—that vista after vista opens upon the gaze of the astonished stranger, lined with the costliest pro-

ductions of the world, each collected in its proper district—that one may walk for an hour, without going over the same ground twice, amidst diamonds, gold, and ivory; Cashmere shawls, and Chinese silks; glittering arms, costly perfumes, embroidered slippers, and mirrors; rare brocades, ermines, Morocco leathers, Persian nick-nacks; amber mouth-pieces, and jewelled pipes—that looking along the shortest avenue, every known tint and colour meets the eye at once, in the wares and costumes, and that the noise, the motion, the novelty of this strange spectacle is at first perfectly bewildering—all this, possibly, gives the reader the notion of some kind of splendid mart, fitted to supply the wants of the glittering personages who figure in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; yet it can convey but a poor idea of the real interest which such a place calls forth, or the most extraordinary assemblage of treasures displayed there, amidst so much apparent shabbiness. No spot in the world—neither the Parisian Boulevards, nor our own Regent-street—can boast of such an accumulation of valuable wares from afar, as the great bazaar at Constantinople. Hundreds and thousands of miles of rocky road and sandy desert have been traversed by the moaning camels who have carried those silks and precious stones from Persia, with the caravan. From the wild regions of the mysterious central Africa, that ivory, so cunningly worked, in the next row, has been brought—the coal-black people only know how—until the Nile floated it down to Lower Egypt. Then those soft Cashmere shawls have made a long and treach-

erous journey to Trebizond, whence the fleet barks of the cold and stormy Euxine at last brought them up the fairy Bosphorus to the very water's edge of the city. From the remote active America; from sturdy England; from Cadiz, Marseilles, and all along the glowing shores of the Mediterranean, safely carried over the dark and leaping sea, by brave iron monsters that have fought the winds with their scalding breath,—these wares have come, to tempt the purchasers, in the pleasant, calm, subdued light of the bazaars of Stamboul.

I have said that each article has its proper bazaar assigned to it. Thus, there is one row for muslins, another for slippers, another for fezzes, for shawls, for arms, for drugs, and so on. Yet there is no competition amongst the shop-keepers. No struggling to out-placard or out-advertise each other, as would occur with us in cool-headed, feverish, crafty, credulous London. You must not expect them to pull one thing down after another, for you to look at, until it appears hopeless to conceive that the counter will ever again be tidy, or everything returned to its place. The merchant will show you what you ask for, but no more. He imagines that when you came to buy at his store, you had made up your mind as to what you wanted; and that, not finding it, you will go elsewhere, and leave him to his pipe again.

He knows how to charge, though, but he is easily open to conviction that he has asked too high a price. For the way of dealing with him is as follows. Wanting one of the light scarfs with the fringed ends,

which supersede the use of braces in the Levant, I inquired the price at a bazaar stall. The man told me fifty piastres (half a sovereign). I immediately offered him five and twenty. This he did not take, and I was walking away, when he called me back, and said I should have it. I told him, as he had tried to cheat me, I would not give him more than twenty, now; upon which, without any hesitation, he said it was mine. This plan I afterwards pursued, whenever I made a purchase at Constantinople, and I most generally found it answer. My merry friend at Smyrna had given me the first lesson in its practicability.

I do not suppose that they ask these high prices as the French do, because they suppose we are made of money; I believe, on the contrary, that they try to impose on their own countrymen in the same manner; for, to judge from the long haggling and solemn argument which takes place when they buy of each other, the same wide difference of opinion as to a fair value exists between the purchaser and vendor, under every circumstance.

There is a common failing with tourists, of wishing to buy everything in the way of *souvenirs* of a place, as soon as they arrive; instead of waiting to see which is the most advantageous market. In this mood, I thought it proper to lay in a stock of otto of roses immediately; and we went to the most famous merchant of the bazaar for this purpose. We were asked into a small back room, in which were soft cushions to sit upon; and the attendant directly

filled a pipe for each of us, and brought some coffee, in tiny cups placed in a little metal stand, the size of an egg-cup. The pipe-sticks were of cherry-wood, and very long: where the red bowl rested on the matting, a neat little brass tray was placed; and a small charcoal fireplace in the corner, on which the coffee was made, supplied the *braise* to light the latakia.

I was very much disappointed with the Turkish coffee, of which we hear so much in England: it is not to be mentioned in the same breath with that of the Estaminet Hollandais, in the Palais Royal, or any other good Parisian house. The coffee, in this instance, was bruised rather than ground, made very strong, sweetened, and then poured out, grouts and all, into the little cups. When it had settled, it was carefully sipped, and the grounds filled up above a third of the cup.

There was much to look at in our merchant's shop. Apart from his perfumes, he dealt in Damascus arms, tiger skins, and Persian curiosities — these latter being chiefly portfolios, looking-glasses, and oblong cases, which my lady friends at home have pronounced to make admirable knitting-boxes. They were all painted with representations of ladies and gentlemen hunting, making love, and walking about in fine gardens. The ladies appeared all of one family, with marvellously dark almond-shaped eyes: and the gentlemen had long black beards, that a French

sapeur might have hoped in vain to have equalled. Everything, however, was outrageously dear.

The otto was poured into the little gilded bottles we are familiar with; and in each of their slender channels a little balloon of air was left that the purchaser might see he was not cheated, by floating it up and down. There are different kinds of otto. The cheapest is exceedingly nasty, and leaves a scent behind it something between turpentine and peppermint: it is as bad in its way as Boulogne eau-de-Cologne. The best costs about sixteen-pence a bottle. This is the purest essential oil of the rose, and will impart its scent to a casket or drawer for years, even through the piece of bladder tied over it.

The shop-keepers come to the bazaar in the morning, and leave it at night, when it is shut up. They take their meals there, however. One, a shawl-merchant, was making a light dinner from grapes and bulls'-eyes; another had bread and dates; and many had little portions of minced meats done in leaves, from the cook-shops. Of a coarser kind were the refreshments carried about by men on round trays. These were chiefly cold pancakes, chesnuts of poor flavour, rings of cake-bread, fruits, and sweetmeats. Of these last, the *rah-hak-la-coom* (I spell it as pronounced) is the most popular. It is made, I was told, of honey, rice, and almonds, and flavoured with otto in an extremely delicate manner. Its meaning is, "giving repose to the throat."

The bazaars are perfect thoroughfares for horses and carriages, as well as for foot-passengers; and as

there is no division in the narrow row between road and footway, one must always be on his guard. Now, a man of importance, with his servant running at his stirrup, will come by; now, one of the lumbering carriages filled with women. And indeed these latter form the principal class of customers. Early in the day they crowd to the finery shops, and there you will see them having everything unrolled, whether they want it or not, comparing, haggling, and debating, exactly as our own ladies would do at any "enormous sacrifice" that "must be cleared" in a few days. Sometimes, by great good chance, you may see a

taper ankle and small white naked foot displayed at the shoe-shop; but under such circumstances you must not appear to be looking on, or the merchant may address some observation to you very uncomplimentary to the female branches of your family, and singularly forcible to be uttered before his lady customers. Of verbal delicacy, however, the Turkish women have not the slightest notion.

The walk back to Pera, through Galata and up the steep rugged lane, was very tiring, yet the constant novelty still made me forget fatigue. At the scrap of burying-ground on the hill,—which, like many of the other cemeteries, lies in the most thickly-crowded quarters of the city, like the London graveyards,—I stopped awhile for a cup of sherbet from one of the vendors of that drink, which is precisely the *cherryade* of our evening parties, into which a lump of compressed snow is put. Looking at the burial-ground, I thought that very little respect appeared to be paid to the dead. It was not enclosed; dogs were sleeping about, and cocks and hens scratching up a miserable living from the ground. The gravestones were all out of the perpendicular, and some had been tumbled down completely. Here and there the stone turbans which had been knocked from the tombs of the janissaries were yet lying; and on that part that bordered the street they had put old boxes, crates, tubs, cheap goods for sale, and lastly the fire-engine, about which, and the dancing dervish who was sitting near it, opposite his convent, I shall have something to say further on.

Just beyond the burying-ground I went into a

French hair-dresser's for some trifles for the toilet. He was a smart active fellow, and a Parisian—apparently doing a good business in his way, but hating the Turks and their country intensely. He told me, amongst much Pera scandal, that he once had an intrigue with a Turkish woman—a very dangerous game in this country—and that her relations became aware that she was under his roof. They had it surrounded by a *cordon* of police, and he was ultimately obliged to break through the wall into the next house, by which means she escaped, with the connivance of the neighbours. He added, that the whole of the story was in *Galignani's Messenger* at the time ; and, upon inquiry afterwards in Pera, I found that it was all entirely true, for the affair had made some noise at the time ; and brought no small custom to the shop of the gallant *coiffeur*.

We had a large party at the *table-d'hôte* when we got back to the hotel, at dinner-time ; and, for aught that there was different in the company or cooking, one might just as well have been in France. Somewhat tired, I was not sorry to get to bed about eight, but sleep was not just yet permitted, for a quantity of persons connected with the various steamers were having a private dinner in the next room, and were becoming so very convivial, that slumber was out of the question. So I sat awhile at the window, looking at the moon on the Bosphorus and Golden Horn, and hearing my festive neighbours go through all the stages of a man's dinner-party—first, proposing toasts, then speaking, then singing, then doing funny things, then singing without being listened to, then in chorus

without knowing the tune, and finally differing in opinion and breaking up.

The lights in Stamboul disappeared, one after the other,—for there are no public lamps to make mention of,—and the whole of the city was soon as quiet as a country village, the silence being only broken by the clang of the night-watchman's iron-shod staff, as he made it ring against the pavement, from time to time, to proclaim his approach. On retiring to bed, I carried with me the feeling of still being on the sea, and so appeared to be undulating gently, with a sensation far more disagreeable than the reality. I was restless, too, with the recollection of my day's sights, and after an hour's doze, I woke up again, and went and sat by the window. The noise I then heard I shall never forget.

To say that if all the sheep-dogs going to Smithfield on a market day had been kept on the constant bark, and pitted against the yelping curs upon all the carts in London, they could have given any idea of the canine uproar that now first astonished me, would be to make the feeblest of images. The whole city rang with one vast riot. Down below me at Tophané —over at Stamboul—far away at Scutari—the whole eighty thousand dogs that are said to overrun Constantinople, appeared engaged in the most active extermination of each other, without a moment's cessation. The yelping, howling, barking, growling, and snarling, were all merged into one uniform and continuous even sound, as the noise of frogs becomes when heard at a distance. For hours there was no lull. I went to sleep, and woke again; and still, with

my windows open, I heard the same tumult going on: nor was it until daybreak that anything like tranquillity was restored. In spite of my early instruction, that dogs delight to bark and bite, and should be allowed to do so, it being their nature, I could not help wishing that, for a short season, the power was vested in me to carry out the most palpable service for which brickbats and the Bosphorus could be made conjointly available.

CHAPTER VI.

AN EASTERN BATH—THE FIRES AT PERA.

GOING out in the day-time, it is not difficult to find traces of the fights of the night, about the limbs of all the street-dogs. There is not one, amongst their vast number, in the enjoyment of a perfect skin. Some have their ears gnawed away or pulled off; others have had their eyes taken out; from the backs and haunches of others, perfect steaks of flesh have been torn away; and all bear the scars of desperate combats.

Wild and desperate as is their nature, these poor animals are susceptible of kindness. If a scrap of bread is thrown to one of them now and then, he does not forget it; for they have, at times, a hard matter to live,—not the dogs amongst the shops of Galata or Stamboul, but those whose "parish" lies in the large burying-grounds and desert-places without the city; for each keeps, or rather is kept, to his district; and if he chanced to venture into a strange one, the odds against his return would be very large. One battered old animal, to whom I used occasionally to toss a scrap of food, always followed me from the hotel to the cross-street at Pera, where the two sol-

diers stand on guard, but would never come beyond this point. He knew the fate that awaited him had

he done so; and therefore, when I left him, he would lie down in the road and go to sleep until I came back. When a horse or camel dies, and is left about the roads near the city, the bones are soon picked very clean by these dogs, and they will carry the skulls or pelves to great distances. I was told that they will eat their dead fellows—a curious fact, I believe, in canine economy. They are always troublesome—not to say dangerous—at night; and are especially irritated by Europeans, whom they will single out amongst a crowd of Levantines.

The second day I was at Constantinople I had a bath, in the proper Turkish fashion; and this was

quite as novel in its way as everything else had been. The establishment patronised was the head one in Stamboul; and we went from the street into a very large hall, entirely of marble, with a gallery round the walls, in which were couches, as well as down below. On these different visitors were reposing; some covered up and lying quite still, others smoking narghilés, and drinking coffee. Towels and cloths were drying on lines, and in the corner was a little shed, serving as a Câfé.

We went up stairs and undressed, giving our watches and money to the attendant, who tied our clothes up in a bundle. He then tucked a coloured wrapper round our waists, and threw a towel over our shoulders, after which we walked down stairs, and put on some wooden clogs at the door of the next apartment. The first thing these did was to send me head over heels, to the great discomfiture of my temporary costume, and equal delight of the bathers there assembled. We remained in this room, which was of an increased temperature, idling upon other couches, until we were pronounced ready to go into the second chamber. I contrived, with great care and anxiety, to totter into it upon my clogs, and found another apartment of marble, very warm indeed, and lighted from the top by a dome of glass 'bull's-eyes.' In the middle of this chamber was a hot raised octagon platform, also of marble, and in the recesses of the sides were marble vases, and

tanks, with taps for hot and cold water, and channels in the floor to carry off the suds. Two savage unearthly boys, their heads all shaved, with the exception of a tuft on the top, and in their scant costume of a towel only, looking more like wild Indians than Turks, now seized hold of me, and forcing me back upon the hot marble floor commenced a dreadful series of tortures, such as I had only read of as pertaining to the dark ages. It was of no use to resist. They clutched hold of the back of my neck, and I thought they were going to strangle me; then they pulled at my arms and legs, and I thought again they were going to put me on the rack; and lastly, when they both began to roll backwards and forwards on my chest, doubling my cracking elbows underneath them, I thought, finally, that my last minute was come, and that death by suffocation would finish me. They were fiends, and evidently delighted in my agony; not allowing me to look to the right or left after my companions, and throwing themselves on me again, whenever they conceived I was going to call the dragoman to my assistance. I do not know that I ever passed such a frightful five minutes, connected with bathing, nervous as are some of the feelings which that pastime gives rise to. It is very terrible to take the first summer plunge into a deep dark river, and when you are at the bottom, and the water is roaring in your ears, to think of dead bodies and crocodiles; it is almost worse to make that frightful journey down a steep beach, in a bathing machine, with a vague incertitude as to where you will find yourself when the doors open again: but nothing can

come up to what I suffered in my last extremity, in this Constantinople bath. Thoughts of Turkish cruelty and the sacks of the Bosphorus; of home, and friends, and my childhood's bowers—of the sadness of being murdered in a foreign bath—and the probability of my Giaour body being eaten by the wild dogs, crowded rapidly on me, as these demons increased their tortures; until, collecting all my strength for one last effort, I contrived to throw them off, one to the right and the other to the left, some half dozen feet—and regained my legs.

The worst was now over, certainly; but the persecution still continued sufficiently exciting. They seized on me again, and led me to the tanks, where they almost flayed me with horse-hair gloves, and drowned me with bowls of warm water, poured continuously on my head. I could not see, and if I again tried to cry out, they thrust a large soapy swab, made of the fibres that grow at the foot of the date palm, into my mouth, accompanying each renewed act of cruelty with a demand for *baksheesh*. At last, being fairly exhausted, themselves, they swathed me in a great many towels; and I was then half carried, half pushed, upstairs again, where I took my place upon my couch with feelings of great joy and thankfulness.

I now began to think that all the horrors I had undergone were balanced by the delicious feeling of repose that stole over me. I felt that I could have stopped there for ever, with the fragrant coffee steaming at my side, and the soothing bubble of the *narghilés* sounding in every direction. I went off

into a day dream—my last clear vision being that of a man having his head shaved all but a top knot, which was long enough to twist round and round, under his fez—and could scarcely believe that an hour had elapsed, when the dragoman suggested our return to the bustling world without.

Very confusing indeed was the noise of the streets, after the quiet of the baths. I felt almost giddy and bewildered, until we came into the court-yard of a mosque—that of Sultan Bajazet—where several people were lying about asleep in the shade of the colonnades. Suddenly the still air trembled, and turned into a whirl of conflicting draughts of wind, a strange loud noise was heard, and hundreds after hundreds of tame pigeons came fluttering down from every perch and corner of the building to be fed, as a man appeared under one of the porches. These, I understood, were all sacred birds; the mosque was their home, and large sums were put aside for their maintenance. I do not know to what punishment I might not have been condemned, had the guardians been aware of the thoughts connected with innumerable pies that then occupied my mind.

I may be excused for repeating the old story about the sacred pigeons—why the birds at the mosque are held in such reverence. At the time of the *Hegira*, or flight of Mahomet from Mecca to Medina, from which period the Mahometan year is calculated, he was very closely pursued by the leaders of the Koreishite tribe, who, jealous of his growing power, which threatened to upset their ancient religion, had combined to slay him. He contrived to gain information of his intended assassination, and left Mecca

in the middle of the night, accompanied by Abu Beker, the father of his most beautiful and beloved wife, Ayesha. Their enemies were, however, almost as quick as they were; and Mahomet and his friend had just time to conceal themselves in a cave, when the others came up. But, in this minute of time, an acacia bush sprouted up before the opening, and amidst its branches was a nest, in which a pigeon was sitting on some eggs. A spider is also said to have spun a web over all. When the would-be assassins came up, they saw these things; and being thus convinced that the mouth of the cavern must have been undisturbed for some time, they went on their way: otherwise they would have entered the cave, and discovered the fugitives. This was in the year 622 of the Christian era. By subtracting this number from our own period, the epoch of the Mahometan calendar is arrived at. Thus, this present 1850 is 1228 of the Moslem reckoning.

It was my good fortune this day to make acquaintance with an old Surrey neighbour, Mr. Frederick Taylor, the gentleman under whose able superintendence the whole of the beautiful machinery at the Turkish Mint, and the Cannon Factory, was established, and who still directs the latter works. He has lived several years in Constantinople, and is as much respected by the Turks, as by the Frank population. A sight of the little engine on the edge of the graveyard at Pera, before alluded to, turned the subject of conversation to fires; and he told me that a larger machine would be useless, from the deficiency of water. The one in question was such as a couple of men could conveniently carry. He had been burnt out

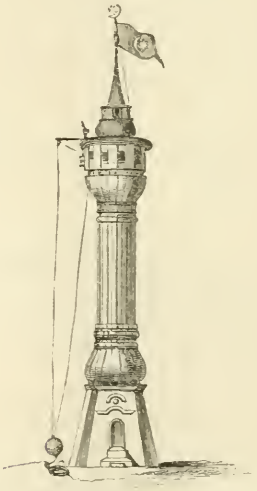
two or three times; and was now paying sixty pounds a year for an indifferent house, at Pera, in which he had no more furniture and appointments than were absolutely necessary, or could be removed at a moment's notice; since there are no Insurance Companies.

The extent of the Constantinople fires is well known; nothing can equal their devastation, or the desolation produced by them, as the houses are consumed, not by tens and hundreds, but thousands. When a fire breaks out, the water-carriers, or *Sakas*, assemble with their leathern vessels to fill the engine, but they will not stir until they are paid for their help. The Turkish houses are nearly all built of wood, and this becomes very dry in the hot climate. They are also overladen with cumbersome tiles. The natives have no idea of copying ours, with the overlapping edge, but they put double the number needed from the bad shape of their own; the accompanying section will show the difference. The upper figure shows the manner in which our English tiles cover in a roof and protect it from the rain: the under one, the cumbersome method used in Turkey, for the same purpose. When a fire occurs, therefore, from the paucity of walls, and dry material to feed it, the destruction of the house is com-

plete in an incredibly short space of time, the heavy roof soon falling in. Crowded up together, the buildings catch in all directions, and, in a few hours, acres of habitations are destroyed, nothing remaining but the chimneys, rising from the desolation like so many pillars, with a very strange appearance. Warned by incessant examples, the Turks are, at last, beginning to endeavour to lessen the evil. The main street of Pera is to be much wider; and in some parts handsome European edifices are rising, built entirely of stone, or with party walls. Here and there houses are, at present, in course of erection, which might take rank with many on the Parisian Boulevards.

We were leaning, that evening, against the railings of the 'Little Burial Ground' at Pera, watching a

magnificent sunset behind Stamboul, which called forth my liveliest admiration. My kind friend observed "I would sooner see a sunset from 'The Cricketers,' at Chertsey Bridge." Immediately our feelings were the same. There is no nation of the world so great in distant enterprise and love of wandering as the English—none which ever turns with such deeply-rooted and constant affection, unchanged by any time or distance, to its HOME.



The Fire Tower at Stamboul.

CHAPTER VII.

A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION—THE CIRCUS.

I HAD been favoured with some letters of introduction, when I left London, to be presented to residents at Constantinople. Amongst them was one from a young Turk, studying engineering in England, to his brother; and the delivery of this, or rather the attempt, was one of my earliest tasks. I wished at the same time to get my passport *en règle*, and to make some inquiries about the Egyptian steamers.

The passport affair was soon settled; but the steamer took somewhat longer. At last, I found a little dirty office in Galata, at the end of an alley almost blocked up with doubtful fish and cheap melons, from which information was to be obtained about the government boat—the *Nile*. In this office were three or four clerks in fezzes, smoking their pipes, and eating grapes. I spoke twice before any of them cared to disturb themselves to give an answer: and at last one of them replied in French, that the *Nile* certainly did go down to Alexandria about once a month, but that she was not in yet—they did not know when she would be; perhaps to-day, perhaps to-morrow—next week—ever so long.

When she came in, they could not say when she would go out again—nobody ever knew; perhaps she would return immediately, perhaps not at all. And then, to show me that the interview was over, they resumed their pipes, and spoke no more.

My next care was my letter, and I left the office, with Demetri, to deliver it. But this was not so easily done. It had a long address, in the Turkish character, which my dragoman could not read very well, although he spoke the language like a native; so first of all he had to find a learned man to decipher it. We attacked several who, after looking at it a long time, shook their heads and gave it back again. At last, an old tobacco-merchant told us that it was for somebody in the Arsenal, and advised us to go there. This was a good way up the Golden Horn, so we took a caique and rowed there. When we got to the gate, they would not let us in, nor would they take the letter. It was evident that none of them could read. They said the person with the name we mentioned was in some particular brig, up the Bosphorus; and back we went.

It was a long way to the brig—a good hour's row; and we hailed several before we pitched upon the right one. The letter was sent on board, handed round to everybody as before, and then returned, with a message that the effendi in question was not there, but on board a man-of-war—one of the twelve lying at anchor off Constantinople; they did not know which, but thought it was the furthest. We rowed back to the ship indicated, and they sent us to another, alongside which we were kept for nearly half

an hour, when the letter came back again, by this time very dirty and thumbed; and the bearer said that we must deliver it at one of the government offices, attached to the Seraglio. I now really began to think that we had possibly hit upon some Eastern First of April, when those prolonged excursions after pigeon's milk and eel's feet are instituted; and had become the victims of the custom.

We had been far enough along the Bosphorus to see the new palace which the Sultan is building on its edge, in the European style. I noticed here an odd arrangement of the scaffolding. The masons work without ladders, but make an enormous inclined plane go from the ground to a platform on the scaffolding at a great height above it. Up these the porters carry the stones, mortar, &c., so that it is perfectly practicable for a mule to ascend with a load of materials to any height. A great many people were employed upon this building, but there was none of that bustling activity and swarming life which characterizes most of our large edifices in course of erection. They all appeared as grave and solemn as their compatriots in the bazaars and coffee-houses.

Our little caique went with wonderful speed. These boats are singularly light, and admirably built to cut

through the water. The ordinary ones hold two persons comfortably, but the passengers must sit at the bottom, and be as careful in getting into them as if they were wager-boats, or they will upset. The oars are, I think, an improvement on our own. Above the spot where the "button" would be, they swell into a large bulb, and this serves to counter-

balance the blade, which is straight. They work with a thong, slipped over a peg, instead of rowlocks; and are managed with great dexterity by the *caiquejees*, as the watermen are called.

The brilliant azure colour of the Bosphorus does not depend upon reflection. It is still blue, even on a cloudy day, that would make our own seas and rivers leaden. The tint is, to an extent, in the water, as it may be seen nearer home in the Rhone, where it issues from the lake of Geneva, under the bridge, before it is polluted by the Arve.

We landed on the other side of the Golden Horn, near a picturesque and thoroughly oriental Mosque, to which I was told the Sultan retired on the day of the murder of the Janissaries; and then had a long tiring walk, skirting the Mosque of St. Sophia, into the first court of the Seraglio, which is public, and conducts to certain Government offices. We went under some of the buildings, supported on pillars, where there was great bustle—horses waiting for men in power, with elaborate trappings, rickety carriages,

slaves, soldiers, porters, and eunuchs—with attendants to make everybody take off their shoes, as they went up to the different apartments. Here the luckless letter gave rise to the same difficulties. Nobody could read, but they took the note and handed it round from one to the other, stared at us, and then returned it. At last, a learned man, whom we attacked, told one of the servants whom it was for, and he said if I would give him *baksheesh* he would take it in, but not without. A few *paras* were accordingly put in his hand, and he kicked off his slippers, and disappeared. In a few minutes he returned, and said that the effendi had gone away, nobody knew where, but that he would be back again to-morrow. At all events, we had received the first confirmation of his actual existence, which for the last hour or two I had altogether doubted; but as the day was now advanced, and as I felt that if I continued the research any longer, I might get cross from fatigue and disappointment, I gave up the pursuit, for this day, at least.

As I went home, up the steep Galata Hill, I saw a mad horse—an awkward customer to meet in such a narrow thoroughfare. He had been suddenly taken so; and was tearing along, kicking out wildly; and scattering, on either side, the bricks with which his panniers were laden. It is impossible to describe the confusion he created, for the Galata Hill is always thronged. The women were screaming and flying in all directions, leaving their outer slippers behind them all about the street. One of them chanced to get her *yashmak* caught by a shutter as she retreated. The veil was pulled off, and for the

first and only time in my life, I saw the naked face of a Turkish female. She was, however, ugly enough to make any concealment of her features perfectly unnecessary. The unveiling frightened her far more than the mad horse, and she directly threw her coarse outer wrapper over her head, and bolted into a shop. The horse finished by falling down near the Galata gate, shattering his knees to pieces, and having his throat cut by one of the police. That night, I expect, the dogs of Pera and Galata held high and gory festival.

I went in the evening to the "*Grand Circo Olimpico*"—an equestrian entertainment in a vast circular tent, on a piece of open ground up in Pera: and it was as curious a sight as one could well witness. The play-bill was in three languages,—Turkish, Armenian, and Italian: and the audience was composed almost entirely of Levantines, nothing but fezzes being seen round the benches. There were few females present; and of Turkish women, none; but the house was well filled, both with the spectators and the smoke from the pipes which nearly all of them carried. There was no buzz of talk,—no distant hailings, nor whistlings, nor sounds of impatience. They all sat as grave as judges, and would, I believe, have done so for any period of time, whether the performance had been given or not. I have said the sight was a curious one, but my surprise was excited beyond bounds, when a real clown—a perfect 'Mr. Merriman,' of the arena—jumped into the ring, and cried out, in perfect English, "Here we are again—all of a lump! How are you?" There was no response to his salu-

tation, for it was evidently incomprehensible; and so it fell flat, and the poor clown looked as if he would have given his salary for a boy to have called for "Hot Codlins!" I looked at the bill, and found him described as the "*Grottesco Inglese*" Whittayne. I did not recognise the name in connexion with the annals of Astley's, but he was a clever fellow, notwithstanding; and, when he addressed the master of the ring, and observed, "If you please, Mr. Guillaume, he says, that you said, that I said, that they said, that nobody had said, nothing to anybody," it was with a drollery of manner that at last agitated the fezzes, like poppies in the wind, although the meaning of the speech was still like a sealed book to them. I don't know whether great writers of Eastern travel would have gone to this circus; but yet it was a strange sight. For aught that one could tell, we were about to see all the mishaps of Billy Button's journey to Brentford, represented, in their vivid discomfort, upon the shores of the Bosphorus, and within range of the sunset shadows from the minarets of St. Sophia!

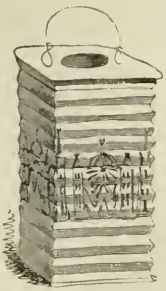
The company was a very fair one, and they went through the usual programme of the amphitheatre. One clever fellow threw a bullet in the air, and caught it in a bottle during a 'rapid act;' and another twisted himself amongst the rounds and legs of a chair, keeping a glass full of wine in his mouth. They leapt over lengths of stair-carpet, and through hoops, and did painful things, as Olympic youths, and Lion-vaulters of Arabia. The attraction of the evening, however, was a very handsome girl—Maddalena Guillaume—with a fine Gitana face and ex-

quisite figure. Her performance consisted in clinging to a horse, *dressé en liberté*, with merely a strap hung to its side. In this she put one foot, and flew round

the ring in the most reckless manner, leaping with the horse over poles and gates, and hanging on apparently by nothing, until the fezzes were in a quiver of delight, for her costume was not precisely that of the Stamboul ladies; in fact, very little was left to the imagination. When it was over, she retired amidst a storm of applause, not perhaps thinking that three weeks afterwards the notice of her performance would appear in a London newspaper, contributed to the theatrical reports by their "own correspondent."

That night I was out late in Pera for the first time, and a new feature of its customs presented itself to me. There are very few public lamps; what there are, are of oil, hung in the middle of the street, as in

the old French towns, and giving a miserable light. It is proper, therefore, to be provided with a lantern of your own. These are made of paper, and sold for a few pence in the shops, where you also buy a two-inch candle. They shut up, something like an accordion, and go in the pocket. It is almost imperative on everybody to carry a light of this kind after dark, "to show you are not a thief:" a person stands a chance of being taken up by the watchmen, if he is found without one. As we left the circus, these little beacons were seen going away in all directions, and the effect was good. There was an eclipse of the moon that night, which, I presume, may have kept the dogs quiet, for they were lying about all over the road, and the lanterns were of additional use in preventing one from treading upon or tumbling over them. They are said not to attack people carrying lights, but to be very troublesome to those whom they meet in the dark. Hence, for all reasons, a lantern is advisable. With this in one hand, and a jagged stone in the other, the dogs may be set at tolerable defiance. There is, however, a story told in Galata, of their having torn down a tipsy English sailor one night, and left nothing but his bones to tell the tale in the morning. The dogs about Tophané, with those at Scutari, are, I believe, the most savage animals in Constantinople.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE GUN-FACTORY—THE MINT—STAMPA'S SHOP.

I WENT one morning, with Mr. Taylor, to see the gun-factory, at Tophané. The buildings are beautifully situated on the very edge of the Bosphorus; and the capabilities for carrying out the manufacture of every part of a perfect piece of artillery, including the carriage, of first-rate order. One of the directors —a Pacha—was on the premises; he spoke English, having been educated at Woolwich; and was superintending the paving with wood of a portion of the factory, after the English fashion. All the works for turning, boring, polishing, stamping, &c., were in full activity; some of the cannon were of an enormous size; larger, indeed, than any I remember to have seen at home. The engines and machinery at work had been made by Maudsley, and Nasmyth of Manchester; and put up under Mr. Taylor's superintendence. He gave the Turkish workmen a good character for intelligence and a wish to oblige; certainly they all appeared civil, and anxious to follow his directions.

Outside the factory a poor old mangy dog was lying asleep in the sun. I was told that he was a

sort of pensioner on the establishment, and treated with great respect. To ensure this, fear and love had equal force. For a careless soldier had once cut at him with a sword, for which he was imprisoned, by the Sultan's orders, until the animal got well again; and since that day, it may be supposed that he had never been in any way molested.

From here we crossed over to Stamboul, and went to the Mint. The arrangements for refining, casting, and striking, are equally admirable, and much of the machinery is readily shown to the visitor, which, I understood, is not exhibited in London. It is, again, all English; and one lathe that attracted my attention was an old neighbour, having been made at the Esher Copper Mills.

The old Turkish coinage was a very wretched state of things—worse than the French. The people themselves appeared sometimes bothered to tell the value of the various piastre pieces; and the *paras*—the smallest of their coins, twenty of them being about equal to a penny—were little scales of metal, which might, to all appearance, have been picked off the top of a large perriwinkle. The five-piastre pieces—of the same size, but of gold—were mere spangles, and mostly had a hole bored through them by which they had been hung to the women's hair, or dresses. At last, all the money got so bad and deteriorated, and 'smashing' was carried on to such an extent, that Mr. Taylor received orders to get in order and set up a beautiful English engine, which Redshed Pacha had formerly imported; and the office of chief engraver was given to Mr. Robertson, who

had studied under Mr. Wyon. To the talent of this gentleman the Turks are indebted for their present beautiful coinage. The hundred piastre-piece is as handsome as our sovereign; and even the little copper paras are pretty coins. Gold is, however, not often met with in general circulation. There is a heavy *agio* on it, and the best money the traveller can carry here, as almost all over the world, is the old Spanish pillar dollar. Its relative value is constantly changing. Last year it was said to be worth 24 piastres; but when a traveller endeavours to keep his accounts straight in English sums, calculated from Spanish money, changed into Turkish, a certain loss may be reckoned on.

Mr. Robertson was engaged upon a medal to commemorate the redecoration of the mosque of St. Sophia, and it promised to be an admirable piece of work. He said that he had experienced some little difficulty in the general coinage, in copying the elaborate cipher of the Sultan—the *toura* as it is called—which comprises his names, titles, and other matters; but that the Turks had told him afterwards he had succeeded wonderfully well. This sign, which takes the place of the head on the coinage, and the royal arms generally, will be readily recognised by all those who have visited the East.

We came home through Galata, as usual, and this day I was introduced to another great feature of Constantinople, and more especially a Frank one; I allude to Stampa's shop. Everybody knows Stampa; in fact, he may be considered as the embodiment of Pera and Galata; and not to have met him would have shown a want of connexions and investigation, which ought to preclude anybody from speaking of Constantinople as a place they were acquainted with. Stampa is not an Englishman, but he speaks our language like a native; so does his son who was educated in London; so does everybody you find about his establishment, whether they belong to it or not. His shop is a marvellous depot of everything you want. He supplies you, with equal readiness, with a pot of Atkinson's bear's grease or a bottle of Tennant's pale ale, a packet of Gillott's pens, a dozen of Day and Martin's blacking, or a box of Holloway's Pills. You want some Harvey's Sauce—you find it at Stampa's; you do not know the address of some merchant in Galata—Stampa will tell you directly; you are uncertain about the different departures of the steamers—Stampa has all the information at his fingers' ends, or if he by chance has not, his clever son is a walking Bradshaw. For good razors (of which I hold Heiffor's Sheffield ones, at a shilling, to be the best, and accordingly recommended him to lay in a stock for future demands), solar lamps, cutlery, London ink, pasteboard, pins and needles, Stilton cheeses, gutta percha, otto of roses, sponge, Windsor soap, and Howqua's mixture, there is no shop like Stampa's. Even for refreshment, when

Mr. Taylor and myself felt hungry, after a good morning's work, Stampa offered to procure us lunch. He sent over the way to a mystic *restaurateur's* for some food; and there, in Galata, with two tubs for chairs and the counter of his back shop for a table, within ten minutes we had such a meal of rump-steaks, potatoes, pickles, and bottled stout, that the oldest *habitué* of the Rainbow, or more fastidious member of the 'Steaks,' since Peg Woffington's days of presidency, might have envied us. We sat that day in Stampa's back shop, much longer I expect than any customers had done before. Old stories, new anecdotes, and recognitions of mutual acquaintances engrossed us in conversation; so much so, indeed, that Constantinople faded away like a dissolving view; and when we turned from our dark banqueting room into the bright glare of the street, we were almost astonished, for the moment, at not finding ourselves amidst omnibuses, policemen, cabs, and English passengers, instead of the motley, dirty, polyglot population of bustling Galata.

I achieved a triumph that day in finding my way back to the hotel, from Stampa's, by myself. The road lay round the base of the large Genoese tower, which forms so conspicuous an object in the panorama from the Golden Horn. It is now used as a watch-station to give the alarm in case of fire, and there is another high tower in Stamboul, similarly serviceable.

When I reached the Hotel d'Europe, there was a to-do in the street. The house just above, which belonged to an English tailor, named Semple, had been robbed in his absence, and many pieces of cloth

carried away. The police were sending off emissaries in all directions, but I did not hear that the goods were ever recovered. In fact, in the present badly arranged social system of Constantinople, it is wonderful how anything is ever known at all, or found out even by the neighbours, from misery to murder.

I met a nice little girl, that evening, at the house of an English friend, who was not yet seven years old, and spoke Greek, Turkish, Italian, French, and a little Armenian. This tiny Levantine instructed me, with the aid of an apron and some pocket handkerchiefs, in the art and mystery of putting on the *yashmak;* and now I believe I could attire a Turkish lady in that head-dress, with any slave of the hareem.

Turkish Lady at home.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SERAGLIO AND THE MOSQUES.

The great mosques of Constantinople—the Sultan's palace, and certain of the important buildings, can only be seen by means of a permission, or *firman*, granted by the Sultan, or by a Pacha. This is a very expensive affair, costing some pounds, English. Visitors therefore see these lions as follows: a speculating *valet-de-place* procures the firman, and then goes about to the different hotels with a list, to which the tourists add their names. By this means the expense is lessened to a comparatively small sum, as a firman admits any number of persons; and the enterprising dragoman contrives to pocket two or three hundred piastres into the bargain.

We formed a large party with our firman—French, English, and American, from the different hotels, and ships in the port; one of the finest of the latter being the *Jamestown*—the vessel that brought the corn from America to Ireland during the famine. Our party collected at the landing place of *Bagdshe Kapu*, the 'Garden Gate,' and then we first proceeded to the seraglio. At the door we were obliged to leave our shoes; and we were then admitted to the royal

apartment, the Sultan and the court being at one of the summer palaces on the Bosphorus. There was not anything very striking in the palace. All sorts of styles and fashions were oddly enough jumbled together in the building and furniture; and the annoyance I have always felt at being dragged round a 'show-place' and called upon to admire things one cannot care about, did not improve the sight. With the exception of a few odd-shaped panels and Turkish inscriptions on the walls, there was very little oriental appearance about the palace. The baths were the best portion of it, and they were beautifully fitted up with polished marbles, and arranged on the plan of the public ones, but on a much smaller scale. We were next introduced into the women's apartment—the sacred hareem—but the beauties had flown. The rooms did not differ from those of the general palace, with the exception that all the windows were covered up with fine wooden lattice. The poor inmates had a long gallery to take exercise in during bad weather. A great many engravings had been framed along the wall to amuse them. Amongst these I noticed Turner's Ancient and Modern Italy; Stanfield's Wreckers; a picture of Grace Darling going off to the wreck of the steamer, with many of Horace Vernet's Arab pieces, and Napoleon *tableaux*. From the gallery, we went down to the hareem gardens, where there was nothing to observe more remarkable than we had seen in the palace. The flowers were of a very ordinary description, and when I called to mind the use said to be made of them in oriental love-

letters, I thought that the correspondents must be sometimes driven for symbols to express their ideas. Possibly, however, the Sultan had restrained their growth on purpose, as a grand enemy to education. There were some dry fountains, and some ponds of muddy and green water; but nothing so good as might be seen in the pleasure grounds of an English country mansion.

Leaving the gardens, we went on to the royal stables, and these were equally disappointing. The arrangements were, to English eyes, poor and shabby; nor did I notice anything remarkable about the horses. In an outer court two ostriches were stalking about, followed by a gazelle; and a camel lying down with its burthen, gave a sort of eastern air to the scene; but, even with these adjuncts, the whole of the seraglio and its appendages struck me as being an uncommon failure. More interesting was an old armoury, to which we were next taken, containing many ancient and curious suits of plate and chain combined. There must have been a wide difference in the appearance of the troops, so clad, from that of the untidy, unmeaning costume of the present Turkish soldiers.

We saw many royal tombs that day—more than I cared to make notes of, in fact. Some we were permitted to enter, and others were only to be inspected by peeping through the iron-work of the windows. I was most pleased with the burial-place of the Sultan Mahmoud, about which, and the two little fezzes, Mr. Thackeray has told—and told so well—the touching story, that I will not allude to it

further. At last we came to the porch of St. Sophia, and after all our shoes had been disposed of, we were admitted. I should state, perhaps, that it is not absolutely necessary for a visitor to take off his shoes. He may, if he pleases, put a pair of slippers over them, or draw off an outer pair; the great point seems to be that the sole which is ordinarily in contact with common earth should not be allowed to touch holy or exclusive ground. An American who was of our party, and had turned out uncommonly smart in a pair of Parisian trowsers, with straps attached to them, was compelled to retire into remote corners and take them off altogether, before he could rid himself of his glazed boots.

I have often tried to determine coolly whether I was out of temper this day; or whether, in reality, all the places the firman permitted us to see were not failures; or rather, had been so ridiculously written up, and over-praised, that expectation could not possibly be gratified. I incline to think that the latter was the case. The vaunted Mosque of St. Sophia, in spite of the twenty columns allotted to its description in Murray, did not, in any way, excite my astonishment. Grand it certainly is; or rather, very large indeed; and there is a quantity of gilding and fine work about it, but it does not cause you to hold your breath on first seeing it as does St. Peter's, or Milan Cathedral.

The floor was covered with fine matting, and, hung about, in lines, were thousands of lamps, which certainly, when lighted, must eclipse Vauxhall; and this, I am convinced, is the honest notion they sug-

gest. There were also ostrich's eggs, and horse switches, as I had seen at Smyrna, with bundles of theatrical tinsel. All about were enormous bales of carpets, spread over the matting in the winter, when the cold of Constantinople is frightfully severe; and at each of the four corners, at the base of the dome, had been hoisted an enormous round shield of wood and canvas, possibly twenty feet in diameter, frightfully out of place, on which was inscribed some sacred sentences. On going up stairs, into the galleries, the effect of the number of people at prayers down below was certainly very singular. There were some scores, and they knelt in rows across the body of the mosque, with their faces towards Mecca, and were constantly bobbing up and down, touching the ground with their foreheads, and springing up again on their heels, in a ludicrous fashion. I have seen Chinese acrobats at a circus commence a gymnastic dance in a somewhat similar manner.

From the Mosque of St. Sophia, we went on to that of Achmet—the only one that has six minarets. It appeared to me to be as large a building as the former one; but was not so rich in gilding, although, they say, great treasures are deposited therein. I must confess that the objects which made the principal impression upon all our party were two enormous wax-candles—at least three feet in circumference—set up on each side of what we should call the altar.

There were many mosques to be seen afterwards, including that of the magnificent Suleiman; but Demetri quietly told me that they were all after the same model, and that we had seen the best. So I

declined visiting any more, and hiring a scampish horse on the adjoining hippodrome, at a dollar for as long as I pleased, I clattered about the streets, and lost my way, and got into scrapes without the benefit of explanation, until, about five in the afternoon, I was not sorry to find myself once more clambering up the rugged street of Galata.

Dancing Dervish

CHAPTER X.

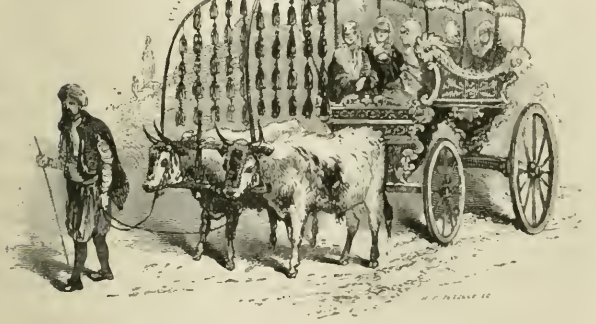
THE SULTAN'S VISIT TO MOSQUE—THE DANCING DERVISHES.

EVERY Friday the Sultan goes to mosque publicly. It is not known until the very morning, which establishment he means to patronize; but your dragoman has secret channels of information, and he always informs you in time to 'assist' at the ceremony.

The first time I went, Abdul Medjid had selected for his devotions the mosque of Beglerbeg, a village on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, the temple of which stands in the same relation and bearing to St. Sophia—to use a very familiar simile—as Rotherhithe Church does to St. Paul's. It was a perfect English morning—foggy and cold (Oct. 7) with muddy streets and spitting rain. I crossed into Asia—one learns to speak of Asia, at Constantinople, as he would do of the borough—in a two-oared caique, and on landing went up to the mosque, which is close to the shore.

A crowd of people, consisting principally of females, had collected before the mosque, and a square space was kept by the soldiers. Some little courtesy was shown to visitors, as the Franks were permitted to cross this enclosure to a corner close to the door, by which the Sultan was to enter.

He was not very punctual to his time, but there was enough to amuse the visitors; more especially in the arrival of the women, who came up as near as they could to the building, in all sorts of odd vehicles. Several were like those I had seen on the bridge at Pera, but one was very fine indeed. It was more like a waggon than a carriage, and painted bright blue, with red wheels and awning. In it were five ladies of the Sultan's hareem, very gaily dressed, and laughing



loudly as the vehicle shook them about over the rugged road. It was drawn by two buffaloes, and they had a singular arrangement of worsted tufts over their heads, of various bright colours. This was the first waggon of the kind I had seen, but I afterwards found them very common. Other women were on foot, and a number of these had collected upon a hillock under a tree, where they talked and quarrelled incessantly. One very pale and handsome girl arrived alone, in a car, preceded by two or three attendants ; and, whilst trying to pass a narrow thoroughfare amongst the other vehicles, the wheel of her own got smashed to pieces. She was then close to the Frank visitors, and, as she appeared likely to be overturned, two or three gentlemen from Misseri's hotel, ran forward to offer their assistance. In a minute they were put back by the attendants, who could not think of allowing their mistress to be touched, even from chance, by a Christian. The carriage was propped up, as well as it could be; and its inmate, who had remained perfectly tranquil during the accident, fixed her large eyes on the enclosure, and never moved them again, to the right or left.

The mob kept increasing. People brought petitions to give to the Sultan when he arrived, and were marshalled in a heap near the

door by a *cavass* or policeman, who had a whip in his hand to enforce obedience and order; men with cakes and sweetmeats loitered about, and dogs got into the enclosure, and were chased about with cries, as might have happened in England on a racecourse. At last, the sound of music was heard, and the soldiers made ready to present arms. Then others came round the corner of a narrow street, in marching order, followed by the band, which played a triumphal kind of air, which the Sultan was said to be remarkably fond of. A dead silence now prevailed, and we were reproved by the police, even for talking. Next arrived a quantity of grooms, leading horses, and lastly, the Sultan Abdul Medjid himself, upon an Arab charger, followed by his pachas and other great people. He is only six-and-twenty, but he looks at least ten years older, his life having been somewhat 'fast.' He was dressed in a plain European blue frock coat and trowsers, with the fez, and did not at all come up to the gorgeous gentleman I had pictured from my childhood, more beautiful to look upon than Blue Beard, and more dazzling than the sun at midday, with gold and jewels; I was disappointed at feeling no terror as he approached. Nobody was bowstrung, nor were any heads cut off. The Duke of Wellington riding down to the house on a fine afternoon has produced more excitement.

When he got to the door of the mosque, the people held their petitions, which were like briefs, up in the air. An attendant collected them, and then the Sultan entered, whilst the household gave two loud cries, meant as cheers in his honour. The

soldiers then stood at ease, the enclosure was broken up, and the sight was over. A dream of the Arabian Nights had been somewhat harshly dispelled. I had seen a Sultan—a great monarch, holding as high a rank as the father of Aladdin's Princess Badroulbadour —and but for his fez, he might have passed for a simple foreign gentleman from Leicester Square.

I have said it was Friday, and so, on my return, I had an opportunity of seeing the dancing dervishes at Pera. They exhibit—for it is rather a sight than a solemnity—on this day, as well as on Tuesday, in every week. Their convent is facing the scrap of burying ground on the road from Galata to Pera, and any one may witness their antics. Having put off our shoes, we entered an octagonal building, with galleries running round it, and standing places under them, surrounding the railed enclosure in which the dervishes were to dance, or rather spin. One division of this part of the building was put aside for Christians, the others were filled with common people and children. When I arrived, one old dervish, in a green dress, was sitting at one point of the room, and twenty-four in white, were opposite to him. A flute and drum played some very dreary music in the gallery. At a given signal they all fell flat on their faces, with a noise and precision that would have done honour to a party of pantomimists; and

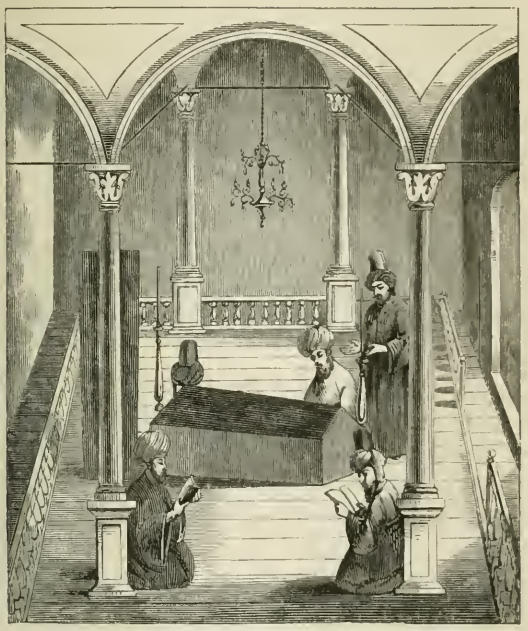
then they all rose and walked slowly round, with their arms folded across their breasts, following the old green dervish, who marched at their head, and bowing twice very gravely to the place where he had been sitting, and to the spot opposite to it. They performed this round two or three times. Then the old man sat down, and the others, pulling off their cloaks, appeared in a species of long petticoat, and one after the other began to spin. They commenced revolving precisely as though they were waltzing by themselves; first keeping their hands crossed on their breast, and then extending them, the palm of the right hand, and the back of the left being up-

wards. At last, they all got into play, and as they went round and round, they put me in mind of the grand party we have seen on the top of an organ, where a *cavalier seul* revolves by himself, and bows as he faces the spectators.

They went on for a long time without stopping—a quarter of an hour, perhaps, or twenty minutes. There was something inexpressibly sly and offensive in the appearance of these men, and the desire one felt to hit them hard in the face became uncomfortably dominant. At the end of their revolutions, they made another obeisance to the old man, and all this time the players in the orchestra howled forth a kind of hymn. This ceremony was repeated three or four times, and then they all sat down again and put their cloaks on, whilst another dervish, who had walked round and round amongst the dancers, whilst they were spinning, sang a solo. During this time, their faces were all close to the ground. This done, they rose and marched before the old green dervish once more, kissing his hand as they passed, and the service concluded, occupying altogether about three-quarters of an hour.

Coming out I saw the tombs of their chiefs, and bought a print of their funeral ceremonies, rudely lithographed, of which the accompanying illustration is a faithful copy. I also went into their kitchen. One of their brethren was preparing a mighty pillaff of rice for their refreshment, and Demetri told me that they were all wonderful drinkers. Their possessions at Pera are very valuable; and, besides this, many of them are in good ways of business as shopkeepers, in

Stamboul. I suppose, altogether, a greater set of rascals do not exist; and I came away not quite sure as to whether I had been most amused or irritated at their performance.



CHAPTER XI.

THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION AGAIN—A PARTY AT PERA.

A DAY or two after my first failures I began to think once more of trying to deliver my Turkish letter of introduction, and therefore went again to the Seraglio Court.

On our way we called at the Arms Bazaar, which is only open in the morning. It well repays a visit, for some of the weapons are very picturesque and beautiful, and the people about have a more purely oriental character than in the general bazaars A great many things were being sold by auction—pipes, swords, and pieces of cloth. The seller held them up in the air, and walked along the passages crying out the last price. The merchants asked outrageous sums, generally speaking, for the arms. The cheapest I saw, were two long pistols, with elaborate silvered work about them, which I could have got for four hundred piastres (about £4 in round numbers).

I was not more fortunate at the Seraglio than before, with my ill-fated letter. It was sent about in the same manner, and at last I was assured, for

certain, that the effendi was at the Arsenal. As I had a letter for the chief of the Fez manufactory, up the Golden Horn, this was not much out of my way, so I started forth again, taking a *caique*. The manufactory is under the direction of Mr. Langlands, a Scotchman. Besides fezzes, an excellent cloth is made here, in large quantities, and the arrangements for carding, dyeing, weaving, knitting, &c., are complete. The chief steam-engine is from Dundee, and the more delicate machinery from Verviers, in Belgium; that for knitting the fezzes round their blocks is very beautiful. This is a government factory, but I did not hear that it is a very lucrative affair. The French manufacture the fezzes at a cheaper rate than the Turks, and find a readier sale for them. A real fez, with a heavy purple silk tassel, costs two or three dollars. Those we see in some of the hat shops of London are not the thing. They are of too bright a colour—too poor in substance; and the flossy tassel is always in a tangle; every thread of silk should hang parallel and distinct.

As I waited in the Arsenal, I saw a large gang of galley-slaves at work, all chained in pairs; and the vivid description given in Anastatius of the horrors of the Bagnes at Constantinople came forcibly to mind. These fellows were more fearful to look at than any criminals I had ever seen. They were of all nations—Turks, Greeks, Negroes, Arabs, Maltese, and Levantines generally, and filthy beyond expression. They were employed in drawing heavy timber to land, and treated precisely as so many brutes.

The man who had taken the letter into the Arsenal

came back in a quarter of an hour, and told us that the effendi was over at the Marine—a building adjacent. I sent it in by a messenger, who presently returned, and said that Sali Pacha wished to see me. I was accordingly ushered in, the ceremony of taking off my shoes being dispensed with, and found this gentleman, who has an important post in the Turkish navy, sitting on a divan at the end of a large room, looking on to the Golden Horn, and swinging the string of beads to which I have before alluded. To my delight he spoke English perfectly, and was well acquainted with our metropolis. We had an agreeable chat for a few minutes, on comparison between London and Stamboul; and then he took charge of my letter, telling me that the effendi was at Smyrna, but that he would take my address, and I might calculate on its being safely delivered. So that the document was at last, to a certain extent, on its right mission; which, but for this gentleman's courtesy, I do not suppose it would ever have been. The trouble I had in getting rid of it may show the difficulty of presenting a Turkish letter of introduction. Stampa subsequently told me that it was a wonder how anything in the way of publicity or correspondence at Constantinople was managed at all, with streets having no names, and hundreds of people the same. He said that a post delivery was unknown. If the people did not go after their letters they never got them; but that sometimes, even under these circumstances, they got somebody else's, which appeared to answer just as well. Amongst the Franks this is all excellently managed. There is a letter box, both for the Austrian

and French mails; besides our own steamers. I believe the Austrian despatch is the quickest, but the police in that empire have an ugly knack of opening all the letters that go through their hands.

That evening a few of my kind English friends, resident at Constantinople, collected in a snug little house, on the bold hill beyond the large burying ground at Pera, and gave me a dinner—an honest English dinner, of joint and pudding, and goodly beer. It was a pleasant meeting, so far from home. It was capital to hear R—— make the headlands over the Golden Horn echo again, through the open windows, with a fine old English sea-ballad, and T—— laugh with such heartiness, at the latest London jokes, that his amiable wife told me afterwards she had never known him so inclined to leave the East and return again; so much had we stirred up his old home feelings by songs and stories. Even "Jeannette and Jeannot" and "When other lips" came out bran spick-and-span new; and a scene from "Box and Cox" played extempore, with dreadful interpolations and deficiencies, was pronounced so fine a thing, that I wonder, upon the strength of the applause, the performers did not, from that moment, renounce all other pursuits but the drama. Then we had small speeches, and homely toasts; not dismal conventional affairs, but little heartfelt bits that came well into such companionship; and be sure that there were many in England to whose health and happiness we drank that night, three thousand miles away. And when another guest arrived late, and told us, on diplomatic authority, that the Sultan had determined

not to give up the poor Hungarian people who had come to him for shelter, there was such a thoroughbred British cheer, that I think that if the Emperor of Russia had heard it, it would have knocked him completely over, powerful gentleman as he is.

Our lanterns glimmered along the street of Pera that evening at an unwonted hour, quite astonishing the watchmen; and as we crossed the great burying ground the dogs were sleeping about it so thickly, that they looked collecting like a flock of sheep. But they did not annoy us; on the contrary, one poor animal followed us in a most humble manner, as far as the circus; when, probably reflecting that he would overpass his own boundaries, if he came further, he gave a dismal howl of parting salutation, and was immediately lost in the darkness.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BOSPHORUS.

All my readers know that the Bosphorus is the broad stream of sea water which connects the Euxine with the Sea of Marmora, falling into the latter between Stamboul and Scutari. It is joined at this point by the "Sweet waters of Europe," which flow into the upper end of the Golden Horn, as the Liane may be said to do into the Port of Boulogne, to use a familiar example. There is, however, no tide. It is of great importance to the beauties of Constantinople and its neighbourhood that the water is always at the same height.

The length of the Bosphorus is, at a rough guess, about twenty miles. Its course is very winding; its shores are irregular and hilly, broken by small valleys or chines; its banks are covered with picturesque villages, and indeed nearly all along the water's edge the line of pretty dwellings is unbroken. It divides Europe from Asia, and is the great channel of communication between all the ports of the Black Sea and the Mediterranean.

On my first disengaged day, I arranged with a friend to make a little voyage up this beautiful

stream, in a caique. He was residing at Pera, and made a bargain with two fellows to take us for the day for forty-five piastres, (about ten shillings.) We took a large basket of food—principally consisting of hard eggs, bread, and pale ale; and started from the Tophané landing-place about nine A.M.

The morning was threatening, and it soon began to rain in torrents; so drenching our poor boatmen, in their flimsy white jackets and drawers, that we pulled up at a little cluster of houses, where there was a Greek câfé (properly inscribed Καφηνειον that there might be no mistake about it), and waited until the storm was over. The room was crowded with Greeks, drinking, smoking, and playing cards; and in an adjoining room, as many more were absorbed in a game of billiards, played with small ninepins on the cloth. The master had not much to offer beyond some muddy coffee and execrably bad brandy; but he pointed with great pride to a shelf of English pickles, and bottled beer, which, he appeared to have some vague notion, were always taken together. There was also a picture of Queen Victoria, which had been presented gratis with some newspaper—hung up, I suppose, in compliment to the Anglo-Ionian subjects who used the house. The noise and confusion was bewildering, and the intentions of Russia the sole subject of conversation. In about half an hour, the weather held up, and when we embarked again the scene was most lovely. The greater part of the noble Turkish fleet was lying at anchor in the middle of the stream. Many ships were sailing down from the Euxine ports, on the sterns of some

of which it was pleasant to read the *Polly* of Sunderland, or the *Two Sisters* of London : all the caiques had come out of their nooks and corners again, and the roofs of the houses, wet with rain, glistened in the sunlight as though they had been silver. I can conceive nothing so exciting as the approach to Constantinople must be, by the Bosphorus, to those travellers who have come down the Danube. The banks display every variety of water scenery. Now the handsome villas and palaces remind one of the edges of an Italian lake, Como or Orta, for instance ; the next turn of the stream brings you to rocky eminences with such ruins on them as you might see on the Rhine or Moselle ; and a little further on, gentle hills, covered with hanging woods, rise from the stream, as they might do anywhere between Maidenhead Bridge and Marlow.

Our men rowed very well, and we soon came to a village called *Arnaudkoi*, where the current is very rapid, and at times dangerous, the banks forming the outer curve of a sharp sweep in the stream. The boatmen here shipped their oars, for persons were in waiting to tow the caiques round the bend, it being impossible to row against the current. They were here always for the purpose, taking the boats in turn, and they received a few paras for their trouble. Further on, the same thing was repeated, and indeed at every sudden turn some poor fellows were waiting to track us.

The houses continued uninterruptedly along the shore, and they were nearly all built after the same style, and of wood. Here and there a new edifice

was being raised upon a European model, but it did not appear to be so much in keeping with the scene, as the green, and dove, and clay-coloured houses of the Turks. There is a lightness about these little buildings which is very pretty and effective. They look, from a short distance, as if made of card-board, and one cannot help thinking that a single candle within would illuminate their entire form, like the cottages the Italians carry about on their heads in our streets. There are very many palaces amongst them, belonging to the Sultan and the great people of his court; and on the summits of some of the mountains are royal kiosks, wherever a beautiful view is to be commanded. In the absence of all artistic impressions, the Turks are great admirers of Nature. Fields and forests, blue water and skies, sunny air and bright flower gardens, are the great sources of their happiness. The state of idle listless dreaming into which the contemplation of these objects throws them, they call *Kef*. We have no word that answers to this; busy anxious England has not allowed one to be invented. But it is a very pleasant repose—one that teems with images far more real and beautiful than the deadly opium or hasheesh can call up, and so, these little kiosks, dedicated to the idlest inactivity of mind and body, are perched about the hills of the Bosphorus, and there the Turk dreams away his leisure time, drinking in the bright and lovely prospects around him, with only the bubbling of the narghilè to assist rather than intrude upon his unstrained contemplations.

With respect to the hasheesh, of which I have just

spoken, a word or two may not be out of place. I had been so excited by the accounts I had read of its effects in "Monte-Cristo," that I was very anxious to try some; and Demetri bought me samples of two or three different preparations of it, somewhere on the sly. One sort was like greenish candy; another was of the same colour, but soft, and in a tin box; another was dark, and resembled black-currant jam; and a fourth was in powder. All tasted sufficiently nasty. The second was the least offensive, being mixed up with honey and bitter almonds. Of the first I took a tolerable quantity; but the effect was not proportioned to my expectations. I felt rather giddy and buoyant, but nothing further: yet the dragoman assured me that I had swallowed more than the ordinary quantity. "Once," he said, "a waiter found some in the hotel, and ate it all, not knowing what it was. He laughed all night long, and the next day was very sick, and cried." Much, in a case of this kind, must depend upon the idiosyncrasy of the individual who swallows it. I have said, with myself, the hasheesh was a failure: I may mention, at the same time, that no quantity of wine or spirits, however large, has ever any effect upon my head; so that it does not follow that its exhibition would be similarly innocuous upon everybody.

At two or three points of the shore of the Bosphorus were some graveyards, better kept than those about Constantinople. The tombstones were painted most gaudily, and the inscriptions were written in gold and silver. I was told that the crews of ships passing along were in the habit of breaking off these

monuments and taking them away as future ornaments to gardens—an offence calling for more severe reprehension than the generality of travelling sacrileges.

We passed Therapia and Buyukdere, about which pleasant places I shall have more to say by and by; and at last landed at a little village on the Asiatic side of the stream. This was as prettily oriental a spot as I saw during my sojourn at Constantinople; but I fear I cannot do it justice by description. The village was situated at the base of a wooded mountain, rising from a small bay round the corner of one of the promontories, with which the shores of the Bosphorus abound. The waves coming in from the Euxine rippled against its very street—for it had but one, and this was not above ten feet wide; with a long row of rustic coffee-houses facing the water, in all of which some dirtily picturesque fellows were lolling about and smoking. The thoroughfare was not altogether clear; for the spars of the ships—many of which were anchored in a line along the shore—at times crossed it. They were all wicked looking felucca-rigged craft: and the wild swarthy men who slept about them only knew in what their real trade consisted; for between Trebizonde or Odessa, and the Archipelago, all sorts of wickednesses may be achieved. This street ended in a small open place, surrounded by ragged wooden houses, one of which had been built round a gigantic plane-tree—so enormous that its bows stretched over the whole of the little square; and caused the ground to be pleasantly chequered with dancing lights and shadows.

At one end was a fountain of purely Eastern build, at which some of the faithful were performing their holy ablutions, and at its side a tired camel was nodding and blinking lazily in the heat. Two little shops adjoined this fountain: one was a coffee-house and the other belonged to a cook. A seller of melons had spread his store upon the ground, near there, and some of his fruit, not bigger than oranges, were delicious. Rude wooden benches were placed about in front of the coffee-house and round its walls, and our old friends, the dogs, were sleeping about, or squabbling for carrion, everywhere. At last, we were away from every trace of Europe.

We settled to dine here, so we brought up our basket from the *caique*, and got some cups and plates from the coffee-house, which had a mud floor and walls, and in it some natives were playing at tric-trac, casting the dice from their hands instead of a box, whilst others were going through their prayers, in corners. We were evidently objects of great curiosity for all of them; and the pale ale they could not understand at all. Indeed, they grouped round us when the cork was drawn, like a street audience round a conjuror; and the very dogs appeared to partake of the bewilderment.

We were very hungry, and such a good odour came from the cook's shop, that we determined to patronize him. He was making *kebobs*—and if there was a spot on which it was proper to taste that oriental delicacy, this was certainly the one. His shop was an open one, with a brazier in the window place, upon which the meats were being cooked. At

the door-post hung a piece of mutton, of excellent quality; this was exhibited to show that he only made use of good meat. He cut it into small bits, seasoned these, and put them on a skewer: they were then cooked over the fire, and when properly done, served up with pepper, salt, and onion chopped very fine. No knife or fork was required, but the morsels were eaten from the skewer, and very excellent indeed they were. Then we finished our hard boiled eggs, had a delicious melon for dessert, which cost fourpence, and so made as fine a dinner as I ever partook of. Certainly I never sat down to one so full of agreeable associations, or served in so picturesque a fashion.

I have said that this little village was situated at a bend of the Bosphorus. We therefore agreed to walk over a mountain which rose directly behind it, and send the boat round to meet us at another point, as there were some curiosities to see on the summit, as well as a fine view. We first passed the ruins of a building known as The Genoese Castle, which must in former times have been of enormous extent and magnitude. Getting higher up, we had a fine prospect of the opposite, or European, shores of the Bosphorus; and, at last, on a ridge of ground, we got our first view of the Black Sea, with its long heavy swell coming towards the entrance of the strait in mighty curves, and dashing over the Symplegades which still thrust their rugged heads from the foam, as they are said to have done when Jason passed with the Argonauts.

Still keeping along the ridge of the mountain, we

came at length to some rich table land, upon which a shepherd, in a wild costume, was looking after his flock. He had an immense dog with him, and my companion told me that the animals of this breed were as fierce as wild beasts, when their master did not keep them close to his side. On this occasion the brute began to show his teeth, and seemed perfectly ready to spring at us, so we took a lower path, instead of crossing the pasture, for I was by no means anxious for an encounter. Once I was bitten through the eyebrow by a hound, and I have seen several people die of hydrophobia; the result has been that I believe a tiger would frighten me less than a threatening dog. We were repaid for our *detour,* by a walk through a lovely thicket, the winding path being bordered all the way by ferns, dwarf oaks, wild vines, and the arbutus. The foliage was charming and most refreshing, for it was a long time since I had seen any, beyond the dusty cypress in the cemeteries and the fruit-trees in the Smyrna gardens. I felt how expressive was the sentence of Eothen when the author speaks, after his arid desert journey, of "diving into the cold verdure of groves, and quenching his hot eyes in shade, as though in deep rushing waters."

On the top of the mountain we came to a small cluster of buildings, attached to which was an enclosure, commonly known as The Giant's Grave; but said by the Turks to be the burial place of Joshua. A *baksheesh* to an idle dervish, who kept a poor coffee-house here, procured a peep into the holy spot; but only a peep, for, as we would not take

off our shoes, we were not allowed to proceed further than the door step. The 'grave' looked like an oblong flower-bed, between twenty and thirty feet long, so that if it had been expressly made to accommodate any individual, it is remarkable that, with his great weight, he left no more authenticated memorials of his existence or departure. At one end was a railing, on which a quantity of rags and shreds of cloth were hung. These were offerings, such as one may see in the chapel of Jesus Flagellé, near Wimille, and had been sent by sick people. The superstition, however, connected with them is, that if they are portions of the dress worn by the diseased person, in proportion as they become purified by the sun and air, so will the invalid recover.

As we came away, a number of veiled women rushed out of the house adjoining, and began to abuse us in the most violent and excited manner, and the dervish also came in for his full share, for having shown the sacred spot to such Giaour dogs as ourselves. Their rage was increased at perceiving that we had our shoes on, since they imagined that we had been walking generally over the holy ground. I never heard such 'Billingsgate' as the pale beauties indulged in. The dervish took his few piastres, and retired with a sly wink to his hovel; but we were greeted with a shower of clods and stones as

we left the spot. This was the first, and I must say the only, time that I was ever practically insulted by the faithful, during my stay in Turkey. My companion told me that he was once set upon by a number, at Broussa. He was taking a sketch, and nothing would convince them but that he was an enchanter, working out some deep necromantic scheme to their serious detriment.

We now began to descend, the path winding along the sides of the mountain, amidst the same beautiful foliage, and here and there adorned with a picturesque fountain, put up by some pious person for the use of travellers. In about an hour we came to a lovely park-like flat, between two hills, known as *The Sultan's Valley*. Some of the largest plane-trees I ever saw were growing here, and in one of them a dervish had contrived to make a regular house, or hovel, with a small enclosed plot of grass in front, whereon he was squatting and grinding his coffee. A great number of dogs, of the true Galata breed, were lying about close to him, in the hopes of an occasional scrap. He was a wild-looking fellow, with long hair and beard, and very dirty. Seated at the foot of the tree, he recalled to my mind, at once, the dervish of the Arabian Nights, who gives Prince Bahman the advice not to look behind him, when he goes up the hill in search of the talking bird and the singing tree. He glowered upon us as we passed, and appeared inclined to do anything but aid us, had we stood in need of his assistance.

From this to the water's side again was but a short distance, and we found the caique had come

round, and the men were smoking their pipes. We sat upon a rude pier of floating timber, and divided our remaining beer with them; the gusto with which they drank it proved that the Moslem's abhorrence of intoxicating drinks is not difficult to overcome, even when he is *seen* indulging in them, which is, I believe, the real condition under which he is taught to abjure them.

The voyage home was most delicious. We went with the stream, and glided rapidly along, keeping close to the Asiatic side, which was now glowing

with all the purple glories of an Eastern sunset, every window in the cardboard palaces throwing back its rays, and sparkling as though one general illumination was going on from the Black Sea to Scutari. Then the opposite mountains threw their shade upon the villages, and they became grey and dusky, while the hills behind them were still steeped in floods of beautiful light. But the shadows crept higher and higher, until, by the time we reached Tophané, and turned round the angle of the Golden Horn, the mists had risen, and a filmy irregular line of buildings only marked the opposite side of the Bosphorus, although the minarets of Stamboul were yet thrown out in vivid relief against the flushed horizon.

Fishing Station on the Bosphorus.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SLAVE MARKET.

No European goes to the East with a clear idea of a Slave-market. He has seen fanciful French lithographs, and attractive scenes in Eastern ballets, where the pretty girls appeared ready, on the shortest notice and in the most bewitching costumes, to dance the Gitana, Romaika, Tarantella, Redowa, or any other characteristic *pas* that might be required of them. Or if not schooled into these impressions, he takes the indignant view of the subject, and thinks of nothing but chains and lashes, and finds, at last, that one is just as false as the other.

There is now no regular slave-market at Constantinople. The fair Circassians and Georgians reside in the houses of the merchants, to whom many of them are regularly consigned by their friends, and of these it is impossible for a Frank to obtain a glimpse, for the usual privacy of the harcem is granted to them. The chief depôt of the blacks is in a large court yard attached to the Mosque of Suleyman. In a street immediately outside the wall was a row of coffee-houses, where opium was also to be procured for smoking, which is by no means so

general a practice as is imagined; and over and behind these were buildings in which the slaves were kept. It is true that these were grated, but the lattices through which only the Turkish women can look abroad, gave a far greater notion of imprisonment.

There were a great many women and children grouped about in the court yard, and all those who appeared to possess any degree of intelligence were chatting and laughing. Some were wrapped up in blankets and crouching about in corners; but in these, sense and feeling seemed to be at the lowest ebb, and I could not help thinking of the American's remark about the elephant, at Smyrna.

I had a photograph taken, from one of this class, by Mr. Schranz, of Cairo, which is here reproduced. I should be very sorry to run against any proper feelings on the subject, but I do honestly believe that if any person of average propriety and right-mindedness were shown these creatures, and told that their lot was to become the property of others, and work in return for food and lodging, he would come to the conclusion that it was all they were fit for—indeed, he might think that they had gained in exchanging their wretched savage life for one of comparative civilization. I would not pretend, upon the strength of a hurried visit to a city, to offer the slightest opinion upon the native domestic and social economy; but I

can say that whenever I have seen the black slaves abroad, they have been neatly dressed, and apparently well kept; and that, if shopping with their mistresses in the bazaars, the conversation and laughing that passed between them was like that between two companions. The truth is that the 'virtuous indignation' side of the question holds out grander opportunities to an author for fine writing than the practical fact. But this style of composition should not always be implicitly relied upon; I knew a man who was said by certain reviews and literary *cliques* to be "a creature of large sympathies for the poor and oppressed," because he wrote touching things about them; but who would abuse his wife, and brutally treat his children, and harass his family, and then go and drink until his large heart was sufficiently full to take up the "man-and-brother" line of literary business, and suggest that a tipsy chartist was as good as a quiet gentleman. Of this class are the writers who even call livery 'a badge of slavery,' and yet, in truth, if the real slave felt as proud of his costume and calves as John feels, he might be considerably envied for his content by many of us.

As we entered the court yard, a girl rose and asked Demetri if I wanted to buy her. I told him to say that I did, and would take her to England. She asked Demetri where that was, and on being told that it was so many days' journey, she ran away,

declaring that she would never go so far with anybody. We next went up to a circle of black females, who had clustered under the shade of a tree. A Turkish woman in her veil was talking to them. I made Demetri tell them that we had no slaves in England, as our Queen did not allow it, but that every one was free as soon as they touched the land. This statement excited a laugh of the loudest derision from all the party, and they ran to tell it to their companions, who screamed with laughter as well; so that I unwittingly started a fine joke that day in the Slave Market.

Coming back I saw a fellow turning out of a coffee house, wherein he had been smoking opium. He had a stupid tipsy air of unconsciousness, and the boys made fun of him, as they would have done with a drunkard in London.

As I crossed the Golden Horn I took advantage of the polite invitation of Captain Mercer, who had made one of our firman party, to visit the *Jamestown*, now lying off Tophané. Nothing could be more beautiful than the order in which this ship was kept; and when we were down below, the views through the different portholes, of the various water boundaries of Constantinople, formed so many charming cosmoramic effects. I was shown some guns which were loaded at the breech. A piece of metal, like a bolt, was lifted up, the bullet was then put into a channel and bolted as it were to its place. Then the powder was inserted after it; and a hammer at the side, which fired the cap, kept the bolt from flying up at the same time. I do not know whether these guns are

common. There were a great many of them on board the *Jamestown;* and the saving of time effected in loading them must be very considerable.

At the hotel, when I returned, we found that a bundle of *Galignani's Messenger* had arrived, and that most comprehensive of all newspapers was creating the greatest excitement with its accounts of the Bermondsey murder, the first that had reached Constantinople. All the circumstances had to be translated and explained to the foreigners at the table-d'hote; and for the next day or two as much proportionate noise was made about the affair in Pera as in London.

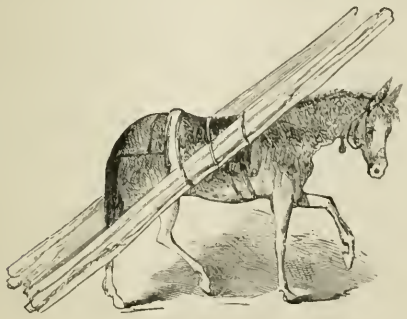
Lightermen in Galata.

CHAPTER XIV.

A RIDE ROUND STAMBOUL.

Horses can easily be hired, at cheap rates, at Constantinople, and they are tolerably good; certainly superior to hacks of this class in London. They do not bring sticks or whips with them; but the bridle terminates in a long thong, with which you can belabour them as much as you please.

One day, about noon, we started upon horseback for a long round, outside the city; passing the upper bridge of boats across the Golden Horn, on which there is no toll. Riding through the narrow crowded streets of Stamboul, requires one to have both his eyes open, with unremitting vigilance. Every minute you are entangled in a throng of foot-people; donkeys



carrying boards; possibly laden camels, who never get out of anybody's way, and almost sweep each side of the lane with their packs; rickety carriages, street vendors, and dogs. This applies more, perhaps, to the streets in the vicinity of the bazaars and those adjoining the Golden Horn. Further in the city the thoroughfares are curiously dreary and deserted. The house-doors are all closed, and the windows covered with lattices. Still advancing, the quarters of the Armenians and the Greeks are more lively. The lattices are taken away; and beautiful faces are seen at the windows,—as pretty as those of the charming Smyrna girls. In the middle of the latter quarter I saw a regular English brass door-plate, polished to dazzling brightness, with "Mr. Sang" on it. The effect was odd enough.

We rode this day through the broadest part of the city—from the Golden Horn to the Seven Towers, a journey of about three miles—leaving Stamboul by a gate that opened close upon the Sea of Marmora. I never saw the sea so calm as it was this afternoon. Every cloud—every mast and spar of the distant steamers, was reflected on its glassy surface: and the water was as still at the edge, as though it had been the Serpentine. This dead calm was accompanied by an equal silence. I listened for some minutes, and did not hear a sound. Even the indefinite hum of busied life which can usually be detected near a great city, was hushed.

The walls of the ancient Constantinople still existing, are of enormous extent and magnitude, forming a triple enclosure. At certain distances are large square towers, now crumbling rapidly to decay. They

are ruined in the most remarkable manner; some being split down the middle, and others tumbled over bodily into the fosse. We followed their course, externally, along a road, if such it could be called, full of holes, and evidently never repaired since first made. Here and there was an attempt at paving, with jagged stones; and occasionally one half of it ascended sharply, whilst the other dipped into a hollow, so that there was a difference of from five to eight feet in its level. This, it must be understood, was a high thoroughfare, close to a great city, and answering to the external boulevards of Paris. The horses understood the country very well. They scuffled and scrambled along, and occasionally had to get over a low stone wall or two, to make short cuts, with which my companion was acquainted, skirting gardens and cemeteries, and passing creaking water-wheels, similar to those I had seen at Smyrna. At length we came to the Greek church of Baloukli, in which the wonderful fish are preserved. Mr. Curzon, in his admirable book on the Monasteries of the Levant,* thus tells the story:—

"The unfortunate Emperor Constantine Paleologus rode out of the city alone to reconnoitre the outposts of the Turkish army, which was encamped in the immediate vicinity. In passing through a wood he found an old man seated by the side of a spring, cooking some fish on a gridiron for his dinner; the emperor dismounted from his white horse, and entered into conversation with the other; the old man looked up at the stranger in silence, when the emperor

* "Curzon's Monasteries," introductory chapter, page xxv.

inquired whether he had heard anything of the movements of the Turkish forces: 'Yes,' said he, 'they have this moment entered the city of Constantinople.' I would believe what you say,' replied the emperor, 'if the fish which you are broiling would jump off the gridiron into the spring.' This, to his amazement, the fish immediately did, and, on his turning round, the figure of the old man had disappeared. The emperor mounted his horse and rode towards the gate of Silivria, where he was encountered by a band of the enemy, and slain, after a brave resistance, by the hand of an Arab or a Negro.

"The broiled fishes still swim about in the water of the spring, the sides of which have been lined with white marble, in which are certain recesses where they can retire when they do not wish to receive company. The only way of turning the attention of these holy fish to the respectful presence of their adorers is accomplished by throwing something glittering into the water, such as a handful of gold or silver coin; gold is the best, copper produces no effect; he that sees one fish is lucky, he that sees two or three goes home a happy man; but the custom of throwing coins into the spring has become, from its constant practice, very troublesome to the good monks, who kindly depute one of their community to rake out the money six or seven times a day with a scraper at the end of a long pole. The emperor of Russia has sent presents to the shrine of Baloukli, so called from the Turkish word Balouk, a fish. Some wicked heretics have said that these fishes are common perch: either they or the monks must be mistaken; but of whatever kind

they are, they are looked upon with reverence by the Greeks, and have been continually held in the highest honour from the time of the siege of Constantinople to the present day."

These fish must have been of the same breed as those lively ones in the story of "The Fisherman and the Geni." They were now swimming in a tank in the interior: and the water was offered to visitors to drink. It was very pure and agreeable. The church itself was decorated with tawdry illuminated saints, and cheap glass lamps and chandeliers hung from the ceiling. A priest sat at the entrance, with a row of plates before him, into which contributions were thrown. A piastre or two was evidently considered a noble offering.

We remounted our horses, and rode on through what I imagine must be the largest cemetery in the world; passing, literally, *miles* of tombstones. They were of all kinds, but knocked over and uncared for, as usual. These places are not so picturesque and touching as some writers would make us believe. Their extreme disorder and untidiness betokens anything but a care for the dead; and leads one to believe that the poets have written about them, rather from pictures or fiddle-faddle conventionalities, than impressions. The most perfect simile a person could find for them would be in a field of enormous ninepins. A little village churchyard in our England, with its yew-tree, and limes, and lych-gate, is more impressive than the whole of the cemeteries about Constantinople put together.

We went on, passing a suburb of the city at the

back of the fez manufactory, wherein were some gorgeous enclosures of royal tombs,—to peep at which we were compelled by two soldiers on guard to dismount, although they allowed our horses to be led after us,—and finally reached, by a very wild road, the spot known as the *Valley of the Sweet Waters*. This is a verdant and tranquil place enough, but bears a name which excites picturesque anticipations not altogether carried out. It is one of the great holiday resorts of the Turkish women, the other being the "sweet waters of Asia," across the Bosphorus. Indeed, the inhabitants of Constantinople generally, are fond of coming up here, in caiques from the end of the Golden Horn. The turf is very soft and green, and there are some fine trees for shade, beneath which little knots of people may be always seen smoking and enjoying their *kef*. The "sweet waters" are, in fact, those of a river called the Lyssus; about the size of the Lee.

We crossed over the stream, by a wooden park bridge, and gained the heights over Pera. Here we came upon several skeletons of horses, picked very clean by the dogs, who were about them in great numbers. After some wild riding, we got to a German brewery, where the master brought us some tolerably good imitation of Strasbourg beer: and then we slowly rode down to Pera, having very nearly made the tour of the city. But what may be considered remarkable was, that in this ride of some hours, on the great thoroughfares immediately adjoining Constantinople, we had not once met, or passed, anything upon wheels—not even a cart.

I noticed two or three little matters of interest on my way down from the Pera faubourg to the Hotel d'Europe. The first were the tall pyramids of masonry used as water-levels, containing huge syphons, which assist in carrying the water from one point to another, without the expense of an aqueduct, and also allow it to come occasionally in contact with the air. Of the supply of water to Constantinople I shall speak by and by. The coffee-houses, opposite the great burial ground, were peculiar in their way, inasmuch as they had disposed of all their chairs and tables amongst the tombstones, as a convivial resort, which had a very absurd effect. And my old friends—the dogs, opposite the Artillery Barracks—had so encumbered the road, that it was absolutely difficult to pass along: the reason of this great gathering being that they awaited the washing out of the soldiers' kettles. For an encampment had been formed of green tents, on an enclosed piece of ground near the barracks, as a sort of demonstration connected with the threatening aspect of Russia just at present: and here a large number of the Turkish infantry were preparing their evening meal.

When I got back to the hotel that night, Angelo (for so was "Arlecchino" properly called) told me that, having thrashed the cook a few days before, he had now beaten two of the waiters in some unexplained kitchen squabble. The house was quite full, for several Hungarians had arrived during the day. Where, or how, they slept, was a riddle to all of us, but they must have been half a dozen in a room. They were poor humble fellows, and appeared broken down by earnest misery and anxiety.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HOWLING DERVISHES—ROBBERY OF TRAVELLERS.

Besides the dancing dervishes, there is another set at Scutari, who howl; and their exhibition is also public every Thursday afternoon, about two o'clock. It is a mile and a half across the Bosphorus, from Galata to Scutari. The Maiden Tower, (or Leander's Tower, as it is sometimes called,) is a little building rising from the water, about which the old story is told of the favourite child, shut up until he or she was of age, because a prediction had announced an early accidental death, and being at last killed by a viper from some fire-wood. The same legend belongs to the Folly, at Clifton, and a dozen other places.

Landing at Scutari, which I imagine must be the most oriental portion of Constantinople, we went up to the Convent of the Howling Dervishes, and were introduced into a square room, with a balustrade round it, and at the top a latticed gallery for the women. All around were hung rude musical instruments — chiefly little drums and tambourines: and against the wall at the end were battle-axes, and apparently instruments of torture, in great numbers —hooks, spikes, and the like. The dervishes, who

were crouching on the floor, on sheepskins, did not appear to have any particular costume, as those at Pera; but each afterwards put on a felt skull-cap. Round the enclosure were other persons sitting, who appeared to be visitors; one was a soldier. Some large-eyed unwholesome children were also of the party of performers; and a dancing dervish joined them before they finished. They went through a great many ceremonies of bowing, embracing, and repeating prayers, and at last got in a line at the end of the room by the railing, one or two of the elders still squatting in front of them. Here they commenced to chant, swinging themselves backwards and forwards, and then sideways; getting quicker and quicker in their motions, like a railway engine going off, and shouting "*La ilah illah-lah*" (There is but one God!) faster and faster, until they worked themselves up into an extraordinary state of frenzy, children and all. They kept shouting this monotonous line and throwing themselves about for at least half an hour: when the noise was so wearing, and the place so close and disagreeable, that I made my escape.

I could not exactly understand what induced these men to make such fools of themselves. Certainly it was not for money, for none was given by the spectators, nor indeed was any solicited. Neither can I suspect it to have been for religious motives, for, to all appearances, a greater set of scamps had seldom been collected together. I must leave the explanation to those familiar with the mysteries of Eastern worship.

Above that convent, there is another enormous burying-ground, through which the road runs—a

perfect forest, with millions of tombstones. Here again the road is divided; and its paved portion is at least ten feet higher than the dusty half. The

proper complement of dogs and poultry were wandering about; and a large tomb, formed by a cupola upon six pillars, was shown as the grave of a favourite horse once belonging to the Sultan Mahmoud. Another was surrounded by an iron railing, upon which shreds of clothes were hung, in large numbers, as I had seen at the Giant's Mountain.

A very hot walk of an hour took us to the top of the hill of Bulgarlu, from which the finest panorama of Constantinople, the Sea of Marmora, Prince's Islands, and the contiguous Asiatic country, can be seen.

I was much pleased, on my return to the Hotel, to find on my key-hook a card left by Lord Mandeville, who was staying at Misseri's. He had been attacked by robbers, a day's journey from Smyrna; and they had taken everything that he had about him. Whilst talking of the affair, a report arrived that Mr. Urquhart had suffered also from thieves, but on the sea—his boat having been attacked by pirates. These two misadventures made sufficient noise to prove that such robberies upon Eastern travellers were of rare occurrence.

The way in which the first robbery came about was this. The steamers of the Austrian Lloyd's Company arriving at Smyrna in the morning, do not start again until noon the next day, and so Lord Mandeville, and a gentleman who accompanied him,—Mr. Percy Herbert,—determined to spend their time in riding to Nimfi; where, a short time ago, one of the most ancient monuments of the world was discovered, in the shape of an enormous human figure, sculptured in the solid rock. It agrees closely with the description of a monument given by Herodotus, and is said to be a trophy of Sesostris.

Our travellers placed themselves first in the hands of a doubtful dragoman,—as great a robber, by their account, as any they were attacked by,—and left him to make the arrangements for the journey, Nimfi being about five hours distant from Smyrna. He engaged a *Surroudjee*, or horse-attendant, to be at the inn about four o'clock in the afternoon, with five horses.

Before starting, they thought it would be advisable to go to the Consul, and mention their plans and

arrangements. They found an old gentleman, in an ill temper, wrapped up in a flannel gown; and groaning, as he said, from rheumatism. Upon asking him if the price they had paid for the horses was just, he replied that he knew nothing at all about it, and indeed appeared to be bored at being thus troubled: so they went away.

Having started at the appointed time, for a wonder, they were stopped at the first guard-house they came to, which is about half an hour out of Smyrna, and asked for their *Teskeré*, which is a species of passport, combined with an order for post-horses and other matters connected with Turkish travelling. Neither the Consul nor the dragoman had thought about this, and so they were compelled to wait two hours at the guard-house, whilst the latter returned for the necessary permit.

At last, he arrived, but from this delay, and other causes, they did not reach Nimfi until the middle of the night. The dragoman, who had assured them that he had often been there before, was now unable to find the house they were to sleep in; and they must have couched *à la belle etoile*, had they not by chance found a man sitting up in some place where wine was being made, who directed them.

They started again at daylight, the next morning, for the spot where the monument is to be seen, distant from Nimfi about an hour and a half. After a pleasant ride of eight or nine miles, through a very pretty country, they went up a small path, leading through a narrow gorge in the hills, where there was barely room for more than the stream running through it,

the way being sometimes in the course of the stream, and sometimes on one side of it, twisting about, to pass the blocks which had rolled down from the sides of the hills. They were passing one of these masses, with some brushwood on the other side of the path, when two men sprang forward and stopped the *Surroudjee*. At the same moment, two other fellows appeared in the rear, and they were directly afterwards joined by a fifth. All these men were armed. They made the travellers dismount, tore off their coats to see if they were armed, which fortunately they were not; and, then quietly rifled their pockets, taking all they wanted. Fortunately, Lord Mandeville had nothing of great value about him, except a gold watch. This, of course they appropriated, as well as his sash, his pocket-handkerchief, and even a strip of silk he wore round his neck. Just as he was remounting, one of the rascals saw a ring on his finger. They tried to get this off, but as it had been a lady's, it was not very easy, and the chief of the party drew his *yatagan* to take away finger and all.* The dragoman, however, interfered, and contrived to release it with his mouth. When everything available had been taken, the fellows departed.

The adventure did not deter our travellers from going on to the monument, although the visit could not have been paid in very good temper. When they returned, they went at once to the vice-consul, and asked him to assist them in getting some redress.

* When I was robbed by brigands, between Padua and Bologna, in 1840, one of our party nearly underwent a similar fate.

He, however, pooh-pooh'd the affair; and it was not until Lord Mandeville wrote a somewhat peremptory note to the consul, that the matter was taken in hand. The vice-consul, however, is a Greek.

A misfortune befel the Circus at Pera this evening. There came on a brisk wind, which carried away several of the light planks that formed the roof, and this was followed by a pelting shower of rain. The consequence was, that two-thirds of the lamps went out, and the performance concluded with the very dreary spectacle of a spangled gentleman and lady riding round and round, almost in the dark, and gradually becoming drenched to the skin, whilst the audience clustered under umbrellas. But the fezzes were not at all put out. They looked gravely on, as though they considered it a part of the entertainment, without any expression of either approbation or dissatisfaction, and probably would have done the same, had the whole place suddenly taken fire.

I was enabled to form some slight notion, on my way home this night, of the state of the Constantinople streets during the winter. As it was, the "sludge" from the rain—the holes full of water—and the rugged paving, nearly precluded all progress. In winter, with continued bad weather, they must be perfectly impassable. Men buy long boots on purpose to get about in; but what the women do is difficult to tell. As it is, they can scarcely shuffle on in their slipshod *chaussure*. By all accounts, the winters at Constantinople are occasionally very frightful; and this present one appears to have exceeded all others in

severity, many poor persons having died from cold, and all having suffered from it bitterly, as well they may, with nothing but miserable little stoves and *chaufferettes* to warm them, in thin wooden houses that allow every draught of air to come and go as it chooses.

Bread Seller

CHAPTER XVI.

BUYUKDERE.

The two most important villages upon the Bosphorus are Therapia and Buyukdere, contiguous to the summer residences of most of the ambassadors. The land journey to the latter is a pleasant ride on horseback, and the escape into fresh green valleys from dirty Pera, most refreshing and agreeable.

I hired a small active sure-footed horse, and started one morning, with a companion, for Buyukdere. There is a species of road, paved with huge uneven blocks of stone, like those, here and there, upon the Roman Campagna but not so level; but we preferred crossing the country, and so cantered and scrambled over the wide wild tract of bare hills, which commence almost immediately upon quitting Pera. They have straggling bridle-paths, and deep water-courses about them, in all directions, with occasionally a dangerous dry well, flush with the ground. No attempt is made to cultivate this land: a few sheep browse about it, and, now and then, one sees a little enclosed patch somewhat greener than the rest. Very large rats, without tails, burrow in it, and curious lizards, of a singularly bright green, dart about its short vegetation.

At one part the Sultan was building a palace, which looked a great deal more like a union workhouse, down in a hollow; and the work-people lived round about it, in tents.

We were at a tolerable elevation, and now and then got fine views of the Bosphorus. Occasionally, a long smooth piece of turf offered a course for a capital gallop, and the air was so pure and delightful that our spirits were raised to the highest degree. Hence the thirteen miles between Pera and Buyukdere appeared to be traversed at express speed. I did not see many travellers on the road. Now and then an *araba* or *teleka* was met, crawling along—the latter usually filled with Greek girls—and we came up with two or three horsemen, apparently on a journey, and armed to the teeth. Once, also, in the distance, I saw a string of camels, laden, most probably, with charcoal, for Constantinople; but this was all. The difference in traffic which a road of the same relation would have shown, between two of our humblest market-towns in England, was a matter of some interest.

As we approached Buyukdere, the country became very rich and beautiful, and a little way out of the village, in a large meadow, I was shown some wonderfully fine plane trees, under which Godfrey de Bouillon was said to have encamped, when on his way to the crusades. This is one of those pleasant local legends which a traveller never believes, and yet would not spare from any agreeable spot he may be passing. So it is with the Rhine, and William Tell's country The plane trees here are finer even

than those in the Sultan's valley, on the opposite side of the Bosphorus. Formerly there were several more, and they grow so closely together that they look as though one root was sending up several huge stems.

We came down to the sunny water-side, along which the village runs, and stopped at an excellent house—the *Hotel de l'Empire Ottoman*, kept by a Piedmontese and his wife, and facing the Bosphorus. The bill of this establishment was in five languages,—viz., Turkish, Armenian, French, Greek, and English; and, for a wonder, there were none of those amusing mistakes in the latter, for which polyglot hotel cards abroad are so famous. It was as good and grammatical, as though it had advertised an inn in 'Bradshaw;' for instance, to quote a division:

"Déjeuner composé du café au lait ou thé, 2 plats de cuisine, beurre frais, saucisson et salaisons, fruits, fromage, et vins. P. 15."

"Πρόγευμα συνισταμενον ἀπὸ καφὲν ἢ τζαϊ, 2 πενακιὰ μαγενρευμένον φαγητὸν, νωπὸν βούτερον, λωκάνικον ἀλμυρά, ὀπωρικα, τυρίον, καὶ κρασίον.—Γρ. 15."

"Breakfast consisting of coffee or tea, two hot dishes, fresh butter, sausages, fruits, cheese, and wine. P. 15."

These three languages were printed in type: the Turkish and Armenian were lithographed, as is generally the case with these announcements.

This was one of the lovliest mornings I ever knew. The Bosphorus was sparkling like a stream of liquid lapis-lazuli, and so beautifully clear that all the shells

and pebbles at the bottom were perceptible, as well as numbers of gleaming fish. A light cool breeze came up from the Euxine, just moving the pennants of the ships lying about, and the mists on the Asiatic side were gradually lifting up and dispersing, as they revealed the beautiful hills near the Genoese castle. All the pretty card-board waterside palaces, far away on either side, came out brightly in the clear sunlight against the dark woods behind them. Two or three bits of bright colour, in the dresses of the people who lounged about, came in exactly where they were wanted for effect, and all points contributed to make so charming an *ensemble* that I marvelled how anyone, with means and leisure at their command, could give up this glittering spot for the noisome, dusty, corpse-crammed Pera.

In front of the hotel was a small bathing-house, built out upon piles over the water, with an insecure seat round the inside of it; without, it was very like a sea-side camero-obscura; within, it resembled in form and size, the diving bell at the Polytechnic Institution. Its chief disadvantage was that your shoes and things tumbled into the water from the narrow ledge on which they were placed. But the temptation of a plunge was not to be resisted, and in five minutes we were revelling in deep water, shouting for very enjoyment, and getting such an appetite for breakfast, that I fear those who gave us the meal at fifteen piastres a head, did not that morning clear much by their bargain.

The hostess was a tolerably pretty person, born on the sunny side of the Great St. Bernard, and was

eager to show us over the hotel. Certainly one might have done far worse than have made it his quarters for a few weeks. There was an excellent *salon*, with a capital piano, a billiard-room, a câfé, and a beautiful garden, with trellised vines forming all kinds of arbours, and one fine tree with a summer-house built up amidst its branches, like that of 'The Golden Grove' at the foot of St. Ann's Hill, in Surrey. Some of the grapes were very small, and were made into Sultana raisins, and, on others of the trees were new fruits, different to any I had seen before. There were also curious contrivances for irrigation, and odd bee-hives, and gardening and domestic implements, on the use of which no man might venture to pronounce rashly.

We preferred to have our breakfast under the vines, and were joined by the host and hostess, with a lodger—a huge, loutish, Russian officer of something or another, who ate enormously, was a very dirty feeder, would not have his plate changed for anything, and tippled to excess. He had been hunting down Hungarians, but had been thrown off his employment by the aspect of affairs at Constantinople. The host and hostess were communicative people. They were, they said, anxious to return to Piedmont, but had laid out a great deal of money on the hotel, and hoped, first, to reap a return of it. Even then it was scarcely sufficiently known at Pera to make it an acknowledged popular resort of the Frank population, but every year brought a little better business than the preceding one, and so they lived in hopes.

We idled through this day in most glorious *dolce far niente;* and started in the afternoon to return by a different road, keeping by the water-side as far as Therapia, where we knocked up the quarters of a friend for dinner. There was nothing to be procured but eggs, and the fat of bacon; but these we cooked ourselves, with great fun; and moreover, with plenty of good bread and bitter beer, we contrived to make a famous meal. Indeed, it was not until the sun went off the Bosphorus that we thought about getting home again.

We had a wild scamper over the hills again; but when four or five miles from Constantinople it got so dark that we were obliged to pull up, and walk our horses, on account of the bad road and the holes. At last, we saw the lights of Pera, and once more threaded our way amongst the dogs and people, along its narrow street to the Hotel.

It was very hot indeed that night. The wind went round, and changed to the stifling sirocco. As such, I knew my fate, and prepared to lie down the whole of the next day with a feverish head-ache, gasping instead of breathing—such being the invariable effects of the blighting wind upon me. These, however, lasted no longer than the cause, and when the refreshing breeze came down again from the Euxine, I was at once as well as ever. As this was the only indisposition I suffered from, during the whole of my absence from England, with every change of temperature, climate, diet, and general habits that could try a constitution, I always con-

sidered myself very fortunate, and was grateful accordingly. It must be very sad to be laid up for any time with illness in a strange country; and although a clever Turkish member of our own College of Surgeons, Mr. Zohrab, is practising in Pera, I preferred dispensing altogether with his assistance.

Sweetmeat Man.

CHAPTER XVII.

PRINCES' ISLAND, AND ITS POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

HOME superstition becomes sadly upset when we find that Friday is considered the most fortunate day of the week, in the East, and the Turks like to begin or perform any work on that day, accordingly.

It is also their Sabbath; and, during the fine weather, the women go in crowds to the *Sweet Waters of Asia*—a beautiful valley near the fortress of Hissari, on the Bosphorus, watered by the River Göksu. They spread their carpets here, and pass the day in admiring themselves in mirrors, smoking, chatting, and eating sweetmeats. I was told that many flirtations were originated on these occasions, but with Moslem gallants. There is not a chance for a Frank traveller to establish one, and therefore, when such a one boasts of any success in this particular line, whatever else he says may be believed as fully—at least, in nine cases out of ten. All I know from my own experience is, that every attempt I made at philandering with the belles of Stamboul, and once or twice under unusual advantages, turned out a total, not to say contemptible, failure.

In this idling about, this easy thoughtless abandon-

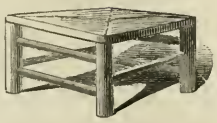
ment of the business of life, the Moslems get through their holidays. With the Greeks, who form so large a proportion of the population of Turkey, the case is different. They eagerly seek every kind of amusement, and pass their Sundays in the true continental fashion. They have various favourite resorts—especially the different villages along the Bosphorus, where many of them reside; but the most popular of all are Princes' Islands.

There are nine of these, and they lie in the Sea of Marmora, an hour's steamboat ride from Constantinople. The larger ones are called, in the order you arrive at them, Prote, Atigone, Chalki, and Prinkipo; and the last one is the most popular. They are properly Asiatic, and on this account, I hear, are patronised by East Indians, absent on leave, but who must not enter Europe. There is good shooting on them, and the air is remarkably pure. And, like Smyrna, there is an over-proportion of beautiful girls in the population.

Prinkipo is the Gravesend of Constantinople. Every afternoon at four, a steamer starts from the centre of the lower floating bridge across the Golden Horn, for the islands, conveying the Galata merchants to their country abodes; and on Saturday the boat is crammed with holiday makers. As this is the most characteristic time to visit them, I took advantage of the charming weather and went with the rest.

When I got down to the boat it was so full that there was scarcely standing room, and the dozens of red fezzes had a very curious appearance. With some difficulty I found the gentlemen who were to

accompany me, and at last we contrived to secure one or two of the odd little dumpy seats that were about the deck, and established ourselves near a kind of dresser, at the limit of the first places, where coffee, rakee, and sweetmeats were to be had.



These little stools are evidence of the first coalition between Ottoman and Frank methods of sitting,—a compromise between a chair and the actual ground. The Babel of tongues was absolutely deafening—*hamals* were pushing backwards and forwards with luggage; people on the bridge were screaming to their friends on board, in the "write soon" style of farewell; Turkish policemen were cuffing about the idlers; the captain was doing his best to direct his crew in pushing off, and the crew were all divided as to the worst means of doing so; and in the midst of all this confusion, looking down into the engine room, there I chanced to read on the machine, "J. Penn and Sons, Engineers, Greenwich:" and thought what a different scene the boat had got amongst, to that when she quietly steamed away by the Dreadnought and Isle of Dogs, the Hospital Pier, and White-bait Houses on our own old Thames.

The passengers were wonderfully troublesome with their luggage, and this appeared all of one sort—awkward bundles of bread and pumpkins. One eccentric mind had packed up an old pair of shoes and some grapes in a bird-cage, and another brought a dozen live ducks, all tied together by the feet. There was also a dreadful dog who constantly sought

his master, trailing a chain after him; upon which if the passengers inadvertently trod, checking his progress, he turned round and snapped at them.

At last, with great excitement and bawling, to which the Pool late on the evening of Greenwich fair was nothing, we got out of the Golden Horn. A long *caique* with a sail, and twelve or fourteen passengers, overtook us, like the wind, and soon shot a-head. The people smoked and drank coffee, all working their beads about with restless irritability; and a band of music played airs from the operas of Donizetti and Verdi. The great feature of this band was the performer on the Pandæan pipes; it is impossible to conceive the excellent music he blew out from them. They contained four octaves, and were not flat, as the common ones, but curved round, so that his lips formed the arc of a circle, as it were, of which his neck was the centre. Only associating the Pandæan pipes with a street drum, as accompanying the exertions of Punch, acrobats, and the fantoccini, I was amazed to find what they were really capable of, when well played.

The voyage lasted, altogether, nearly two hours, and each time passengers were landed the riot was awful. The captain, who was a little podgy man, in a fez and frock coat, stormed and swore, and jumped about on the paddle boxes like a maniac. The watermen in the *caiques* fought and banged each other with a ferocity that exceeded the boatmen at the Piræus, as they struggled to get their fragile barks next the steamer; and the passengers jostled, and pushed, and so increased the confusion, that it was

wonderful how they were not all drowned. All this went on at every island, but the most frightful to-do was at Prinkipo; and, although a tolerable swimmer, I was not sorry when our over-laden caique touched the shore. We had been nearly swamped by getting between two larger boats, in a manner that would have been dangerous on a river, but here a heavy sea was running.

We landed under a cliff, along which a row of coffee-houses and some private villas ran: and at the extremity of the promenade, we found an inn, in a fine position, with a view of Constantinople in the distance, looking far more beautiful than Venice—which, in all truth, is *not* so attractive on first sight as some writers would make it—with the domes and minarets of Stamboul shining like gold, in the sunset. The hotel was kept by a Neapolitan; and was built entirely of light thin wood—very like those we see in Switzerland, in high and out-of-the-way spots. The landlord appeared very anxious to make his customers comfortable. He gave us a very good dinner at a *table-d'hôte*, where we sat down some fourteen or sixteen—principally Greeks: but he somewhat committed himself in recommending a bottle of Broussa beer to our notice. Broussa is a city in Asia Minor, celebrated for its manufactories of silk, which supply the Levant. It certainly cannot claim any distinction for its breweries, for I never tasted anything so nasty in my life. With my eyes shut, I could have imagined it a species of effervescing black-draught.

As soon as dinner was over, we turned out for a stroll about the village, which possesses several very

novel and entertaining features. I have said that there was a row of coffee-houses on the heights facing the sea. These were all wooden buildings with porticos before them; and on the opposite side of the promenade in front, were platforms surrounded by railings, built to project over the edge of the cliff, and singularly insecure. The masters supply coffee, narghilés, and a very tolerable punch.

The steamboat band was playing in front of the principal house: and, before all of them were suspended hoops, with thin white cylinders depending from them, which I at first took to be candles. But I found afterwards that they were blue-lights; and that when the beauties of Prinkipo assembled (which they were to do on the morrow in great numbers) and it got dark, some public-spirited and gallant gentleman would pay to have one of these fireworks ignited, and thus show off the fair gazers to the admiration of the spectators. At present, there were not many ladies about. Our steamer was evidently the "husband's boat;" and they were listening to the gossip of Constantinople in their own houses.

We took a stroll through the body of the village, which consisted of a congeries of little thoroughfares —they could not be called streets—rudely paved, and not broader than the Haymarket footpath. At the doors of the houses, the girls were sitting, according to custom, all without bonnets, and mostly very pretty. There were, also, more coffee-houses; but these inland ones had no fireworks. We were obliged to buy lanterns here, to go about with, as at Constantinople; for the night was dark, and several of the

lanes had open gutters running along the middle of them. When we had walked enough, we came back to the hotel, and went to bed. The house was so slightly built, that the least noise was heard all over it; and the boards bent and creaked when you trod on them, in a manner that was perfectly awful. My bedroom was over the storehouse; and the planks of the floor had so shrunk, that when any one came below with a candle, the reflection of their divisions ran all along the ceiling in bars of light. The only ornament of my chamber was a picture of a ship, by a native artist. His ideas had been more extensive than his canvas; for, wishing to portray an immense vessel, he had commenced her on so large a scale, that he found he had left no room for her topmasts; but not wishing to omit them, he had bent them down at right angles, and so finished them horizontally. I suppose this picture may rank as the worst in the world.

We were up at seven next morning, and in the sea ten minutes afterwards. My two friends were shaved in a coffee-house. The master was also the barber. He lathered in the old fashioned style, with his hand and a basin; and he kept his strop tied round his waist. His razor had an English blade, which was put in an awkward wooden handle. The floor of this café was of mud, and very uneven. Lots of customers were there already, sitting on the benches, like tailors, and smoking narghilés. Prinkipo was evidently an early place. All the Greek girls were about in crowds, fresh as dewy flowers; the band of music was also

beginning to play, and the coffee-houses generally were filling. All the dwellings were built in the same fragile manner as the hotels. You imagined a grand palace, with porches and columns; and then you came close to it, and found only boards painted in distemper, like scenery.

After breakfast, we started on donkeys to make an excursion about the Island. The animals were not so clever as their Cairo brethren, but went much better than the asses in England. No whip was required: the proprietor, on starting, gave each of us a skewer, and with this we were expected, literally, to peg into the poor devil's shoulders. The least touch, however, sufficed to start the animal into an amble. We skirted an iron mine—the entire island is composed of red ferruginous earth and stone—and then passed a long vineyard of curiously small grapes, after which we came upon an open track of ground, very like Hampstead Heath. Two or three desolate looking monasteries were perched about upon the hills, and we went up to one of these. The inmates were all Greek. The principal monk showed us the church,—a small damp building, very old, with some tawdry and tarnished saints about it, painted and gilt as usual. On the lectern was a testament, and the priest asked me to show him how the English read and pronounced Greek; and was surprised to hear that the study of that language was part of our ordinary school education. I afterwards pencilled down the commencement of the nativity chapter in the Diatessaron, Και ποιμενες ησαν εν τη χωρη τη αυτη αγραυλουντες,

&c., and asked him if he could read it. This he did pretty well, but with a pronunciation entirely different to ours: indeed, had I not known the sentence by heart—it having formed part of an old "Doctor's Day" examination—I could not have understood him.

From the church, we traversed the court, in which were many fine goats; and a boy with a light iron collar round his neck—merely to show that he was a culprit—was at work, under the superintendence of the monks. This appeared to me to be a far better road to reform than the prison at Constantinople. Then we went up stairs and along an open gallery, into which the cells opened. One of these had a divan round three sides of it, with a wooden press on the other: and this was all the furniture. The walls and ceiling were of wood, and none of it was painted. The windows commanded beautiful views of the entire island, or nearly so—the sea of Marmora, and the opposite coast of Scutari; but it must have been a sad lonely and exposed place in winter.

We took our seats on the divan, concerning which article, by the way, I may just allude to an odd contradiction in our language. We call a couch to sit or lie upon, a sofa; and by a divan we generally mean a room appropriated to smoking; now, by a sofa the Turks mean a particular room, and their divan is a long soft settle to recline on. In a little time an elderly woman brought up some *rakee* and preserved quince; and afterwards coffee. Pipes were also offered to the guests; and then, contributing a trifle each to the box of the convent, we took our leave.

I am sure these monks were good creatures. They were evidently very poor indeed; but there was a cheerful courtesy about them, very pleasing; and the mild intelligence of their faces was very different to that of the scowling priests who haunt the Italian cities. This convent was their world: they seldom left it, and the casual arrival of strangers was possibly their greatest excitement; for, in reality, their position was far more lonely than that of the Great St. Bernard monks, who see as much and as varied company, during the "season," as a Rhine hotel-keeper. Europe had been rent by convulsions, and was still in the throes of fresh troubles, but Prince's Island was too much out of the way for any one to disturb its tranquillity; and so the inmates of the old convents lived on, calmly enough, waiting for death, and if they knew no great joys, they had but few sorrows.

We had great excitement all the way down the hill. The descent was on smooth grass, and our saddles were not of a first-rate description, but kept slipping on to the donkeys' necks; and then we all went down together. This happened to each of us three or four times. The stirrups also were fastened to the same strap, which played loosely through the saddle; so that if you made too great an inclination on one side, without counteracting it, you came over that way. I never tumbled about so much as on that short journey; but the grass was soft, and it made fun enough.

We went to another convent, close to which was a covered wooden platform, like a steward's stand at the races, only much lower. Here three or four handsome

girls were dancing a polka to their own voices, and an old monk was looking on. As they saw us approach, they stopped, and flew off, like startled deer, into the adjoining woods. We sat with the priest a little time, and made him a present of some sweetmeats, which a travelling vendor passed with at that minute. He told us that the girls had come up from the village, and that it did him good to see them dancing. I do not wonder at this. Calling back their pretty faces, I do not think there are many who would not also have felt considerably better from a glimpse of them.

We spent a pleasant idle day in the woods, and got back to the village between four and five, when its most novel and characteristic feature presented itself. The whole population had turned out, to walk about in their finest clothes, up and down the promenade in front of the wooden coffee-houses. All the seats and narghilés were engaged, as well in the câfés as on the sea-view platform opposite. Some of the people had evidently taken up their positions at an early hour, to have a good place: others formed little groups in the porticos; others flitted and vandyked about from one party to the other.

The brilliancy of the fine ladies and gentlemen who walked up and down to be looked at, was beyond all

conception; but the most curious feature of all this was, that in their overpowering costumes, there was no particular fashion prevalent. Everything had evidently been made from a book, or imported from some dashing European milliners, but at all sorts of periods; so that there were long and short petticoats, and wide and narrow bonnets, and polkas and mantillas, and summer fly-away scarfs over winter dresses, all jumbled up together to create a sensation and outshine the neighbours. There were few fezzes to be seen now. The wearers had exchanged them for glossy silk hats; and they all wore gloves of dazzling hues.

But the children were the most marvellous of all; and one family looked as if they were preparing for an exhibition of ground and lofty tumbling, so brilliantly outré were their costumes. Two of the little boys were attired in crimson satin trousers, *spangled*, and the third had a perfect Highland dress, which was the great hit of all. With a bit of carpet for the latter to dance, and the others to posture upon, the business would have been complete. The men were all gents—as thorough-bred as might have been selected from the combined forces of Rosherville, Epsom, and the public ball-rooms of London. Some, for display, paid for the blue candles to be fired by day-light: others marched up and down, several abreast; and all evidently had the notion that, got up so remarkably well, they were "doing it!" Amidst the throng, *cafidjees* (waiters) darted about with little morsels of incandescent wood to light the narghilés with: boys sold walnuts, ready peeled and kept in

glass jars of water: and sweetmeat men plied their trade. Those ladies who had servants made them walk behind them; and those who had not, sneered at the others. All this went on for two or three hours. There was not one trace of oriental life in the entire scene. The gravity of the Levantine had entirely disappeared; and a restless fevered wish to cut out the others was the leading attribute of every character there assembled.

We sat here until dusk, when it got cold, and the gay crowd disappeared. Most of the men were on board the return steamer the next morning, but their appearance was not so grand as on the preceding evening. They looked very dirty, and they made their breakfast from a cigarette. But I dare say they were all at Prinkipo again the next week, as brilliant as ever: and so on, until the cold weather drove them in like fine caterpillars to hybernate, until the first warmth of the present spring shall bring them out again, more wonderful than ever.

The Narghile.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BAZAARS GENERALLY—A CAMEL RIDE—A BOAT BUILDER.

Whenever I had a leisure day at Constantinople, I always spent it in and about the bazaars; finding no amusement anywhere else equal to this.

These bazaars possess one great advantage over our establishments so named in England. You can stop and look at the wares, without the stall keeper darting upon you immediately, and asking you what you want, which is bad policy, for it always drives people immediately away; whereas, if left to themselves, they might possibly select something.

Some of the sharper traders in the bazaars—Jews and Armenians—are, to be sure, as clamorous as butchers in the low neighbourhoods. They address you as *Kepten*—meant for "Captain," since they imagine every Frank belongs in some way or another to a ship. They will sell everything readily enough, but native books; and these a traveller has great difficulty in procuring; indeed, it is next to impossible to purchase a Koran. I wished to get one or two primers, or children's early books, but could not find a single dealer who would part with any; at last, Mr. Taylor

kindly procured me one or two, through his lady, who is a Levantine. These were in gilt covers, like the very old class of story books; and formed of thickish paper, mechanically glazed. The writing was all done by hand, and the title-page at the end was daubed with flowers in bright scarlet, blue, and green colours. Gold leaf was also made use of for the borders.

I had great difficulty in procuring any characteristic views or figures. The religion of the Turks forbids them to make the resemblance of any living thing; they are taught by the Koran that if they do so they will be called upon hereafter to find souls for every creation; and, failing in this, they will be irrevocably lost. This will account for an odd coarse lithograph I bought one day; it was a view of Stamboul, from the Golden Horn; all the boats were about, as in reality, but nobody was in them, and the oars appeared to be working themselves. I subjoin a fac-simile of one of the caiques thus depicted.

The two articles which appeared in the bazaars in greater numbers than any other wares, were slippers and spoons. The presence of the first I could account for. They are much worn by the women, and being reasonable in price, and uncommonly pretty and novel, are purchased in numbers by visitors. But

the last always remained a mystery. They were very large and made of horn—at least the bowls appeared to be; and there were whole rows of shops selling nothing else. Now and then, I saw knives and forks, but there were very few of these, for the Turks eat with their fingers. As this fashion is not well adapted to soup, I suppose the spoons come in at times advantageously; but, if the entire population of Constantinople were to be eating soup all at once, they would still be overstocked with spoons by many thousands. Demetri could give me no information on the subject.

Another great amusement for me was to sit on the steps, in the shade thrown by the projecting roof of some fountain, and watch the camels coming into the city, and departing. One day I had a ride. There is a common error prevalent with us that the camel and dromedary differ as to their humps—one having two, and the other only one. This is not the case: each has but a single hump, but the dromedary is of lighter build and greater speed than the camel, He stands to the latter as the hunter to the pack horse.

The animal I got was a common baggage camel—very savage and stubborn, crying loudly and running backwards when beaten; so that my first experience was not a very pleasant one. He knelt down for me to get upon him, but even then it was a long stretch to cross his back. Subsequently, in Egypt, I learned to vault on to the saddle—if, indeed, the package of old carpet, straw, and wood-work could be called one. In front there is a high pommel, which you clutch hold of when the animal rises. If you did not do

this, the pitching forwards and backwards is so violent that you would inevitably be thrown off. You have only a simple single halter to guide him with, and the end of this is sufficiently long to beat him. I will own to having been in a terrible fright all the while I was on his back. With his uneasy rocking motion I had the greatest difficulty in the world to keep on, and the fall from my elevated perch—for such it really was—would have been no joke; and when he trotted it was enough to bring the heart into the mouth. If I were asked to describe the first sensations of a camel ride I would say: Take a music stool, and having wound it up as high as it will go, put it in a cart without springs, get on the top, and next drive the cart transversely across a ploughed field, and you will then form some notion of the terror and uncertainty you would experience the first time you mounted a camel. To make him go fast you cry "*su! su!*" and also make a noise with your tongue, something like the word "*thluck!*"—and to get him to kneel down, you pull his neck sideways and downwards, and produce a crepitating sound by pressing your tongue against the back of your teeth. At first, a very short journey is exceedingly fatiguing, and gives one the lumbago for a week; but afterwards the see-saw motion becomes so little cared for, that I can well understand folks going to sleep on a camel. Once, in the desert, on a very hot day, I nearly dozed off myself.

There are not nearly so many camels to be seen in Constantinople as at Smyrna. At Scutari one meets with a larger number than in Stamboul; but the

Bosphorus brings all sorts of wares so readily to the Golden Horn that caravan transport is less necessary.

When one has seen enough of the bazaars, there is no other pastime but being rowed about in the caiques. These boats, of which I have spoken several times, are beautifully made, and very light. They sell capital models of them at the different hotels, but these they were out of at our house, and I went with Demetri to seek the manufacturer—who monopolizes the trade in this department—and ordered one. I was told he lived at Pera, but I found his habitation much more original than I had expected it to be. We turned from the main street on the right, and arrived at the scene of a great fire. Acres of houses had been burnt down, of which no remains were left, as usual, but the chimneys: and nobody had as yet taken heart to build them up again.

Demetri wandered about for some time among the ruins, and at last found a little grated window almost level with the ground, through which he shouted. His cry was returned, and directly afterwards a man crept from a small cellar and stood before us. This was the manufacturer. He was a poor Greek, and usually lived about amongst the ruins, until they were repaired. Possibly by that time another fire occurred, and he changed his quarters, his furniture never being beyond what he and his wife—for he was married—could transport by themselves in a few minutes. Certainly he stood but very little chance of being annoyed by visitors, for I might have passed his burrow any number of times before I should have noticed it. Demetri discovered it readily by getting

certain chimneys in a line, as a pilot fixes his course by landmarks.

This man was not the only wandering inhabitant of Pera. Just above our hotel, on another burnt-away space, some vagrants had formed a small encampment; and their fire often lighted the otherwise dark street, as I came home at night. It was curious to see the dogs here, sitting patiently and waiting for such scraps as even these poor devils had to throw away. The watchmen did not appear to interfere with them. Possibly they thought that as long as the scamps were there, they were comparatively out of mischief.

I suppose there are more rascals living in and about Pera, than in any other place in the world—I speak, of course, in proportion to the census. When a Frank does anything wrong, he is judged by his ambassador, according to the laws of his country. One of our under-waiters robbed a Russian gentleman, who was staying in the house, of an hundred Spanish dollars. The fellow was caught at Buyukdere, living in extravagance at the very hotel of which I have spoken. He was brought back, examined, and ordered to Trieste, to be imprisoned or otherwise punished. The master of the hotel went to the boat with him; this was a supplementary steamer that had come up from Syria, and was therefore in quarantine. When they got alongside the boat, the landlord did not think about the yellow flag, but ran up the companion, pushing by some of the sailors to explain the matter privately to the captain. Of course he was immediately in quarantine, and for a week!

I believe the matter was subsequently arranged, and pratique given after a day or two; but the whole business was exceedingly absurd. Some sort of amelioration of the Levantine laws relating to quarantine was in agitation last autumn. It is high time that they were abolished, except during seasons of avowed illness and infection. But so many have said so before, and so many have experienced the wretchedness, extortion, and groundless imprisonment, calling up these remonstrances, that I will no further bore the reader, comfortably at liberty in England, with the subject. Suffice to say, that as far as Constantinople is concerned, there has not been a case of plague there for several years.

Turk in a Coffee-house.

CHAPTER XIX.

THERAPIA AND BELGRADE.

One day, I received an invitation to stay at Therapia with a friend, who is the Constantinople correspondent for two of our papers. He came down to Pera to fetch me, and we went up the Bosphorus in a steamer. There was the same trouble to clear off—the same shattering of the Galata Bridge wood-work, and constant disturbance of the passengers, who were all apparently of the same family—that I had noticed on board the boat to Prince's Islands.

Therapia is about an hour and a half from the Golden Horn. It was a fine Friday afternoon, and all along the sides of the Bosphorus, wherever there was a Turkish palace, the women were sitting on the walls, in every tint of costume, watching the traffic on the water. Passengers were put out and taken in at several points, always by means of boats; and they carried the same useless luggage that their compatriots had done at Prinkipo.

My friend's house was a thin wooden two-story building, that rattled and shook from the top to the bottom when anybody went up stairs, or walked about the bedrooms. There were large gaps in the floor

and ceiling, and the wind came in generally at all points. Daly—as I shall call my friend—told me that once, as he was lying in bed looking at a hole in the ceiling, formed by a knot having fallen out, he saw a rat put his head through the aperture, to peep about him, and nearly get fixed there. He also told me that stone houses were not such a protection against fire as might be conceived; for, now and then, when one had caught, he had seen the flames rush up inside, from bottom to top, as though in a kiln.

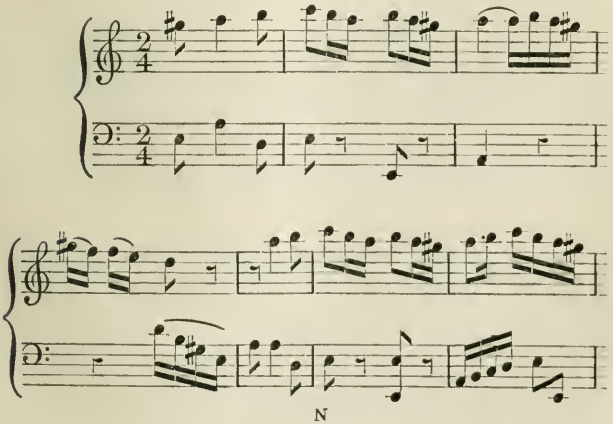
All the houses at Therapia were of the same order: they are ovens in summer, and ice-bergs in winter; and I cannot imagine how the poor people keep life and soul together in them, when the freezing winds come sweeping by them from the Euxine. The windows are like ours, but without balance weights. When you have lifted them up, you keep them so by a piece of stick, or by opening a hinge; and now and then you disturb a scorpion in so doing. I found the mummy of a tolerably large one at the bottom of a water-jug, into which he had tumbled and died.

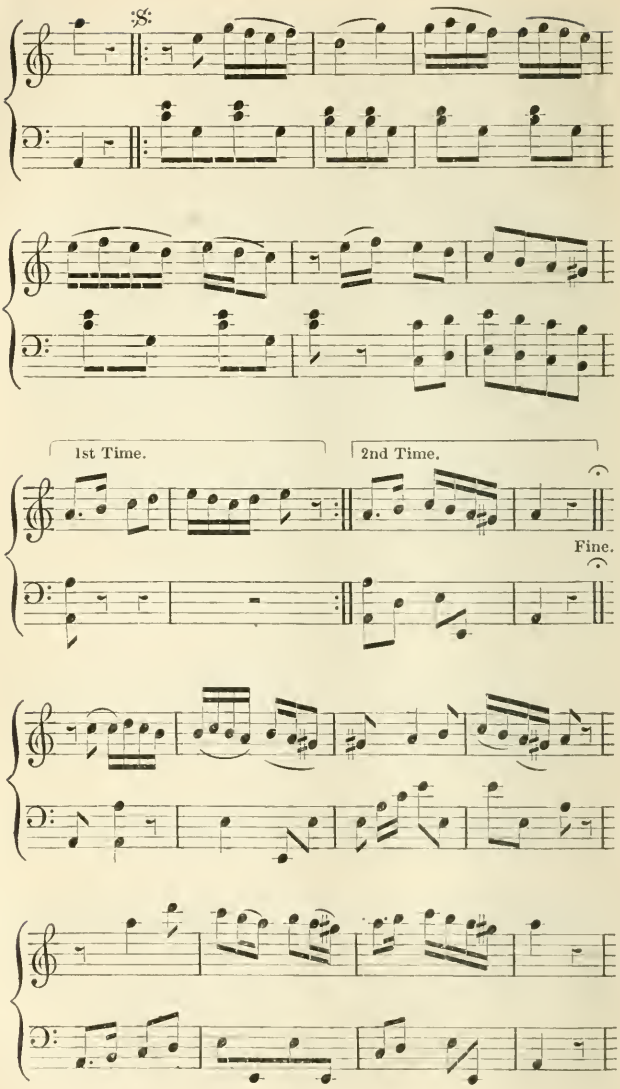
There is a poor hotel at Therapia, the greatest recommendation of which is that it is over a general shop, whereat you can procure any quantity of pale ale—an inestimable blessing where wine is atrociously bad, and decent brandy unknown. The inhabitants are all Greeks, and the women wear pretty coquettish jackets. They almost equal the Turks in their love of sitting on a high place, and doing nothing. In this case, the most popular haunt was a scrap of burying ground rising up behind and above our

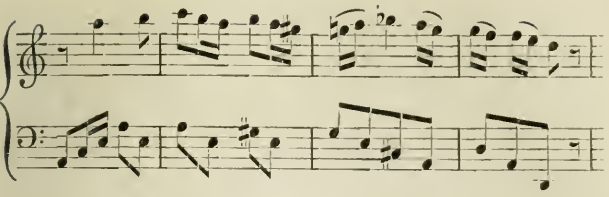
house, and shaded by fine trees. Here were several tombstones to the memory of English sailors; but the cutting had been committed to Greek work-people, and, in some instances, the inscriptions were intelligible with difficulty.

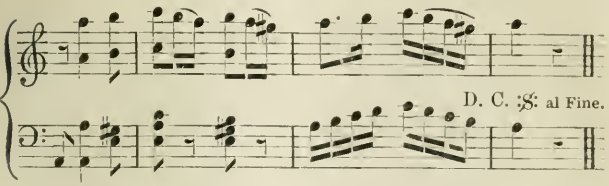
I walked out the first evening, for a stroll, along the edge of the Bosphorus; the road being a small flint-paved path between the houses and the water, unapproachable for carriages. It was a cold wintry-looking night, and the spent swell of the Euxine was lapping and splashing against the quay. But the lights along Buyukdere and the Asiatic coast were very effective; and the occasional sound of a tinkling guitar, or the voice of a Greek girl singing, gave a sufficiently romantic air to the scene. Some of the songs I heard, appeared to be popular. I was indebted to a young lady of Pera for the music which I subjoin.

TURKISH AIR.

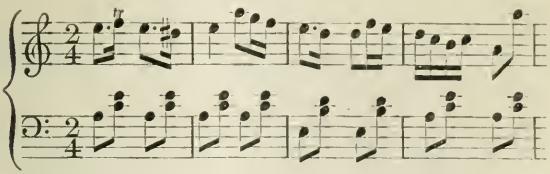


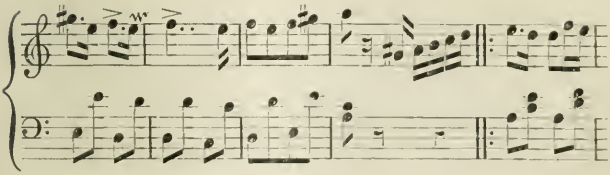

1st Time.
2nd Time.
Fine.

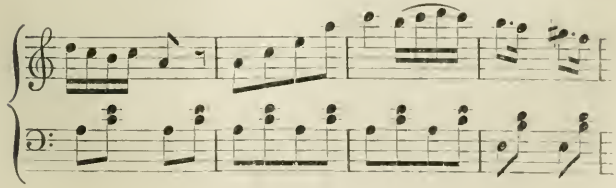


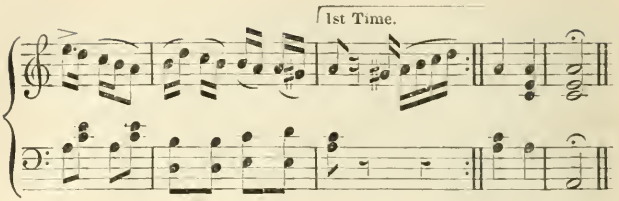


GREEK AIR.

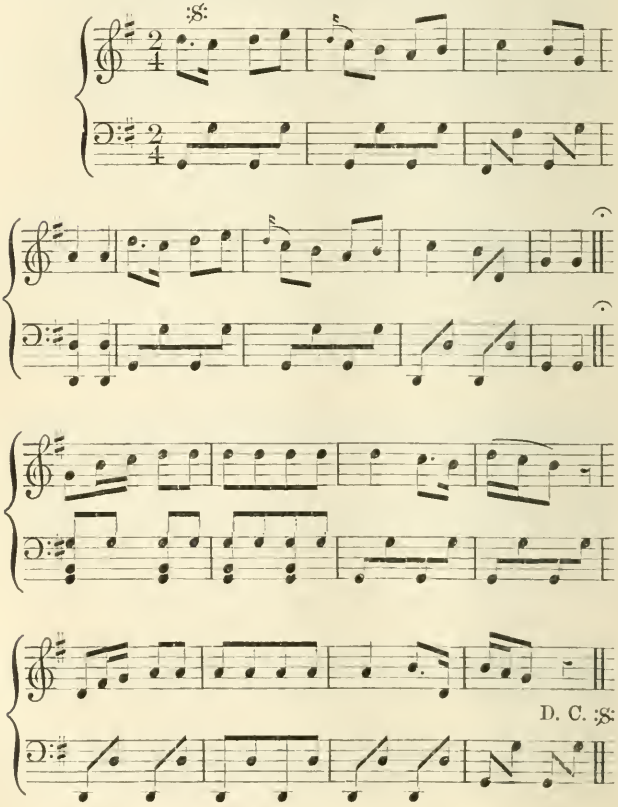








PART OF "BULBUL."



We had sword-fish for supper that evening. It was of excellent flavour, and far more delicate than would be imagined, from looking at the huge specimens of the tribe hung up at the shops—some having been caught that weighed eighty pounds. I may mention, by the way, that every kind of fish is taken in the Bosphorus. Some of the specimens are very beautiful, but the shopkeepers do not see the use of displaying them to advantage, as we may observe at our fishmongers.

Whilst I was at Therapia, I had the honour of receiving an invitation from Sir Stratford Canning, to the Embassy, which is situated on the side of the Bosphorus. The palace of our Ambassador at Pera was burnt down in 1831; and a new one is nearly completed, under the able direction of Mr. Smith—it is needless to say, an English architect—to whose taste and experience Pera and the Bosphorus will soon be indebted for most of their finest buildings. Our Ambassador's house at Therapia is charmingly situated. Extreme good taste and refined comfort are visible everywhere; sufficient in themselves to leave an agreeable recollection, quite apart from the amiable courtesy exhibited to the visitor.

A ride to Belgrade was proposed, and we formed a large party—ten or twelve in all. This village is two or three hours from Therapia. It must not be confounded with the Belgrade on the Danube, six hundred miles away—for I have heard more than one traveller make this mistake before he has been there—but it is still an important place in its way, inasmuch as the greater part of the water that supplies Constantinople

is collected about it. It is, so to speak, the "New River Head" to that city. How this is managed, I will endeavour to explain.

Belgrade is situated in the centre of a large and finely-wooded forest, about which several springs rise and form small rivulets. This wood is very carefully preserved, for the shade of its foliage prevents the ground from becoming heated, and the springs therefore from drying up. The country is very irregular, and the rivulets, of course, collect into some ravine by chance channels, to form a larger stream. The ravine is then dammed up, and the body of water thus formed, with its masonry, is termed a *bend.* When a street-boy in town blocks up a gutter with mud and rubbish, to make a pool behind it, he constructs a bend on a minor scale.

The next task is to convey the water to Constantinople. Aqueducts for that distance would be very expensive, and so it flows through underground pipes,

—at least for the greater proportion of the distance. Every now and then, at particular levels, it ascends to the top of a pyramidal tower, called a *Souterazy,* whence it again passes underground, having come in contact with the air, to the next conduit. The advantages of this system are that it is comparatively inexpensive, and it enables

the superintendent to tell readily at what point any leak or obstruction may occur, which he could not do, if it flowed continuously underground. Neither in that case could it come in contact with the air, and so be freshened.

The ride from Therapia to Belgrade is very beautiful; and probably there is no patch of country in the East, that will remind an Englishman so forcibly of home. Oaks, beeches, and elms grow in thick luxuriance: now the traveller passes a regular common of brushwood; now he finds himself in a grassy glade, that might have been transplanted just as it is, by magic power, from Windsor Forest. All the low ground is rich in sylvan loveliness; and all the upland commands the most beautiful views; whilst the village itself is perfect. The grass, where not too much exposed to the sun, is of lawn-like smoothness and verdure, and the trees are nearly as fine as the giants near Buyukdere. It is not to be wondered at, that, possessing these charms, Belgrade should be a favourite resort of the Armenian and French population of Constantinople. It is to them what the Valley of Sweet Waters is to the Turks: they spend all their summer holidays here, and indeed many families reside in the neighbourhood entirely, during the spring.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's description of Belgrade is so very true, even at a distance of a hundred and thirty-three years, that I will quote it, to recall it at once to the memory of my readers—especially as its shortness will acquit me of a charge of book-making. In a letter to Mr. Pope, she says—"The

heats of Constantinople having driven me to this place, which perfectly answers the description of the Elysian fields. I am in the middle of a wood, consisting chiefly of fruit trees, watered by a vast number of fountains, famous for the excellency of their water, and divided into many shady walks, upon short grass, that seems to me artificial, but I am assured is the pure work of Nature; and within view of the Black Sea, from whence we perpetually enjoy the refreshment of cool breezes, that make us insensible of the heat of summer. The village is only inhabited by the richest amongst the Christians, who meet every night at a fountain, forty paces from my house, to sing and dance. The beauty and dress of the women exactly resemble the ideas of the ancient nymphs, as they are given us by the representation of the poets and the painters." She goes on to write of, "the profound ignorance I am in of what passes among the living, (which only comes to me by chance), and the great calm with which I receive it. * * * To say truth, I am sometimes very weary of the singing and dancing, and sunshine, and wish for the smoke and impertinences in which you toil, though I endeavour to persuade myself that I live in a more agreeable variety than you do: and that Monday, setting of partridges—Tuesday, reading English—Wednesday, studying in the Turkish language (in which, by the way, I am already very learned)—Thursday, classical authors—Friday, spent in writing Saturday, at my needle—and Sunday, admitting of visits, and hearing of music—is a better way of disposing of the week, than Monday, at the drawing-

room—Tuesday, Lady Mohun's—Wednesday, at the Opera—Thursday, the play—Friday, Mrs. Chetwynd's, &c.,—a perpetual round of hearing the same scandal, and seeing the same follies acted over and over, which here affect me no more than they do other dead people. I can now hear of displeasing things with pity, and without indignation. The reflection on the great gulf between you and me, cools all news that come hither. I can neither be sensibly touched with joy nor grief, when I consider that possibly the cause of either is removed before the letter comes to my hands."

We had a lovely afternoon ride back to Therapia, rendered still more delightful by the general conversation that characterized it. I had the honour of dining at the Embassy that evening. Not being one of those charmingly frank writers, who can make large books entirely from the conversation and social opinions of the private circles into which they may have had the good fortune to be admitted, I fear I must disappoint many in not furnishing them with a report of everything that was done and said on this occasion.

But I hope that my silence on this point, will in no manner lead those whose good opinion I mostly wish to keep, in the present instance, to think that I have, in the smallest particular, forgotten that most agreeable evening; or am, in any way, unmindful or unappreciative of the kind welcome and graceful courtesy that distinguished it.

CHAPTER XX.

DEPARTURE FOR EGYPT.

One of the most difficult social points to understand at Constantinople is the time of day; to be up to it requires a more careful application than even our received signification of that degree of intelligence calls for. Of all things he has brought with him, a traveller will find his watch the most useful.

There are no public clocks, and if there were, they would be of little use, for they would have to be set every evening, in consequence of the Turkish arrangement of time. The Moslems divide their day and night into twenty-four hours; but these begin at a different period every day, since they are guided entirely by sunset. An hour after that time it is one o'clock; and then they go on till twelve have been counted, when they begin again; so that noon may arrive at all sorts of hours, according to the length of the days.

At sunset, the *muezzim*, as he is named, makes one of his calls to prayers from the summit of the minarets. There is something very musical in his chant:

and it is astonishing how far he can make himself heard. The common expression of belief "*La allah illah allah Mohammet resool allah,*" (there is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet,) forms the chief part of his summons to prayer. The window of my room at Pera overlooked one or two minarets, and the sound of the voices of the Muezzims blending together, not inharmoniously, in the repose of sunset, was very impressive.

With no clocks, and this wild division of time—with few names to the streets—and no methods of giving publicity to anything, it may be imagined that no little research amongst the dirty and intricate lanes of Galata, is necessary to find out any matters relating to the departure of the steamboats. I was desirous, as I have said, of going down to Egypt from Constantinople; and I could not arrive at any satisfactory information as to the starting of any of the boats. The *Nile* was still in the Golden Horn, and her quarantine was over, but her English engineer told me he did not know when she would start—that she was a fast boat, and ran down sometimes in three days and a half; but that, for this voyage, all her first and second berths had been taken by the govern-

ment. I could have gone as a deck passenger, had I pleased; but the appearance of the Arabs loitering about was not very pleasant, so I gave up that mode.

There was also an English boat, which touched at Beyrout, but this also I declined; for there was a quarantine at Alexandria of ten days upon all vessels arriving from Syria; and nothing repays one for the misery of an Eastern lazzaretto. "Imprisonment with the chance of catching the plague," is bad at all times, but in the Levant it is insufferable.

The Austrian Lloyd's Company was my last resource, and they had a correspondence, at Smyrna, with an Alexandrian boat coming down from Trieste. They were uncertain, however, about starting. Once already they had put me off a week when I had got everything packed up. However, they assured me at last that they were certain to start on a particular day, and I took my berth.

I regret that it was only during the short period between my visit to Therapia and my departure from Constantinople, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Smith, the architect, at Pera. I went over the new palace, which he was building for the English Ambassador, and was struck by the skill with which he had produced a more splendid effect than the actual dimensions of the building appeared capable of allowing. By this time it must be completed; indeed, I heard that Sir Stratford Canning had arrived there, at the beginning of February.

Mr. Smith showed me two marvellously handsome snuff-boxes, set with diamonds, that had been given

to him by the Sultan—one of them on the occasion of his finishing the Pera Theatre, the stage of which, he told me, was thirty-five feet across at the Proscenium. This is only five feet less than Drury Lane. I afterwards had the pleasure of dining with him. His house, at Pera, is the most thoroughly English, in point of comfort, that I saw in the East; and I could scarcely, at first, understand again feeling my feet on stair carpets. Looking at the elegant manner in which the entire house was furnished, I trembled to think of the loss, should one of the wretched Pera fires include it in the devastation. His amiable lady, who is a native of Barcelona, told me many interesting anecdotes connected with Turkish domestic life; with the details of which she is very familiar, by visiting many of the native families. She had lately been to a wedding, where the bride was only ten years of age, and the bridegroom fourteen. The little lady had a star of diamonds stuck between her eyes, two on her cheeks, and one on her chin. She did not give the Turkish women in general a high character; but spoke of them as silly and very careless in their conversation, smearing themselves also with paint, and passing the whole day in dressing and undressing, for lack of other occupation. Some of the Turkish wives are, I believe, to a certain extent, educated; and indeed accomplished; but the greater part of them are lamentably ignorant.

At last, the day arrived for my departure. It was already getting cold towards evening—now and then bad weather made the streets all but impassable, and we had begun to dine, at six o'clock in the evening,

by candlelight. Much ground, too, had yet to be traversed before I was again in England; and so, in spite of many kind requests to prolong the visit, I was at length obliged to leave Constantinople, and I did so with real regret; for, looking back to the friendships I established there, I shall always remember my sojourn at Pera as one of the pleasantest portions of my life.

This day I was Daguerreotyped by an artist who lived at the top of a Pera building, in a hothouse of glass, where it was scarcely possible to breathe. The portrait has been copied with tolerable accuracy, and it may explain how it was that so few of my friends recognised me on my return. But the comfort of a beard, when travelling, to the abolition of shaving tackle, may be readily conceived.

Demetri had ordered two porters to come to the hotel for our luggage, but six arrived instead, upon which a great battle was fought in the street, before the door, and the final couple—apparently having "fought the ties off" and remained the victors, carried our luggage down to the Golden Horn, on the 25th of September. The *Ferdinando Primo*, one of the Austrian Lloyd's boats, was getting her steam up, and at half-past four she started, just as the "husband's boat" was leaving the bridge for Prinkipo, with the same class of passengers on board, quite ready to dress up again on the Sunday, and walk about as long as there were others to admire them or fireworks to show off their fashionable toilets.

I could not take my eyes from Constantinople as we left the port, and commenced ploughing our way

Pera,
September, 1849.

towards the Sea of Marmora; for now, in addition to the beauty of the view, there was some little association connected with almost every point of it on which the eye fell. There was the noble Genoese tower above Stampa's shop, in which so many hours had been laughed away, and behind that minaret was the window of our bedroom at the Hotel, in which, on evenings, so many jolly little meetings had been held. There were the hills over which we had such famous gallops, and enjoyed such good spirits; and there was the Bosphorus, and the site of the little câfé, in the extreme distance, where the pickles were served with the bottled beer. The Seraglio, as I looked at it, had lost all its mystery, when I thought of the French clocks, and gim-crack furniture, and English pictures that it contained; and the picturesque tumble-down houses of Galata, I knew, on the other side, were ship-chandlers' shops, merchants' counting-houses, ordinary steam-packet offices, and other material establishments. But still the view was as beautiful as ever, even with every vivid recollection of its internal dirt and dilapidation; and, loth to lose it, I kept my eyes fixed on the domes and minarets, the distant Bosphorus and the violet hills above it, until the twilight stole over them, and I could only think of Constantinople as a bright fleeting vision of the past.

I believe that my companion and myself were the only two cabin passengers, and we were in the fore part. But on the deck there were a great many Moslems—Turks and Circassians principally—on their way to Mecca, for their pilgrimage. Their encampment, if so I may call it, was a curious sight.

One half, taken longitudinally, of the aft-deck was allotted to them. Of this, the stern portion was railed off into a species of pen, in which the women were placed, to the number of six or seven. They were shut up exactly like animals at a fair. Along the entire length of the aft-deck a spar was hung, over their heads; and when rain came on, they put canvas on this, and formed a species of tent. Under it each made his 'divan;' for the quantity of carpets, dirty cushions, and mattresses they carry about with them, when travelling, is incredible. They had also their cooking utensils, and the filth they prepared, from time to time, is equally matter of difficult belief.

At certain times, they all went to prayers; those who had carpets spread them out, and those who had not, took off their coats, shook them well, and then laid them down, to begin upon, when they were satisfied in their minds as to the direction of the *Kibla*. This is the point at which Mecca is situated; and if any of my readers have a Turkish hearth-rug, they will see, at the end of the pattern, a point or angle, which is always turned towards that holy city. They did not appear to care where they established themselves for prayer, but dispersed about the decks completely in everybody's way, so as to put a stop to all walking up and down. One of the sailors told me that they usually did this; but that, as disturbing them might lead to unpleasant consequences, nothing was ever done to annoy them. Some prayed for a long time—twenty minutes, perhaps; others had soon finished; but all were evidently entirely wrapped up in their

devotions, and in a state of utter abstraction. In these rites the women took no part. They had rolled themselves up into bundles when they came on board, and so, to all appearance, they remained to the end of the journey.

All the Turks were old, and wore turbans. There was but one in the simple fez. They were evidently sticklers for the strict Moslem costume, and clung to its decaying insignia, as old country-gentlemen with us now and then are still seen with Hessian boots, powder, and bygone hats. One ancient Turk had a turban so high that its volutes were twisted six or seven times round his head; and I fancied that each day it increased in importance. Another—a Circassian—had a very strange head-dress, looking for all the world like a felt sugar-loaf pushed through a black mop. He was armed to the teeth, and never laid any of his accoutrements aside during the voyage. The only one in a fez was the head eunuch of the royal seraglio. He was grandly dressed in yellow silk, spotted with scarlet, and blue trousers. He, however, wore European boots—the only Frank innovation to be seen amongst them.

Yet we had not got entirely away from English enterprise; for on going down to supper, although the plates bore the motto, "*Navigazione a vapore del Lloyd Austriaco*," yet on the back there was the name of "Davenport," on the familiar scroll. The cabin was small, but the berths were clean, and we had our choice of the entire twelve. I did not, however, sleep very well, for the pillows and mattress were of horsehair, with nothing but a fine sheet over them, so that

the little ends coming through caused me to hear nearly all the bells, all the night through.

We were in the Dardanelles early next morning; and the process of washing and dressing, in the cabin, was of the greatest interest to two young Arabs, who watched us through the sky-light with the keenest curiosity. They called one of their fellows after a time, and especially directed his attention to the nail-brush, and mimicked what I had been doing with it. In the cabin, the rules of the boat were hung up, in five languages—Italian, German, Greek, French, and English. From the latter I copied, "Rule 12. Passengers having a right to be treated as persons of education, will no doubt conform themselves to the rules of good society, by respecting their fellow-travellers, and paying a due regard to the fair sex." This was a sensible rule; and, indeed, the others were equally so. I never saw any of them broken, at any time, on the Mediterranean: this will show the great superiority of the second-class places in the foreign boats, over the same division in our own. I am sorry to confess this, but it is the case.

We passed the Dardanelles that day, from which the people put off with crockery as before, and the Turks each purchased a huge water-jug. At night I saw the most beautiful sunset I had ever witnessed. The sky in the west was at first like burnished gold, with silver edges to the clouds. This turned to a bright orange, streaked horizontally with vermilion, whilst the mountains of Asia Minor on our left were tinted with the richest purple, and the whole of the eastern heavens were glowing with a lovely violet.

There was very little wind; the sea was as smooth as a canal, and about eight on the following morning we were once more at Smyrna.

We now found that we were to change our boat, and as this transfer led to a most annoying and unpardonable occurrence, I shall give the Austrian Lloyd's Company the entire benefit—or otherwise—of its publicity. We had been assured at their office in Galata, there would be no quarantine on our arrival at Alexandria. The same intimation was given to us at Smyrna, during the day and a half we stopped there, on this present occasion; and so far as that went, our minds were at rest.

We spent the next morning in making a few farewell purchases—a carpet or two; some drums of choice figs and raisins, and some minor *souvenirs* which were left in the care of Messrs. Hansom to be forwarded by the first ship to England; and on the afternoon of the 28th, took final leave of Turkey.

An officer from the health office accompanied us in the boat to the *Wien*, another vessel belonging to the Austrian Lloyd's fleet. I supposed this was usual, and thought no more about the matter, until looking up by chance, after I got on board, I saw the yellow flag flying. I asked what it meant, of one of the officers, but he was very busy, and passed on without deigning to reply. Presently the engineer crept out of the engine-room, and he had such an English face that I addressed him at once in my own tongue.

"What's that mean, sir?" he replied. "Why, that means we're in quarantine, you know."

"And how the deuce is that?"

"Because the boat you were to have gone down to 'Alexander' in, is out of order; that's her, lying out there—the *Stamboul*. So very luckily we've come round from Beyrout, and we're going to take you on."

"Then shall we be subjected to the Beyrout quarantine, on arriving at Alexandria?"

"Shouldn't wonder at all, sir—unless they let the days of the voyage count.

I now saw that we were trapped; and this did not tend to enliven the voyage that evening.

Our only other second cabin companion was a French priest—a thin grim-looking fellow of five or six-and-twenty, so spare in form that he looked as if he had been allowed to grow up between two boards. He was constantly absorbed in a little dirty volume on Theology, moving his lips and muttering as he read. He was also affectedly humble—insisting upon pouring out wine for us at dinner, and abstaining from it himself, with an unpleasant smile. In addition to this, he was remarkably grimy to look upon; and never undressed during the voyage. But he had great faith. I could not bring him to understand that we were to be put into quarantine at Alexandria; he said, it was impossible. I put the case as practically before him as I could, but he only smiled grimly, and said I should see. I brought the captain down at last, as it became a matter of personal principle that he should be convinced; but even this was unsuccessful. He said we were all wrong; and then returned to his thumbed volume.

The next day, the 29th, there was a pretty stiff wind, and the boat began to toss, as she left the

Archipelago. We passed many islands; all desolate-looking light reddish brown rocks, impressing one with notions of great dreariness. It rained towards afternoon, and at the first spit, all the Turks bundled up their carpets, crept under their long awning, and never appeared again for the rest of the journey. One or two of the Frank deck passengers made friends with the lieutenant, and came down into our cabin. These were an Italian physician, driven from Verona by troubles, and going to practise in Alexandria; a young Hollander, travelling for an Amsterdam house of commerce; M. Abro, the Pasha's dragoman, a very intelligent and communicative person, wearing the full Turkish costume; and the Count Stefano de ——, a young Ionian, speaking a little English, and first astonishing us by whistling "Patrick's Day" and "The girl I left behind me," as he walked up and down the deck that morning. He had, however, learnt these tunes from the bands of our regiments at Corfu. He was very musical, with a beautiful tenor voice, and proved both, on board and in our subsequent quarantine, a capital fellow. He had known Mademoiselle Angri, the contralto last year at our Royal Italian Opera, and told me many curious anecdotes connected with her early career—her father having been, as I understood, messman at Corfu, and keeper of the billiard tables. He said her popularity had been unbounded in the islands; and the greatest anxiety was evinced to know how she succeeded in London, when she had left them. He added, they were all perfectly convinced that she was the greatest contralto in the world; but then he had

not heard Alboni, nor, indeed, had the report of her Venetian triumphs come down the Adriatic.

I have said that the engineer was an Englishman, as indeed the majority are, in the Levant boats. He had been on the stations between Cairo and Constantinople a long time; and now knew no other world. One night, I was asking him about the capabilities of the transit boats on the Mahmoudieh Canal and the Nile, when he told me this anecdote, which I have put down as well as I can recollect, in his own words.

"Lor' bless you, sir," he began—"the power of the boat hasn't much to do with it! When Marmed Ali started his boat on the Nile, Abbas Pacha started one as well, and tried to beat him; and did it too, though his'n wasn't nigh such a good boat. When Marmed Ali's boat was on a-head, Abbas Pacha used to come down and say, 'Mr. Horton,' he used to say, 'we must lick my uncle's boat;' (leastwise he didn't say *lick*, but he meant it in his tongue, as I might say), and then he used to go on and say, 'Mr. Horton,' he'd say, 'we'll have a bottle of champagne together,' says he. Now, they say the Mustaphas don't drink, but, Lor' bless us, I've had Abbas so overcome, as the saying is, down in the cabin, that we've often shut the doors to keep it a secret. Well, he'd send down the champagne, and then Abbas's boat would creep up to Marmed's, and then he'd send down another bottle, and then we'd get alongside; and then another, and we'd go right a-head. I don't mean to say that we used to put the champagne in the boiler; but, you may depend upon it, it did more than the coals, and so it will, any day."

I found my friend was a very great man on board his boat. He had a smart cabin of his own below, close to the engine room, where the thermometer was always at 90°; and from the heat, the glare, and the noise, looked next door to the infernal regions. Here he reigned supreme. I asked him how he agreed with the officers. "Oh," he replied, "very well; it's best for them to keep in with me. Once we had a row in this boat, but I got the best of it. I'm allowed a cheese a week for my own store; and once we had a new captain between Beyroot and Alexander—a cocky chap, who was going to set everybody to rights in a hurry—and he never sent me my cheese. Well, what did I do? I wasn't going to make a noise about it, but I stopped the engines, and let the boat toss about for half an hour, until he came to his senses. I pretty soon got my cheese; and they never made a mistake about it afterwards."

The weather cleared up the next day, but the Turks never came out again from their nestling place, nor were the women unpacked. The priest still kept to his book, and to all remarks about our probable detention, replied, "*Mais, c'est impossible.*" "*Oui,*" returned M. Abro, who, being a Levantine, knew all about it, "*c'est impossible; mais cependant, c'est vrai.*" But the priest was still strong in the belief of going on shore, and looked out his three-cornered hat, and clean bands accordingly.

We arrived off Alexandria on the morning of the 1st of October, and were, as may be expected, all most anxious to know our fate. A surly-looking old gentleman, in a European dress, came alongside, and

inspected our papers, which the captain held up to be looked at, the other keeping at a proper distance. These did not seem satisfactory, so he received them in a tin box, and went back to the health office. In a short time he returned, and told us that we could not have *pratique*, but must prepare for the Beyrout quarantine. In vain the passengers expostulated in a Babel of unknown tongues; he only shrugged his shoulders, and said he would go to the board once more; at the same time he ordered the abominable yellow flag to go up again. As he departed the thin priest smiled grimly, and said that it all meant nothing —that he was sure we should land that afternoon.

All that day we lay in the harbour, under a broiling Egyptian sun, with nothing to do but grumble, hope, despair, and watch the countless many-sailed windmills along the low coast, which almost twirled me into a frenzy. At night, we were told to get ready early the next day, for that the barge would come to convey us to the Lazaretto. We had been condemned by the board to the entire Beyrout quarantine! The thin priest would not believe it. He said to-morrow morning we should land, and returned to the intent perusal of his grubby book.

At daybreak, on the following morning, a wretchedly old and dirty lighter came alongside, into which we were all shot like so much pestilential rubbish; and two or three boats' crews of Arabs taking us in tow, with a melancholy monotonous chant suited to the occasion, we made a dismal journey of two hours, to the distant lazaretto. All my Egyptian enthusiasm vanished as we came near its gaunt prison walls.

The realization—more, far more, than at Constantinople—of all my early dreams of the "Arabian Nights;" the mystic Nile; the giant remains of Luxor and Carnac were close at hand, so to speak; Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, and the Sphynx, herself, were almost within hail; but I would at that moment have given them all up to have found myself even in a prison in England.

We were received, on a rude jetty, by some hideous Arabs, who kept us away at a respectable length by long rods; and by them we were conducted to our prison. Passing several grated passages, at the extreme end of one of which we saw some green acacias, waving in cruel mockery, we were introduced to a court yard, surrounded by cell windows, grated with massive iron bars. We were all thrust in together—Christians, Jews, and Moslems—and told that we might choose our cells. These were stone rooms, about ten feet square, perfectly bare and empty. The thin priest, for some reason, got a room to himself; but when I pictured his spare angular form lying upon the hard ground, I shuddered. About myself I was less anxious on this point, for the decks of the steamers had inured me to sleeping upon boards; and I had a thick capote of camel's hair, which I had fortunately bought at Constantinople. But still the place was so wretched and desolate that when I sat down on my knapsack and looked about me, I felt sadder and more completely beaten down than ever I recollect having done. There was nothing to be met with everywhere but lime—hot, glaring, half-slaked lime, which in itself, dazzling

in the sun was enough to give ophthalmia. We could see nothing from our window but a large hot grating like the front of an immense wild beast cage, and beyond this another, with the top of a hot lofty white wall for the horizon. A huge desiccated one-eyed Arab shot some hot tainted water from a goat skin, into a hot tub, for our supply; and there were, beside, two hot tanks to be used for general washing. Finally, the very ground was some composition of hot lime; the hot smoke of the sanitary (?) fumigations —something between brimstone and bad pastiles— almost choked us; and there was no shade anywhere.

At noon, we were allowed to write into the town for what we might require; and we also sent various letters to our respective consuls, to the board of health, and to the agent of the Austrian Lloyd's Company. These were taken from us with long implements, something between scissors and steak-tongs, and then cut through and fumigated, as though we had been travellers for the diffusion of plague and cholera: but there was such a delay in sending them into the town, that we were thrown upon the liberality of one of our fellow-passengers—the Count Stefano —who had friends in Alexandria, for a meal that night. Our supper consisted only of dates, bread, and questionable water. As the lost traveller, dying of thirst in the desert, has only visions of enormous lakes of water, so I could think of nothing but Cyder-cup and Badminton, and Wenham Ice. The thin priest got on better. Towards afternoon, a sister from some convent—a beautiful creature of nineteen, who ought to have known better—presented her

beaming self at the grating of the conversation passage, and told him that a supper and bedding would be sent to him in half an hour. Bless her sweet face! it came so like an angel's amongst the demoniac groups on every side of us, that, for the short time she was there at least, all our misery was forgotten. As she went away, the priest told her that he was sure we should be at liberty the next morning. Her white teeth flashed in a parting smile, and then she left us, once more, to our despair.

At six, we were all locked up for the night, and we selected places to lie down upon, on the lime floor. But sleep was out of the question, and the Arabs kept up such a harsh and constant screaming, that we could do nothing but lie awake, turn from one side to the other in the hope of finding an easy position, and think of horrible things. The fleas and mosquitoes continued in full activity throughout the night; and, with the first blush of morning, the flies, who still remain one of the plagues of Egypt, came in swarms, and flew at once to settle in our eyes, according to their custom, bearing with them from the natives who thus cherish them, and are actually taught to do so from infancy, the virus of ophthalmia.

The next day we contrived to hire some mattresses to put on the floor; and these, with a light crate, or coop, made of palm-sticks, for a table, completed our furniture. We also got some dinner ordered, but as it had to come some distance, everything was quite cold when it arrived. This, however, was of little consequence. We made our toilets at a general stone tank in the yard, and then came back to grumble,

until it was time to be locked up in our cells; for, as I have said, there was no shade all day long, in the yard, and the very air appeared to be chiefly composed of hot lime dust.

To add to our annoyance also, we lost the transit steamer to Cairo, and I was afterwards compelled to hire a private boat or *Kanjia* for the voyage, which occupied six days, from want of wind, and the strength of the Nile stream at the period of inundation. The boat, moreover, swarmed with rats as big as kittens; spiders that led one at once to place credence to the full in the bird-catching powers of some of their race, and darted in and out of gaps in the wood, whenever the shutters were let up or down; cockroaches, fleas, and their more important associates, with millions of mosquitoes, to whose stings clothes offered no protection. I began to think that the American traveller, who covered his head with his hunting kettle, and clinched the stings of these horrible insects with his hammer, as they came through the copper, was unjustly laughed at for his narrative. Add to these the continuous croakings of millions of frogs, the howling of the dogs in the villages, and the jackals in desert places, with the squabbles of the dragoman, with the eight all but naked Arabs who formed my crew; and then, with a tolerably clear conception, the reader will not be able to form the slightest notion of what I endured. I am given to understand, however, that all these accompaniments are considered as so many interesting novelties by travellers on the Nile, and that therefore I should have been gratified by them, or, at least, have written with more or less enthusiasm, to that effect.

But I am getting a-head of my subject;—to return to the lazaretto. The second day was, if anything, more dreary than the first. The confinement made me so nervous, that I could not settle to anything. I tried to write an article for a magazine, with a hat-box for a desk, but this proved an utter failure. Then I attempted to read, but I could not fix my mind upon the book; and yet it was one of Sir Francis Head's. I have said it was too hot to go out, or I could have walked up and down behind my bars, like a wild beast in a show, and so, perhaps, worn out a little of my irritability. In fact, I could only be miserable. And yet, under other circumstances—as a visitor for an hour or two—there was much to amuse. It would have been comical to have seen the Count, when he expected a visit from his pretty cousins who lived in Alexandria, and for one of whom, I found out, he had a great affection—to have seen this real earnest Count washing out his small finery at the tank,—his collar, ruffles, and pocket-handkerchief, —to appear smart when the dark-eyed Ionian girls came. There was a funny Turk, too—the only comic Moslem I ever met—who did curious things with a bottle, after the manner of M. Auriol, and was cunning in passing piastres through hats, and making articles appear where they were not supposed to be,—all of which greatly scandalized the high-turbaned Hadjis bound for Mecca. And the thin priest himself, who still was convinced of the impossibility of our being put in quarantine, was amusing in his way. But I only enjoyed these bits of character in the retrospect, when I got out.

On the fourth day of our detention, came a glimmer of hope and release. The doctor arrived to see us. We were ranged all of a row, and he walked backwards and forwards, smoking a cigar, and looking at us, as I have seen convicts inspected in the Houses of Correction at home. We then heard, that after all this wretched discomfort, the board had argued our case; and that, taking our voyage into consideration, we should be allowed *pratique* next day. Our various applications had, I expect, but little to do with this. M. Abro told us that he believed a protest of our Turkish companions against the imprisonment, showing that they would be too late for the grand ceremonies at Mecca, if detained longer, had been the chief instrument of our liberation. However, we were to be liberated on the morrow—that was a fact; and such a pleasant one that we did not care to investigate it further.

What a difference the intimation made to all our spirits. The lazaretto had not been so miserable, after all—at all events, there was great novelty in it! It was something to sit on the ground at dinner, with a coop for a table; and a great deal more to sleep on it. Below us was a German family—very poor people indeed, with an intelligent little girl of twelve—one of the most thoughtful and well-conducted children I ever met. The evening before, when we had been playing off some tricks in the yard, she had been our best audience; and this afternoon she came up anxiously, and asked me "if we were going to have a theatre again?" I promised we would, to oblige her; and as we had an hour before being

locked up, I got all our fellow-prisoners together, and each one did his best to form an entertainment; except the old gentlemen in the high turbans, who smoked their pipes and admired in silence, and the women, who peeped through the gratings, from behind which they had never ventured since we were first locked in.

The jolly Turk came out uncommonly. He sang native songs, pitched pies, conjured anew, and behaved altogether in a frightfully indecorous manner for a pilgrim bound for Mecca. The great hit of the evening, however, was a game of leap-frog, which four of us got up to the intense delight of the others, who did not appear to have the slightest notion of it. The German people sang some concerted music very nicely, and altogether the entertainment was pronounced a success. After we were shut up, we had our last meal together, from the scraps—cold maccaroni soup, remains of fowls, and dates—and then went very contentedly to bed.

At daylight next morning, be sure we were all alive. About half-past five the director of the lazaretto came to see us. He was an old man with spectacles and a long beard; and looked very much like the wizards in dream-books and prophetic almanacks. He shook hands with all of us, which was a sort of little ceremony to show that our touch was no longer infectious, and then told us we were free. Soon after came the valet I had engaged from Rey's hotel, to conduct us up to that part of the town; and then the Custom-house people arrived to look at our baggage. The search was merely nominal—my

knapsack was handed over to me, and passing other passages to those by which we had arrived, I found myself once more out of the lazaretto.

Amongst several odd stories I heard at this time, respecting the absurd severity with which the Beyrout quarantine is enforced, were the two following. The first related to a ship in the harbour, and the other to the lazaretto.

When a ship arrives in a quarantine port, from a suspected district, she is placed under the strictest surveillance. Attendants from the health-office are put on board: everything sent on shore has to undergo purification—if goods, by quarantine; if letters, by fumigation—in fact, everything is considered contagious except money, which is simply received in a vessel of water at the end of a pole by the people in the boats. On the other hand, everything from the shore, touched by anything or any body on the ship, is at once contaminated, and subject to the same quarantine. At Malta, this circumstance leads to many rows with the homeward bound passengers. Valetta is famous for the manufacture of fine mittens and black lace; and when the overland steamers arrive, the quarantine harbour is filled with the boats of the dealers. The articles are handed up in boxes at the ends of poles for inspection. The unthinking passengers turn them over to look at, and are immediately compelled to take the whole, because their touch has infected them. At Beyrout, speculators occasionally put off with Syrian curiosities—chaplets of olive-stones, from the Mount of Olives; cedar cones from Lebanon,

and the like. On the occasion to which I now allude, a sharp touter had got ahead of his companions, and was beginning to treat with some passengers; selling the aforesaid wonders, and recommending dragomen. The engineer had, as is common, a little bird in his cabin, that was very tame, and used to be permitted to fly about the deck and rigging. It was loose on the morning of the arrival, and when the touter came alongside, innocently perched on his shoulder. In an instant the quick-eyed guardians observed it. The poor touter was declared compromised by the contact. He was hurried off to the lazaretto, in spite of his protestations and arguments, for ten days; and the engineer, as owner of the bird, was compelled to pay all the expenses of his incarceration.

The other case was more annoying still. In every lazaretto is a place called the *parlatorio*, at which the inmates may communicate with their friends. It is very like the grating used for the same purpose at our prisons. There is a double wall of bars, with a space of six or seven feet between them; and articles are pushed backwards and forwards on boards which run across, in boxes fixed to poles. A person in quarantine received a visit from a friend on the first day of his confinement. Laden with treasures of travel, he was exhibiting some beautiful feathers to his friend, when a sudden puff of wind dispersed the collection, and by an evil chance blew one between the bars into the bosom of his innocent visitor. The unfortunate wight was directly condemned. All egress was denied him; he was told that, of all

things, feathers were peculiarly susceptible of plague; and he had to join his friend for the whole term of his imprisonment. In fine, the laws of quarantine appear to be the most rigid of any existing, and cannot by any influence or interest, be evaded. This is not so much to be wondered at when the various incomes derived from enforcing them are taken into consideration; and, indeed, this appears to be, at present, the sole cause of their continuance.

There was a large quantity of beasts of burden awaiting the turn-out—camels, horses, and donkeys. The boys who attended the latter were sad young scamps—little dusky chaps with nothing on but what seemed to be a long blue bedgown. When a stranger appeared, they caught their donkeys by the head, and backed them, all in a heap, against him. In vain the valet beat them furiously about the head, face, and naked legs. They only fell back for an instant, and then all returned to the charge again, shouting, "I say, master—good jackass!" Somehow or another, I was hustled on to one of the donkeys—I am sure I don't know how; I never chose one—and then we set off at a quick easy amble towards Alexandria.

The road was regularly made—broad and very level, and bordered with acacia trees; and over garden-walls I saw, for the first time, the graceful date-palms and banana trees. All along the road were strings of baggage camels—many more together than I had seen either at Smyrna or Constantinople —with a great number of women, scantily clad, and all carrying water-jars on their heads, which they balanced wonderfully. Then we passed Cleopatra's

Needle; and then I insisted upon seeing Pompey's Pillar before we went to the hotel, and a circuit was made accordingly. It was a very familiar object; one there could be no mistake about upon approaching. I tried to feel as other writers have felt—when, as they have affirmed the names of Herodotus, Ptolemy, and other ancients, rose up before them, as they gazed at the pillar—but I could not; for the only names that Pompey's Pillar most readily suggests, are those painted on it, in enormous letters a foot high, visible a quarter of a mile off; and as these are, respectively, *G. Button*, and *W. Thompson, of Sunderland*, no remarkable enthusiasm is created.

I was glad to find myself at last in the comfortable transit hotel at Alexandria; and looking out from my lofty bedroom into its broad bright square. Everything was sunny and cheering: new impressions, more striking even than those I had already received, were in store for me; and the next evening would find me, with a boat and crew of my own, journeying on towards the mighty Nile, with all the land of the solemn and mystic Egypt before me.

APPENDIX.

With the wish to make this volume something more than a mere recollection of travel, I have ventured to add an Appendix of such information as may be useful to any traveller about to make the same journey. Whilst on my way to the East, I remember the eagerness with which I questioned certain returned travellers respecting various points connected with living and expenses at Constantinople, about which I could get at no accurate information in the guide-books. I have now thrown together my notes on these subjects, and I hope they will be found as useful to others as I should have found them myself this time last year.

1. The Journey.

1. The direct line to Constantinople by the English boats, starting from Southampton, is that usually patronised by travellers with much luggage, and in such cases is decidedly the preferable one. As full information connected with the departure of these fine vessels may be obtained at the London offices, it is unnecessary to repeat it here, beyond stating

that the fares are, for the First class, £41, and for the Second, £27 10*s*. Passengers' servants are charged £22.

2. The excellent service of the French *Paquebots-Postes de la Mediterranée*, which start from Marseilles, is less generally known. This is by far the best method for the mere tourist, unencumbered with luggage; and it is also the most agreeable, and cheapest.

There are two lines from Marseilles to Malta. One of these is a direct one; the other touches at Genoa, Leghorn, Civita-Vecchia, Naples, and Messina; and both are so arranged as to correspond, at Malta, with the boat proceeding, without loss of time, to Constantinople. The departures take place three times a month, and are very regular. The direct boat to Malta starts on the 1st, 11th, and 21st; that touching at Italy, on the 9th, 19th, and 29th; and all these arrive respectively in time for one or the other of the boats which leave Malta in turn, on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, and arrive at Constantinople on the day week of their departure from that port.

The fares are—presuming the direct line be chosen—from Marseilles to Constantinople: first class, 465 francs; second, 279 francs; third, 186 francs; fourth 116 francs; or, in rough sums, respectively about 18*l*. 12*s*.; 11*l*.; 7*l*. 10*s*.; 4*l*. 12*s*. The living is not included in this, but the tariff is fixed at six francs a-day for first-class passengers, and four francs for the second. This must be paid whether the passengers partake of the meals or do not. If there are servants on board, they have their meals in the second cabin, after the passengers, but are not allowed

to join them at any time. The third and fourth class passengers can lay in their own stock, but may get anything from the restaurateur on board by paying for it. I add the bill of fare of one day's dinner, in the fore-cabin, taken at random:—

Scamandre. 20 *Août.*
Potage purée aux pommes.
Bœuf garni.
Langue à la sauce poivrade.
Volailles à la financière.
Haricots au blanc.
Gigot roti.
Salade.
Desserte.
Vin.

The mere expenses of conveyance from London to Marseilles, *via* Folkestone, Boulogne, Paris, Lyons, and Avignon, by steamer, railway, and diligence, are 130 francs. This is for the banquette of the diligence and second class of the railways, but the arrangements are so good that it is a mere throwing away of money for a tourist to go in the more expensive places. The route from Paris, at present, is by rail to Tonnerre, and thence by diligence to Dijon; from Dijon to Chalons by rail; from Chalons to Lyons by steamer, on the Saone; from Lyons to Avignon by diligence, and from Avignon to Marseilles by the rail. The journey occupies three days and three nights; of these two nights only are passed on the road. When the line of railway is completed from Paris to Avignon, of course the time will be considerably abridged. The route is most interesting, and has the incalculable advantage of avoiding all the rolling misery of the Bay of Biscay.

The expense, then, of the actual travelling, will be:—

	First class.	Second class.
London to Paris	63 *fr.*	46 *fr.*
Paris to Marseilles	130	84
Marseilles to Constantinople	465	279
	658	409
Hotel expenses	50	50
Steamboat living (12 days)	72	48
Total from London to Constantinople	780	507

Or, first class, about £31; second ditto, about £20.

This is the lowest estimate for these classes, and includes only absolute and indispensable expenses. Those wishing to "rough" it, may effect a still greater saving, by taking a deck passage along the Mediterranean; but they must be tolerably sure of fine and warm weather.

3. The other routes are, by railway to Vienna—and there is now an uninterrupted line from Ostend to that city, by Cologne, Hanover, and Dresden, and thence by the Danube to the Black Sea, and so down the Bosphorus; or to Trieste, by railway, and thence by the steamers of the Austrian Lloyd's Company. Each of these routes is, however, too complicated and circuitous to give an estimate of in this place.

I may mention, however, that the Austrian Lloyd's boat leaves Trieste for Constantinople once a week—starting, at present, every Thursday, and arriving at Constantinople on the Sunday week following. They have, at present, twenty-six boats in their fleet, and five new ones are being built. The arrangements are, in general, very good, and the fares and regulations

about the same as those on board the French packets. Their largest vessel is the *Austria*, of three hundred and sixty horse power; and the smallest, the *Francesco Carlo*, of forty.

4. Having given the usual routes to Constantinople, I may now, perhaps, interest some of my readers in detailing the time which I myself took; and I will also add—I believe, on a novel plan—the expenses and the distances of each day.

I must premise I started with a companion, and we each had a knapsack to carry our things, This latter article was made for me by Mr. Browne, sadler, of Chertsey, and cost £1. It was four inches deep, thirteen broad, and twelve long. A round tin case at the top was added afterwards. It was in three portions, for better dividing the articles it contained, and one of these could turn upon emergency into a sort of saucepan, to go over a spirit lamp which went inside it. It was at times useful for furnishing hot water, when there would otherwise have been a difficulty in procuring it.

I contrived to put the following articles into my knapsack. It was tolerably heavy when charged, but I am blessed with broad shoulders and a good constitution, and I never felt distressed:

A coat, waistcoat, and trowsers, of thin black tweed, which were very light, and when folded up could have been put in a hat. These were for such occasions as might occur when something like evening dress was necessary. They were made for me by Mr. Astley, of the Quadrant, at a small expense.

A pair of light French *brodequins*.

Five shirts: four coloured, and one white—also for great occasions.

Four pocket handkerchiefs.

Two black silk neck-ties.

Four pairs of lamb's-wool socks.

Comb and brush; with some oil-silk bags for holding soap, sponge, nail and tooth brush.

A "housewife," containing pins, needles and thread, scissors and buttons.

(These latter articles went in the pocket at the side of the knapsack, for ready use.)

In the tin case at the top I had a strange collection of things. They comprised a few Seidlitz powders, some laudanum, and a box of Brokedon's compressed soda. I also tucked in some sticking-plaster, a dozen steel pens, a portable ink-stand, with writing paper, a box of water-colours, note-books, string, lucifers, and other minor comforts. When all these things were packed there was still room for what few *souvenirs* I might collect on the way.

My travelling dress was a blue blouse with useful pockets, and a broad-brimmed felt hat. I started in a cap, but the sun so caught my face on the Moselle, that I bought the hat at Metz. I had a stout pair of shoes—not too thick, which is a great mistake; and a kind of pouch to hang at my side, and hold a hand-book or map, block drawing-book, knife, &c. I took the £20 circular notes of Herries and Farquhar, which, by the way, would be more convenient if made, like some of the other banks, for £10.

The great advantage of a knapsack—and I speak from the experience of several tours made with one—

is, that you are so completely your own master. You are dependent upon no porters, mules, or conveyances; you come and go as you please, and you have always got all you have about you. Your expenses are also considerably diminished. The above list may be altered, according to the views of the tourist, but I do not think he will be able to improve it, so as to increase his comfort.

The expenses of the following route have been kept in French francs, as being the readiest way of computing them, in consequence of the constant change of the money. They pass well all over Switzerland, and a great portion of Italy; but the old Spanish pillar-dollar will be found the most advantageous coin about the Levant.

I have commenced calculating the expenses at Ostend, as the methods of getting there may be very much varied, according to the time and exigencies of the traveller.

TABLE.

Time and Expenses of the Journey from LONDON *to* CONSTANTINOPLE, *by Switzerland, Italy, Malta, Athens, and Smyrna.*

1849.		Francs.	Centimes.
June 9.	Rail from Ostend to Antwerp: third class	4	50
	Hard eggs, bread, &c., bought on the line		50
— 10.	Bill at Antwerp: dinner, bed, and breakfast.—*Hôtel du Parc* . . .	10	
	Rail to Cologne, also third class . .	10	50
	Carried over,	25	50

		Francs.	Centimes.
	Brought over,	25	50
	Refreshment at Liege	1	
	Omnibus into Cologne		50
June 11.	Bill at Cologne. — *Badischer Hof.* Very cheap	4	50
	Steam fare to Mayence, fore-part of boat. Part of this was lost, since owing to the troubles on the Rhine, we were obliged to stop at Coblentz. I have, however, put down all casualties	7	50
	Lunch on board	1	
— 12.	Bill at Coblentz. — *Gasthof zum Rheinberg.* Dinner and bed . .	6	25
	Fare to Treves, by the Moselle; fore cabin	7	50
	Dinner on board	3	50
— 13.	Bill at Berncastel, on the Moselle. *Drei Königen.* Supper and bed .	4	
	Breakfast on steamer	2	
	Dinner at Treves, (table-d'hôte) . .	2	50
	Diligence fare from Treves to Luxembourg, (banquette)	11	
— 14.	Bill at Luxembourg. — *Hotel de Cologne*	4	50
	Fare to Metz by diligence, (banquette)	6	
	Refreshment on the road	1	50
— 15.	Bill at Metz. — *Hotel d'Europe.* Dinner at table-d'hôte, bed, and breakfast	7	50
	Diligence fare to Strasburg	15	
	Dinner on road	3	
— 16.	Cab from diligence to inn	1	
	Bill at Strasburg.—*Hotel de la Ville de Metz.* Only breakfast, and		
	Carried forward,	115	25

		Francs.	Centimes.
	Brought forward,	115	25
	room to wash, after all night in the diligence	3	
	Rail to Bâle	11	
June 17.	Bill at Bâle: dinner and bed. *Couronne*	4	
	Breakfast at Rheinfelden	1	50
	Wine at Stein		50
— 18.	Bill at Frick.—*Les Raisins.* Very cheap: supper and bed	2	
	Breakfast at Brugg	2	50
	Wine at Botzberg	1	
	Rail to Zurich from Baden	1	50
— 19 and 20.	Bill at Zurich.—*Hotel Baur.* First-rate house	18	
	Steamer to Horgen		50
	Wine at Baar		50
	Breakfast at Zug. *Ochs*	2	50
— 21.	Bill at Art.—*Aigle Noir.* Dinner, bed, and breakfast	9	
	Lunch, going up Rigi, at the *Unter Dachli*	1	50
	More refreshment at the Staffel . .	1	
— 22.	Bill at the Rigi Kulm; supper and bed	4	50
	Breakfast at Weggis	2	
	Expenses at Lucerne, the day; and steamer to Fluelyn, and also from Weggis to Lucerne	5	
— 23.	Bill at Amsteg.—*Cerf d'or*	4	50
	Breakfast at Wasen: eggs, bread, butter, and wine. *Post*	1	
	Wine at Andermatt		50
— 24.	Bill at Hospenthal. — *Lion d'or.* Dinner, bed, and breakfast . . .	9	50
	Carried over,	202	25

		Francs.	Centimes.
	Brought over,	202	25
	Lunch at the Rhone Glacier . . .	1	
June 25.	Bill at the Grimsel Hospice . . .	8	
	Lunch at the Handeck	2	50
— 26.	Bill at Meyringen.—*Sauvage*, with bath, and purchases of soap, pomatum, &c., at the inn	11	
	Reichenbach cascade		50
	Breakfast at Rosenlaui	1	50
	Lunch at the Scheideck chalet . . .	1	
— 27.	Bill at Grindelwald.—*L'Aigle* . . .	7	
	Strawberries and milk, and cannon for echo, at the half-way chalet .	1	
	Breakfast at the Wengern Alp . .	1	50
	Wine. Lauterbrunnen	1	
	Share of trap to Interlaken	2	50
— 28.	Bill at Interlaken. Dinner, bed, breakfast, and lunch. *Interlaken*,	11	
	Steamer to Thun	1	
— 29.	Bill at Thun.—*Belle Vue;* dear . .	10	
	Diligence to Berne	3	
— 30, and July 1.	Bill at Berne.—*Couronne:* and sights	21	
	Diligence to Thun	3	
July 2.	Bill at Müllinen. Supper, bed, and car to Kandersteg	8	
	Breakfast at Kandersteg	1	50
	Lunch. Schwaranbach	2	
— 3.	Bill at Leuk, with baths, extra meal in morning, &c.	11	
— 4.	Bill at Sierre.—*Soleil*	6	
	Voiture (return) to Martigny . . .	6	50
	Lunch at Sion	1	
— 5.	Lunch at Orsiéres.—*Hotel des Alpes*	1	
	Refreshment at Canteen	1	
	Carried forward,	327	75

		Francs.	Centimes.
	Brought forward,	327	75
July 6.	Gave to Convent of St. Bernard for supper and bed	5	
	Snack at Canteen, returning . . .		50
	Lunch at Orsiéres	1	10
— 7.	Bill at Martigny.—*Hotel de la Tour*, (including the 4th)	15	
	Car to Bex	4	
	Lunch at Bex.—*Union*	1	
	Omnibus to Villeneuve	2	
	Steamboat fare to Geneva	5	
— 8, 9, 10.	Bill at Geneva.—*Couronne* . .	25	
	Sardinian passport	4	
	Fare to Chamonix	16	
	Breakfast at Bonneville	2	50
	Refreshment at Cluses	1	
— 11.	Bill at Chamonix.—*Union*	7	
— 12, 13, 14, 15.	Bill at Chamonix.—*Londres*,	54	
	Expenses at Chamonix, (I knew all the country very well, so dispensed with guides,) lunch at Flegère, Montanvert, &c.	6	
	Breakfast at the *Tête Noire* . . .	2	50
— 17.	Bill at Martigny.—*Tour*	6	
	Diligence to Brieg	13	
	Breakfast at Sion	2	50
— 18.	Bill. Brieg.—*Hôtel d'Angleterre* .	4	50
	Breakfast at Perisal	2	
— 19.	Bill at Simplon.—*Poste*	5	50
	Breakfast at Isella	2	50
— 20.	Bill at Domo d'Ossola.—*Ancienne Poste*. Dinner, Bed, and Breakfast	8	50
	Car to Baveno	7	
	Lunch at Vergogna	1	
	Carried over,	531	85

		Francs.	Centimes.
	Brought over,	531	85
July 21.	Breakfast. Omegna, on the Lago d'Orta.—*Croce di Malta* . . .	1	50
	Wine at Orta	1	
	Boat to Pella		50
	Refreshments at Arola		50
— 22.	Bill at Varallo.—*Antica Posta* . .	7	
	Refreshments. Arola and Orta . .	2	
	Car to Baveno	4	
— 23.	Bill at Baveno, 20th & 22nd . . .	13	
	Breakfast. Stresa	1	50
	Steamer to Sesto Calendo	2	25
	Lunch at Sesto	1	
	Diligence to Milan	4	50
	Café, &c., at night	1	25
— 24, 25, 26, 27, 28.	Bill at Milan.—*Hôtel de la ville de Milan*, an admirably-managed house	52	
	Expenses to Monza and back, by rail, on the 26th	6	
	Diligence to Genoa. Banquette . .	36	
	Refreshments on road	2	
— 29, 30.	Bill at Genoa.—*Croce di Malta* .	13	
	Steamer, and Health Office, deck passenger to Leghorn, by French boat,	7	
	Boat to steamer	1	25
	Refreshment on board	2	50
— 31.	Boat to land at Leghorn	1	50
Aug. 1.	Bill at Leghorn. (*Thompson's.*) . .	12	
	Car to rail	1	
	Rail to Florence. 2nd class . . .	5	
	Car to hotel	1	
	Luggage "plumbed"		50
— 2, 3, 4, 5.	Bill at Florence.—*Hôtel du Nord*	26	
	Carried forward,	738	60

		Francs.	Centimes.
	Brought forward,	738	60
	Breakfast, four days, at Café Donin, at 10 sous each	2	
	Car to railway	1	
	Railway to Leghorn	5	
	Car to Thompson's	1	
Aug. 6, 7, 8, 9.	Bill at Leghorn	45	
	Expenses to and from, and at Pisa, on the 8th	13	
	Boat to steamer	1	50
	Steamer to Civita-Vecchia. Deck fare. French boat	10	
	Dinner on board	2	
— 10.	Boat to land at Civita	1	
	Diligence to Rome	12	
	Postilions	1	
	Bill at Civita-Vecchia, for breakfast and room	3	50
	Lunch at Monterone	1	50
	Custom house	1	
— 11 to 18.	Bill at Rome.—*Hôtel Spillmann.* Very fair	80	
	Passports	4	
	Share of carriage to Tivoli	8	
	Fare to Naples, with courier	75	
	Supper at Night, at Velletri	2	
— 19.	Breakfast at Terracina	1	50
	Passport extortions and *pour-boires*, on road	10	
	Porter to hotel at Naples, from diligence office	1	50
— 22.	Car to Herculaneum	1	50
	Railway to Pompeii (2nd class)	2	
	Guide at Pompeii	2	50
	Attendants	1	
	Carried over,	1028	10

		Francs.	Centimes.
	Brought over,	1028	10
	Railway back to Portici	2	
	Guide to Herculaneum	1	
	Head guide up Vesuvius, for horses, men, &c. (share)	30	
	Intrusive assistants	4	
	Boy to lead ponies	1	50
	Wine to soldiers at hermitage . . .	1	
	Man who comes up with refreshment, wine, fruit, eggs, &c.	5	
Aug. 19 to 23.	Bill at Naples.—*Hotel des Etrangers.* Very good	55	
	Police and passports	5	
	Steamer to Malta (deck)	27	
	Car and boat	3	
— 24.	Expenses on board	4	
— 25.	Ditto	4	
	Bill at inn at Malta. *Mrs. Durnsford's*	12	
	Valet, porters, passports, and books .	11	
	Fare to Constantinople (2nd cabin) .	165	
— 28.	Expenses at Athens. Dinner, horse, guide, and sundries	20	
— 30.	Expenses at Smyrna	10	
— 25 to September 1.	Seven days living on board the steamer, at 4 francs a day	28	
	Stewards, &c.	5	
	Total	1321	60
	Or, in English money .	£53	

The above accounts only include the actual travelling expenses. Some of these were casualties; for instance, we waited four days at Leghorn for a steamer, and one or two at Milan for letters. But these chances may happen to any one, and therefore I have put them all down from my own pocket-book.

I have not included washing and payments to guides. The first may be reckoned at the same rate as at home; and the second will depend upon what knowledge of the country the traveller, or his companion, may possess.

It is always advisable to travel in company. The same payment often does as well for two as for one; and very frequently a bargain can be advantageously made at hotels. It must be understood that most of the above expenses are the single shares of the bills.

Living at Constantinople.

"How did you get on in your eating and drinking, in the East?" is a question I have been asked several times since I returned. The answer is simply, just as well as in Paris, or Naples, or anywhere else.

There are three good hotels in Pera—the Hotel d'Angleterre, Hotel d'Europe, and Madame Guiseppino's. There are some other *pensions*, better adapted to foreigners.

The Hotel d'Angleterre is certainly the best. It is kept by Misseri, who was Mr. Kinglake's travelling servant, on the tour which that gentleman has made so world-known in his *Eothen*. The arrangements of the house are very excellent, and Madame Misseri is an Englishwoman. The expense is about twelve and sixpence a-day, reckoning in English money at its valuation last autumn. English papers are taken in.

The Hotel d'Europe, kept by Giovanni Destuniano, who was formerly a *valet de place* attached to Misseri's house, is very comfortable for bachelors, and somewhat cheaper than the other. The expense is about

ten shillings a-day, but it is best to make a bargain. In either case this includes breakfast and dinner, with wine, coffee, and sleeping apartment. *Galignani*, and the *Illustrated News* are taken in. A double-bedded room on the first floor, next the *salon*, is to be recommended.

Madame Guiseppino's is charmingly situated on the heights above the Golden Horn, and enjoys a very fine view. I am not acquainted with the house internally, but it has been some time established, and is well spoken of.

The expense of a valet-de-place is a dollar *per diem*. Demetri was stupid, but attentive and very honest—two eligible qualities.

General Memoranda.

Apparel is not dear in Pera. Semple, the English tailor, just above Destuniano's, made me some clothes almost at London prices. Malta, however, is much cheaper, and that is where anything wanted should be procured.

Gloves and boots are about the same price as with us. The former are Neapolitan, and very good; the latter I found wear excellently well. English hosiery is commonly hawked about in Galata.

The best otto of roses can be got at Stampa's. In the bazaars, rubbish is sometimes passed off upon the traveller.

The best presents to bring home, at a moderate rate, as well as being the most characteristic, are the slippers, at a dollar the pair. Pipes and amber mouth-pieces are dear. A tolerable narghilé, com-

plete, costs about twenty francs. The glass portion should be bought at the German warehouse in Galata, and the brass work and "snake" in Stamboul. The difficulty in England is to obtain the proper tobacco (*tumbeky*) for the narghilé. At our London shops they give you latakia, which is not proper.

There is very little trouble either with the custom-house or passport-office at Constantinople. The smallest fee will keep luggage from being examined, and unless the traveller extends his journey far into the country, his passport is never asked for.

Constantinople to Egypt.

Although Constantinople is the subject of this volume, yet the journey down to Egypt so frequently follows a visit to Stamboul, that I hope the following estimates will not be found out of place; more especially as I do not think they are given in any other book. They are simply such as I should have been glad of myself, before making the journey. I have, to avoid confusion, kept them, as before, in French francs.

Constantinople to Alexandria.

	Francs.
Fare to Alexandria, by the Austrian Lloyd's boats.	
Second class	155
Living on board	21
Hotel bill at Smyrna (30 hours), boats, passports, &c.	18
To Alexandria . .	194

Alexandria to Cairo,

By private boat, having missed the transit steamer. Estimate for two travellers, with dragoman, reis or

captain, and crew of seven Arabs. We left Alexandria on Saturday evening, and got to Boolak, the port of Cairo, on the Thursday night following, but too late to land that evening.

Bill at Alexandria (Rey's). Two days; with a dozen of pale ale, ordered to the Lazaretto, two dozen for the Nile boat, with Cognac. Half share, as usual . . . . 62 francs.

I can recommend Giovanni Ravezzano, with great confidence, as a dragoman, from Alexandria onwards. He is always to be heard of at Rey's hotel, where his father was head-waiter last autumn. He is civil, quick, and intelligent; speaks very fair English, as well as French, Italian, and Arabic, and is an admirable cook. He was with me in the *Kandjia* on the Nile; on the desert, with the camels; and generally about Cairo, the Pyramids, &c.; and under all circumstances perfectly understood his duties. On board the Nile boat, he had a dollar a day; and afterwards at Cairo, where he kept himself, six shillings. This expense, like all my others, was shared.

Expenses of the Nile Boat, etc.

These are copied from Ravezzano's account. The prices are in piastres, at about one hundred to a sovereign. Every article was of the commonest description.

	Piastres.
Hire of the Kandjia and crew, from Alexandria to Cairo	250
Gratuity to Reis and men	35
Carried over,	285

	Piastres.
Brought over,	285
Four tumblers	3
Fourteen plates	20
Two cups	6
Two knives and forks	8
Eight iron spoons	8
A corkscrew	3
A small iron grate	14
A milk-can	4
A saltcellar	3
A bottle of oil	5
„ of vinegar	2
A dutch cheese	9
A jar of butter	20
Pepper and spices	4
Salt	4
Potatoes	9
Flour	4
Rice	4
Pots and pans	15
Tea (execrable)	4
Coffee	7
Soap	1
Charcoal	20
Board to cut meat on	5
Onions	4
Waste paper and string	4
Grapes	5
Apples	5
Bananas	6
Raisins	3
Almonds	3
Two lanterns	12
A coffee-pot and milk jug	5
Cheese-grater	2
Carried forward,	536

	Piastres.
Brought forward,	536
Two mattresses	120
Two iron *fourneaux*	20
Ten napkins (calico)	14
Bread	20
A piece of mutton	25
Seven fowls	18
Five *cafasses* (crates and coops)	9
A truck to take the things	10
Custom-house dues	5
Porters	3
Donkey hire	4
Vegetables, salad, &c.	18
Gunpowder	15
Shot	6
Caps	3
Salaisons and sardines	15
Sugar	12
A kitchen knife and hone	5
Lucifers	1
Candles	20
Tea-pot	8
At Atfeh.	
Lamp-oil	6
Grain for the fowls	1
Eggs	2
Milk	3
On the Nile.	
Some mutton	9
Milk and eggs	2
Donkeys, to land at Boolak	3
Sundries impossible to be deciphered in the account	20
Total of boat expenses	933
Or about	£9 9s.

So we have expended, from Constantinople to Alexandria, 194 francs, which we will call	£8	0	0
Bill at Alexandria, 62 francs, or about	2	10	0
Half of boat expenses to Cairo, 933 piastres, or £9 9s.	4	14	6
Constantinople to Cairo	£15	4	6

Everything should be of the cheapest description, because, after your arrival at Cairo, unless you are proceeding up the Nile, your stores are perfectly useless.

Quarantine.

Great modifications have of late taken place, with respect to the duration of quarantine, at many of the Mediterranean ports, on returning from the East.

At Malta, the quarantine, at present, is only five days, and the lazaretto is the best of its kind. Of these five days, those of entrance and egress both count, so that the imprisonment is, in reality, reduced to three entire ones.

An admirable arrangement has lately been effected at Marseilles. By the new law, (which came into operation towards the close of the past year, and by which I had the good fortune to be one of the first batch of passengers benefited,) *all vessels arriving there from the Levant ports, if they have been exactly eight days on the voyage, and have an appointed physician on board, who can vouch for a clean bill of health, receive full pratique on arriving.* This sensible regulation will be of good service to the traffic interest of Marseilles.

The same pratique is granted to the Levant boats of the Austrian Lloyd's Company, on their arrival at Trieste.

Everything that diminishes the expense and discomfort of quarantine is of real importance to the travellers returning from the East. *Nothing repays one for its ennui and general wretchedness.* To men it is as bad as can be; and to ladies the misery and inconvenience must be insupportable.

THE END.

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