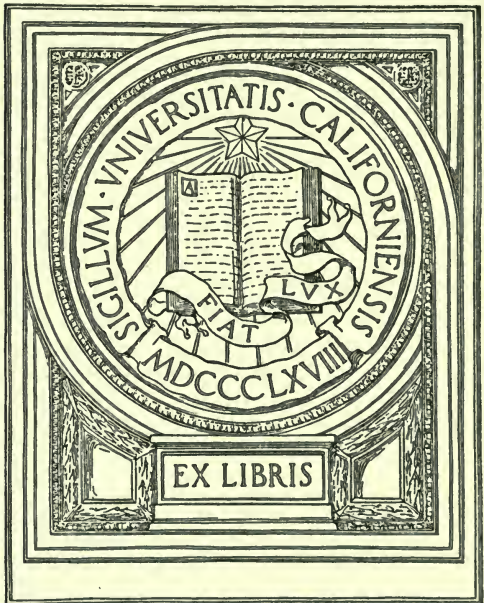


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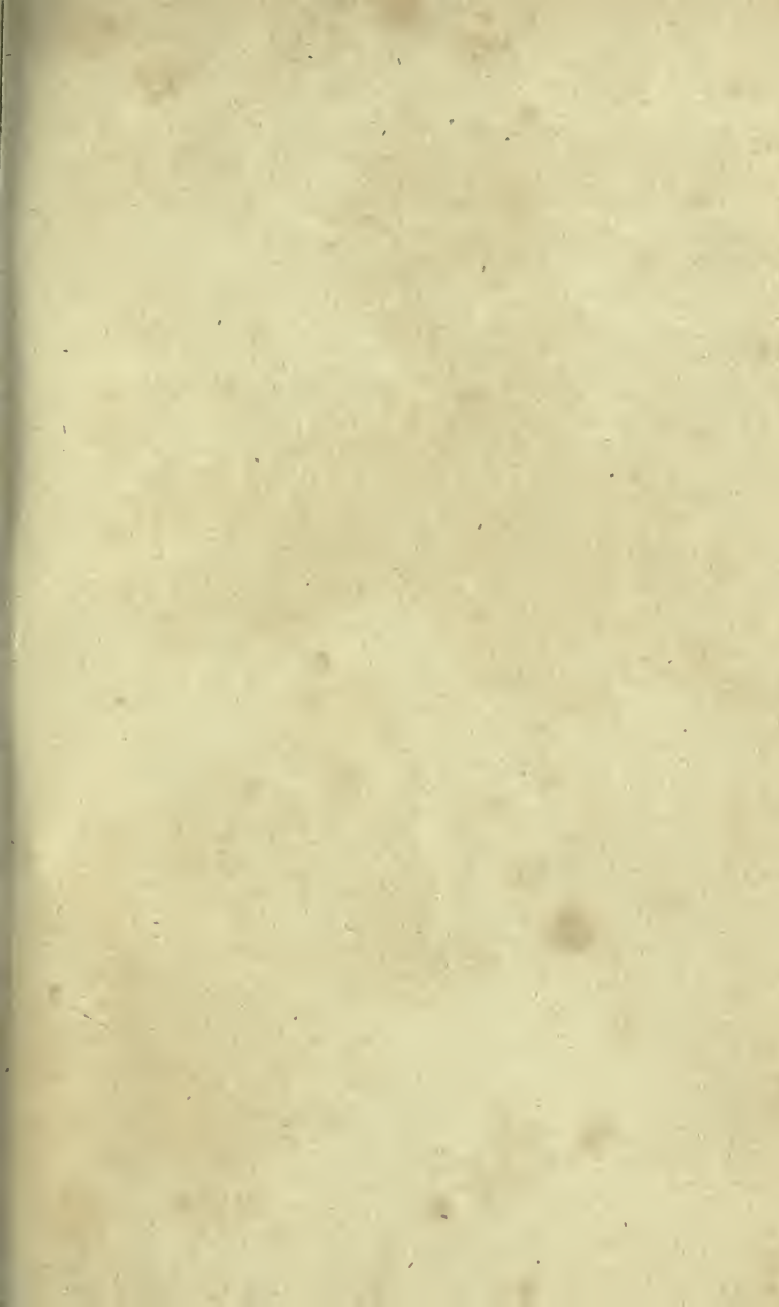
Er. Miss Maryella Davis


from her loving Mother

Frank

Oliver Feb 20<sup>th</sup>  
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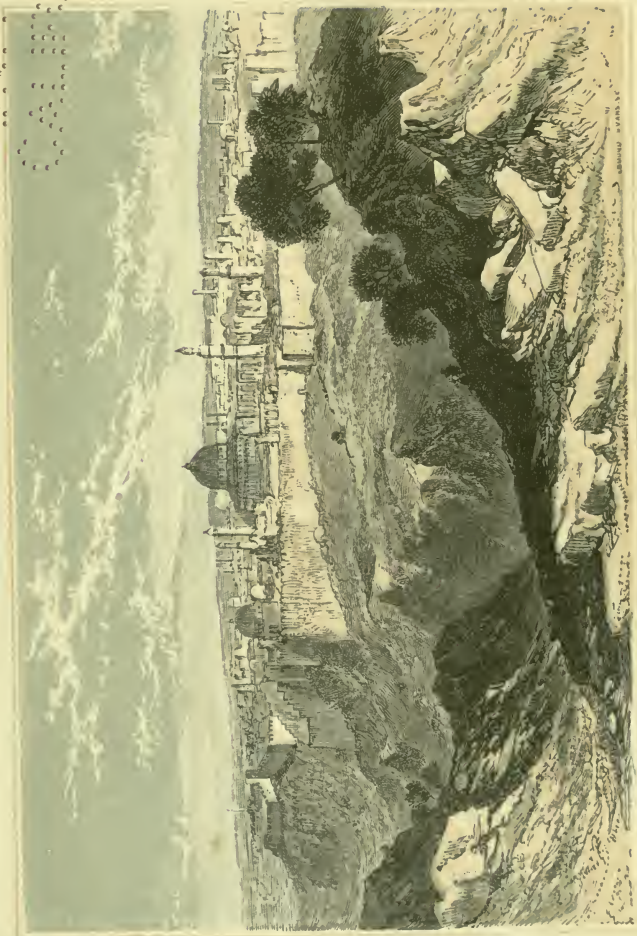






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JERUSALEM.



A Visit to the  
Holy Land.



BY MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.  
LONDON.  
INGRAM COOKE & Co.  
1852.



# V I S I T

TO THE

HOLY LAND, EGYPT, AND ITALY.

BY

MADAME IDA PFEIFFER,

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD," "VISIT TO ICELAND," ETC.

*Translated from the German*

BY H. W. DULCKEN.

WITH EIGHT TINTED ENGRAVINGS.

*SECOND EDITION.*

LONDON:

INGRAM, COOKE, AND CO.

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1853

*IN MEMORIAM  
JESSICA PEIXOTTO*

**LONDON :**

**PRINTED BY LEVEY, ROBSON, AND FRANKLYN,  
Great New Street and Fetter Lane.**

MEMORIAM

## PREFACE

BY THE VIENNA PUBLISHER.



FOR two centuries the princes and nations of the West were accustomed to wander towards the land of the morning. In vain was the noblest blood poured forth in streams in the effort to wrest the country of our heavenly Teacher from the grasp of the infidel; and though the Christian Europe of the present day forbears to renew a struggle which, considering the strength that has been gradually increasing for the last six hundred years, might prove an easy one, we cannot wonder that millions of the votaries of Christianity should cherish an earnest longing to wander in the paths the Redeemer has trod, and to view with their own eyes the traces of the Saviour's progress from the cradle to the grave.

In the generality of cases, however, the hardships, dangers, and difficulties of such a journey were sufficient to overthrow the bravest resolution; and thus the wishes of the majority remained unfulfilled.

Few *men* were found to possess the degree of strength and endurance requisite for the carrying out of such an undertaking;

but that a delicate lady of the higher classes, a native of Vienna, should have the heroism to do what thousands of men failed to achieve, seemed almost incredible.

In her earliest youth she earnestly desired to perform this journey; descriptions of the Holy Land were perused by her with peculiar interest, and a book of Eastern travel had more charms for her than the most glowing accounts of Paris or London.

It was not, however, until our Authoress had reached a riper age, and had finished the education of her sons, that she succeeded in carrying into effect the ardent aspiration of her youth.

On the 2d of March, 1842, she commenced her journey *alone*, without companions, but fully prepared to bear every ill, to bid defiance to every danger, and to combat every difficulty. That this undertaking should have succeeded may almost be looked upon as a wonder.

Far from desiring publicity, she merely kept a diary, in order to retain the recollections of her tour during her later life, and to impart to her nearest relatives the story of her fortunes. Every evening, though often greatly exhausted with heat, thirst, and the hardships of travel, she never failed to make notes in pencil of the occurrences of the day, frequently using a sand-mound or the back of a camel as a table, while the other members of the caravan lay stretched around her, completely tired out.

It was in the house of my friend Halm that I first heard of this remarkable woman, at a time when she had not yet completed her journey; and every subsequent account of Madame Pfeiffer increased my desire to make her acquaintance.

In manners and appearance I found her to resemble many other women who have distinguished themselves by fortitude, firmness of soul, and magnanimity; and who are in private life the most simple and unaffected, the most modest, and consequently also the most agreeable of beings.

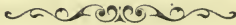
My request to read our Authoress's journal was granted with some timidity; and I am ready to assert that seldom has a book so irresistibly attracted me, or so completely fixed my attention from beginning to end, as this.

The simple and unadorned relation of facts, the candour, combined with strong sound sense, which appear throughout, might put to shame the bombastic striving after originality of many a modern author. The scheme and execution of the work are complete and agreeable; strict truth shines forth from every page, and no one can doubt but that so pure and noble a mind must see things in a right point of view. This circumstance is sufficient in itself to raise the book above many descriptions of travel to the Holy Land, whose authors, trusting to the fact that their assertions could not easily be disproved, have indulged their fancy, seeking to impart interest to their works by the relation of imaginary dangers, and by exaggeration of every kind, for the sake of gaining praise and admiration. Many such men might blush with shame on reading this journal of a simple, truth-loving woman.

After much trouble I succeeded in persuading the Authoress to allow her journal to appear in print.

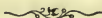
My efforts were called forth by the desire to furnish the read-

ing public, and particularly the female portion, with a very interesting and attractive, and at the same time a strictly authentic picture of the Holy Land, and of Madame Pfeiffer's entire journey.





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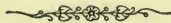
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# VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND,

ETC. ETC.



## CHAPTER I.

Departure from Vienna—Scene on board the steamer—Hainburg—Presburg—The “Coronation-mount”—Pesth—Ofen—The steamer *Galata*—Mohács—The fortress Peterwardein—Discomfort and bad management on board the steamer—Semlin—Belgrade—Pancsova—Austrian soldiers—The rock Babakay—Drenkova—Falls of the Danube—Alt-Orsova—The “Iron Gate”—Cattle-breeding—Callafat—Vexatious delay.

I HAD for years cherished the wish to undertake a journey to the Holy Land; years are, indeed, required to familiarise one with the idea of so hazardous an enterprise. When, therefore, my domestic arrangements at length admitted of my absence for at least a year, my chief employment was to prepare myself for this journey. I read many works bearing on the subject, and was moreover fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of a gentleman who had travelled in the Holy Land some years before. I was thus enabled to gain much oral information and advice respecting the means of prosecuting my dangerous pilgrimage.

My friends and relations attempted in vain to turn me from my purpose by painting, in the most glowing colours, all the  dangers and difficulties which await the traveller in those regions.

“Men,” they said, “were obliged gravely to consider if they had physical strength to endure the fatigues of such a journey, and strength of mind bravely to face the dangers of the plague, the climate, the attacks of insects, bad diet, &c. And to think of a woman’s venturing alone, without protection of any kind, into the wide world, across sea and mountain and plain,—it was quite preposterous.” This was the opinion of my friends.

I had nothing to advance in opposition to all this but my firm unchanging determination. My trust in Providence gave me calmness and strength to set my house in every respect in order. I made my will, and arranged all my worldly affairs in such a manner that, in the case of my death (an event which I considered more probable than my safe return), my family should find every thing perfectly arranged.

And thus, on the 22d of March 1842, I commenced my journey from Vienna.

At one o’clock in the afternoon I drove to the Kaisermühlen (Emperor’s Mills), from which place the steamboats start for Pesth. I was joyfully surprised by the presence of several of my relations and friends, who wished to say farewell once more. The parting was certainly most bitter, for the thought involuntarily obtruded itself, “Should we ever meet again in this world?”

Our mournful meditations were in some degree disturbed by a loud dispute on board the vessel. At the request of a gentleman present, one of the passengers was compelled, instead of flying, as he had intended, with bag and baggage to Hungary, to return to Vienna in company of the police. It appeared he owed the gentleman 1300 florins, and had wished to abscond, but was luckily overtaken before the departure of the boat. This affair was hardly concluded when the bell rang, the wheels began to revolve, and too soon, alas, my dear ones were out of sight!

I had but few fellow-passengers. The weather was indeed fine and mild; but the season was not far enough advanced to



lure travellers into the wide world, excepting men of business, and those who had cosmopolitan ideas, like myself. Most of those on board were going only to Presburg, or at farthest to Pesth. The captain having mentioned that a woman was on board who intended travelling to Constantinople, I was immediately surrounded by curious gazers. A gentleman who was bound to the same port stepped forward, and offered his services in case I should ever stand in need of them; he afterwards frequently took me under his protection.

The fine mild weather changed to cold and wind as we got fairly out into the great Danube. I wrapped myself in my cloak, and remained on deck, in order to see the scenery between Vienna and Presburg, which, no doubt, appears lovely enough when nature is clad in the garment of spring; but now I only saw leafless trees and fallow ground—a dreary picture of winter.

Hainburg with its old castle on a rock, Theben with its remarkable fortress, and farther on the large free city of Presburg, have all a striking appearance.

In three hours' time we reached Presburg, and landed in the neighbourhood of the Coronation-hill, an artificial mound, on which the king must stand in his royal robes, and brandish his sword towards the four quarters of the heavens, as a token that he is ready to defend his kingdom against all enemies, from whatever direction they may approach. Not far from this hill is situate the handsome inn called the "Two Green Trees," where the charges are as high, if not higher, than in Vienna. Until we have passed Pesth, passengers going down the river are not allowed to remain on board through the night.

March 23d.

This morning we continued our journey at six o'clock. Immediately below Presburg the Danube divides into two arms, forming the fertile island of Schütt, which is about forty-six miles long and twenty-eight in breadth. Till we reach Gran the scenery

is monotonous enough, but here it improves. Beautiful hills and several mountains surround the place, imparting a charm of variety to the landscape.

In the evening, at about seven o'clock, we arrived at Pesth. Unfortunately it was already quite dark. The magnificent houses, or rather palaces, skirting the left bank of the Danube, and the celebrated ancient fortress and town of Ofen on the right, form a splendid spectacle, and invite the traveller to a longer sojourn. As I had passed some days at Pesth several years before, I now only stayed there for one night.

As the traveller must change steamers here, it behoves him to keep a careful eye upon the luggage he has not delivered up at the office in Vienna.

I put up at the "Hunting-horn," a fine hotel, but ridiculously expensive. A little back room cost me 45 kreutzers (about one shilling and eightpence) for one night.

The whole day I had felt exceedingly unwell. A violent headache, accompanied by nausea and fever, made me fear the approach of a fit of illness which would interrupt my journey. These symptoms were probably a consequence of the painful excitement of parting with my friends, added to the change of air. With some difficulty I gained my modest chamber, and immediately went to bed. My good constitution was luckily proof against the attacks of all enemies, and waking the next morning, on

March 24th,

in tolerable health, I betook myself on board our new steamboat the *Galata*, of sixty-horse power: this boat did not, however, appear to me so tidy and neat as the *Marianna*, in which we had proceeded from Vienna to Pesth. Our journey was a rapid one; at ten o'clock in the morning we were already at Feldvär, a place which seems at a distance to be of some magnitude, but which melts away like a soap-bubble on a nearer ap-

proach. By two o'clock we had reached Paks; here, as at all other places of note, we stopped for a quarter of an hour. A boat rows off from the shore, bringing and fetching back passengers with such marvellous speed, that you have scarcely finished the sentence you are saying to your neighbour before he has vanished. There is no time even to say farewell.

At about eight o'clock in the evening we reached the market-town of Mohács, celebrated as the scene of two battles. The fortress here is used as a prison for criminals. We could distinguish nothing either of the fortress or the town. It was already night when we arrived, and at two o'clock in the morning of

March 25th

we weighed anchor. I was assured, however, that I had lost nothing by this haste.

Some hours afterwards, our ship suddenly struck with so severe a shock, that all hastened on deck to see what was the matter. Our steersman, who had most probably been more asleep than awake, had given the ship an unskilful turn, in consequence of which, one of the paddles was entangled with some trunks of trees projecting above the surface of the water. The sailors hurried into the boats, the engine was backed, and after much difficulty we were once more afloat.

Stopping for a few moments at Dalina and Berkara, we passed the beautiful ruin of Count Palfy's castle at about two o'clock. The castle of Illok, situate on a hill, and belonging to Prince Odescalchi, presents a still more picturesque appearance.

At about four o'clock we landed near the little free town of Neusatz, opposite the celebrated fortress of Peterwardein, the outworks of which extend over a tongue of land stretching far out into the Danube. Of the little free town of Neusatz we could not see much, hidden as it is by hills which at this point confine the bed of the river. The Danube is here crossed by a bridge of boats, and this place also forms the military boundary of Austria.

The surrounding landscape appeared sufficiently picturesque; the little town of Karlowitz, lying at a short distance from the shore, among hills covered with vineyards, has a peculiarly good effect. Farther on, however, as far as Semlin, the scenery is rather monotonous. Here the Danube already spreads itself out to a vast breadth, resembling rather a lake than a river.

At nine o'clock at night we reached the city of Semlin, in the vicinity of which we halted. Semlin is a fortified place, situated at the junction of the Save with the Danube; it contains 13,000 inhabitants, and is the last Austrian town on the right bank of the Danube.

On approaching Semlin, a few small cannons were fired off on board our boat. Unfortunately the steward did not receive notice of this event early enough to allow of his opening the windows, consequently one was shattered: this was a serious misfortune for us, as the temperature had sunk to zero, and all the landscape around was covered with snow. Before leaving Vienna, the cabin stove had been banished from its place, as the sun had sent forth its mild beams for a few days, and a continuance of the warm weather was rashly relied on. On the whole, I would not advise any traveller to take a second-class berth on board a steamer belonging to the Viennese company. A greater want of order than we find in these vessels could scarcely be met with. The traveller whose funds will not permit of his paying first-class fare will do better to content himself with a third-class, *i. e.* a deck-passage, particularly if he purposes journeying no farther than Mohács. If the weather is fine, it is more agreeable to remain on deck, watching the panorama of the Danube as it glides past. Should the day be unfavourable, the traveller can go, without ceremony, into the second-class cabin, for no one makes a distinction between the second and third-class places. During the daytime, at any rate, it is quite as agreeable to remain on deck as to venture below. Travelling down the river from Pesth, the women are compelled to pass the night in the same cabin with the

men; an arrangement as uncomfortable as it is indecorous. I afterwards had some experience of steamers belonging to the Austrian Lloyds, on whose vessels I always found a proper separation of the two sexes, and a due regard for the comfort of second-class passengers.

The cold was so severe, that we would gladly have closed every window, but for the close atmosphere engendered by the number of poor people, mostly Jews, who form the larger portion of passengers on board a Hungarian steamer. When the weather is unfavourable, these men are accustomed to hasten from their third-class places to those of the second class, where their presence renders it immediately desirable to open every outlet for purposes of ventilation. What the traveller has to endure on board these vessels would scarcely be believed. Uncushioned benches serve for seats by day and for beds by night. A separation of the two sexes is nowhere attempted, not even on board the *Ferdinand*, in which you enter the Black Sea, and are exposed to the merciless attacks of sea-sickness.

Considering the high rate of passage-money demanded on this journey, I really think the traveller might expect better accommodation. The first-class to Constantinople costs 120 florins,<sup>a</sup> the second 85 florins, exclusive of provisions, and without reckoning the hotel expenses at Presburg.

March 26th.

Last night was not a period of rest, but of noise for us travellers. Not one of us could close his eyes.

Semlin is a place of considerable importance as a commercial town: above 180 cwt. of goods were unloaded here from our vessel; and in exchange we took on board coals, wood, and wares of various descriptions. The damaged wheel, too, had to be repaired; and every thing was done with so much crashing and noise, that we almost imagined the whole steamer was coming to pieces.

<sup>a</sup> A florin is worth about 2s. 1d.

Added to this, the cold wind drove in continually through the broken pane, and made the place a real purgatory to us. At length, at six o'clock in the morning, we got afloat once more. One advantage, however, resulted from this fortuitous stoppage: we had a very good view of Belgrade, a town of 20,000 inhabitants, situate opposite to Semlin. It is the first Turkish fortified city in Servia.

The aspect of Belgrade is exceedingly beautiful. The fortifications extend upwards on a rock from the Danube in the form of steps. The city itself, with its graceful minarets, lies half a mile farther inland. Here I saw the first mosques and minarets. The mosques, as far as I could observe from the steamer, are built in a circular form, not very high, and surmounted by a cupola flanked by one or two minarets, a kind of high round pillar. The loftiest among these buildings is the palace of Prince Milosch. From this point our voyage becomes very interesting, presenting a rich and varied succession of delightful landscape-views. The river is hemmed in on either side by mountains, until it spreads itself forth free and unrestrained, in the neighbourhood of Pancsova, to a breadth of 800 fathoms.

Pancsova, on the left bank of the Danube, in the territory of Banata, is a military station.

As the stoppages are only for a few moments, little opportunity is afforded of seeing the interior of the towns, or of visiting most of the places at which we touch. At such times all is hurry and confusion; suddenly the bell rings, the planks are withdrawn, and the unlucky stranger who has loitered on board for a few moments is obliged to proceed with us to the next station.

At Neusatz this happened to a servant, in-consequence of his carrying his master's luggage into the cabin instead of merely throwing it down on the deck. The poor man was conveyed on to Semlin, and had to travel on foot for a day and a half to regain his home. A very pleasant journey of two hours from Pancsova brought us to the Turkish fortress Semendria, the situation of which is truly beautiful. The numerous angles of its walls and

towers, built in the Moorish style, impart to this place a peculiar charm. As a rule, the Turkish fortresses are remarkable for picturesque effect.

But the villages, particularly those on the Servian shore, had the same poverty-stricken look I had frequently noticed in Galicia. Wretched clay huts, thatched with straw, lay scattered around; and far and wide not a tree or a shrub appeared to rejoice the eye of the traveller or of the sojourner in these parts, under the shade of which the poor peasant might recruit his weary frame, while it would conceal from the eye of the traveller, in some degree, the poverty and nakedness of habitations on which no feeling mind can gaze without emotions of pity.

The left bank of the river belongs to Hungary, and is called the "Banat;" it presents an appearance somewhat less desolate. Much, however, remains to be desired; and the poverty that reigns around is here more to be wondered at, from the fact that this strip of land is so rich in the productions of nature as to have obtained the name of the "Garner of Hungary."

On the Austrian side of the Danube sentries are posted at every two or three hundred paces—an arrangement which has been imitated by the governments on the left bank, and is carried out to the point where the river empties itself into the Black Sea.

It would, however, be erroneous to suppose that these soldiers mount guard in their uniforms. They take up their positions, for a week at a time, in their wretched tattered garments; frequently they are barefoot, and their huts look like stables. I entered some of these huts to view the internal arrangements. They could scarcely have been more simple. In one corner I found a hearth; in another, an apology for a stove, clumsily fashioned out of clay. An unsightly hole in the wall, stopped with paper instead of glass, forms the window; the furniture is comprised in a single wooden bench. Whatever the inhabitant requires in the way of provisions he must bring with him; for this he is allowed by the government to cultivate the land.

Throughout the Russian territory the soldiers at least wear uniform.

Our journey becomes more and more charming. Frequently the mighty river rushes foaming and roaring past the rocks, which seem scarcely to allow it a passage; at other times it glides serenely onwards. At every turn we behold new beauties, and scarcely know on which side to turn our eager eyes. Meanwhile the ship sails swiftly on, gliding majestically through wildly romantic scenery.

At one o'clock in the afternoon we reached Pasiest, where there is nothing to be seen but a large store of coals for the steamers and a few huts. Of the town itself nothing can be distinguished.

A couple of miles below Pasiest we enjoy an imposing spectacle. It is the solitary rock Babakay, rising from the midst of the waters. Together with the beautiful ruin Golumbacz, on the Servian shore, it forms a magnificent view.

March 27th.

How unfortunate it is that all advantages are so seldom found combined! We are now travelling amid glorious scenery, which we hoped should recompense us for the manifold discomforts we have hitherto endured; but the weather is unpropitious. The driving snow sends us all into the cabin. The Danube is so fiercely agitated by the stormy wind, that it rises into waves like a sea. We are suffering lamentably from cold; unable to warm ourselves, we stand gazing ruefully at the place where the stove stood—once upon a time.

At four o'clock we reached Drenkova without accident, but completely benumbed: we hurried into the inn built by the steamboat company, where we found capital fare, a warm room, and tolerably comfortable beds. This was the first place we had reached since leaving Pesth at which we could thoroughly warm and refresh ourselves.



At Drenkova itself there is nothing to be seen but the inn just mentioned and a barrack for soldiers. We were here shewn the vessel which was wrecked, with passengers on board, in 1839, in a journey up the Danube. Eight persons who happened to be in the cabin lost their lives, and those only who were on deck were saved.

March 28th.

Early in the morning we embarked on board the *Tünste*, a vessel furnished with a cabin. The bed of the Danube is here more and more hemmed in by mountains and rocks, so that in some places it is not above eighty fathoms broad, and glides with redoubled swiftness towards its goal, the Pontus Euxinus or Black Sea.

On account of the falls which it is necessary to pass, between Drenkova and Fetislav, the steamer must be changed for a small sailing vessel. The voyage *down* the stream could indeed be accomplished without danger, but the return would be attended with many difficulties. The steamers, therefore, remain behind at Drenkova, and passengers are conveyed down the river in barks, and *upwards* (since the accident of 1839) in good commodious carriages.

To-day the cold was quite as severe as it had been yesterday; so that but for the politeness of a fellow-passenger, who lent me his *bunda* (great Hungarian fur), I should have been compelled to remain in the little cabin, and should thus have missed the most interesting points of the Danube. As it was, however, I wrapped myself from head to foot in the fur cloak, took my seat on a bench outside the cabin, and had full leisure to store my memory with a succession of lovely scenery, presenting almost the appearance of a series of lake views, which continued equally picturesque until we had almost reached Alt-Orsova.

A couple of miles below Drenkova, near Islas, the sailors suddenly cried, "The first fall!" I looked up in a fever of expectation. The water was rising in small waves, the stream ran somewhat faster, and a slight rushing sound was to be heard. If

I had not been told that the Danube forms a waterfall here, I should certainly never have suspected it to be the case. Between Lenz and Krems I did not find either the rocks or the power of the stream much more formidable. We had, however, a high tide, a circumstance which diminishes both the danger of the journey and the sublimity of the view. The numerous rocky points, peering threateningly forth at low tide, among which the steersman must pick his way with great care, were all hidden from our sight. We glided safely over them, and in about twenty minutes had left the first fall behind us. The two succeeding falls are less considerable.

On the Austro-Wallachian side a road extends over a distance of fourteen to sixteen miles, frequently strengthened with masonry, and at some points hewn out of the solid rock. In the midst of this road, on a high wall of rock, we see the celebrated "Veteran Cave," one of the most impregnable points on the banks of the Danube. It is surrounded by redoubts, and is admirably calculated to command the passage of the river. This cave is said to be sufficiently spacious to contain 500 men. So far back as the time of the Romans it was already used as a point of defence for the Danube. Some five miles below it we notice the "Trajan's Tablet," hewn out of a protruding rock.

On the Turco-Servian side the masses of rock jut out so far into the stream, that no room is left for a footway. Here the famous Trajan's Road once existed. No traces of this work remain, save that the traveller notices, for fifteen or twenty miles, holes cut here and there in the rock. In these holes strong trunks of trees were fastened; these supported the planks of which the road is said to have been formed.

At eleven in the forenoon we reached Alt-Orsova, the last Austrian town on the military frontier of Banata or Wallachia. We were obliged to remain here for half a day.

The town has rather a pretty effect, being composed mostly of new houses. The house belonging to the steamboat company is

particularly remarkable. It is not, however, devoted to the accommodation of travellers, as at Drenkova. Here, as at Presburg and Pesth, each passenger is required to pay for his night's expenses,—an arrangement which I could not help finding somewhat strange, inasmuch as every passenger is made to pay twice; namely, for his place on the steamer and for his room in the inn.

It was Sunday when we arrived, and I saw many people proceeding to church. The peasants are dressed tolerably neatly and well. Both men and women wear long garments of blue cloth. The women have on their heads large handkerchiefs of white linen, which hang down their backs, and on their feet stout boots; the men wear round felt hats, and sandals made of the bark of trees.

March 29th.

After having completely refreshed ourselves at the good inn called the "Golden Stag," we this morning embarked on a new craft, the *Saturnus*, which is only covered in overhead, and is open on all sides.

So soon as a traveller has stepped upon this vessel he is looked upon as unclean, and may not go on shore without keeping quarantine: an officer accompanied us as far as Galatz.

Immediately below Alt-Orsova we entirely quit the Austrian territory.

We are now brought nearer every moment to the most dangerous part of the river, the "Iron Gate," called by the Turks Demir kaju. Half an hour before we reached the spot, the rushing sound of the water announced the perilous proximity. Numerous reefs of rocks here traverse the stream, and the current runs eddying among them.

We passed this dangerous place in about fifteen minutes. Here, at the Iron Gate, the high tide befriended us, as it did at the former falls.

I found these falls, and indeed almost every thing we passed, far below the anticipations I had formed from reading descriptions,

frequently of great poetic beauty. I wish to represent every thing as I found it, as it appeared before my eyes; without adornment indeed, but truly.

After passing the Iron Gate we come to a village, in the neighbourhood of which some fragments of the Trajan's Bridge can be discerned at low water.

The country now becomes flatter, particularly on the left bank, where extend the immense plains of Wallachia, and the eye finds no object on which it can rest. On the right hand rise terrace-like rows of hills and mountains, and the background is bounded by the sharply-defined lines of the Balkan range, rendered celebrated by the passage of the Russians in 1829. The villages, scattered thinly along the banks, become more and more miserable; they rather resemble stables for cattle than human dwellings. The beasts remain in the open fields, though the climate does not appear to be much milder than with us in Austria; for to-day, nearly at the beginning of April, the thermometer stood one degree below zero, and yesterday we had only five degrees of warmth (reckoning by Reaumur).

The expeditious and easy manner in which cattle are here declared to be free from the plague also struck me as remarkable. When the creatures are brought from an infected place to one pronounced healthy, the ship is brought to some forty or fifty paces from the shore, and each animal is thrown into the water and driven towards the bank, where people are waiting to receive it. After this simple operation the beasts are considered free from infectious matter.

Cattle-rearing seems to be here carried on to a considerable extent. Everywhere I noticed large herds of horned beasts and many buffaloes. Numerous flocks of goats and sheep also appear.

On the *Saturnus* we travelled at the most for two hours, after which we embarked, opposite the fortress of Fetislav, on board the steamer *Zriny*.

At five o'clock in the evening we passed the fortress of Wid-

din, opposite which we stopped, in the neighbourhood of the town of Callafat. It was intended merely to land goods here, and then to proceed immediately on our voyage; but the agent was nowhere to be found, and so we poor travellers were made the victims of this carelessness, and compelled to remain here at anchor all night.

March 30th.

As the agent had not yet made his appearance, the captain had no choice but to leave the steward behind to watch over the goods. At half-past six in the morning the engines were at length set in motion, and after a very agreeable passage of six hours we reached Nicopolis.

All the Turkish fortresses on the Danube are situated on the right bank, mostly amid beautiful scenery. The larger towns and villages are surrounded by gardens and trees, which give them a very pleasant appearance. The interior of these towns, however, is said not to be quite so inviting as one would suppose from a distant view, for it is asserted that dirty narrow streets, dilapidated houses, &c., offend the stranger's sight at every step. We did not land at any of these fortresses or towns; for us the right bank of the river was a forbidden paradise; so we only saw what was beautiful, and escaped being disenchanted.

Rather late in the evening we cast anchor opposite a village of no note.

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## CHAPTER II.

Giurgewo—Interior of the town—Braila—Sanitary precautions—Galatz—Scarcity of good water—Ridiculous fear of the plague—The steamer Ferdinand—Entrance into the Black Sea—Stormy weather and seasickness—Arrival at Constantinople—Picturesque appearance of the city—Mosques—The dancing Dervishes—The Sultan and his barge—Pera—The great and little Campo—Wild dogs—Dirty state of the streets—Preparations in case of fire.

March 31st.

WE started early this morning, and at eight o'clock had already reached Giurgewo. This town is situate on the left bank of the Danube, opposite the fortress of Rustschuk. It contains 16,000 inhabitants, and is one of the chief trading towns of Wallachia. We were detained here until four o'clock in the afternoon; for we had to unload above 600 cwt. of goods and eight carriages, and to take coals on board in exchange. Thus we had time to view the interior of this Wallachian city.

With what disappointed surprise did my fellow-passengers view the ugliness of this town, which from a distance promises so much! On me it made but little impression, for I had seen towns precisely similar in Galicia. The streets and squares are full of pits and holes; the houses are built without the slightest regard to taste or symmetry, one perhaps projecting halfway across the street, while its neighbour falls quite into the background. In some places wooden booths were erected along each side of the street for the sale of the commonest necessaries of life and articles of food, and these places were dignified by the name of "bazaars." Curiosity led us into a wine-shop and into a coffee-house. In both of these we found only wooden tables and benches; there were hardly any guests; and the few persons present belonged to the

humblest classes. Glasses and cups are handed to the company without undergoing the ceremony of rinsing.

We purchased some eggs and butter, and went into the house of one of the townspeople to prepare ourselves a dish after the German fashion. I had thus an opportunity of noticing the internal arrangements of a house of this description. The floor of the room was not boarded, and the window was only half glazed, the remaining portion being filled up with paper or thin bladder. For the rest, every thing was neat and simple enough. Even a good comfortable divan was not wanting. At four o'clock we quitted the town.

The Danube is now only broad for short distances at a time. It is, as it were, sown with islands, and its waters are therefore more frequently parted into several streams than united into one.

In the villages we already notice Greek and Turkish costumes, but the women and girls do not yet wear veils.

Unfortunately it was so late when we reached the fortress of Silistria that I could see nothing of it. A little lower down we cast anchor for the night. At an early hour on

April 1st

we sailed past Hirsova, and at two o'clock stopped at Braila, a fortress occupied by the Russians since the year 1828. Here passengers were not allowed to land, as they were considered infected with the plague; but our officer stepped forward, and vouched for the fact that we had neither landed nor taken up any one on the right bank of the river; thereupon the strangers were allowed to set foot on terra firma.

By four o'clock we were opposite Galatz, one of the most considerable commercial towns, with 8000 inhabitants,—the only harbour the Russians possess on the Danube. Here we saw the first merchant-ships and barques of all kinds coming from the Black Sea. Some sea-gulls also, heralds of the neighbouring ocean, soared above our heads.

The scene here is one of traffic and bustle ; Galatz being the place of rendezvous for merchants and travellers from two quarters of the globe, Europe and Asia. It is the point of junction of three great empires—Austria, Russia, and Turkey.

After the officer had repeated his assurances as at Braila, we were permitted to leave the ship. I had a letter of recommendation to the Austrian consul, who accidentally came on board ; after reading my letter he received me very kindly, and most obligingly procured quarters for me.

The town promises much, but proves to be just such a miserable dirty place as Giurgewo. The houses are generally built of wood or clay, thatched with straw ; those alone belonging to the consul and the rich merchants are of stone. The finest buildings are the Christian church and the Moldavian hotel.

Though Galatz lies on the Danube, water for drinking is a dear article among the inhabitants. Wells are to be found neither in the houses nor in the squares. The townspeople are compelled to bring all the water they require from the Danube, which is a great hardship for the poor people, and a considerable expense for the rich ; in winter a small tub of water costs from 10 to 12 kreutzers (about 4*l.* or 5*l.*) in the more distant quarters of the town. At every corner you meet water-carriers, and little wagons loaded with tubs of water. Attempts have frequently been made to procure this indispensable element by digging ; water has, indeed, in some instances gushed forth, but it always had a brackish taste.

In Galatz we made a halt of twenty-four hours : the delay was not of the most agreeable kind, as neither the town itself nor its environs offer any thing worthy of remark. Still I always think of these days with pleasure. Herr Consul Huber is a polite and obliging man ; himself a traveller, he gave me many a hint and many a piece of advice for my journey. The air of quiet comfort which reigned throughout his house was also not to be despised by one who had just endured many days of privation ; at Herr Huber's I found relief both for body and mind.



April 2d.

The scenery round the town is so far from being inviting, that I did not feel the least inclination to explore it. I therefore remained in the town, and went up hill and down dale through the ill-paved streets. Coffee-houses appear in great abundance ; but if it were not for the people sitting in front of them drinking coffee and smoking tobacco, no one would do these dirty rooms the honour of taking them for places of entertainment.

In the market and the squares we notice a great preponderance of the male sex over the female. The former are seen bustling about every where, and, like the Italians, perform some duties which usually fall to the lot of the softer sex. We notice a mixture of the most different nations, and among them a particularly large number of Jews.

The bazaar is overloaded with southern fruits of all kinds. Oranges and lemons are seen here in great numbers, like the commonest of our fruits. The prices are of course very trifling. The cauliflowers brought from Asia Minor are particularly fine. I noticed many as large as a man's head.

In the evening I was required to repair to the harbour and re-embark.

It is almost impossible to form an idea of the confusion which reigns here. A wooden railing forms the barrier between the healthy people and those who come from or intend travelling to a country infected with the plague. Whoever passes this line of demarcation is not allowed to return. Soldiers, officers, government officials, and superintendents, the latter of whom are armed with sticks and pairs of tongs, stand at the entrance to drive those forcibly back who will not be content with fair words. Provisions and other articles are either thrown over the barrier or left in front of it. In the latter case, however, they may not be touched until the bearers have departed. A gentleman on the "plague" side wished to give a letter to one on the other ; it was immediately snatched from his hand and handed across by means

of a pair of tongs. And all this time such a noise and hubbub is going on, that you can scarcely hear the sound of your own voice. "Pray hand me over my luggage!" cries one. "Keep farther away! don't come near me, and mind you don't touch me!" anxiously exclaims another. And then the superintendents keep shouting—"Stand back, stand back!" &c.

I was highly entertained by this spectacle; the scene was entirely new to me. But on my return, when I shall be one of the prisoners, I fear I may find it rather tedious. For this time I was not at all hindered in the prosecution of my journey.

On the whole, these timid precautions seemed to me exceedingly uncalled for, particularly at a time when neither the plague nor any kind of contagious disease prevailed in Turkey. One of my fellow-passengers had been banished to our ship on the previous day because he had had the misfortune to brush against an official on going to see after his luggage.

At seven o'clock the tattoo is beaten, the grating is shut, and the farce ends. We now repaired to the fourth and last steamer, the *Ferdinand*. From first to last we changed vessels six times during a journey from Vienna to Constantinople; we travelled by four steamers and twice in boats; a circumstance which cannot be reckoned among the pleasures of a trip down the Danube.

Though not a large boat, the *Ferdinand* is comfortable and well built. Even the second-class cabin is neatly arranged, and a pretty stove diffused a warmth which was peculiarly grateful to us all, as the thermometer shewed only six to eight degrees above zero. Unfortunately even here the men and women are not separated in the second-class cabin; but care is at least taken that third-class passengers do not intrude. Twelve berths are arranged round the walls, and in front of these are placed broad benches well cushioned.

April 3d.

At five o'clock in the morning we steamed out of the harbour of Galatz. Shortly afterwards basins and towels were handed to

us; a custom totally unknown upon former vessels. For provisions, which are tolerably good, we are charged 1 fl. 40 kr. per diem.

Towards ten o'clock we reached Tehussa, a Bessarabian village of most miserable appearance, where we stopped for a quarter of an hour; after which we proceeded without further delay towards the Black Sea.

I had long rejoiced in the expectation of reaching the Black Sea, and imagined that near its mouth the Danube itself would appear like a sea. But as it generally happens in life, "great expectations, small realisations," so it was the case here also. At Galatz the Danube is very broad; but some distance from its mouth it divides itself into so many branches that not one of them can be termed majestic.

Towards three o'clock in the afternoon we at length entered the Black Sea.

Here the arms of the Danube rush forward from every quarter, driving the sea tumultuously back, so that we can only distinguish in the far distance a stripe of green. For above an hour we glide on over the yellow, clayey, strongly agitated fresh water, until at length the boundary is passed, and we are careering over the salt waves of the sea. Unfortunately for us, equinoctial gales and heavy weather still so powerfully maintained their sway, that the deck was completely flooded with the salt brine. We could hardly stand upon our feet, and could not manage to reach the cabin-door, where the bell was ringing for dinner, without the assistance of some sailors.

Several of the passengers, myself among the number, did little honour to the cook's skill. We had scarcely begun to eat our soup, before we were so powerfully attacked by sea-sickness, that we were obliged to quit the table precipitately. I laid myself down at once, feeling unable to move about, or even to drag myself on deck to admire the magnificent spectacle of nature. The waves frequently ran so high as to overtop the flue of our stove, and from time to time whole streams of water poured into the cabin.

April 4th.

Since yesterday the storm has increased considerably, so that we are obliged to hold fast by our cribs to avoid being thrown out. This misfortune really happened to one of the passengers, who was too ill to hold sufficiently tight.

As I already felt somewhat better, I attempted to rise, but was thrown in the same instant with such force against a table which stood opposite, that for a long time I felt no inclination to try again. There was not the slightest chance of obtaining any sleep all night. The dreadful howling of the wind among the masts and cordage, the fearful straining of the ship, which seemed as though its timbers were starting, the continual pitching and rolling, the rattling of the heavy cables above us, the cries, orders, and shouting of the captain and his sailors, all combined to form a din which did not allow us to enjoy a moment's rest. In the morning, ill as I felt myself, I managed to gain the deck with the help of the steward, and sat down near the steersman to enjoy the aspect of that grandest of nature's phenomena—a storm at sea.

Holding tightly on, I bade defiance to the waves, which broke over the ship and wetted me all over, as though to cool my feverish heat. I could now form a clear and vivid conception of a storm at sea. I saw the waves rush foaming on, and the ship now diving into an abyss, and anon rising with the speed of lightning to the peak of the highest wave. It was a thrilling, fearful sight;—absorbed in its contemplation, I soon ceased to think of my sickness.

Late at night the violence of the storm abated in some degree; we could now run in and cast anchor in the harbour of Varna, which under ordinary circumstances we should have reached twelve hours sooner.

April 5th.

This morning I had leisure to admire this fine fortress-town, which was besieged and taken by the Russians in 1828. We remained here several hours. The upper portion of the ship was here loaded with fowl of all descriptions, to such a degree that the

space left for us travellers was exceedingly circumscribed. This article of consumption seems to be in great demand in Constantinople both among Turks and Franks; for our captain assured me that his vessel was laden with this kind of ware every time he quitted Varna, and that he carried it to Stamboul.

April 6th.

The shades of night prevented my seeing one of the finest sights in the world, in anticipation of which I had rejoiced ever since my departure from Vienna—the passage through the Bosphorus. A few days afterwards, however, I made the excursion in a *kaik* (a very small and light boat), and enjoyed to my heart's content views and scenes which it is totally beyond my descriptive power to portray.

At three o'clock in the morning, when we entered the harbour of Constantinople, every one, with the exception of the sailors, lay wrapped in sleep. I stood watching on deck, and saw the sun rise in its full glory over the imperial city, so justly and universally admired.

We had cast anchor in the neighbourhood of Topona; the city of cities lay spread out before my eyes, built on several hills, each bearing a separate town, and all blending into a grand and harmonious whole.

The town of Constantinople, properly speaking, is separated from Galata and Pera by the so-called "Golden-Horn;" the means of communication is by a long and broad wooden bridge. Scutari and Bulgurlu rise in the form of terraces on the Asiatic shore. Scutari is surrounded, within and without, by a splendid wood of magnificent cypresses. In the foreground, on the top of the mountain, lie the spacious and handsome barracks, which can contain 10,000 men.

The beautiful mosques, with their graceful minarets—the palaces and harems, kiosks and great barracks—the gardens, shrubberies, and cypress-woods—the gaily painted houses, among

which single cypresses often rear their slender heads,—these, together with the immense forest of masts, combine to form an indescribably striking spectacle.

When the bustle of life began, on the shore and on the sea, my eyes scarcely sufficed to take in all I saw. The “Golden Horn” became gradually covered as far as the eye could reach with a countless multitude of kaiks. The restless turmoil of life on shore, the passing to and fro of men of all nations and colours, from the pale inhabitant of Europe to the blackest Ethiopian, the combination of varied and characteristic costumes,—this, and much more which I cannot describe, held me spell-bound to the deck. The hours flew past like minutes, and even the time of debarcation came much too early for me, though I had stood on deck and gazed from three o’clock until eight.

I found myself richly repaid for all the toils of my journey, and rejoiced in the sight of these wonderful Eastern pictures; I could only wish I were a poet, that I might fitly portray the magnificent gorgeousness of the sight.

To land at Topona, and to be immediately surrounded by hired servants and hamaks (porters), is the fate of every traveller. The stranger is no longer master either of his will or his luggage. One man praises this inn, the other that.<sup>a</sup> The porters hustle and beat each other for your effects, so that the custom-house officers frequently come forward with their sticks to restore order. The boxes are then searched,—a ceremony which can, however, be considerably accelerated by a fee of from ten to twenty kreutzers.

It is very advisable to fix on an hotel before leaving the boat. There are always passengers on board who are resident at Constantinople, or at least know the town well, and who are polite enough to give advice on the subject to strangers. By this means you rid yourself at once of the greedy servants, and need only tell a porter the name of your inn.

<sup>a</sup> They receive a dollar from the landlord for every guest whom they bring to his house.

The inns for the Franks (a term used in the East to designate all Europeans) are in Pera. I stayed at the hotel of Madame Balbiani, a widow lady, in whose house the guests are made comfortable in every respect. Clean rooms, with a beautiful view towards the sea, healthy, well-selected, and palatable fare, and good prompt attendance, are advantages which every one values; and all these are found at Madame Balbiani's, besides constant readiness to oblige on the part of the hostess and her family. The good lady took quite a warm interest in me; and I can say, without hesitation, that had not my good fortune led me under her roof, I should have been badly off. I had several letters of introduction; but not being fortunate enough to travel in great pomp or with a great name, my countrymen did not consider it worth while to trouble themselves about me.

I am ashamed, for their sakes, to be obliged to make this confession; but as I have resolved to narrate circumstantially not only all I saw, but all that happened to me on this journey, I must note down this circumstance with the rest. I felt the more deeply the kindness of these strangers, who, without recommendation or the tie of country, took so hearty an interest in the well-being of a lonely woman. I am truly rejoiced when an opportunity occurs of expressing my sincere gratitude for the agreeable hours I spent among them.

The distance from Vienna to Constantinople is about 1000 sea miles.

#### RESIDENCE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—THE DANCING DERVISHES.

I arrived at Constantinople on a Tuesday, and immediately inquired what was worth seeing. I was advised to go and see the dancing dervishes, as this was the day on which they held their religious exercises in Pera.

As I reached the mosque an hour too soon, I betook myself in the meantime to the adjoining garden, which is set apart as the place of meeting of the Turkish women. Here several hundred

ladies reclined on the grass in varied groups, surrounded by their children and their nurses, the latter of whom are all negresses. Many of these Turkish women were smoking pipes of tobacco with an appearance of extreme enjoyment, and drinking small cups of coffee without milk. Two or three friends often made use of the same pipe, which was passed round from mouth to mouth. These ladies seemed also to be partial to dainties: most of them were well provided with raisins, figs, sugared nuts, cakes, &c., and ate as much as the little ones. They seemed to treat their slaves very kindly; the black servants sat among their mistresses, and munched away bravely: the slaves are well dressed, and could scarcely be distinguished from their owners, were it not for their sable hue.

During my whole journey I remarked with pleasure that the lot of a slave in the house of a Mussulman is not nearly so hard as we believe. The Turkish women are no great admirers of animated conversations; still there was more talking in their societies than in the assemblies of the men, who sit silent and half asleep in the coffee-houses, languidly listening to the narrations of a story-teller.

The ladies' garden resembles a churchyard. Funeral monuments peer forth at intervals between the cypresses, beneath which the visitors sit talking and joking cheerfully. Every now and then one would suddenly start up, spread a carpet beside her companions, and kneel down to perform her devotions.

As no one of the male sex was allowed to be present, all were unveiled. I noticed many pretty faces among them, but not a single instance of rare or striking beauty. Fancy large brilliant eyes, pale cheeks, broad faces, and an occasional tendency to corpulence, and you have the ladies' portrait. Small-pox must still be rather prevalent in these parts, for I saw marks of it on many faces.

The Turkish ladies' costume is not very tasteful. When they go abroad, they are completely swathed in an upper garment,



generally made of dark merino. In the harem, or in any place where men are not admitted, they doff this garment, and also the white cloth in which they wrap their heads and faces. Their costume consists, properly speaking, of very wide trousers drawn together below the ankle, a petticoat with large wide sleeves, and a broad sash round the waist. Over this sash some wear a caftan, others only a spencer, generally of silk. On their feet they wear delicate boots, and over these slippers of yellow morocco; on their heads a small fez-cap, from beneath which their hair falls on their shoulders in a number of thin plaits. Those Turks, male and female, who are descended from Mahomet, have either a green caftan or a green turban. This colour is here held so sacred, that scarcely any one may wear it. I would even advise the Franks to avoid green in their dresses, as they may expose themselves to annoyance by using it.

After I had had more than an hour's leisure to notice all these circumstances, a noise suddenly arose in the courtyard, which produced a stir among the women. I considered from these appearances that it was time to go to the temple, and hastened to join my party. A great crowd was waiting in the courtyard, for the Sultan was expected. I was glad to have the good fortune to behold him on the very day of my arrival. As a stranger, I was allowed, without opposition, a place in the front ranks,—a trait of good breeding on the part of the Turks which many a Frank would do well to imitate. In a Turk, moreover, this politeness is doubly praiseworthy, from the fact that he looks upon my poor sex with great disrespect; indeed, according to his creed, we have not even a soul.

I had only stood a few moments, when the Sultan appeared on horseback, surrounded by his train. He alone rode into the courtyard; the others all dismounted at the gate, and entered on foot. The horse on which the Sultan rode was of rare beauty, and, as they told me, of the true Arabian breed; the saddle-cloth was richly embroidered with gold, and the stirrups, of the same

precious metal, were in the form of shoes, covered with the finest chased work.

The Sultan is a slender slim-looking youth of nineteen years of age, and looks pale, languid, and *blasé*. His features are agreeable, and his eyes fine. If he had not abandoned himself at so early an age to all the pleasures of the senses, he would, no doubt, have grown up a stalwart man. He wore a long cape of dark-blue cloth; and a high fez-cap, with a heron's plume and a diamond clasp, decked his head. The greeting of the people, and the Sultan's mode of acknowledging it, is exactly as at Vienna, except that here the people at intervals raise a low cry of welcome.

As soon as the Sultan had entered the temple, all flocked in. The men and the Franks (the latter without distinction of sex) sit or stand in the body of the temple. The Turkish women sit in galleries, behind such close wire gratings that they are completely hidden. The temple, or more properly the hall, is of inconsiderable size, and the spectators are only separated from the priests by a low railing.

At two o'clock the dervishes appeared, clad in long petticoats with innumerable folds, which reached to their heels. Their heads were covered with high pointed hats of white felt. They spread out carpets and skins of beasts, and began their ceremonies with a great bowing and kissing of the ground. At length the music struck up; but I do not remember ever to have heard a performance so utterly horrible. The instruments were a child's drum, a shepherd's pipe, and a miserable fiddle. Several voices set up a squeaking and whining accompaniment, with an utter disregard of time and tune.

Twelve dervishes now began their dance,—if indeed a turning round in a circle, while their full dresses spread round them like a large wheel, can be called by such a name. They display much address in avoiding each other, and never come in contact, though their stage is very small. I did not notice any “convulsions,” of which I had read in many descriptions.

The ceremony ended at three o'clock. The Sultan once more mounted his horse, and departed with his train and the eunuchs. In the course of the day I saw him again, as he was returning from visiting the medical faculty. It is not difficult to get a sight of the Sultan ; he generally appears in public on Tuesdays, and always on Fridays, the holiday of the Turks.

The train of the young autocrat presents a more imposing appearance when he goes by water to visit a mosque, which he generally does on every Friday. Only two hours before he starts it is announced in which mosque he intends to appear. At twelve, at noon, the procession moves forward. For this purpose two beautiful barges are in readiness, painted white, and covered with gilded carvings. Each barge is surmounted by a splendid canopy of dark-red velvet, richly bordered with gold fringe and tassels. The floor is spread with beautiful carpets. The rowers are strong handsome youths, clad in short trousers and jacket of white silk, with fez-caps on their heads. On each side of the ship there are fourteen of these rowers, under whose vigorous exertions the barge flies forward over wave and billow like a dolphin. The beautifully regular movements of the sailors have a fine effect. The cars all dip into the water with one stroke, the rowers rise as one man, and fall back into their places in the same perfect time.

A number of elegant barges and kaiks follow the procession. The flags of the Turkish fleet and merchant-ships are hoisted, and twenty-one cannons thunder forth a salutation to the Sultan. He does not stay long in the mosque, and usually proceeds to visit a barrack or some other public building. When the monarch goes by water to the mosque, he generally returns also in his barge ; if he goes by land, he returns in the same manner.

The most popular walks in Pera are "the great and little Campo," which may be termed "burying-places in cypress-groves." It is a peculiar custom of the Turks, which we hardly find among any other nation, that all their feasts, walks, business-transactions, and even their dwellings, are in the midst of graves. Every

where, in Constantinople, Pera, Galata, &c., one can scarcely walk a few paces without passing several graves surrounded by cypresses. We wander continually between the living and the dead; but within four and twenty hours I was quite reconciled to the circumstance. During the night-time I could pass the graves with as little dread as if I were walking among the houses of the living. Seen from a distance, these numerous cypress-woods give to the town a peculiar fairy-like appearance; I can think of nothing with which I could compare it. Every where the tall trees appear, but the tombs are mostly hidden from view.

It took a longer time before I could accustom myself to the multitude of ownerless dogs, which the stranger encounters at all corners, in every square and every street. They are of a peculiarly hideous breed, closely resembling the jackal. During the daytime they are not obnoxious, being generally contented enough if they are allowed to sleep undisturbed in the sun, and to devour their prey in peace. But at night they are not so quiet. They bark and howl incessantly at each other, as well as at the passers-by, but do not venture an attack, particularly if you are accompanied by a servant carrying a lantern and a stick. Among themselves they frequently have quarrels and fights, in which they sometimes lose their lives. They are extremely jealous if a strange dog approaches their territory, namely the street or square of which they have possession. On such an intruder they all fall tooth and nail, and worry him until he either seeks safety in flight or remains dead on the spot. It is therefore a rare circumstance for any person to have a house-dog with him in the streets. It would be necessary to carry the creature continually, and even then a number of these unbidden guests would follow, barking and howling incessantly. Neither distemper nor madness is to be feared from these dogs, though no one cares for their wants. They live on carrion and offal, which is to be found in abundance in every street, as every description of filth is thrown out of the houses into the road. A few years ago it was considered expe-

dient to banish these dogs from Constantinople. They were transported to two uninhabited islands in the Sea of Marmora, the males to one and the females to another. But dirt and filth increased in the city to such a degree, that people were glad to have them back again.

The town is not lighted. Every person who goes abroad at night must take a lantern with him. If he is caught wandering without a lantern by the guard, he is taken off without mercy to the nearest watch-house, where he must pass the night. The gates of the city are shut after sunset.

In proportion as I was charmed with the beautiful situation of Constantinople, so I was disgusted with the dirt and the offensive atmosphere which prevail every where; the ugly narrow streets, the continual necessity to climb up and down steep places in the badly-paved roads, soon render the stranger weary of a residence in this city.

Worse than all is the continual dread of conflagration in which we live. Large chests and baskets are kept in readiness in every house; if a fire breaks out in the neighbourhood, all valuable articles are rapidly thrown into these and conveyed away. It is customary to make a kind of contract with two or three Turks, who are pledged, in consideration of a trifling monthly stipend, to appear in the hour of danger, for the purpose of carrying the boxes and lending a helping hand wherever they can. It is safer by far to reckon on the honesty of the Turks than on that of the Christians and Greeks. Instances in which a Turk has appropriated any portion of the goods entrusted to his care are said to be of very rare occurrence. During the first nights of my stay I was alarmed at every noise, particularly when the watchman, who paraded the streets, happened to strike with his stick upon the stones. In the event of a conflagration, he must knock at every house-door and cry, "Fire, fire!" Heaven be praised, my fears were never realised.

## CHAPTER III.

Scutari—Kaiks—The howling Dervishes—The Achmaidon, or place of arrows—The tower in Galata—The Bazaar at Constantinople—Mosques—Slave-market—The old Serail—The Hippodrome—Coffee-houses—Story-tellers—Excursion to Ejub—Houses, theatres, and carriages.

I CHOSE a Friday for an excursion to Scutari, the celebrated burying-place of the Turks, in order that I might have an opportunity of seeing the “howling dervishes.”

In company with a French physician, I traversed the Bosphorus in a *kaik*.<sup>a</sup> We passed by the “Leander’s Tower,” which stands in the sea, a few hundred paces from the Asiatic coast, and has been so frequently celebrated in song by the poets. We soon arrived at our destination.

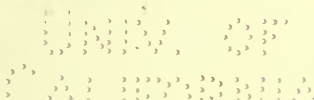
It was with a peculiar feeling of emotion that for the first time in my life I set foot on a new quarter of the globe. Now, and not till now, I seemed separated by an immeasurable distance from my home. Afterwards, when I landed on the coast of Africa, the circumstance did not produce the same impression on my mind.

Now at length I was standing in the quarter of the earth which had been the cradle of the human race; where man had risen high, and had again sunk so low that the Almighty had almost annihilated him in his righteous anger. And here in Asia it was that the Son of God came on earth to bring the boon of redemption to fallen man. My long and warmly-cherished wish to tread this most wonderful of the four quarters of the earth was at

<sup>a</sup> Boats built very slenderly, and which have a great knack of upsetting,—a circumstance which renders it necessary for the occupant to sit like a statue; the slightest movement of the body, or even of the head or arm, draws upon you a reproof from the boatman.



BURIAL PLACE AT SCUTARI.







length fulfilled, and with God's help I might confidently hope to reach the sacred region whence the true light of the world had shone forth.

Scutari is the place towards which the Mussulman looks with the hope of one day reposing beneath its shade. No disciple of any other creed is allowed to be buried here; and here, therefore, the Mahometan feels himself at home, and worthy of his Prophet. The cemetery is the grandest in the world. One may wander for hours through this grove of cypresses, without reaching the end. On the gravestones of the men turbans are sculptured; on those of the women fruits and flowers: the execution is in most cases very indifferent.

Though neither the chief nor the tributary streets in Scutari are even, they are neither so badly paved nor quite so narrow as those at Pera. The great barracks, on a height in the foreground, present a splendid appearance, and also afford a delicious view towards the Sea of Marmora and the inimitably beautiful Bosphorus. The barracks are said to contain accommodation for 10,000 men.

#### THE HOWLING DERVISHES.

At two o'clock we entered the temple, a miserable wooden building. Every Mussulman may take part in this religious ceremony; it is not requisite that he should have attained to the rank and dignity of a dervish. Even children of eight or nine stand up in a row outside the circle of men, to gain an early proficiency in these holy exercises.

The commencement of the ceremony is the same as with the dancing dervishes; they have spread out carpets and skins of beasts, and are bowing and kissing the ground. Now they stand up and form a circle together with the laymen, when the chief begins in a yelling voice to recite prayers from the Koran; by degrees those forming the circle join in, and scream in concert. For the first hour some degree of order is still preserved; the performers rest frequently to husband their strength, which will

such a scene ; the most practised pen would be unequal to the task of adequately describing it. But the gorgeous picture will be ever present to my memory, though I lack the power of presenting it to the minds of others.

Frequently, and each time with renewed pleasure, I ascended this tower, and would sit there for hours, in admiration of the works of the created and of the Creator. Exhausted and weary with gazing was I each time I returned to my home. I think I may affirm that no spot in the world can present such a view, or any thing that can be compared with it. I found how right I had been in undertaking this journey in preference to any other. Here another world lies unfolded before my view. Every thing here is new — nature, art, men, manners, customs, and mode of life. He who would see something totally different from the every-day routine of European life in European towns should come here.

#### THE BAZAAR.

In the town of Constantinople we come upon a wooden bridge, large, long, and broad, stretching across the Golden Horn. The streets of the town are rather better paved than those of Pera. In the bazaars and on the sea-coast alone do we find an appearance of bustle ; the remaining streets are quiet enough.

The Bazaar is of vast extent, comprehending many covered streets, which cross each other in every direction and receive light from above. Every article of merchandise has its peculiar alley. In one all the goldsmiths have their shops, in another the shoemakers ; in this street you see nothing but silks, in another real Cashmere shawls, &c.

Every dealer has a little open shop, before which he sits, and unceasingly invites the passers-by to purchase. Whoever wishes to buy or to look at any thing sits down also in front of the booth. The merchants are very good-natured and obliging ; they always willingly unfold and display their treasures, even when they no-

tice that the person to whom they are shewing them does not intend to become a purchaser. I had, however, imagined the display of goods to be much more varied and magnificent than I found it; but the reason of this apparent poverty is that the true treasures of art and nature, such as shawls, precious stones, pearls, valuable arms, gold brocades, &c., must not be sought in the bazaars; they are kept securely under lock and key in the dwellings or warehouses of the proprietors, whither the stranger must go if he wishes to see the richest merchandise.

The greatest number of streets occupied by the followers of any one trade are those inhabited by the makers of shoes and slippers. A degree of magnificence is displayed in their shops such as a stranger would scarcely expect to see. There are slippers which are worth 1000 piastres<sup>a</sup> a pair and more. They are embroidered with gold, and ornamented with pearls and precious stones.

The Bazaar is generally so much crowded, that it is a work of no slight difficulty to get through it; yet the space in the middle is very broad, and one has rarely to step aside to allow a carriage or a horseman to pass. But the bazaars and baths are the lounges and gossiping places of the Turkish women. Under the pretence of bathing or of wishing to purchase something, they walk about here for half a day together, amusing themselves with small-talk, love-affairs, and with looking at the wares.

#### THE MOSQUES.

Without spending a great deal of money, it is very difficult to obtain admittance into the mosques. You are compelled to take out a firmann, which costs from 1000 to 1200 piastres. A guide of an enterprising spirit is frequently sufficiently acute to inquire in the different hotels if there are any guests who wish to visit the mosques. Each person who is desirous of doing so gives four or

<sup>a</sup> A piastre is worth about 1½*d.*

five colonati<sup>b</sup> to the guide, who thereupon procures the firmann, and frequently clears forty or fifty guilders by the transaction. An opportunity of this description to visit the mosques generally offers itself several times in the course of a month.

I had made up my mind that it would be impossible to quit Constantinople without first seeing the four wonder-mosques, the Aja Sofia, Sultan Achmed, Osmanije, and Soleimanije.

I had the good fortune to obtain admittance on paying a very trifling sum; I think I should regret it to this day if I had paid five colonati for such a purpose.

To an architect these mosques are no doubt highly interesting; to a profane person like myself they offer little attraction. Their principal beauty generally consists in the bold arches of the cupolas. The interior is always empty, with the exception of a few large chandeliers placed at intervals, and furnished with a large number of perfectly plain glass lamps. The marble] floors are covered with straw mats. In the Sofia mosque we find a few pillars which have been brought hither from Ephesus and Baalbec, and in a compartment on one side several sarcophagi are deposited.

Before entering the mosque, you must either take off your shoes or put on slippers over them. The outer courts, which are open to all, are very spacious, paved with slabs of marble, and kept scrupulously clean. In the midst stands a fountain, at which the Mussulman washes his hands, his face, and his feet, before entering the mosque. An open colonnade resting on pillars usually runs round the mosques, and splendid plantains and other trees throw a delicious shade around.

The mosque of Sultan Achmed, on the Hippodrome, is surrounded by six minarets. Most of the others have only two, and some few four.

The kitchens for the poor, situated in the immediate neigh-

<sup>b</sup> About one pound sterling.

bourhood of the mosques, are a very praiseworthy institution. Here the poor Mussulman is regaled on simple dishes, such as rice, beans, cucumbers, &c., at the public expense. I marvelled greatly to find no crowding at these places. Another and an equally useful measure is the erection of numerous fountains of clear good water. This is the more welcome when we remember that the Turkish religion forbids the use of all spirituous liquors. At many of these fountains servants are stationed, whose only duty is to keep ten or twelve goblets of shining brass constantly filled with this refreshing nectar, and to offer them to every passer-by, be he Turk or Frank. Beer-houses and wine-shops are not to be found here. Would to Heaven this were every where the case! How many a poor wretch would never have been poor, and how many a madman would never have lost his senses!

Not far from the Osmanije mosque is the

#### SLAVE-MARKET.

I entered it with a beating heart, and already before I had even seen them, pitied the poor slaves. How glad, therefore, was I when I found them not half so forlorn and neglected as we Europeans are accustomed to imagine! I saw around me friendly smiling faces, from the grimaces and contortions of which I could easily discover that their owners were making quizzical remarks on every passing stranger.

The market is a great yard, surrounded by rooms, in which the slaves live. By day they may walk about in the yard, pay one another visits, and chatter as much as they please.

In a market of this kind we, of course, see every gradation of colour, from light brown to the deepest black. The white slaves, and the most beautiful of the blacks, are not however to be seen by every stranger, but are shut up in the dwellings of the traffickers in human flesh. The dress of these people is simple in the extreme. They either wear only a large linen sheet, which is wrapped round them, or some light garment. Even this they

are obliged to take off when a purchaser appears. So long as they are in the hands of the dealers, they are certainly not kept in very good style; so they all look forward with great joy to the prospect of getting a master. When they are once purchased, their fate is generally far from hard. They always adopt the religion of their master, are not overburdened with work, are well clothed and fed, and kindly treated. Europeans also purchase slaves, but may not look upon them and treat them as such; from the moment when a slave is purchased by a Frank he becomes free. Slaves bought in this way, however, generally stay with their masters.

#### THE OLD SERAIL

is, of course, an object of paramount attraction to us Europeans. I betook myself thither with my expectations at full stretch, and once more found the reality to be far below my anticipations. The effect of the whole is certainly grand; many a little town would not cover so much ground as this place, which consists of a number of houses and buildings, kiosks, and summer-houses, surrounded with plantains and cypress-trees, the latter half hidden amid gardens and arbours. Everywhere there is a total want of symmetry and taste. I saw something of the garden, walked through the first and second courtyard, and even peeped into the third. In the last two yards the buildings are remarkable for the number of cupolas they exhibit. I saw a few rooms and large halls quite full of a number of European things, such as furniture, clocks, vases, &c. My expectations were sadly damped. The place where the heads of pashas who had fallen into disfavour were exhibited is in the third yard. Heaven be praised, no severed heads are now seen stuck on the palings.

I was not fortunate enough to be admitted into the imperial harem; I did not possess sufficient interest to obtain a view of it. At a later period of my journey, however, I succeeded in viewing several harems.

## THE HIPPODROME

is the largest and finest open place in Constantinople. After those of Cairo and Padua, it is the most spacious I have seen any where. Two obelisks of red granite, covered with hieroglyphics, are the only ornaments of this place. The houses surrounding it are built, according to the general fashion, of wood, and painted with oil-colours of different tints. I here noticed a great number of pretty children's carriages, drawn by servants. Many parents assembled here to let their children be driven about.

Not far from the Hippodrome are the great cisterns with the thousand and one pillars. Once on a time this gigantic fabric must have presented a magnificent appearance. Now a miserable wooden staircase, lamentably out of repair, leads you down a flight of thirty or forty steps into the depths of one of these cisterns, the roof of which is supported by three hundred pillars. This cistern is no longer filled with water, but serves as a workshop for silk-spinners. The place seems almost as if it had been expressly built for such a purpose, as it receives light from above, and is cool in summer, and warm during the winter. It is now impossible to penetrate into the lower stories, as they are either filled with earth or with water.

The aqueducts of Justinian and Valentinian are stupendous works. They extend from Belgrade to the "Sweet Waters," a distance of about fourteen miles, and supply the whole of Constantinople with a sufficiency of water.

## COFFEE-HOUSES — STORY-TELLERS.

Before I bade farewell to Constantinople for the present and betook me to Pera, I requested my guide to conduct me to a few coffee-houses, that I might have a new opportunity of observing the peculiar customs and mode of life of the Turks. I had already obtained some notion of the appearance of these places in Giurgewo and Galatz; but in this imperial town I had fancied I should find

them somewhat neater and more ornamental. But this delusion vanished as soon as I entered the first coffee-house. A wretchedly dirty room, in which Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and others sat cross-legged on divans, smoking and drinking coffee, was all I could discover. In the second house I visited I saw, with great disgust, that the coffee-room was also used as a barber's shop; on one side they were serving coffee, and on the other a Turk was having his head shaved. They say that bleeding is sometimes even carried on in these booths.

In a coffee-house of a rather superior class we found one of the so-called "story-tellers." The audience sit round in a half-circle, and the narrator stands in the foreground, and quietly begins a tale from the *Thousand and One Nights*; but as he continues he becomes inspired, and at length roars and gesticulates like the veriest ranter among a company of strolling players.

Sherbet is not drunk in all the coffee-houses; but every where we find stalls and booths where this cooling and delicious beverage is to be had. It is made from the juice of fruits, mixed with that of lemons and pomegranates. In Pera ice is only to be had in the coffee-houses of the Franks, or of Christian confectioners. All coffee-house keepers are obliged to buy their coffee ready burnt and ground from the government, the monopoly of this article being an imperial privilege. A building has been expressly constructed for its preparation, where the coffee is ground to powder by machinery. The coffee is made very strong, and poured out without being strained, a custom which I could not bring myself to like.

It is well worth the traveller's while to make an

#### EXCURSION TO EJUB,

the greatest suburb of Constantinople, and also the place where the richest and most noble of the Turks are buried.

Ejub, the standard-bearer of Mahomet, rests here in a magnificent mosque, built entirely of white marble. None but a



Mussulman may tread this hallowed shrine. A tolerably good view of the interior can, however, be obtained from without, as the windows are lofty and broad, and reach nearly to the ground. The sarcophagus stands in a hall; it is covered with a richly embroidered pall, over which are spread five or six "real" shawls. The part beneath which the head rests is surmounted by a turban, also of real shawls. The chief sarcophagus is surrounded by several smaller coffins, in which repose the wives, children, and nearest relations of Ejub. Hard by the mosque we find a beautiful fountain of white marble, surrounded by a railing of gilded iron, and furnished with twelve bright drinking-cups of polished brass. A Turk here is appointed expressly to hand these to the passers-by. A little crooked garden occupies the space behind the mosque. The mosques in which the dead sultans are deposited are all built in the same manner as that of Ejub. Instead of the turban, handsome fez-caps, with the heron's feather, lie on the coffins. Among the finest mosques is that in which repose the remains of the late emperor. In Ejub many very costly monuments are to be seen. They are generally surrounded by richly-gilt iron railings, their peaks surmounted by the shining crescent, and forming an arch above a sarcophagus, round which are planted rose-bushes and dwarf cypresses, with ivy and myrtle clinging to their stems. It would, however, be very erroneous to suppose that the rich alone lie buried here. The poor man also finds his nook; and frequently we see close by a splendid monument the modest stone which marks the resting-place of the humble Mussulman.

On my return I met the funeral of a poor Turk. If my attention had not been attracted to the circumstance, I should have passed by without heeding it. The corpse was rolled in a cloth, fastened at the head and at the feet, and laid on a board which a man carried on his shoulder. At the grave the dead man is once more washed, wrapped in clean linen cloths, and thus lowered into the earth. And this is as it should be. Why should the pomp

and extravagance of man accompany him to his last resting-place? Were it not well if in this matter we abated something of our conventionality and ostentation? I do not mean to say that interments need be stripped of every thing like ornament; in all things the middle way is the safest. A simple funeral has surely in it more that awakes true religious feeling than the pomp and splendour which are too frequently made the order of the day in these proceedings. In this case are not men sometimes led away to canvass and to criticise the splendour of the show, while they should be deducing a wholesome moral lesson for themselves, or offering up a fervent prayer to the Almighty for the peace of the departed spirit?

#### HOUSES — THEATRES — CARRIAGES.

The houses in the whole of Constantinople, in which we may include Pera, Topana, &c., are very slightly and carelessly put together. No door, no window, closes and fits well; the floorings frequently exhibit gaps an inch in breadth; and yet rents are very high. The reason of this is to be found in the continual danger of fire to which all towns built of wood are exposed. Every proprietor of a house calculates that he may be burnt out in the course of five or six years, and therefore endeavours to gain back his capital with interest within this period. Thus we do not find the houses so well built or so comfortably furnished as in the generality of European towns.

There is a theatre in Pera, which will hold from six to seven hundred spectators. At the time of my sojourn there, a company of Italian singers were giving four representations every week. Operas of the most celebrated masters were here to be heard; but I attended one representation, and had quite enough. The wonder is that such an undertaking answers at all, as the Turks have no taste for music, and the Franks are too fastidious to be easily satisfied.

The carriages—which are, generally speaking, only used by

women — are of two kinds. The first is in the shape of a balloon, finely painted and gilt, and furnished with high wheels. On each side is an opening, to enter which the passenger mounts on a wooden stool, placed there by the coachman every time he ascends or descends. The windows or openings can be closed with Venetian blinds. These carriages contain neither seats nor cushion. Every one who drives out takes carpets or bolsters with him, spreads them out inside the coach, and sits down cross-legged. A carriage of this description will hold four persons. The second species of carriage only differs from that already described in having still higher wheels, and consisting of a kind of square box, covered in at the top, but open on all sides. The passengers enter at the back, and there is generally room for eight persons. The former kind of vehicle is drawn by one horse in shafts, and sometimes by two; the latter by one or two oxen, also harnessed in shafts, which are, however, furnished in addition with a wooden arch decorated with flowers, coloured paper, and ribbons. The coachman walks on foot beside his cattle, to guide them with greater security through the uneven ill-paved streets, in which you are continually either ascending or descending a hill.

Wagons there are none; every thing is carried either by men, horses, or asses. This circumstance explains the fact that more porters are found here than in any other city. These men are agile and very strong; a porter often bears a load of from one hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds through the rugged hilly streets. Wood, coals, provisions, and building-materials are carried by horses and asses. This may be one reason why every thing is so dear in Constantinople.

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## CHAPTER IV.

Walks and drives of the townspeople—The “Sweet Waters”—Chalcedonia—Baluklid—The great and little Campo—Feasts in Constantinople—Anniversary of Mahomet’s death—Easter holidays of the Greeks—Gladiators and wrestlers—Excursion to Brussa—Olive-trees—Mosques at Brussa—Stone bridge—Wild dogs—Baths and mineral springs—Return to Constantinople.

ON Sundays and holydays the “Sweet Waters” of Europe are much frequented. One generally crosses the Golden Horn, into which the sweet water runs, in a *kaik*. There is, however, another way thither across the mountains.

A large grass-plot, surrounded by trees, is the goal towards which the heaving multitude pours. Here are to be seen people from all quarters of the globe, and of all shades of colour, reclining in perfect harmony on carpets, mats, and pillows, and solacing themselves, pipe in mouth, with coffee and sweetmeats. Many pretty Jewesses, mostly unveiled, are to be seen among the crowd.

On Friday, the holiday of the Turks, the scene in the Asiatic Sweet Waters is just as animated; and here there is much more to interest us Europeans, as the company consists chiefly of Turks, male and female. The latter have, as usual, their faces covered: the most beautiful feature, the flaming eye, is, however, visible.

The trip across the sea to the Asiatic Sweet Waters is incomparably more beautiful and interesting than the journey to the European. We travel up the Bosphorus, in the direction of the Black Sea, past the splendid new palace of the Sultan. Though this palace is chiefly of wood, the pillars, staircases, and the

ground-floor, built of marble of dazzling whiteness, are strikingly beautiful. The great gates, of gilded cast-iron, may be called masterpieces; they were purchased in England for the sum of 8000*l*. The roof of the palace is in the form of a terrace, and round this terrace runs a magnificent gallery, built only of wood, but artistically carved. We also pass the two ancient castles which command the approach to Constantinople, and then turn to the right towards the Sweet Waters. The situation of this place is most lovely; it lies in a beautiful valley surrounded by green hills.

Very interesting is also an excursion to Chalcedonia, a peninsula in the Sea of Marmora, on the Asiatic side, adjoining Scutari. We were rowed thither in a two-oared *kaik* in an hour and a quarter. The finest possible weather favoured our trip. A number of dolphins gambolled around our boat; we saw these tame fishes darting to and fro in all directions, and leaping into the air. It is a peculiar circumstance with regard to these creatures, that they never swim separately, but always either in pairs or larger companies.

The views which we enjoy during these trips are peculiarly lovely. Scutari lies close on our left; the foreground is occupied by mountains of moderate elevation; and above them, in the far distance, gleams the snow-clad summit of Olympus. The uninhabited Prince's Island and the two Dog Islands are not the most picturesque objects to be introduced in such a landscape. To make up for the disadvantage of their presence we have, however, a good view of the Sea of Marmora, and can also distinguish the greater portion of the city of Constantinople.

On Chalcedonia itself there is nothing to be seen but a lighthouse. Beautiful grass-plats, with a few trees and a coffee-house, are the chief points of attraction with the townspeople.

An excursion by sea to Baluklid is also to be recommended. You pass the entire Turkish fleet, which is very considerable, and see the largest ship in the world, the "Mahmud," of 140 guns,

built during the reign of the late Sultan Mahmud. Several three-deckers of 120 guns, some of them unrigged, and many men-of-war mounting from forty to sixty cannons, lie in the harbour. For an hour and a half we are riding through the Sea of Marmora, to the left of the great quay which surrounds the walls of Constantinople. Here, for the first time, we see the giant city in all its magnificent proportions. We also passed the "Seven Towers," of which, however, only five remain standing; the other two, I was told, had fallen in. If these towers really answer no other purpose than that of prisons for the European ambassadors during tumults or in the event of hostilities, I think the sooner the remaining five tumble down the better; for the European powers will certainly not brook such an insult from the Turks, now in the day of their decline.

We disembarked immediately beyond the "Seven Towers," and walked for half an hour through long empty streets, then out at the town-gate, where the cypress-grove for a time conceals from our view a large open space on which is built a pretty Greek church. I was told that during the holidays at Easter such riotous scenes were here enacted that broken heads were far from being phenomena of rare occurrence. In the church there is a cold spring containing little fishes. A legend goes, that on the high days at Easter these poor little creatures swim about half fried and yet alive, because once upon a time, when Constantinople was besieged, a general said that it was no more likely that the city could be taken than that fishes could swim about half fried. Ever since that period the wonderful miracle of the fried fish is said to occur annually at Easter.

On our return to our *kaik*, we saw near the shore an enormous cuttle-fish, more than fourteen feet in length, which had just been taken and killed. A number of fishermen were trying with ropes and poles to drag the monster ashore.

The walks in the immediate neighbourhood of Pera are the great and little Campo, and somewhat farther distant the great

bridge which unites Topana with Constantinople; the latter is a most amusing walk, during which we can view the life and bustle on both shores at the same time. In the little Campo are two Frankish coffee-houses, before which we sit quite in European fashion on handsome chairs and benches, listening to pleasant music, and regaling ourselves with ices.

#### FEASTS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

During my residence in Constantinople I had the good fortune to be present at some very entertaining festivities. The most magnificent of these took place on the 23d of April, the anniversary of Mahomet's death.

On the eve of this feast we enjoyed a fairy-like spectacle. The tops of all the minarets were illuminated with hundreds of little lamps; and as there are a great many of these slender spires, it can be readily imagined that this sea of light must have a beautiful effect. The Turkish ships in the harbour presented a similar appearance. At every loop-hole a large lamp occupied the place of the muzzle of the cannon. At nine o'clock in the evening, salvoes were fired from the ships; and at the moment that the cannons were fired, the lamps vanished, flashes of light and gunpowder-smoke filled the air; a few seconds afterwards, as if by magic, the lamps had reappeared. This salute was repeated three times.

The morning of the 23d was ushered in by the booming of the cannon. All the Turkish ships had hoisted their flags, and garlands of coloured paper were twined round the masts to their very tops.

At nine o'clock I proceeded in the company of several friends to Constantinople, to see the grand progress of the Sultan to the mosque. As with us, it is here the custom to post soldiers on either side of the way. The procession was headed by the officers and government officials; but after every couple of officers or statesmen followed their servants, generally to the number of twelve or fifteen persons, in very variegated costumes, partly

Turkish, partly European, and withal somewhat military ; in fact, a perfect motley. Then came the Emperor's state-horses, splendid creatures, the majority of them of the true Arabian breed, decorated with saddle-cloths richly embroidered with gold, pearls, and precious stones, and proudly moving their plumed heads. Their spirited appearance and beautiful paces excited the admiration of all the learned in such matters. They were followed by a number of pages on foot ; these pages are not, however, youths, as in other countries, but men of tried fidelity. In their midst rode the youthful Emperor, wrapped in his cape, and wearing in his fez-cap a fine heron's plume, buckled with the largest diamond in Europe. As the Sultan passed by, he was greeted by the acclamations of the military, but not of the people. The soldiers closed the procession ; but their bearing is not nearly so haughty as that of the horses. The reason of this is simple enough—no one dares look upon the Arabians with an evil eye, but the soldiers are entirely subject to the caprice of their officers. I would certainly rather be the Sultan's horse than his soldier.

The uniforms of the officers, in their profusion of gold embroidery, resemble those of our hussars. The privates have very comfortable jackets and trousers of blue cloth with red trimmings ; some have jackets entirely of a red colour. The artillerymen wear red facings. Their *chaussure* is pitiable in the extreme : some have boots, not unfrequently decorated with spurs ; others have shoes, trodden down at heel and terribly tattered ; and some even appear in slippers. All are without stockings, and thus naked feet peer forth every where. The position of the men with regard to each other is just as irregular ; a little dwarf may frequently be seen posted next to a giant, a boy of twelve or fourteen years near a grey-headed veteran, and a negro standing next to a white man.

At this feast a great concourse of people was assembled, and every window was crowded with muffled female heads.

We had been advised not to be present at this ceremony, as



it was stated to be of a purely religious nature, and it was feared we should be exposed to annoyance from the fanaticism of the Mussulmen. I am glad to say, however, that the curiosity of my party was stronger than their apprehensions. We pushed through every where, and I had again occasion to feel assured that grievous wrong is frequently done the good Turks. Not only was there no appearance of a disposition to annoy us, but we even obtained very good places without much trouble.

On their Easter days the Greeks have a feast in the great Campo. On all the three holidays, the hamaks (water-carriers and porters), after the service is over, march in large numbers to the Campo with songs and music, with noise and shouting, waving their handkerchiefs in the air. Arrived at their destination, they divide into different groups, and proceed to amuse themselves much after the manner of other nations. A number of tents are erected, where a great deal of cooking and baking is carried on. Large companies are sitting on the ground or on the tombstones, eating and drinking in quiet enjoyment. We see a number of swings laden with men and children; on this side we hear the squeaking of a bagpipe, on that the sound of a pipe and drum, uttering such dismal music that the hearer instinctively puts a finger into each ear. To this music a real bear's dance is going on. Six or eight fellows stand in a half circle round the musician, and two leaders of these light-toed clodhoppers continually wave their handkerchiefs in the air as they stamp slowly and heavily round in a circle. The women are allowed to appear at this feast, but may neither take part in the swinging nor in the dancing. They therefore keep up a brave skirmishing with the sweetmeats, coffee, and delicacies of all kinds. The more wealthy portion of the community employ these days in riding to Baluklid, to gaze and wonder at the miracle of the half-baked and yet living fishes.

As the Greeks are not so good-natured as the Turks, the latter seldom take part in their festivities. Turkish women never appear on these occasions.

On the 8th of May I saw a truly Turkish *fête* in the neighbourhood of the Achmaidon (place of arrows).

In a plain surrounded on all sides by hills, men of all nations formed a large but closely-packed circle. Kavasses (*gens d'arme*) were there to keep order among the people, and several officers sat among the circle to keep order among the kavasses. The spectacle began. Two wrestlers or gladiators made their appearance, completely undressed, with the exception of trousers of strong leather. They had rubbed themselves all over with oil, so that their joints might be soft and supple, and also that their adversary should not be able to obtain a firm hold when they grappled together. They made several obeisances to the spectators, began with minor feats of wrestling, and frequently stopped for a few moments in order to husband their strength. Then the battle began afresh, and became hotter and hotter, till at length one of the combatants was hailed as victor by the shouting mob. He is declared the conqueror who succeeds in throwing his opponent in such a manner that he can sit down upon him as on a horse. A combat of this kind usually lasts a quarter of an hour. The victor walks triumphantly round the circle to collect his reward. The unfortunate vanquished conceals himself among the spectators, scarcely daring to lift his eyes. These games last for several hours; as one pair of gladiators retire, they are replaced by another.

Greek, Turkish, and Armenian women may only be spectators of these games from a distance; they therefore occupy the adjoining heights. For the rest, the arrangements are the same as at the Greek Easter feast. People eat, drink, and dance. No signs of beer, wine, or liqueur are to be discovered, and consequently there is no drunkenness.

The Turkish officers were here polite enough to surrender the best places to us strangers. I had many opportunities of noticing the character of the Mussulman, and found, to my great delight, that he is much better and more honest than prejudices generally

allow us to believe. Even in matters of commerce and business it is better to have to do with a Turk than with a votary of any other creed, not even excepting my own.

During my stay at Constantinople (from the 5th of April until May 17th) I found the weather just as changeable as in my own country; so much so, in fact, that the temperature frequently varied twelve or fourteen degrees within four-and-twenty hours.

#### EXCURSION TO BRUSSA.

The two brothers, Baron Charles and Frederick von Buseck, and Herr Sattler, the talented artist, resolved to make an excursion to Brussa; and as I had expressed a similar wish, they were obliging enough to invite me to make a fourth in their party. But when it came to the point, I had almost become irresolute. I was asked by some one if I was a good rider; "for if you are not," said my questioner, "it would be far better for you not to accompany them, as Brussa is four German miles distant from Gemlek, and the road is bad, so that the gentlemen must ride briskly if they wish to reach the town before sundown, starting as they would at half-past two in the afternoon, the general hour of landing at Gemlek. In the event of your being unable to keep up with the rest, you would put them to great inconvenience, or they will be compelled to leave you behind on the road."

I had never mounted a horse, and felt almost inclined to confess the fact; but my curiosity to see Brussa, the beautiful town at the foot of Olympus, gained the day, and I boldly declared that I had no doubt I should be able to keep pace with my companions.

On the 13th of May we left Constantinople at half-past six in the morning, on board a little steamer of forty-horse power. Passing the Prince's and Dog Islands, we swept across the Sea of Marmora towards the snow-crowned Olympus, until, after a voyage of seven hours, we reached Gemlek.

Gemlek, distant thirty sea miles from Constantinople, is a miserable place, but nevertheless does some trade as the harbour

of Bithynia. The agent of the Danube Navigation Company was civil enough to procure us good horses, and a genuine, stalwart, and fierce-looking Turkoman for a guide. This man wore in his girdle several pistols and a dagger; a long crooked scimitar hung at his side; and instead of shoes and slippers, large boots decked his feet, bordered at the top by a wide stripe of white cloth, on which were depicted blue flowers and other ornaments. His head was graced by a handsome turban.

At half-past two o'clock the horses arrived. I swung myself boldly upon my Rosinante, called on my good angel to defend me, and away we started, slowly at first, over stock and stone. My joy was boundless when I found that I could sit steadily upon my horse; but shortly afterwards, when we broke into a trot, I began to feel particularly uncomfortable, as I could not get on at all with the stirrup, which was continually slipping to my heel, while sometimes my foot slid out of it altogether, and I ran the risk of losing my balance. Oh, what would I not have given to have asked advice of any one! But unfortunately I could not do so without at once betraying my ignorance of horsemanship. I therefore took care to bring up the rear, under the pretence that my horse was shy, and would not go well unless it saw the others before it. My real reason was that I wished to hide my manœuvres from the gentlemen, for every moment I expected to fall. Frequently I clutched the saddle with both hands, as I swayed from side to side. I looked forward in terror to the gallop, but to my surprise found that I could manage this pace better than the trot. My courage brought its reward, for I reached the goal of our journey thoroughly shaken, but without mishap. During the time that we travelled at a foot-pace, I had found leisure to contemplate the scenery around us. For half the entire distance we ride from one valley into another; as often as a hill is reached, there is a limited prospect before the traveller, who has, however, only to turn his head, and he enjoys a beautiful view over the Sea of Marmora. After a ride of two hours and a half we arrived at a little

khan,<sup>a</sup> where we rested for half an hour. Proceeding thence a short distance, we reached the last hills; and the great valley, at the end of which Brussa is seen leaning against Olympus, lay stretched before our eager eyes, while behind us we could still distinguish, far beyond hill and dale, the distant sea skirting the horizon. Yet, beautiful as this landscape undoubtedly is, I had seen it surpassed in Switzerland. The immense valley which lies spread out before Brussa is uncultivated, deserted, and unwatered; no carpet of luxuriant verdure, no rushing river, no pretty village, gives an air of life to this magnificent and yet monotonous region; and no giant mountains covered with eternal snow look down upon the plain beneath. Pictures like these I had frequently found in Switzerland, in the Tyrol, and also near Salzburg. Here I saw, indeed, separate beauties, but no harmonious whole. Olympus is a fine majestic mountain, forming an extended barrier; but its height can scarcely exceed 6000 feet;<sup>b</sup> and during the present month it is totally despoiled of its surface of glittering snow. Brussa, with its innumerable minarets, is the only point of relief to which the eye continually recurs, because there is nothing beyond to attract it. A little brook, crossed by a very high stone bridge, but so shallow already in the middle of May as hardly to cover our horses' hoofs; and towards Brussa, a miserable village, with a few plantations of olives and mulberry-trees,—are the only objects to be discovered throughout the whole wide expanse. Wherever I found the olive-tree—here, near Trieste, and in Sicily,—it was alike ugly. The stem is gnarled, and the leaves are narrow and of a dingy green colour. The mulberry-tree, with its luxuriant bright green foliage, forms an agreeable contrast to the olive. The silk produced in this neighbourhood is peculiarly fine in quality, and the stuffs from Brussa are renowned far and wide.

<sup>a</sup> A khan is a stone building containing a few perfectly empty rooms, to receive the traveller in the absence of inns, or shelter against the night air and against storm. Generally in these khans a Turk is found, who dispenses coffee without milk to the visitors.

<sup>b</sup> Its height is 9100 feet.—ED.

We reached the town in safety before sunset. It is one of the most disagreeable circumstances that can happen to the traveller to arrive at an Oriental town after evening has closed in. He finds the gates locked, and may clamour for admittance in vain.

In order to gain our inn, we were obliged to ride through the greater part of the town. I had here an opportunity of observing that it is just as unsightly as the interior of Constantinople. The streets are narrow, and the houses built of wood, plaster, and some even of stone; but all wear an aspect of poverty, and at the same time of singularity;—the gables projecting so much that they occupy half the width of the street, and render it completely dark, while they increase its narrowness. The inn, too, at which we put up, looked far from inviting when viewed from the outside, so that we had some dark misgivings respecting the quality of the accommodation that awaited us. But in proportion as the outside had looked unpropitious, were we agreeably surprised on entering. A neat and roomy courtyard, with a basin of pure sparkling water in the midst, surrounded by mulberry-trees, was the first thing we beheld. Round this courtyard were two stories of clean but simply-furnished rooms. The fare was good, and we were even regaled with a bottle of excellent wine from the lower regions of Olympus.

May 14th.

Next morning we visited the town and its environs, under the guidance and protection of a kavasse. The town itself is of great extent, and is reported to contain above 10,000 houses, inhabited exclusively by Turks. The population of the suburbs, which comprise nearly 4000 houses, is a mixed one of Christians, Jews, Greeks, &c. The town numbers three hundred and sixty mosques; but the greater portion of them are so insignificant and in such a dilapidated condition, that we scarcely observed them.

Strangers are here permitted to enter the mosques in company of a kavasse. We visited some of the principal, among which the Ulla Drchamy may decidedly be reckoned. The cupola of

this mosque is considered a masterpiece, and rests upon graceful columns. It is open at the top, thus diffusing a chastened light and a clear atmosphere throughout the building. Immediately beneath this cupola stands a large marble basin, in which small fishes swim merrily about.

The mosque of Sultan Mahomed I. and of Sultan Ildirim Bojasid must also be noticed on account of their splendid architecture; the latter, too, for the fine view which is thence obtained. In the mosque of Murad I. visitors are still shewn weapons and garments which once belonged to that sultan. I saw none of the magnificent regal buildings mentioned by some writers. The imperial kiosk is so simple in its appearance, that if we had not climbed the hill on which it stands for the sake of the view, it would not have been worth the trouble of the walk.

A stone bridge, roofed throughout its entire length, crosses the bed of the river, which has very steep banks, but contains very little water. A double row of small cottages, in which silk-weavers live and ply their trade, lines this bridge, which I was surprised to see here, as its architecture seemed rather to appertain to my own country than to the East. During my whole journey I did not see a second bridge of this kind, either in Syria or Egypt.

The streets are all very dull and deserted, a fact which is rather remarkable in a town of 100,000 inhabitants. In most of the streets more dogs than men are to be seen. Not only in Constantinople, but almost in every Oriental town, vast numbers of these creatures run about in a wild state.

Here, as every where, some degree of bustle is to be found in the bazaars, particularly in those which are covered in. Beautiful and durable silk stuffs, the most valuable of which are kept in warehouses under lock and key, form the chief article of traffic. In the public bazaar we found nothing exposed for sale except provisions. Among these I remarked some small, very unpalatable cherries. Asia Minor is the fatherland of this fruit, but

I did not find it in any degree of perfection either here or at Smyrna.

Brussa is peculiarly rich in cold springs, clear as crystal, which burst forth from Mount Olympus. The town is intersected in all directions by subterranean canals; in many streets, the ripple of the waters below can be distinctly heard, and every house is provided with wells and stone basins of the limpid element; in some of the bazaars we find a similar arrangement.

On a nearer approach, the appearance of Mount Olympus is not nearly so grand as when viewed from a distance. The mountain is surrounded by several small hills, which detract from the general effect.

The baths, distant about a mile from the town, are prettily and healthfully situated, and, moreover, abundantly supplied with mineral water. Many strangers resort thither to recruit their weakened frames.

The finest among these baths is called Jeni Caplidche. A lofty circular hall contains a great swimming bath of marble, above which rises a splendid cupola. A number of refracting glasses (six hundred, they told me) diffuse a magic light around.

Our journey back to Constantinople was not accomplished entirely without mishap. One of the gentlemen fell from his horse and broke his watch. The saddles and bridles of hired horses are here generally in such bad condition that there is every moment something to buckle or to cobble up. We were riding at a pretty round pace, when suddenly the girths burst, and the saddle and rider tumbled off together. I arrived without accident at my destination, although I had frequently been in danger of falling from my horse without its being necessary that the girth should break.

The gentlemen were satisfied with my performance, for I had never lagged behind, nor had they once been detained on my account. It was not until we were safely on board the ship that I told them how venturesome I had been, and what terror I had undergone.



## CHAPTER V.

Contradictory reports—Departure from Constantinople on board the *Archduke John*—Scene on the steamer—Galipoli—The Dardanelles—Tschenekalesi and Kilidil Bahar—The field of Troy—Tenedos—Smyrna—Halizar—The date-palm—Burnaba—The Acropolis—Female beauty—Rhodes—Strong fortifications—Deserted appearance of the town—Cyprus.

THE extremely unfavourable reports I heard from Beyrout and Palestine caused me to defer my departure from day to day. When I applied to my consul for a “firmann” (Turkish passport), I was strongly advised not to travel to the Holy Land. The disturbances on Mount Lebanon and the plague were, they assured me, enemies too powerful to be encountered except in cases of the most urgent necessity.

A priest who had arrived from Beyrout about two months previously affirmed positively that, in consequence of the serious disturbances, even he, known though he was far and wide as a physician, had not dared to venture more than a mile from the town without exposing himself to the greatest danger. He advised me to stay in Constantinople until the end of September, and then to travel to Jerusalem with the Greek caravan. This, he said, was the only method to reach that city in safety.

One day I met a pilgrim in a church who came from Palestine. On my asking his advice, he not only confirmed the priest’s report, but even added that one of his companions had been murdered whilst journeying homeward, and that he himself had been despoiled of his goods, and had only escaped death through the special interposition of Providence. I did not at all believe the asseverations of this man; he related all his adventures with such a Baron Munchausen air, assumed probably to excite ad-

miration. I continued my investigations on this subject until I was at length fortunate enough to find some one who told an entirely different tale. From this I felt assured at least of the fact, that it would be almost impossible to learn the true state of the case here in Constantinople, and at length made up my mind to avail myself of the earliest opportunity of proceeding as far as Beyrout, where there was a chance of my getting at the truth.

I was advised to perform this journey in male attire; but I did not think it advisable to do so, as my short, spare figure would have seemed to belong to a youth, and my face to an old man. Moreover, as I had no beard, my disguise would instantly have been seen through, and I should have been exposed to much annoyance. I therefore preferred retaining the simple costume, consisting of a kind of blouse and wide Turkish trousers, which I then wore. The further I travelled, the more I became persuaded how rightly I had acted in not concealing my sex. Every where I was treated with respect, and kindness and consideration were frequently shewn me merely because I was a woman. On

May 17th

I embarked on board a steamboat belonging to the Austrian Lloyd. It was called the *Archduke John*.

It was with a feeling of painful emotion that I stood on the deck, gazing with an air of abstraction at the preparations for the long voyage which were actively going on around me. Once more I was alone among a crowd of people, with nothing to depend on but my trust in Providence. No friendly sympathetic being accompanied me on board. All was strange. The people, the climate, country, language, the manners and customs—all strange. But a glance upward at the unchanging stars, and the thought came into my soul, "Trust in God, and thou art not alone." And the feeling of despondency passed away, and soon I could once more contemplate with pleasure and interest all that was going on around me.

Near me stood a poor mother who could not bear to part with her son. Time after time she folded him in her arms, and kissed and blessed him. Poor mother! wilt thou see him again, or will the cold ground be a barrier between you till this life is past? Peace be with you both!

A whole tribe of people came noisily towards us;—they were friends of the crew, who bounced about the ship from stem to stern, canvassing its merits in comparison with French and English vessels.

Suddenly there was a great crowding on the swinging ladder, of chests, boxes, and baskets. Men were pushing and crushing backwards and forwards. Turks, Greeks, and others quarrelled and jostled each other for the best places on the upper deck, and in a few moments the whole large expanse wore the appearance of a bivouac. Mats and mattresses were every where spread forth, provisions were piled up in heaps, and culinary utensils placed in order beside them; and before these preparations had been half completed the Turks began washing their faces, hands, and feet, and unfolding their carpets, to perform their devotions. In one corner of the ship I even noticed that a little low tent had been erected; it was so closely locked, that for a long time I could not discern whether human beings or merchandise lay concealed within. No movement of the interior was to be perceived, and it was not until some days afterwards that I was informed by a Turk what the tent really contained. A scheick from the Syrian coast had purchased two girls at Constantinople, and was endeavouring to conceal them from the gaze of the curious. I was for nine days on the same vessel with these poor creatures, and during the whole time had not an opportunity of seeing either of them. At the debarcation, too, they were so closely muffled that it was impossible to discover whether they were white or black.

At six o'clock the bell was rung to warn all strangers to go ashore; and now I could discover who were really to be the com-

panions of my journey. I had flattered myself that I should find several Franks on board, who might be bound to the same destination as myself; but this hope waxed fainter and fainter every moment, as one European after another left the ship, until at length I found myself alone among the strange Oriental nations.

The anchor was now weighed, and we moved slowly out of the harbour. I offered up a short but fervent prayer for protection on my long and dangerous voyage, and with a calmed and strengthened spirit I could once more turn my attention towards my fellow-passengers, who having concluded their devotions were sitting at their frugal meal. During the whole time they remained on the steamer these people subsisted on cold provisions, such as cheese, bread, hard-boiled eggs, anchovies, olives, walnuts, a great number of onions, and dried "mishmish," a kind of small apricot, which instead of being boiled is soaked in water for a few hours. In a sailing vessel it is usual to bring a small stove and some wood, in order to cook pilau, beans, fowls, and to boil coffee, &c. This, of course, is not allowed on board a steamboat.

The beauty of the evening kept me on deck, and I looked with a regretful feeling towards the imperial city, until the increasing distance and the soft veil of evening combined to hide it from my view, though at intervals the graceful minarets were still dimly discernible through the mist. But who shall describe my feelings of joy when I discovered a European among the passengers? Now I was no longer alone; in the first moments we even seemed fellow-countrymen, for the barriers that divide Europeans into different nations fall as they enter a new quarter of the globe. We did not ask each other, Are you from England, France, Italy; we inquired, Whither are you going? and on its appearing that this gentleman intended proceeding, like myself, to Jerusalem, we at once found so much to talk about concerning the journey, that neither of us thought for a moment of inquiring to what country the other belonged. We conversed in the universal French language, and were perfectly satisfied when we found we

could understand each other. It was not until the following day that I discovered the gentleman to be an Englishman, and learned that his name was Bartlett.<sup>a</sup>

In Constantinople we had both met with the same fate. He had been, like myself, unable to obtain any certain intelligence, either at his consul's or from the inhabitants, as to the feasibility of a journey to Jerusalem, and so he was going to seek further information at Beyrout. We arranged that we would perform the journey from Beyrout to Jerusalem in company,—if, indeed, we found it possible to penetrate among the savage tribes of Druses and Maronites. So now I no longer stood unprotected in the wide world. I had found a companion as far as Jerusalem, the goal of my journey, which I could now hope to reach.

I was well satisfied with the arrangements on board. I had made up my mind, though not without sundry misgivings, to take a second-class berth; and on entering the steamer of the Austrian Lloyd, I discovered to my surprise how much may be effected by order and good management. Here the men and the women were separately lodged, wash-hand basins were not wanting, we fared well, and could not be cheated when we paid for our board, as the accounts were managed by the first mate: on the remaining steamers belonging to this company I found the arrangements equally good.

Crossing the Sea of Mormora, we passed the "Seven Towers," leaving the Prince's Islands behind us on the left.

Early on the following day,

May 18th,

we reached the little town of Galipoli, situate on an eminence near the Hellespont. A few fragments of ruins in the last stage of dilapidation cause us to think of the ages that have fled, as we speed rapidly on. We waited here a quarter of an hour to increase the motley assemblage on deck by some new arrivals.

<sup>a</sup> The well-known artist and author.—ED.

For the next 20 miles, as far as Sed Bahe, the sea is confined within such narrow bounds, that one could almost fancy it was a channel dug to unite the Sea of Marmora with the Archipelago. It is very appropriately called the STRAIT of the Dardanelles. On the left we have always the mainland of Asia, and on the right a tongue of land belonging to Europe, and terminating at Sed Bahe. The shores on both sides are desert and bare. It is a great contrast to former times, a contrast which every educated traveller must feel as he travels hither from the Bosphorus. What stirring scenes were once enacted here! Of what deeds of daring, chronicled in history, were not these regions the scene! Every moment brought us nearer to the classic ground. Alas, that we were not permitted to land on any of the Greek Islands, past which we flew so closely! I was obliged, perforce, to content myself with thinking of the past, of the history of ancient Greece, without viewing the sites where the great deeds had been done.

The two castles of the Dardanelles, Tschenekalesi and Kilidil Bahar, that on the Asiatic shore looking like a ruin, while its European neighbour wore the appearance of a fortress, let us steam past unchallenged. And how shall I describe the emotions I felt as we approached the plains of Troy?

I was constantly on deck, lest I should lose any portion of the view, and scarcely dared to breathe when at length the long-wished-for plain came in sight.

Here it is, then, that this famous city is supposed to have stood. Yonder mounds, perchance, cover the resting-places of Achilles, Patroclus, Ajax, Hector, and many other heroes who may have served their country as faithfully as these, though their names do not live in the page of history. How gladly would I have trodden the plain, there to muse on the legends which in my youth had already awakened in me such deep and awe-struck interest, and had first aroused the wish to visit these lands—a desire now partially fulfilled! But we flew by with relentless rapidity. The whole region is deserted and bare. It seems as if nature and

mankind were mourning together for the days gone by. The inhabitants may indeed weep, for they will never again be what they once were.

In the course of the day we passed several islands. In the foreground towered the peak of the *Hydræ*, shortly afterwards *Samothrace* rose from the waves, and we sailed close by the island of *Tenedos*. At first this island does not present a striking appearance, but after rounding a small promontory we obtained a view of the fine fortress skirting the sea; it seems to have been built for the protection of the town beyond.

After passing *Tenedos* we lost sight of the Greek islands for a short time (the mainland of Asia can always be distinguished on our left), but soon afterwards we reached the most beautiful of them all—*Mytelene*, which has justly been sung by many poets as the Island of the Fairies. For seven hours we glided by its coast. It resembles a garden of olives, orange-trees, pomegranates, &c. The view is bounded at the back by a double row of peaked mountains, and the town lies nearly in the midst. It is built in a circular form, round a hill, strengthened with fortifications. In front the town is girded by a strong wall, and in the rear extends a deep bay. A few masts peered forth and shewed us where the bay ended. From this point we saw numerous villages prettily situated among the luxuriant shade of large trees. It must be a delightful thing to spend the spring-time on this island.

I remained on deck till late in the night, so charming, so rich in varied pictures of verdant isles is this voyage on the *Ægæan Sea*. Had I been a magician, I would have fixed the sun in the heavens until we had arrived at *Smyrna*. Unfortunately many a beauteous island which we next morning contemplated ruefully on the map was hidden from us by the shades of night.

May 19th.

Long before the sun was up, I had resumed my post on deck, to welcome *Smyrna* from afar.

A double chain of mountains, rising higher and higher, warned us of our approach to the rich commercial city. At first we can only distinguish the ancient dilapidated castle on a rock, then the city itself, built at the foot of the rock, on the sea-shore; at the back the view is closed by the "Brother Mountains."

The harbour is very spacious, but has rather the appearance of a wharf, with room for whole fleets to anchor. Many ships were lying here, and there was evidently plenty of business going on.

The "Franks' town," which can be distinctly viewed from the steamer, extends along the harbour, and has a decidedly European air.

Herr von Cramer had been previously apprised of my arrival, and was obliging enough to come on board to fetch me. We at once rode to Halizar, the summer residence of many of the citizens, where I was introduced to my host's family.

Halizar is distant about five English miles from Smyrna. The road thither is beautiful beyond description, so that one has no time to think about the distance. Immediately outside the town we pass a large open place near a river, where the camels rest, and where they are loaded and unloaded; I saw a whole herd of these animals. Their Arab or Bedouin drivers were reclining on mats, resting after their labours, while others were still fully employed about their camels. It was a truly Arabian picture, and moreover so new to me, that I involuntarily stopped my long-eared *Bucephalus* to contemplate it at my leisure.

Not far from this resting-place is the chief place of rendezvous and pastime of the citizens. It consists of a coffee-booth and a few rows of trees, surrounded by numerous gardens, all rich in beautiful fruit-trees. Charming beyond all the rest, the flower of the pomegranate-tree shines with the deepest crimson among the green leaves. Wild oleanders bloomed every where by the roadside. We wandered through beautiful shrubberies of cypress-trees and olives, and never yet had I beheld so rich a luxuriance of vegetation. This valley, with its one side flanked by wild and rugged



rocks, in remarkable contrast to the fruitful landscape around, has a peculiar effect when viewed from the hill across which we ride. I was also much amazed by the numerous little troops of from six to ten, or even twenty camels, which sometimes came towards us with their grave majestic pace, and were sometimes overtaken by our fleet donkeys. Surrounded on all sides by objects at once novel and interesting, it will not be wondered at that I found the time passing far too rapidly.

The heat is said not to be more oppressive at Smyrna during the summer than at Constantinople. Spring, however, commences here earlier, and the autumn is longer. This fact, I thought, accounted for the lovely vegetation, which was here so much more forward than at Constantinople.

Herr von Cramer's country-house stands in the midst of a smiling garden; it is spacious and built of stone. The large and lofty apartments are flagged with marble or tiles. In the garden I found the first date-palm, a beautiful tree with a tall slender stem, from the extremity of which depend leaves five or six feet in length, forming a magnificent crown. In these regions and also in Syria, whither my journey afterwards led me, the date-palm does not attain so great a height as in Egypt, nor does it bear any fruit, but only stands as a noble ornament beside the pomegranate and orange trees. My attention was also attracted to numerous kinds of splendid acacias; some of these grew to an immense size, as high as the walnut-trees of my own country.

The villas of the townspeople all strongly resemble each other. The house stands in the midst of the garden, and the whole is surrounded by a wall.

In the evening I visited some of the peasants, in company with Herr von C. This gentleman informed me that these people were very poor, but still I found them decently clad and comfortably lodged in large roomy dwellings built of stone. Altogether, the condition of affairs seems here vastly superior to that in Galicia and in Hungary near the Carpathian mountains.

I reckoned the day I spent with this amiable family among the most pleasant I had yet passed. How gladly would I have accepted their hearty invitation to remain several weeks with them ! But I had lost so much time in Constantinople, that on the morning of

May 20th

I was compelled to bid adieu to Frau von C. and her dear children. Herr von C. escorted me back to Smyrna. We took the opportunity of roaming through many streets of the Franks' quarter, which I found, generally speaking, pretty and cheerful enough, and moreover level and well paved. The handsomest street is that in which the consuls reside. The houses are finely built of stone, and the halls are tastefully paved with little coloured pebbles, arranged in the form of wreaths, stars, and squares. The inhabitants generally take up their quarters in these entrance-halls during the day, as it is cooler there than in the rooms. To nearly every house a pretty garden is attached.

The Turkish town is certainly quite different ; it is built of wood, and is angular and narrow ; dogs lie about in the streets, just as at Brussa and Constantinople. And why should it be otherwise here ? Turks live in all this quarter, and they do not feel the necessity of clean and airy dwellings like the fastidious Franks.

The bazaars are not roofed ; and here also the costlier portion of the wares is kept under lock and key.

It is well worth the traveller's while to make an excursion to Burnaba, a place lying on the sea-coast not far from the town, and serving, like Halizar, as a retreat for the townspeople during the summer. The views in this direction are various, and the road is good. The whole appearance of the place is that of a very extended village, with all its houses standing in the midst of gardens and surrounded by walls.

From the Acropolis we have a fine view in every direction, and find, in fact, a union of advantages only met with separately elsewhere.

In Smyrna I found the most beautiful women I had yet seen; and even during my further journey I met with few who equalled, and none who surpassed them. These fairy forms are, however, only to be sought among the Greeks. The natural charms of these Graces are heightened by the rich costume they wear. They have a peculiarly tasteful manner of fastening their little round fez-caps, beneath which their rich hair falls in heavy plaits upon their shoulders, or is wound with a richly embroidered handkerchief round the head and brow.

Smyrna is, however, not only celebrated as possessing the loveliest women, but also as the birthplace of one of the greatest men.<sup>a</sup> O Homer, in the Greece of to-day thou wouldst find no materials for thine immortal Iliad!

At five o'clock in the afternoon we quitted the harbour of Smyrna. In this direction the town is seen to much greater advantage after we have advanced a mile than when we approach it from Constantinople; for now the Turks' town lies spread in all its magnitude before us, whereas on the other side it is half hidden by the Franks' quarter.

The sea ran high, and adverse winds checked the speed of our good ship; but I am thankful to say that, except when the gale is very strong, it does not affect my health. I felt perfectly well, and stood enjoying the aspect of the waves as they came dancing towards our vessel. In Smyrna our company had been augmented by the arrival of a few more Franks.

May 21st.

Yesterday evening and all this day we have been sailing among islands. The principal of these were Scio, Samos, and Cos, and even these form a desolate picture of bare, inhospitable mountains and desert regions. On the island of Cos alone we saw a neat town, with strong fortifications.

<sup>a</sup> Smyrna is *one* of the cities that claim the honour of being the birthplace of Homer.—ED.

May 22d.

This morning, shortly after five o'clock, we ran into the superb harbour of Rhodes. Here, for the first time, I obtained a correct notion of a harbour. That of Rhodes is shut in on all sides by walls and masses of rock, leaving only a gap of a hundred and fifty to two hundred paces in width for the ships to enter. Here every vessel can lie in perfect safety, be the sea outside the bar as stormy as it may; the only drawback is, that the entering of this harbour, a task of some difficulty in calm weather, becomes totally impracticable during a storm. A round tower stands as a protection on either side of the entrance to the harbour. The venerable church of St. John and the palace of the Komthur can be distinguished towering high above the houses and fortifications.

Our captain imparted to us the pleasant intelligence that we might spend the hours between this and three o'clock in the afternoon on shore. Our ship had for some time lain surrounded by little boats, and so we lost no time in being conveyed to the land. The first thing we did on reaching it was to ask questions concerning the ancient site of the celebrated Colossus. But we could gain no information, as neither our books nor the people here could point out the place to us with certainty; so we left the coast, to make up for the disappointment by exploring the ancient city.

Rhodes is surrounded with three rows of strong fortifications. We passed over three draw-bridges before entering the town. We were quite surprised to see the beautiful streets, the well-kept houses, and the excellent pavement. The principal street, containing the houses of the ancient Knights of St. John, is very broad, with buildings so massively constructed of stone as almost to resemble fortresses. Heraldic bearings, with dates carved in stone, grace many of the Gothic gateways. The French shield, with the three lilies and the date 1402, occurs most frequently. On the highest point in the city are built the church of St. John and the house of the governor.

All the exteriors seem in such good preservation, that one

could almost fancy the knights had only departed to plant their victorious banner on the Holy Sepulchre. They have in truth departed—departed to a better home. Centuries have breathed upon their ashes, scattered in all the regions of the earth. But their deeds have been chronicled both in heaven and among men, and the heroes still live in the admiration of posterity.

The churches, the house of the governor, and many other buildings, are not nearly so well preserved inside as a first glance would lead us to imagine. The reason of this is that the upper part of the town is but thinly inhabited. A gloomy air of silence and vacancy reigns around. We could wander about every where without being stared at or annoyed by the vulgar and envious. Mr. Bartlett, the Englishman, made a few sketches in his drawing-book of some of the chief beauties, such as the Gothic gateways, the windows, balconies, &c., and no inhabitant came to disturb him.

The pavement in the city, and even in the streets around the fortifications, consists wholly of handsome slabs of stone, often of different colours, like mosaic, and in such good preservation that we could fancy the work had been but recently concluded. This is certainly partly owing to the fact that no loaded wagon ever crushes over these stones, for the use of vehicles is entirely unknown in these parts; every thing is carried by horses, asses, or camels.

Cannons dating from the time of the Genoese still stand upon the ramparts. The carriages of these guns are very clumsy, the wheels consisting of round discs without spokes.

From our tower of observation we can form a perfect estimate of the extent and strength of the fortifications. The city is completely surrounded by three lofty walls, which seem to have been calculated to last an eternity, for they still stand almost uninjured in all their glory. In some places images of the Virgin, of the size of life, are hewn out of the walls.

The neighbourhood of Rhodes is most charming, and almost

resembles a park. Many country houses lie scattered throughout this natural garden. The vegetation is here no less luxuriant than in Smyrna.

The architecture of the houses already begins to assume a new character. Many dwellings have towers attached, and the roofs are flat, forming numerous terraces, which are all built of stone. Some streets in the lower part of the town, inhabited chiefly by Jews, are bordered with cannon-balls, and present a most peculiar appearance.

I was also much struck with the costumes worn by the country-people, who were dressed quite in the Swabian fashion. It was in vain that I inquired the reason of this circumstance. The books we had with us gave no information on the subject, and I could not ask the natives through my ignorance of their language.

By three o'clock in the afternoon we were once more on board, and an hour afterwards we sailed out into the open sea. To-day we saw nothing further, except a high and lengthened mountain-range on the Asiatic mainland. It was a branch of the Taurus. The highest peaks glistened like silver in the evening light, enveloped in a garment of snow.

May 23d.

To-day our organs of vision had a rest, for we were sailing on the high seas. Late in the evening, however, the sailors descried the mountains of Cyprus looming in the far distance like a misty cloud. With my less practised eyes I could see nothing but the sunset at sea—a phenomenon of which I had had a more exalted conception. The rising and setting of the sun at sea is not nearly so striking a spectacle as the same phenomenon in a rocky landscape. At sea the sky is generally cloudless in the evening, and the sun gradually sinks, without refraction of rays or prismatic play of colours, into its ocean-bed, to pursue its unchanging course the next day. How infinitely more grand is this spectacle when seen from the “Rigi Kulm” in Switzerland! There it is really a spectacle, in contemplating which we feel impelled to fall

on our knees in speechless adoration, and admire the wisdom of the Almighty in his wondrous works.

May 24th.

On mounting to the deck this morning at five o'clock I could distinguish the island of Cyprus, which looks uglier the nearer we approach. Both the foreground and the mountain-peaks have an uncomfortable barren air. At ten o'clock we entered the harbour of Larnaka. The situation of this town is any thing but fine; the country looks like an Arabian desert, and a few unfruitful date-palms rise beside the roofless stone houses.

I should not have gone on shore at all, if Doctor Faaslanc, whose acquaintance I had made at Constantinople, and who had been appointed quarantine physician here four weeks before my departure, had not come to fetch me. The streets of Larnaka are unpaved, so that we were obliged literally to wade more than ankle-deep in sand and dust. The houses are small, with irregular windows, sometimes high and sometimes low, furnished with wooden grated shutters; and the roofs are in the form of terraces. This style of building I found to be universal throughout Syria.

Of a garden or a green place not a trace was to be seen. The sandy expanse reaches to the foot of the mountains, which viewed from this direction form an equally barren picture. Behind these mountains the appearance of the landscape is said to be very fruitful; but I did not penetrate into the interior, nor did I go to Nikosia, the capital of the island, distant some twelve miles from Larnaka.

Doctor Faaslanc took me to his house, which had an appearance of greater comfort than I had expected to find, for it consisted of two spacious rooms which might almost have been termed halls. An agreeable coolness reigned every where.

Neither stoves nor chimneys were to be seen, as winter is here replaced by a very mild rainy season. The heat in summer is often said to be insupportable, the temperature rising to more than 36° Reaumur. To-day it reached 30° in the sun.

We drank to my safe return to my country, in real old Cyprian wine. Shall I ever see it again? I hope so, if my journey progresses as favourably as it has begun. But Syria is a bad country, and the climate is difficult to bear; yet with courage and perseverance for my companions, I may look forward to the accomplishment of my task. The good doctor seemed much annoyed that he had nothing to offer me but Cyprian wine and a few German biscuits. At this early season fruit is not to be had, and cherries do not flourish here because the climate is too hot for them. In Smyrna I ate the last for this year. When I embarked in the afternoon, Mr. Bartlett came with the English consul, who wished, he said, to make the acquaintance of a lady possessing sufficient courage to undertake so long and perilous a journey by herself. His astonishment increased when he was informed that I was an unpretending native of Vienna. The consul was kind enough to offer me the use of his house if I returned by way of Cyprus; he also inquired if he could give me some letters of recommendation to the Syrian consuls. I was touched by this hearty politeness on the part of a perfect stranger—an Englishman moreover, a race on whom we are accustomed to look as cold and exclusive!

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## CHAPTER VI.

Arrival at Beyrout—Fellahs—Bäcksheesh—Uncomfortable quarters—Saida—Tyre—St. Jean d'Acre—Cæsarea—Excursion among the ruins—Jaffa—An eastern family—The Indian fig-tree—An Oriental dinner—Costume of the women of Jaffa—Oppressive heat—Gnats—Ramla—Syrian convents—Bedouins and Arabs—Karict el Arab, or Emmaus—The Scheikh—Arrival at Jerusalem.

May 25th.

THIS morning I could discern the Syrian coast, which becomes more glorious the nearer we approach. Beyrout, the goal of our voyage, was jealously hidden from our eyes to the very last moment. We had still to round a promontory, and then this Eden of the earth lay before us in all its glory. How gladly would I have retarded the course of our vessel, as we passed from the last rocky point into the harbour, to have enjoyed this sight a little longer! One pair of eyes does not suffice to take in this view; the objects are too numerous, and the spectator is at a loss whither he should first direct his gaze,—upon the town, with its many ancient towers attached to the houses, giving them the air of knights' castles—upon the numerous country-houses in the shade of luxurious mulberry plantations—upon the beautiful valley between Beyrout and Mount Lebanon—or on the distant mountain-range itself. The towering masses of this magnificent chain, the peculiar colour of its rocks, and its snowclad summits, rivetted my attention longer than any thing else.

Scarcely had the anchor descended from the bows, before our ship was besieged by a number of small boats, with more noise and bustle than even at Constantinople. The half-naked and excitable Arabs or Fellahs are so ready with offers of service, that it is difficult to keep them off. It almost becomes necessary to

threaten these poor people with a stick, as they obstinately refuse to take a gentler hint. As the water is here very shallow, so that even the little boats cannot come quite close to shore, some others of these brown forms immediately approached, seized us by the arms, took us upon their backs amidst continual shouting and quarrelling, and carried us triumphantly to land.

Before the stranger puts himself into the hands of men of this kind, such as captains of small craft, donkey-drivers, porters, &c., he will find it a very wise precaution to settle the price he is to pay for their services. I generally spoke to the captain, or to some old stager among the passengers, on this subject. Even when I gave these people double their usual price, they were not contented, but demanded an additional backsheesh (gratuity). It is therefore advisable to make the first offer very small, and to retain something for the backsheesh. At length I safely reached the house of Herr Battista (the only inn in the place), and was rejoicing in the prospect of rest and refreshment, when the dismal cry of "no room" was raised. I was thus placed in a deplorable position. There was no second inn, no convent, no place of any kind, where I, poor desolate creature that I was, could find shelter. This circumstance worked so much on the host's feelings, that he introduced me to his wife, and promised to procure me a private lodging.

I had now certainly a roof above my head, but yet I could get no rest, nor even command a corner where I might change my dress. I sat with my hostess from eleven in the morning until five in the afternoon, and a miserably long time it appeared. I could not read, write, or even talk, for neither my hostess nor her children knew any language but Arabic. I had, however, time to notice what was going on around me, and observed that these children were much more lively than those in Constantinople, for here they were continually chattering and running about. According to the custom of the country, the wife does nothing but play with the children or gossip with the neighbours, while her

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husband attends to kitchen and cellar, makes all the requisite purchases, and besides attending to the guests, even lays the table-cloth for his wife and children. He told me that in a week at furthest, his wife would go with the children to a convent on the Lebanon, to remain there during the hot season of the year. What a difference between an Oriental and a European woman!

I still found the heat at sea far from unendurable; a soft wind continually wafted its cooling influence towards us, and an awning had been spread out to shelter us from the rays of the sun. But what a contrast when we come to land! As I sat in the room here the perspiration dropped continually from my brow, and now I began to understand what is meant by being in the tropics. I could scarcely await the hour when I should be shewn to a room to change my clothes; but to-day I was not to have an opportunity of doing so, for at five o'clock a messenger came from Mr. Bartlett with the welcome intelligence that we could continue our journey, as nothing was to be feared from the Druses and Maronites, and the plague only reigned in isolated places through which it was not necessary that we should pass. He had already engaged a servant who would act as cook and dragoman (interpreter); provisions and cooking utensils had also been bought, and places were engaged on an Arab craft. Nothing, therefore, remained for me to do but to be on the sea-shore by six o'clock, where his servant would be waiting for me. I was much rejoiced on hearing this good news: I forgot that I required rest and a change of clothes, packed up my bundle, and hurried to the beach. Of the town I only saw a few streets, where there was a great bustle. I also noticed many swarthy Arabs and Bedouins, who wore nothing but a shirt. I did not feel particularly anxious to see Beyrout and its vicinity, as I intended to return soon and visit any part I could not examine now.

Before sunset we had already embarked on board the craft that was to carry us to the long-wished-for, the sacred coast of Joppa. Every thing was in readiness, and we lacked only the one thing indispensable—a breeze.

No steamers sail between Joppa and Beyrout; travellers must be content with sailing vessels, deficient alike as regards cleanliness and convenience; they are not provided with a cabin, or even with an awning, so that the passengers remain day and night under the open sky. Our vessel carried a cargo of pottery, besides rice and corn in sacks.

Midnight approached, and still we were in harbour, with not a breath of wind to fill our sails.

Wrapping my cloak tightly round me, I lay down on the sacks, in the absence of a mattress; but I was not yet sufficiently tired out to be able to find rest on such an unusual couch. So I rose again in rather a bad humour, and looked with an evil eye on the Arabs lying on the sacks around me, who were not "slumbering softly," but snoring lustily. By way of forcing myself, if possible, into a poetical train of thought, I endeavoured to concentrate my attention on the contemplation of the beautiful landscape by moonlight; but even this would not keep me from yawning. My companion seemed much in the same mood; for he had also risen from his *soft* couch, and was staring gloomingly straight before him. At length, towards three o'clock in the morning of

May 26th,

a slight breath of wind arose, we hoisted two or three sails, and glided slowly and noiselessly towards the sea.

Mr. B. had bargained with the captain to keep as close to the shore as possible, in order that we might see the towns as we passed. Excepting in Cæsarea, it was forbidden to cast anchor any where, for the plague was raging at Sur (Tyre) and in several other places.

Bargains of this kind must be taken down in writing at the consulates, and only one-half of the sum agreed should be paid in advance; the other half must be kept in hand, to operate as a check on the crew. After every precaution has been taken, one can seldom escape without some bickering and quarrelling. On these occasions it is always advisable at once to take high ground,

and not to give way in the most trifling particular, for this is the only method of gaining peace and quietness.

Towards seven o'clock in the morning we sailed by the town and fortress of Saida. The town looks respectable enough, and contains some spacious houses. The fortress is separated from the town by a small bay, across which a wooden bridge has been built. The fortress seems in a very dilapidated condition; many breaches are still in the same state in which they were left after the taking of the town by the English in 1840, and part of the wall has fallen into the sea. In the background we could descry some ruins on a rock, apparently the remains of an ancient castle.

The next place we saw was Sarepta, where Elijah the prophet was fed by the poor widow during the famine.

The Lebanon range becomes lower and lower, while its namesake, the Anti-Lebanon, begins to rise. It is quite as lofty as the first-named range, which it closely resembles in form. Both are traversed by fields of snow, and between them stands a third colossus, Mount Hermon.

Next came the town of Tyre or Sur, now barren and deserted; for that mighty scourge of humanity, the plague, was raging there to a fearful extent. A few scattered fragments of fortifications and numerous fallen pillars lie strewed on the shore.

And now at length I was about to see places which many have longed to behold, but which few have reached. With a beating heart I gazed unceasingly towards St. Jean d'Acre, which I at length saw rising from the waves, with Mount Carmel in the background. Here, then, was the holy ground on which the Redeemer walked for us fallen creatures! Both St. Jean d'Acre and Mount Carmel can be distinguished a long distance off.

For a second time did a mild and calm night sink gently on the earth without bringing me repose. How unlucky it is that we find it so much harder to miss comforts we have been used to enjoy, than to acquire the habit of using comforts to which we have been unaccustomed! Were this not the case, how much easier

would travelling be! As it is, it costs us many an effort ere we can look hardships boldly in the face. "But patience!" thought I to myself; "I shall have more to endure yet; and if I return safely, I shall be as thoroughly case-hardened as any native."

Our meals and our beverage were very simple. In the morning we had pilau, and in the evening we had pilau; our drink was lukewarm water, qualified with a little rum.

From Beyrout to the neighbourhood of St. Jean d'Acre, the coast and a considerable belt of land adjoining it are sandy and barren. Near Acre every thing changed; we once more beheld pretty country-houses surrounded by pomegranate and orange plantations, and a noble aqueduct intersects the plain. Mount Carmel, alone barren and unfruitful, stands in striking contrast to the beautiful landscape around; jutting boldly out towards the sea, it forms the site of a handsome and spacious convent.

The town of St. Jean d'Acre and its fortifications were completely destroyed during the last war (in 1840), and appear to sigh in vain for repairs. The houses and mosques are full of cannon-balls and shot-holes. Every thing stands and lies about as though the enemy had departed but yesterday. Six cannons peer threateningly from the wall. The town and fortifications are both built on a tongue of land washed by the sea.

May 27th.

During the night we reached Cæsarea. With the eloquence of a Demosthenes, our captain endeavoured to dissuade us from our project of landing here; he pointed out to us the dangers to which we were exposing ourselves, and the risks we should run from Bedouins and snakes. The former, he averred, were accustomed to conceal themselves in hordes among the ruins, in order to ease travellers of their effects and money; being well aware that such spots were only visited by curious tourists with well-filled purses, they were continually on the watch, like the robber-knights of the good old German empire. "An enemy no less

formidable," said the captain, "was to be encountered in the persons of numerous snakes lurking in the old walls and on the weed-covered ground, which endangered the life of the traveller at every step." We were perfectly well aware of these facts, having gleaned them partly from descriptions of voyages, partly from oral traditions; and so they were not powerful enough to arrest our curiosity. The captain himself was really less actuated by the sense of our danger, in advising us to abandon our undertaking, than by the reflection of the time it lost him; but he exerted himself in vain. He was obliged to cast anchor, and at daybreak to send a boat ashore with us.

Our arms consisted of parasols and sticks (the latter we carried in order to beat the bushes); we were escorted by the captain, his servant, and a couple of sailors.

In the ruins we certainly met with a few suspicious-looking characters in the shape of wandering Bedouins. As it was too late to beat a retreat, we advanced bravely towards them with trusting and friendly looks. The Bedouins did the same, and so there was an end of this dangerous affair. We climbed from one fragment to another, and certainly spent more than two hours among the ruins, without sustaining the slightest injury at the hands of these people. Of the threatened snakes we saw not a single one.

Ruins, indeed, we found every where in plenty. Whole side-walls, which appeared to have belonged to private houses, but not to splendid palaces or temples, stood erect and almost unscathed. Fragments of pillars lay scattered about in great abundance, but without capitals, pedestals, or friezes.

It was with a feeling of awe hitherto unknown to me that I trod the ground where my Redeemer had walked. Every spot, every building became invested with a double interest. "Perchance," I thought, "I may be lingering within the very house where Jesus once sojourned." More than satisfied with my excursion, I returned to our bark.

By three o'clock in the afternoon we were close under the walls of Joppa. To enter this harbour, partially choked up as it is with sand, is described as a difficult feat. We were assured that we should see many wrecks of stranded ships and boats; accordingly I strained my eyes to the utmost, and could discover nothing. We ran safely in; and thus ended a little journey in the course of which I had seen many new and interesting objects, besides gaining some insight into the mode of life among the sailors. Frequently, when it fell calm, our Arabs would recline on the ground in a circle, singing songs of an inconceivably inharmonious and lugubrious character, while they clapped their hands in cadence, and burst at intervals into a barking laugh. I could not find any thing very amusing in this entertainment; on the contrary, it had the effect of making me feel very melancholy, as displaying these good people in a very idiotic and degrading light.

The costume of the sailors was simple in the extreme. A shirt covered them in rather an imperfect manner, and a handkerchief bound round their heads protected them from a *coup de soleil*. The captain was distinguished from the rest only by his turban, which looked ridiculous enough, surmounting his half-clad form. Their diet consisted of a single warm meal of pilau or beans, eaten in the evening. During the day they stayed their appetites with bread. Their drink was water.

The town of Joppa, extending from the sea-shore to the summit of a rather considerable and completely isolated hill, has a most peculiar appearance. The lower street is surrounded by a wall, and appears sufficiently broad; the remaining streets run up the face of the hills, and seem at a distance to be resting on the houses below. Viewing the town from our boat, I could have sworn that people were walking about on flat house-tops.

As Joppa boasts neither an inn nor a convent which might shelter a traveller, I waited upon the Consul of the Austrian Empire, Herr D—, who received me very kindly and introduced me to his family, which comprised his lady, three sons, and



three daughters. They wore the Turkish costume. The daughters, two of whom were exceedingly beautiful, wore wide trousers, a caftan, and a sash round the waist. On their heads they had little fez-caps, and their hair was divided into fifteen or twenty narrow plaits, interwoven with little gold coins, and a larger one at the end of each plait. A necklace of gold coins encircled their necks. The mother was dressed in exactly the same way. When elderly women have little or no hair left, they make up with artificial silk plaits for the deficiencies of nature.

The custom of wearing coins as ornaments is so prevalent throughout Syria, that the very poorest women, girls, and children strive to display as many as possible. Where they cannot sport gold, they content themselves with silver money; and where even this metal is not attainable, with little coins of copper and other baser metals.

The Consul and his son were also clothed in the Turkish garb; but instead of a turban the father wore an old cocked hat, which gave him an indescribably ludicrous appearance. A son and a daughter of this worthy patron of the semi-Turkish, semi-European garb, had but one eye, a defect frequently met with in Syria. It is generally supposed to be caused by the dry heat, the fine particles of sand, and the intense glare of the chalky hills.

As I reached Joppa early in the afternoon, I proceeded in company of the Consul to view the town and its environs. In dirt, bad paving, &c., I found it equal to any of the towns I had yet seen. The lower street, near the sea, alone is broad and bustling, with loaded and unloaded camels passing continually to and fro. The bazaar is composed of some miserable booths containing common provisions and a few cheap wares.

The neighbourhood of Joppa is exceedingly fertile. Numerous large gardens, with trees laden with all kinds of tropical fruits, and guarded by impenetrable hedges of the Indian fig-tree, form a half-circle round the lower portion of the town.

The Indian fig-tree, which I here saw for the first time, has

an odd appearance. From its stem, which is very dwarfish, leaves a foot in length, six inches in breadth, and half an inch in thickness, shoot forth. This tree seldom sends forth branches; the leaves grow one out of another, and at the extremity the fruit is formed. Its length is about two or three inches. Ten or twenty such figs are frequently found adhering to a single leaf.

I could not conceive how it happened that in these hot countries, without rain to refresh them, the trees all looked so healthy and beautiful. This fact, I found, was owing to the numerous channels cut through the gardens, which are thus artificially irrigated. The heavy dews and cool nights also tend to restore the drooping vegetation. One great ornament of our gardens was, however, totally wanting—a lawn with wild flowers. Trees and vegetables here grow out of the sandy or stony earth, a circumstance hardly noticed at a distance, but which produces a disagreeable effect on a near view. Flowers I found none.

The whole region round Joppa is so covered with sand, that one sinks ankle-deep at every step.

Consul D—— fulfils the duties of two consulates, the Austrian and the French. From both these offices he derives no benefit but the honour. By some people this honour would be highly valued, but many would rate it at nothing at all. This family, however, seems to have a great idea of honour; for the consul's office is hereditary, and I found the son of the present dignitary already looking forward to filling his place.

In the evening I was present at a real Oriental entertainment in the house of this friendly family.

Mats, carpets, and pillows were spread out on the terrace of the house, and a very low table placed in the centre. Round this the family sat, or rather reclined, cross-legged. I was accommodated with a chair somewhat higher than the table. Beside my plate and that of the Consul were laid a knife and fork, that appeared to have been hunted out from some lumber closet; the rest ate with a species of natural knife and fork, namely—fingers.

The dishes were not at all to my taste. I had still too much of the European about me, and too little appetite, to be able to endure what these good people seemed to consider immense delicacies.

The first dish appeared in the form of a delicate pilau, composed of mutton, cucumbers, and a quantity of spice, which rendered it more unpalatable to me than common pilau. Then followed sliced cucumbers sprinkled with salt; but as the chief ingredients, vinegar and oil, were entirely wanting, I was obliged to force down the cucumber as best I could. Next came rice-milk, so strongly flavoured with attar of roses, that the smell alone was more than enough for me; and now at length the last course was put on the table—stale cheese made of ewe's milk, little unpeeled girkins, which my entertainers coolly discussed rind and all, and burnt hazel-nuts. The bread, which is flat like pancakes, is not baked in ovens, but laid on metal plates or hot stones, and turned when one side is sufficiently done. It tastes better than I should have expected.<sup>a</sup>

Our conversation during dinner was most interesting. Some of the family spoke a little Italian, but this little was pronounced with such a strong Greek accent, that I was obliged to guess at the greater portion of what was said. No doubt they had to do the same with me. The worthy Consul, indeed, affirmed that he knew French very well; but for this evening at least, his memory seemed to have given him the slip. Much was spoken, and little understood. The same thing is said often to be the case in learned societies; so it was not of much consequence.

There are many different kinds of cucumber in Syria, where they are a favourite dish with rich and poor. I found numerous varieties, but none that I found superior to our German one. Another favourite fruit is the water-melon, here called "bastek." These also I found neither larger in size nor better flavoured than the melons I had eaten in southern Hungary.

<sup>a</sup> Cakes or "scones" in Scotland are baked in the same way.—ED.

The Consul's house seems sufficiently large; but the architectural arrangement is so irregular that the extended area contains but few rooms and very little comfort. The apartments are lofty and large, extremely ill-furnished, and not kept in the best possible order.

I slept in the apartment of the married daughter; but had it not been for the beds standing round, I should rather have looked upon it as an old store-closet than a lady's sleeping-room.

May 28th.

At five o'clock in the morning Mr. Bartlett's servant came to fetch me away, as we were at once to continue our journey. I betook myself to the house of the English Consul, where I found neither a horse nor any thing else prepared for our departure. It is necessary to look calmly upon these irregularities here in the East, where it is esteemed a fortunate occurrence if the horses and mukers (as the drivers of horses and donkeys are called) are only a few hours behind their time. Thus our horses made their appearance at half-past five instead of at four, the hour for which they had been ordered. Our baggage was soon securely fixed, for we left the greater portion of our effects at Joppa, and took with us only what was indispensably necessary.

As the clock struck six we rode out of the gate of Joppa, and immediately afterwards reached a large well with a marble basin. Near places of this description a great number of people are always congregated, and more women and girls are seen than appear elsewhere.

The dress of females belonging to the lower orders consists of a long blue garment fastened round the throat, and reaching below the ankle. They completely cover the head and face, frequently without even leaving openings for the eyes. Some females, on the other hand, go abroad with their faces totally uncovered. These are, however, exceptional cases.

The women carry their water-pitchers on their head or shoul-

der, as their ancestors have done for thousands of years, in the manner we find represented in the oldest pictures. But unfortunately I could discover neither the grace in their gait, the dignity in their movements, nor the physical beauty in their appearance, that I had been led to expect. On the contrary, I found squalor and poverty more prevalent than I had thought possible.

We rode on amid the gardens, every moment meeting a little caravan of camels. Immediately beyond the gardens we descry the fruitful valley of Sharon, extending more than eight miles in length, and to a still greater distance in breadth. Here and there we find villages built on hills, and the whole presents the appearance of an extremely fertile and well-populated region. In all directions we saw large herds of sheep and goats; the latter generally of a black or brown colour, with long pendent ears.

The foreground of the picture is formed by the Judæan mountains, a range apparently composed of a number of barren rocks.

A ride of two hours through this plain, which is less sandy than the immediate neighbourhood of Joppa, brought us to a mosque, where we made halt for a quarter of an hour and ate our breakfast, consisting of some hard-boiled eggs, a piece of bread, and a draught of lukewarm water from the cistern. Our poor beasts fared even worse than ourselves—they received nothing but water.

On leaving this place to resume our journey across the plain, we not only suffered dreadfully from the heat, which had reached 30° Reaumur, but were further persecuted by a species of minute gnats, which hovered round us in large swarms, crept into our noses and ears, and annoyed us in such a manner that it required the utmost of our patience and determination to prevent us from turning back at once. Fortunately we only met with these tormentors in those parts where the corn had been cut and was still in the fields. They are not much larger than a pin's head, and look more like flies than gnats. They are always met with in great swarms, and sting so sharply that they frequently raise large boils.

The vegetation was at this season already in so forward a state that we frequently passed stubble-fields, and found that the wheat had in several cases been already garnered up. Throughout the whole of Syria, and in that part of Egypt whither my journey afterwards led me, I never once saw corn or vegetables; wood or stores, carried in wagons; they were invariably borne by horses or asses. In Syria I could understand the reason of this proceeding. With the exception, perhaps, of the eight or ten miles across the valley of Sharon, the road is too stony and uneven to admit the passage of the lightest and smallest carts. In Egypt, however, this is not the case, and yet wagons have not been introduced.

A most comical effect was produced when we met long processions of small donkeys, so completely laden with corn, that neither their heads nor their feet remained visible. The sheaves seemed to be moving spontaneously, or to be propelled by the power of steam. Frequently after a train of this kind has passed, lofty grey heads appear, surrounded by a load piled up to so great a height, that one would suppose large corn-wagons were approaching rather than the "ship of the desert," the camel. The traveller's attention is continually attracted to some novel and curious object totally dissimilar to any thing he has seen at home.

Towards ten o'clock we arrived at Ramla, a place situate on a little hill, and discernible from a great distance. Before reaching the town, we had to pass through an olive-wood. Leaving our horses beneath a shady tree, we entered the coppice on the right: a walk of about a quarter of a mile brought us to the "Tower of the Forty Martyrs," which was converted into a church during the time of the Knights Templars, and now serves as a dwelling for dervishes. It is a complete ruin, and I could scarcely believe that it was still habitable.

We made no stay at Ramla, a place only remarkable for a convent built, it is said, on the site of Joseph of Arimathea's house.<sup>1</sup>

The Syrian convents are built more like fortresses than like

peaceful dwellings. They are usually surrounded by strong and lofty walls, furnished with loopholes for cannon. The great gate is kept continually closed, and barred and bolted from within for greater security; a little postern is opened to admit visitors, but even this is only done in time of peace, and when there is no fear of the plague.

At length, towards noon, we approached the mountains of Judæa. Here we must bid farewell to the beautiful fruitful valley and to the charming road, and pursue our journey through a stony region, which we do not pass without difficulty.

At the entrance of the mountain-chain lies a miserable village; near this village is a well, and here we halted to refresh ourselves and water our poor horses. It was not without a great deal of trouble and some expense that we managed to obtain a little water; for all the camels, asses, goats, and sheep from far and wide were collected here, eagerly licking up every drop of the refreshing element they could secure. Little did I think that I should ever be glad to quench my thirst with so disgusting a beverage as the muddy, turbid, and lukewarm water they gave me from this well. We once more filled our leathern bottles, and proceeded with fresh courage up the stony path, which quickly became so narrow, that without great difficulty and danger we could not pass the camels which we frequently met. Fortunately a few camels out of every herd are generally provided with bells, so that their approach is heard at some distance, and one can prepare for them accordingly.

The Bedouins and Arabs generally wear no garment but a shirt barely reaching to the knee. Their head is protected by a linen cloth, to which a thick rope wound twice round the head gives a very good effect. A few have a striped jacket over their shirt, and the rich men or chiefs frequently wear turbans.

Our road now continues to wind upwards, through ravines between rocks and mountains, and over heaps of stones. Here and there single olive-trees are seen sprouting from the rocky

cliffs. Ugly as this tree is, it still forms a cheerful feature in the desert places where it grows. Now and then we climbed hills whence we had a distant view of the sea. These glimpses increase the awe which inspires the traveller when he considers on what ground he is wandering, and whither he is bending his steps. Every step we now take leads us past places of religious importance; every ruin, every fragment of a fortress or tower, above which the rocky walls rise like terraces, speaks of eventful times long gone by.

An uninterrupted ride of five hours over very bad roads, from the entrance of the mountain-range, added to the extreme heat and total want of proper refreshment, suddenly brought on such a violent giddiness that I could scarcely keep myself from falling off my horse. Although we had been on horseback for eleven hours since leaving Joppa, I was so much afraid that Mr. B. would consider me weak and ailing, and perhaps change his intention of accompanying me from Jerusalem back to Joppa, that I refrained from acquainting him with the condition in which I felt myself. I therefore dismounted (had I not done so, I should soon have fallen down), and walked with tottering steps beside my horse, until I felt so far recovered that I could mount once more. Mr. B. had determined to perform the distance from Joppa to Jerusalem (a sixteen hours' ride) at one stretch. He indeed asked me if I could bear so much fatigue; but I was unwilling to abuse his kindness, and therefore assured him that I could manage to ride on for five or six hours longer. Fortunately for my reputation, my companion was soon afterwards attacked with the same symptoms that troubled me so much; he now began to think that it might, after all, be advisable to rest for a few hours in the next village, especially as we could not hope in any case to reach the gates of Jerusalem before sundown. I felt silently thankful for this opportune occurrence, and left the question of going on or stopping altogether to the decision of my fellow-traveller, particularly as I knew the course he would choose. Thus I accomplished my



object without being obliged to confess my weakness. In pursuance of this resolve, we stayed in the neighbouring village of "Kariet el Areb," the ancient Emmaus, where the risen Saviour met the disciples, and where we find a ruin of a Christian church in a tolerable state of preservation. The building is now used as a stable. Some years ago this was the haunt of a famous robber, who was scheikh of the place, and let no Frank pass before he had paid whatever tribute he chose to demand. Since the accession of Mehemet Ali these exactions have ceased both here and in Jerusalem, where money was demanded of the stranger for admission into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and other sacred places. Even highway robberies, which were once on a time of daily occurrence among these mountains, are now rarely heard of.

We took possession of the entrance-hall of a mosque, near which a delicious spring sparkled forth from a grotto. Seldom has any thing strengthened and refreshed me so much as the water of this spring. I recovered completely from my indisposition, and was able to enjoy the beautiful evening.

As soon as the scheikh of the village heard that a party of Franks had arrived, he despatched four or five dishes of provisions to us. Of all these preparations we could only eat one—the butter-milk. The other dishes, a mixture of honey, cucumbers, hard-boiled eggs, onions, oil, olives, &c., we generously bestowed upon the dragoman and the muker, who caused them quickly to disappear. An hour afterwards the scheikh came in person to pay his respects. We reclined on the steps of the hall; and while the men smoked and drank coffee, a conversation of a very uninteresting kind was kept up, the dragoman acting as interpreter. At length the scheikh seemed seized with the idea that we might possibly be tired with our journey. He took his leave, and offered unasked to send us two men as sentries, which he did. Thus we could go to rest in perfect safety under the open sky in the midst of a Turkish village.

But before we retired to rest, my companion was seized with

the rather original idea that we should pursue our journey at midnight. He asked me, indeed, if I was afraid, but at the same time observed, that it would be much safer for us to act upon his suggestion, as no one would suspect our departure by such a dangerous road at midnight. I certainly felt a little afraid, but my pride would not allow me to confess the truth; so our people received the order to be prepared to set out at midnight.

Thus we four persons, alone and totally unarmed, travelled at midnight through the wildest and most dangerous regions. Fortunately the bright moon looked smilingly down upon us, and illuminated our path so brightly, that the horses carried us with firm step over every obstruction. I was, I must confess, grievously frightened by the shadows! I saw living things moving to and fro—forms gigantic and forms dwarfish seemed sometimes approaching us, sometimes hiding behind masses of rock, or sinking back into nothingness. Lights and shadows, fears and anxiety, thus took alternate possession of my imagination.

A couple of miles from our starting-place we came upon a brook crossed by a narrow stone bridge. This brook is remarkable only as having been that from which David collected the five stones wherewith he slew the Philistine giant. At the season of my visit there was no water to be seen; the bed of the stream was completely dry.

About an hour's journey from Jerusalem the valley opens, and little orchards give indication of a more fertile country, as well as of the proximity of the Holy City. Silently and thoughtfully we approached our destination, straining our eyes to the utmost to pierce the jealous twilight that shrouded the distance from our gaze. From the next hill we hoped to behold our sacred goal; but "hope deferred" is often the lot of mortals. We had to ascend another height, and another; at length the Mount of Olives lay spread before us, and lastly **JERUSALEM**.

## CHAPTER VII.

Residence at Jerusalem—Catholic church—The “Nuova Casa”—Via dolorosa—Pilate’s house—The Mosque Omar—Herod’s house—Church of the Holy Sepulchre—Disturbances at the Greek Easter feasts—Knights of the Holy Sepulchre—Mount of Olives—Adventure among the ruins—Mount of Offence—Valley of Jehosaphat—Siloam—Mount Sion—Jeremiah’s grotto—Graves.

THE red morning dawn had begun to tinge the sky as we stood before the walls of Jerusalem, and with it the most beautiful morning of my life dawned upon me! I was so lost in reflection and in thankful emotion, that I saw and heard nothing of what was passing around me. And yet I should find it impossible to describe what I thought, what I felt. My emotion was deep and powerful; my expression of it would be poor and cold.

At half-past four o’clock in the morning of the 29th May we arrived at the “Bethlehem Gate.” We were obliged to wait half an hour before this gate was opened; then we rode through the still silent and deserted streets of the *Nuova Casa* (Pilgrim-house), a building devoted by the Franciscan friars to the reception of rich and poor Roman Catholics and Protestants.

I left my baggage in the room allotted to me, and hastened into the church, to lighten the weight on my heart by fervent prayer. The entrance into the church looks like the door of a private house; the building is small, but still sufficiently large for the Roman Catholic congregation. The altar is richly furnished, and the organ is a very bad one. The male and female portions of the congregation are separated from each other, the young as well as the old, and all sit or kneel on the ground. Chairs there are none in this church. The costume of the Christians is pre-

cisely the same as that of the Syrians. The women wear boots of yellow morocco, and over these slippers, which they take off on entering the church. In the street their faces are completely, in the church only partially, muffled, and the faces of the girls not at all. Their dress consists of a white linen gown, and a large shawl of the same material, which completely envelopes them. They were all cleanly and neatly dressed.

The amount of devotion manifested by these people is very small; the most trifling circumstance suffices to distract their attention. For instance, my appearance seemed to create quite a sensation among them, and they made their remarks upon me to one another so openly both by words and gestures, that I found it quite impossible to give my mind to seriousness and devotion. Some of them pushed purposely against me, and put out their hands to grasp my bonnet, &c. They conversed together a good deal, and prayed very little. The children behaved no better; these little people ate their breakfast while the service was going on, and occasionally jostled each other, probably to keep themselves awake. The good people here must fancy they are doing a meritorious work by passing two or three hours in the church; no one seems to care *how* this time is spent, or they would assuredly have been taught better.

I had been in the church rather more than an hour when a clergyman stepped up to me and accosted me in my native language. He was a German, and, in fact, an Austrian. He promised to visit me in the course of a few hours. I returned to the Nuova Casa, and now, for the first time, had leisure to examine my apartment. The arrangement was simple in the extreme. An iron bedstead, with a mattress, coverlet, and bolster, a very dingy table, with two chairs, a small bench, and a cupboard, all of deal, composed the whole furniture. These chattels, and also the windows, some panes of which were broken, may once, in very ancient times, have been clean. The walls were of plaster, and the floor was paved with large slabs of stone. Chimneys are no

more to be found in this country. I did not see any until my return to Sicily.

I now laid myself down for a couple of hours to get a little rest; for during my journey hither from Constantinople I had scarcely slept at all.

At eleven o'clock the German priest, Father Paul, visited me, in order to explain the domestic arrangements to me. Dinner is eaten at twelve o'clock, and supper at seven. At breakfast we get coffee without sugar or milk; for dinner, mutton-broth, a piece of roast kid, pastry prepared with oil or a dish of cucumbers, and, as a concluding course, roast or spiced mutton. Twice in the week, namely on Fridays and Saturdays, we have fast-day fare; but if the feast of a particular saint falls during the week, a thing that frequently occurs, we hold three fast-days, the one of the saint's day being kept as a time of abstinence. The fare on fast-days consists of a dish of lentils, an omelette, and two dishes of salt fish, one hot and the other cold. Bread and wine, as also these provisions, are doled out in sufficient quantities. But every thing is very indifferently cooked, and it takes a long time for a stranger to accustom himself to the ever-recurring dishes of mutton. In Syria oxen and calves are not killed during the summer season; so that from the 19th of May until my journey to Egypt in the beginning of September, I could get neither beef-soup nor beef.

In this convent no charge is made either for board or lodging, and every visitor may stay there for a whole month. At most it is customary to give a voluntary subscription towards the masses; but no one asks if a traveller has given much, little, or nothing at all, or whether he is a Roman Catholic, a Protestant, or a votary of any other religion. In this respect the Franciscan order is much to be commended. The priests are mostly Spaniards and Italians; very few of them belong to other nations.

Father Paul was kind enough to offer his services as my guide, and to-day I visited several of the holy places in company with him.

We began with the Via Dolorosa, the road which our Lord is said to have trodden when for the last time he wandered as God-man on earth, bowed down by the weight of the cross, on his way to Golgotha. The spots where Christ sank exhausted are marked by fragments of the pillars which St. Helena caused to be attached to the houses on either side of the way. Further on we reach the "Zwerchgasse," the place whither the Virgin Mary is said to have come in haste to see her beloved Son for the last time.

Next we visited Pilate's house, which is partly a ruin, the remaining portion serving as a barrack for Turkish soldiers. I was shewn the spot where the "holy stairs" stood, up which our Lord is said to have walked. On my return, I saw these stairs in the church of S. Giovanni di Laterani. They also pretend to shew the place where the Saviour was brought out before the multitude by Pilate. A little distance off, in the midst of a dark vault, they shew the traveller the stone to which Jesus was bound when "they scourged Him."

We ascended the highest terrace of this house, as this spot affords the best view of the magnificent mosque of Omar, standing in a large courtyard. With this exterior view the traveller is fain to be content; for the Turks are here much more fanatical than those in Constantinople and many other towns, so that an attempt to penetrate even into the courtyard would be unsuccessful; the intruder would run the risk of being assailed with a shower of stones. But in proportion as the Turks are strict in the observance of their own ceremonies and customs, so they respect those Christians who are religious and devotional.

Every Christian can go with perfect impunity to pray at all the places which are sacred in his eyes, without fear of being taunted or annoyed by the Turkish passers-by. On the contrary, the Mussulman steps respectfully aside; for even he venerates the Saviour as a great prophet, and the Virgin as his mother.

Not far from Pilate's house stands the building designated as that of Herod; it is, however, a complete ruin. The house of

the rich man, at whose gate the beggar Lazarus lay, has shared the same fate; but from the ruins one may conclude how magnificent the building must originally have been.

In the house of Saint Veronica a stone is pointed out on which they shew you a footprint of the Saviour. In another house two footprints of the Virgin Mary are exhibited. Father Paul also drew my attention to the houses which stood on the spot where Mary Magdalene and the other Mary were born. These houses are all inhabited by Turks, but any one may obtain admittance upon payment of a small fee.

The following day I visited the church of the Holy Sepulchre. The way lies through several narrow and dirty streets. In the lanes near the church are booths like those at Maria Zell in Steiermark, and many other places of pilgrimage, where they sell wreaths of roses, shells of mother-of-pearl, crucifixes, &c. The open space before the church is neat enough. Opposite lies the finest house in Jerusalem, its terraces gay with flowers.

Visitors to this church will do wisely to provide themselves with a sufficient number of para, as they may expect to be surrounded by a goodly tribe of beggars. The church is always locked; the key is in the custody of some Turks, who open the sacred edifice when asked to do so. It is customary to give them three or four piastres for their pains, with which sum they are satisfied, and remain at the entrance during the whole time the stranger is in the church, reclining on divans, drinking coffee and smoking tobacco. At the entrance of the church we noticed a long square stone on the ground; this is the "stone of anointing."

In the centre of the nave a little chapel has been built; it is divided into two parts. In the first of these compartments is a stone slab encased in marble. This is vehemently asserted to be the identical stone on which the angel sat when he announced our Lord's resurrection to the women who came to embalm his body. In the second compartment, which is of the same size as the first, stands the sarcophagus or tomb of the Saviour, of white marble.

The approach is by such a low door that one has to stoop exceedingly in order to enter. The tomb occupies the whole length of the chapel, and answers the purpose of an altar. We could not look into the sarcophagus. The illumination of this chapel is very grand both by night and day; forty-seven lamps are kept continually burning above the grave. The portion of the chapel containing the tomb is so small, that when the priest reads mass only two or three people have room to stand and listen. The chapel is entirely built of marble, and belongs to the Roman Catholics; but the Greeks have the right of celebrating mass alternately with them.

At the farther end of the chapel the Copts have a little mean-looking altar of wood, surrounded by walls of lath. All round the chapel are niches belonging to the different religious sects.

In this church I was also shewn the subterranean niche in which Jesus is said to have been a prisoner; also the niche where the soldiers cast lots for our Saviour's garments, and the chapel containing the grave of St. Nicodemus. Not far from this chapel is the little Roman Catholic church. A flight of twenty-seven steps leads downwards to the chapel of St. Helena, where the holy woman sat continually and prayed, while she caused search to be made for the true cross. A few steps more lead us down to the spot where the cross was found. A marble slab points out the place.

Mounting the steps once more, we come to the niche containing the pillar to which Jesus was bound when they crowned him with thorns. It is called the pillar of scorn. The pillar at which Jesus was scourged, a piece of which is preserved in Rome, is also shewn.

The chapel belonging to the Greeks is very spacious, and may almost be termed a church within a church. It is beautifully decorated.

It is very difficult to find the way in this church, which resembles a labyrinth. Now we are obliged to ascend a flight of stairs, now again to descend. The architect certainly deserves great praise for having managed so cleverly to unite all these holy



places under one roof; and St. Helena has performed a most meritorious action in thus rescuing from oblivion the sacred sites in Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth.

I was told, that when the Greeks celebrate their Easter here, the ceremonies seldom conclude without much quarrelling and confusion. These irregularities are considerably increased when the Greek Easter happens to fall at the same time as that of the Roman Catholics. On these occasions, there are not only numerous broken heads, but some of the combatants are even frequently carried away dead. The Turks generally find it necessary to interfere, to restore peace and order among the Christians. What opinion can these nations, whom we call Infidels, have of us Christians, when they see with what hatred and virulence each sect of Christians pursues the other? When will this dishonourable bigotry cease?

On the third day after my arrival at Jerusalem, a small caravan of six or seven travellers, two gentlemen namely, and their attendants, applied for admittance at our convent. An arrival of this kind, particularly if the new-comers are Franks, is far too important to admit of our delaying the inquiry from what country the wanderers have arrived. How agreeably was I surprised, when Father Paul came to me with the intelligence that these gentlemen were both Austrian subjects. What a singular coincidence! So far from my native country, I was thus suddenly placed in the midst of my own people. Father Paul was a native of Vienna, and the two counts, Berchtold and Salm Reifferscheit, were Bohemian cavaliers.

As soon as I had completely recovered from the fatigues of my journey, and had collected my thoughts, I passed a whole night in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. I confessed in the afternoon, and afterwards joined the procession, which at four o'clock visits all the places rendered sacred by our Saviour's passion; I carried a wax taper, the remains of which I afterwards took back with me into my native country, as a lasting memorial.

This ceremony ended, the priests retired to their cells, and the few people who were present left the church. I alone stayed behind, as I intended to remain there all night. A solemn stillness reigned throughout the church; and now I was enabled to visit, uninterrupted and alone, all the sacred places, and to give myself wholly up to my meditations. Truly these were the most blissful hours of my life; and he who has lived to enjoy such hours has lived long enough.

A place near the organ was pointed out to me where I might enjoy a few hours of repose. An old Spanish woman, who lives like a nun, acts as guide to those who pass a night in the church.

At midnight the different services begin. The Greeks and Armenians beat and hammer upon pendent plates or rods of metal; the Roman Catholics play on the organ, and sing and pray aloud; while the priests of other religions likewise sing and shout. A great and inharmonious din is thus caused. I must confess that this midnight mass did not produce upon me the effect I had anticipated. The constant noise and multifarious ceremonies are calculated rather to disconcert than to inspire the stranger. I much preferred the peace and repose that reigned around, after the service had concluded, to all the pomp and circumstance attending it.

Accompanied by my Spanish guide, I ascended to the Roman Catholics' choir, where prayers were said aloud from midnight until one o'clock. At four o'clock in the morning I heard several masses, and received the Eucharist. At eight o'clock the Turks opened the door at my request, and I went home.

The few Roman Catholic priests who live in the church of the Holy Sepulchre stay there for three months at a time, to perform the services. During this time they are not allowed to quit the church or the convent for a single instant. After the three months have elapsed, they are relieved by other priests.

On the 10th of June I was present at the ceremony of admission into the Order of the Holy Sepulchre. Counts Zichy, Wratislaw,

and Salm Reifferscheit were, at their own request, installed as knights of the Sepulchre. The inauguration took place in the chapel.

The chief priest having taken his seat on a chair of state, the candidate for knighthood knelt before him, and took the customary oaths to defend the holy church, to protect widows and orphans, &c. During this time the priests who stood round said prayers. Now one of the spurs of Godfrey de Bouillon was fastened on the heel of the knight; the sword of this hero was put into his hands, the sheath fastened to his side, and a cross with a heavy gold chain, that had also belonged to Godfrey de Bouillon, was put round his neck. Then the kneeling man received the stroke of knighthood on his head and shoulders, the priests embraced the newly-elected knight, and the ceremony was over.

A plentiful feast, given by the new-chosen knights, concluded the solemnity.

Distant somewhat less than a mile from Jerusalem is the Mount of Olives. Emerging from St. Stephen's Gate, we pass the Turkish burial-ground, and reach the spot where St. Stephen was stoned. Not far off we see the bed of the brook Cedron, which is at this season of the year completely dried up. A stone bridge leads across the brook; adjoining it is a stone slab where they shew traces of the footsteps of the Saviour, as He was brought across this bridge from Gethsemane, and stumbled and fell. Crossing this bridge, we arrive at the grotto where Jesus sweat blood. This grotto still retains its original form. A plain wooden altar has been erected there, a few years since, by a Bavarian prince, and the entrance is closed by an iron gate. Not far off is Gethsemane. Eight olive-trees are here to be seen that have attained a great age; nowhere else had I seen these trees with such massive trunks, though I had frequently passed through whole plantations of olives. Those who are learned in natural history assert that the olive-tree cannot live to so great an age as to render it possible that these venerable trunks existed at the time when Jesus passed his last night at Gethsemane in prayer and supplication. As this

tree, however, propagates itself, these trees may be sprouts from the ancient stems. The space around the roots has been strengthened with masonry, to afford a support to these patriarchal trunks, and the eight trees are surrounded by a wall three or four feet in height. No layman may enter this spot unaccompanied by a priest, on pain of excommunication; it is also forbidden to pluck a single leaf. The Turks also hold these trees in reverence, and would not injure one of them.

Close by is the spot where the three disciples are said to have slept during the night of their Master's agony. We were shewn marks on two rocks, said to have been footsteps of these apostles! The footsteps of the third disciple we could not discover. A little to one side is the place where Judas betrayed his Master.

The little church containing the grave of the Virgin Mary stands near the "Grotto of Anguish." We descend by a broad marble flight of fifty steps to the tomb, which is also used as an altar. About the middle of the staircase are two niches with altars; within these are deposited the bones of the Virgin Mary's parents and of St. Joseph. This chapel belongs to the Greeks.

From the foot of the Mount of Olives to its summit is a walk of three quarters of an hour. The whole mountain is desert and sterile; nothing is found growing upon it but olives; and from the summit of this mountain our Saviour ascended into heaven. The spot was once marked by a church, which was afterwards replaced by a mosque: even this building is now in ruins. Only twelve years ago a little chapel, of very humble appearance, was erected here; it now stands in the midst of old walls; but here again a footprint of our Lord is shewn and revered. On this stone it is asserted that He stood before He was taken up into heaven. Not far off, we are shewn the place where the fig-tree grew that Jesus cursed, and the field where Judas hanged himself.

One afternoon I visited many of these sites, in company with Count Perchtold. As we were climbing about the ruins near the

mosque, a sturdy goatherd, armed with a formidable bludgeon, came before us, and demanded "backsheesh" (a gift, or an alms) in a very peremptory tone. Neither of us liked to take out our purse, for fear the insolent beggar should snatch it from our hands; so we gave him nothing. Upon this he seized the Count by the arm, and shouted out something in Arabic which we could not understand, though we could guess pretty accurately what he meant. The Count disengaged his arm, and we proceeded almost to push and wrestle our way into the open field, which was luckily only a few paces off. By good fortune, also, several people appeared near us, upon seeing whom the fellow retired. This incident convinced us of the fact that Franks should not leave the city unattended.

As the Mount of Olives is the highest point in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, it commands the best view of the town and its environs. The city is large, and lies spread over a considerable area. The number of inhabitants is estimated at 25,000. As in the remaining cities of Syria, the houses here are built of stone, and frequently adorned with round cupolas. Jerusalem is surrounded by a very lofty and well-preserved wall, the lower portion composed of such massive blocks of stone, that one might imagine these huge fragments date from the period of the city's capture by Titus. Of the mosques, that of Omar, with its lead-covered roof, has the best appearance; it lies in an immense courtyard, which is neatly kept. This mosque is said to occupy the site of Solomon's temple.

From the Mount of Olives we can plainly distinguish all the convents, and the different quarters of the Catholics, Armenians, Jews, Greeks, &c. The "Mount of Offence" (so called on account of Solomon's idolatry) rises at the side of the Mount of Olives, and is of no great elevation. Of the temple, and the buildings which Solomon caused to be erected for his wives, but few fragments of walls remain. I had also been told that the Jordan and the Dead Sea might be seen from this mountain; but I could

distinguish neither, probably on account of a mist which obscured the horizon.

At the foot of the Mount of Olives lies the valley of Jehosaphat. The length of this valley does not certainly exceed three miles; neither is it remarkable for its breadth. The brook Cedron intersects this valley; but it only contains water during the rainy season; at other times all trace of it is lost.

The town of Jerusalem is rather bustling, particularly the poor-looking bazaar and the Jews' quarter; the latter portion of the city is very densely populated, and exhales an odour offensive beyond description; and here the plague always seizes its first victims.

The Greek convent is not only very handsome, but of great extent. Hither most of the pilgrims flock, at Easter-time to the number of five or six thousand. Then they are all herded together, and every place is crowded with occupants; even the courtyard and terraces are full. This convent is the richest of all, because every pilgrim received here has to pay an exorbitant price for the very worst accommodation. It is said that the poorest seldom escape for less than four hundred piastres.

Handsomest of all is the Armenian convent; standing in the midst of gardens, it has a most cheerful appearance. It is asserted to be built on the site where St. James was decapitated, an event commemorated by numerous pictures in the church; but most of the pictures, both here and in the remaining churches, are bad beyond conception. Like the Greeks, the Armenian priests enjoy the reputation of thoroughly understanding how to make a harvest out of their visitors, whom they are said generally to send away with empty pockets. As an amends, however, they offer them a great quantity of *spiritual* food.

In the valley of Jehosaphat we find many tombs of ancient and modern date. The most ancient among these tombs is that of Absalom; a little temple of pieces of rock, but without an entrance. The second is the tomb of Zacharias, also hewn out of the rock, and

divided within into two compartments. The third belongs to King Jehosaphat, and is small and unimportant; one might almost call it a mere block of stone. There are many more tombs cut out of the rock. From this place we reach the Jewish burial-ground.

The little village of Sila also lies in this valley. It is so humble, and all its houses (which are constructed of stone) are so small, that wandering continually among tombs, the traveller would rather take them to be ruined resting-places of the dead than habitations of the living.

Opposite this village lies "Mary's Well," so called because the Virgin Mary fetched water here every day. The inhabitants of Siloam follow her example to this day. A little farther on is the pool of Siloam, where our Lord healed the man who was born blind. This pool is said to possess the remarkable property, that the water disappears and returns several times in the course of twenty-four hours.

At the extremity of the valley of Jehosaphat a small hill rises like a keystone; in this hill are several grottoes, formed either by nature or art, which also once served as sepulchres. They are called the "rock-graves." At present the greater portion of them are converted into stables, and are in so filthy a state that it is impossible to enter them. I peeped into one or two, and saw nothing but a cavern divided into two parts. At the summit of these rock-graves lies the "Field of Blood," bought by the priests for the thirty pieces of silver which Judas cast down in the temple.

In the neighbourhood of the Field of Blood rises the hill of Sion. Here, it is said, stood the house of Caiaphas the high-priest, whither our Lord was brought a prisoner. A little Armenian church now occupies the supposed site. The tomb of David, also situated on this hill, has been converted into a mosque, in which we are shewn the place where the Son of Man ate the last Pass-over with His disciples.

The burial-grounds of the Roman Catholics, Armenians, and Greeks surround this hill.

The "Hill of Bad Counsel," so called because it is said that here the judges determined to crucify Christ, rises in the immediate vicinity of Mount Sion. A few traces of the ruins of Caiaphas' house are yet visible.

The "Grotto of Jeremiah" lies beyond the "Gate of Damascus," in front of which we found, near a cistern, an elaborately-sculptured sarcophagus, which is used as a water-trough. This grotto is larger than any I have yet mentioned. At the entrance stands a great stone, called Jeremiah's bed, because the prophet is said generally to have slept upon it. Two miles farther on we come to the graves of the judges and the kings. We descend an open pit, three or four fathoms deep, forming the courtyard. This pit is a square about seventy feet long and as many wide. On one side of this open space we enter a large hall, its broad portal ornamented with beautiful sculpture, in the form of flowers, fruit, and arabesques. This hall leads to the graves, which run round it, and consist of niches hewn in the rock, just sufficiently large to contain a sarcophagus. Most of these niches were choked up with rubbish, but into some we could still see; they were all exactly alike. These long, narrow, rock-hewn graves reminded me exactly of those I had seen in a vault at Gran, in Hungary. I could almost have supposed the architect at Gran had taken the graves of the valley of Jehosaphat for his model.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

Bethlehem—Rachel's grave—Convent at Bethlehem—Beggars—Grotto of the Nativity—Solomon's cisterns—St. John's—Franciscan church at Jerusalem—Mourning women—Eastern weddings—Mish-mish—Excursion to the Jordan and the Dead Sea—Wilderness near Jerusalem—Convent of St. Saba.

ON the 2d of June I rode, in the company of Counts Berchtold and Salm Reifferscheit and Pater Paul, to Bethlehem. Although, on account of the bad roads, we are obliged to ride nearly the whole distance at a foot-pace, it does not take more than an hour and a half to accomplish the journey. The view we enjoy during this excursion is as grand as it is peculiar. So far as the eye can reach, it rests upon stone; the ground is entirely composed of stones; and yet between the rocky interstices grow fruit-trees of all kinds, and grape-vines trail along, besides fields whose productions force their way upwards from the shingly soil.

I had already wondered when I saw the "Karst," near Trieste, and the desert region of Görz; but these sink into insignificance when compared to the scenery of the Judean mountains.

It is difficult to conceive how these regions can ever have been smiling and fertile. Doubtless they have appeared to better advantage than at the present period, when the poor inhabitants are ground to the bone by their pachas and officers; but I do not think that meadows and woods can ever have existed here to any extent.

On the way we pass a well, surrounded by blocks of stone. At this well the wise men from the East rested, and here the guiding star appeared to them. Midway between Jerusalem and Bethlehem lies the Greek convent dedicated to the prophet Elijah.

From hence we can see both towns ; on the one hand, the spacious Jerusalem, and on the other, the humble Bethlehem, with some small villages scattered round it. On the right hand we pass " Rachel's grave," a ruined building with a small cupola.

Bethlehem lies on a hill, surrounded by several others ; with the exception of the convent, it contains not a single handsome building. The inhabitants, half of whom are Catholics, muster about 2500 strong ; many live in grottoes and semi-subterranean domiciles, cutting out garlands and other devices in mother-of-pearl, &c. The number of houses does not exceed a hundred at the most, and the poverty here seems excessive, for nowhere have I been so much pestered with beggar children as in this town. Hardly has the stranger reached the convent-gates before these urchins are seen rapidly approaching from all quarters. One rushes forward to hold the horse, while a second grasps the stirrup ; a third and a fourth present their arm to help you to dismount ; and in the end the whole swarm unanimously stretch forth their hands for " backsheesh." In cases like these it is quite necessary to come furnished either with a multiplicity of small coins or with a riding-whip, in order to be delivered in one way or another from the horrible importunity of the diminutive mob. It is very fortunate that the horses here are perfectly accustomed to such scenes ; were this not the case, they would take fright and gallop headlong away.

The little convent and church are both situated near the town, and are built on the spot where the Saviour was born. The whole is surrounded by a strong fortress-wall, a very low, narrow gate forming the entrance. In front of this fortress extends a handsome well-paved area. So soon as we have passed through the little gate, we find ourselves in the courtyard, or rather in the nave of the church, which is unfortunately more than half destroyed, but must once have been eminent both for its size and beauty. Some traces of mosaic can still be detected on the walls. Two rows of high handsome pillars, forty-eight in number, intersect

the interior ; and the beam-work, said to be of cedar-wood from Lebanon, looks almost new. Beneath the high altar of this great church is the grotto in which Christ was born. Two staircases lead downwards to it. One of the staircases belongs to the Armenians, the other to the Greeks ; the Catholics have none at all. Both the walls and the floor are covered with marble slabs. A marble tablet, with the inscription,

“ HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST,”

marks the spot whence the true Light shone abroad over the world. A figure of a beaming sun, which receives its light from numerous lamps kept continually burning, is placed in the back-ground of this tablet.

The spot where our Saviour was shewn to the worshipping Magi is but few paces distant. An altar is erected opposite, on the place where the manger stood in which the shepherds found our Lord. The manger itself is deposited in the basilica Santa Maria Maggiore, in Rome. This altar belongs to the Roman Catholics. A little door, quite in the back-ground of the grotto, leads to a subterranean passage communicating with the convent and the Catholic chapel. In this passage another altar has been erected to the memory of the innocents slaughtered and buried here. Proceeding along the passage we come upon the grave of St. Paula and her daughter Eustachia on one side, and that of St. Hieronymus on the other. The body of the latter is, however, deposited at Rome.

Like the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, this great church at Bethlehem belongs at once to the Catholics, the Armenians, and the Greeks. Each of these sects has built for itself a little convent adjoining the church.

After spending at least a couple of hours here, we rode two miles farther, towards Mount Hebron. At the foot of this mountain we turned off to the left towards the three cisterns of Solomon. These reservoirs are very wide and deep, hewn out of the

rock, and still partially covered with a kind of cement resembling marble in its consistency and polish. We descended into the third of these cisterns; it was about five hundred paces long, four hundred broad, and a hundred deep.

Not one of these cisterns now contains water; the aqueducts which once communicated with them have entirely vanished. A single rivulet, across which one may easily step, flows beside these giant reservoirs. The region around is barren in the extreme.

On returning to our convent at about two o'clock to partake of our frugal but welcome meal, we were surprised to find that another party of travellers, Franks like ourselves, had arrived. The new-comers proved to be Count Zichy and Count Wratislaw, who had travelled from Vienna to Cairo in company with Counts Berchtold and Salm Reifferscheid. At the last-mentioned place the voyagers parted company, one party proceeding to Jerusalem by way of Alexandria, Damietta, and Joppa, while the other bent their course across the burning sands of Africa towards Mount Sinai, and thence continued their journey to Jerusalem by land. Here at length they had the pleasure of meeting once more. A great and general rejoicing, in which we all joined, was the consequence of this event.

After dinner we once more visited all the holy places in company of the new-comers; we afterwards went to the so-called "Milk Grotto," distant about half a mile from our convent. In this grotto there is nothing to be seen but a simple altar, before which lights are continually burning. It is not locked, and every passer-by is at liberty to enter. This place is held sacred not only by the Christians, but also by the Turks, who bring many a cruise of oil to fill the lamps after they have cleaned them. In this grotto the Holy Family concealed themselves before the flight into Egypt, and the Virgin for a long time nourished the infant Jesus with her milk, from which circumstance the grotto derives its name. The women in the neighbourhood believe that if they feel unwell during the time they are nursing their

children, they have merely to scrape some of the sand from the rocks in this grotto, and to take it as a powder, to regain their health.

Half a mile from this grotto we were shewn the field in which the angel appeared to announce the birth of the Redeemer to the shepherds. But our newly-arrived friends were not able to visit this spot. They were fain to content themselves with a distant view, as it was high time to think of our return.

#### ST. JOHN'S.

On the 4th of June I rode out, accompanied by a guide, to the birth-place of St. John the Baptist, distant about four miles from Jerusalem. The way to this convent lies through the Bethlehem Gate, opposite the convent of the "Holy Cross," a building supposed to stand on the site where the wood was felled for our Saviour's cross! Not far off, the place was pointed out to me where a battle was fought between the Israelites and the Philistines, and where David slew Goliath.

Situated in a rocky valley, the convent of St. John is, like all the monasteries in these lands, surrounded by very strong walls. The church of the convent is erected on the spot where the house of Zacharias once stood, and a chapel commemorates the place where St. John first beheld the light. The ascent to this chapel is by a staircase, where a round tablet of stone bears the inscription,

"HIC PRÆCURSOR DOMINI CHRISTI NATUS EST."

Many events of the prophet's life are here portrayed by sculptures in white marble.

About a mile from the convent we find the "Grotto of Visitation," where St. Mary met St. Elizabeth. The remains of the latter are interred here.

On the very first day of my arrival at Jerusalem I had made some observations, during a visit to the church of St. Francis;

which gave me any thing but a high opinion of the behaviour of the Catholics here. This unfavourable impression was confirmed by subsequent visits to the church, so that at length I felt obliged to tell Father Paul that I would rather pray at home than among people who seemed to attend to any thing rather than their devotions. My Frankish costume seemed to be such a stumbling-block in the eyes of these people, that at length a priest came to me, and requested that I would make an alteration in my dress, or at any rate exchange my straw hat for a veil, in which I could muffle my head and face. I promised to discard the obnoxious hat and to wear a handkerchief round my head when I attended church, but refused to muffle my face, and begged the reverend gentleman to inform my fellow-worshippers that this was the first time such a thing had been required of a Frankish woman, and that I thought they would be more profitably employed in looking at their prayer-books than at me, for that He whom we go to church to adore is not a respecter of outward things. In spite of this remonstrance, their behaviour remained the same, so that I was compelled almost to discontinue attending public worship.

On great festival-days the high altar of the church of St. Francis is very profusely decorated. It is, in fact, almost overloaded with ornament, and sparkles and glitters with a most dazzling brilliancy. Innumerable candles display the lustre of gold and precious stones. Foremost among the costly ornaments appear a huge gold monstrance presented by the king of Naples, and two splendid candelabra, a gift of the imperial house of Austria.

I happened one day to pass a house, from within which a great screaming was to be heard. On inquiring of my companion what was the matter, I was informed that some person had died in that house the day before, and that the sound I heard was the wail of the "mourning women." I requested admission to the room where the deceased lay. Had it not been for the circumstance that a few pictures of saints and a crucifix decorated the walls, I could never have imagined that the dead man was a Ca-

tholic. Several "mourning women" sat near the corpse, uttering every now and then such frantic yells, that the neighbourhood rang with their din. In the intervals between these demonstrations they sat comfortably regaling themselves with coffee; after a little time they would again raise their horrible cry. I had seen enough to feel excessively disgusted, and so went away.

I was also fortunate enough to visit a newly-married pair. The bride was gorgeously dressed in a silk under-garment, wide trousers of peach-blossom satin, and a caftan of the same material; a rich shawl encircled her waist, and on her feet she wore boots of yellow morocco leather; the slippers had been left, according to the Turkish fashion, at the entrance of the chamber. An ornamental head-dress of rich gold brocade and fresh flowers completed the bride's attire; her hair, arranged in a number of thin plaits and decorated with coins, fell down upon her shoulders, and on her neck glittered several rows of ducats and larger gold pieces.

Costumes of this kind are only seen in the family circle, and on the occasion of some great event. Seldom or never are strange men allowed to behold the ladies in their gorgeous apparel; so that it is fruitless to expect to see picturesque female costumes in the public places of the East.

After the marriage ceremony, which is always performed during the forenoon, the young wife is compelled to sit for the remainder of the day in a corner of the room with her face turned towards the wall. She is not allowed to answer any question put by her husband, her parents, or by any one whatever; still less is she permitted to offer a remark herself. This silence is intended to typify the bride's sorrow at changing her condition.

During my visit, the bridegroom sat next to his bride, vainly endeavouring to lure a few words from her. On my rising to depart, the young wife inclined her head towards me, but without raising her eyes from the ground.

In Jerusalem, almost all the women and girls wear veils when they go abroad. It was only in church, and in their own houses,

that I had an opportunity of fairly seeing these hours. Among the girls I found many an interesting head; but the women who have attained the age of twenty-six or twenty-eight years already look worn and ugly; so that here, as in all tropical countries, we behold a great number of very plain faces, among which handsome ones shine forth at long intervals, like meteors. Thin people are rarely met with in Syria; on the contrary, even the young girls are frequently decidedly stout.

Not far from the bazaar is a great hall, wherein the Turks hold their judicial sittings, decide disputes, and pass sentence on criminals. Some ordinary-looking divans are placed round the interior of this hall, and in one corner a wooden cell, about ten feet long, six wide, and eight feet high, has been erected. This cell, furnished with a little door, and a grated hole by way of window, is intended for the reception of the criminal during his period of punishment.

Throughout the thirteen days I passed at Jerusalem, I did not find the heat excessive. The thermometer generally stood in the shade at from  $20^{\circ}$  to  $22^{\circ}$ , and in the sun at  $28^{\circ}$  (Reaum.), very seldom reaching  $30^{\circ}$ .

Fruit I saw none, with the exception of the little apricots called mish-mish, which are not larger than a walnut, but nevertheless have a very fine flavour. It is a pity that the inhabitants of these countries contribute absolutely nothing towards the cultivation and improvement of their natural productions; if they would but exert themselves, many a plant would doubtless flourish luxuriantly. But here the people do not even know how to turn those gifts to advantage which nature has bestowed upon them in rich profusion, and of superior quality; for instance, olives. Worse oil can hardly be procured than that which they give you in Syria. The Syrian oil and olives can scarcely be used by Europeans. The oil is of a perfectly green colour, thick, and disgusting alike to the smell and taste; the olives are generally black, a consequence of the negligent manner in which they are prepared. The same remark holds



good with regard to the wine, which would be of excellent quality if the people did but understand the proper method of preparing it, and of cultivating the vineyards. At present, however, they adulterate their wine with a kind of herb, which gives it a very sharp and disagreeable taste.

On the whole, the neighbourhood of Jerusalem is very desolate, barren, and sterile. I found the town itself neither more nor less animated than most Syrian cities. I should depart from truth if I were to say, with many travellers, that it appeared as though a peculiar curse rested upon this city. The whole of Judea is a stony country, and this region contains many places with environs as rugged and barren as those of Jerusalem.

Birds and butterflies are rarely seen at the present season of the year, not only in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, but throughout the whole of Syria. Where, indeed, could a butterfly or a bee find nourishment, while not a flower nor a blade of grass shoots up from the stony earth? And a bird cannot live where there are neither seeds nor insects, but must soar away across the seas to cooler and more fertile climes. Not only here, but throughout the whole of Syria, I missed the delightful minstrels of the air. The sparrow alone can find sustenance every where, for he lives in towns and villages, wherever man is seen. A whole flock of these little twittering birds woke me every morning.

I was as yet much less troubled by insects than I had anticipated. With the exception of the small flies on the plain of Sharon, and of certain little sable jumpers which seem naturalised throughout the whole world, I could not complain of having been annoyed by any creature.

Our common house-flies I saw every where; but they were not more numerous or more troublesome than in Germany.

#### EXCURSION TO THE RIVER JORDAN AND TO THE DEAD SEA.

To travel with any degree of security in Palestine, Phœnicia, &c., it is necessary to go in large companies, and in some places it

even becomes advisable to have an escort. The stranger should further be provided with cooking utensils, provisions, tents, and servants. To provide all these things would have been a hopeless task for me; I had therefore resolved to return from Jerusalem as I had come, namely, *via* Joppa, and so to proceed to Alexandria or Beyrout, when, luckily for me, the gentlemen whom I have already mentioned arrived at Jerusalem. They intended making several excursions by land, and the first of these was to be a trip to the banks of the Jordan and to the Dead Sea.

I ardently wished to visit these places, and therefore begged the gentlemen, through Father Paul, to permit my accompanying them on their arduous journey. The gentlemen were of opinion that their proposed tour would be too fatiguing for one of my sex, and seemed disinclined to accede to my request. But then Count Wratislaw took my part, and said that he had watched me during our ride from Bethlehem to Jerusalem, and had noticed that I wanted neither courage, skill, nor endurance, so that they might safely take me with them. Father Paul immediately came to me with the joyful intelligence that I was to go, and that I had nothing to do but to provide myself with a horse. He particularly mentioned how kindly Count Wratislaw, to whom I still feel obliged, had interested himself in my behalf.

The journey to the Jordan and the Dead Sea should never be undertaken by a small party. The best and safest course is to send for some Arab or Bedouin chiefs, either at Jerusalem or Bethlehem, and to make a contract with them for protection. In consideration of a certain tribute, these chiefs accompany you in person, with some of their tribe, to your place of destination and back again. The Counts paid the two chiefs three hundred piastres, with the travelling expenses for themselves and their twelve men.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 7th of June our cavalcade started. The caravan consisted of the four counts, Mr. Bartlett, a certain Baron Wrede, two doctors, and myself, besides five

or six servants, and the two chiefs with the body-guard of twelve Arabs. All were strongly armed with guns, pistols, swords, and lances, and we really looked as though we sallied forth with the intention of having a sharp skirmish.

Our way lay through the Via Dolorosa, and through St. Stephen's Gate, past the Mount of Olives, over hill and dale. Every where the scene was alike barren. At first we still saw many fruit-trees and olive-trees in bloom, and even vines, but of flowers or grass there was not a trace; the trees, however, stood green and fresh, in spite of the heat of the atmosphere and the total lack of rain. This luxuriance may partly be owing to the coolness and dampness which reigns during the night in tropical countries, quickening and renewing the whole face of nature.

The goal of our journey for to-day lay about eight miles distant from Jerusalem. It was the Greek convent of "St. Saba in the Waste." The appellation already indicates that the region around becomes more and more sterile, until at length not a single tree or shrub can be detected. Throughout the whole expanse not the lowliest human habitation was to be seen. We only passed a horde of Bedouins, who had erected their sooty-black tents in the dry bed of a river. A few goats, horses, and asses climbed about the declivities, laboriously searching for herbs or roots.

About half an hour before we reach the convent we enter upon the wilderness in which our Saviour fasted forty days, and was afterwards "tempted of the devil." Vegetation here entirely ceases; not a shrub nor a root appears; and the bed of the brook Cedron is completely dry. This river only flows during the rainy season, at which period it runs through a deep ravine. Majestic rocky terraces, piled one above the other by nature with such exquisite symmetry that the beholder gazes in silent wonder, overhang both banks of the stream in the form of galleries.

A silence of death brooded over the whole landscape, broken only by the footfalls of our horses echoing sullenly from the

rocks, among which the poor animals struggled heavily forward. At intervals some little birds fluttered above our heads, silently and fearfully, as though they had lost their way. At length we turn sharply round an angle of the road,—and what a surprise awaits us! A large handsome building, surrounded by a very strong fortified wall, pierced for cannon in several places, lies spread before us near the bed of the river, and rises in the form of terraces towards the brow of the hill. From the position we occupied, we could see over the whole extent of wall from without and from within. Fortified as it was, it lay open before our gaze. Several buildings, and in front of all a church with a small cupola, told us plainly that St. Saba lay stretched below.

On the farther bank, seven or eight hundred paces from the convent, rose a single square tower, apparently of great strength. I little thought that I should soon become much better acquainted with this isolated building.

The priests had observed our procession winding down the hill, and at the first knocking the gate was opened. Masters, servants, Arabs, and Bedouins, all passed through; but when my turn came, the cry was, “Shut the gate!” and I was shut out, with the prospect of passing the night in the open air,—a thing which would have been rather disagreeable, considering how unsafe the neighbourhood was. At length, however, a lay brother appeared, and, pointing to the tower, gave me to understand that I should be lodged there. He procured a ladder from the convent, and went with me to the tower; where we mounted by its aid to a little low doorway of iron. My conductor pushed this open, and we crept in. The interior of the tower seemed spacious enough. A wooden staircase led us farther upwards to two tiny rooms, situated about the centre of the tower. One of these apartments, dimly lighted by the rays of a lamp, contained a small altar; and served as a chapel, while the second was used as a sleeping-room for female pilgrims. A wooden divan was the only piece of furniture this room contained. My con-

ductor now took his leave, promising to return in a short time with some provisions, a bolster, and a coverlet for me.

So now I was at least sheltered for the night, and guarded like a captive princess by bolt and bar. I could not even have fled had I wished to do so, for my leader had locked the creaking door behind him, and taken away the ladder. After carefully examining the chapel and my neatly-furnished apartment in this dreary prison-house, I mounted the staircase, and gained the summit of the tower. Here I had a splendid view of the country round about, my elevated position enabling me distinctly to trace the greater part of the desert, with its several rows of hills and mountains skirting the horizon. All these hills were alike barren and naked; not a tree nor a shrub, not a human habitation, could I discover. Silence lay heavily on every thing around, and it seemed to me almost as though no earth might here nourish a green tree, but that the place was ordained to remain a desert, as a lasting memorial of our Saviour's fasting. Unheeded by human eye, the sun sank beneath the mountains; I was, perhaps, the only mortal here who was watching its beautiful declining tints. Deeply moved by the scene around me, I fell on my knees, to offer up my prayers and praise to the Almighty, here in the rugged grandeur of the desert.

But I had only to turn away from the death-like silence, and to cast my eye towards the convent as it lay spread out before me, to view once more the bustle and turmoil of life. In the courtyard the Bedouins and Arabs were employed in ministering to the wants of their horses, bringing them water and food; beyond these a group of men was seen spreading mats on the ground, while others, with their faces bowed to the earth, were adoring, with other forms of prayer, the Omnipotent Spirit whose protection I had so lately invoked; others, again, were washing their hands and feet as a preparation for offering up their worship; priests and lay brethren passed hastily across the courtyard, busied in preparations for entertaining and lodging the numerous

guests ; while some of my fellow-travellers stood apart, in earnest conversation, and Mr. B. and Count Salm Reifferscheit reclined in a quiet spot and made sketches of the convent. Had a painter been standing on my tower, what a picture of the building might he not have drawn as the wild Arab and the thievish Bedouin leant quietly beside the peaceful priest and the curious European ! Many a pleasant recollection of this evening have I borne away with me.

I was very unwilling to leave the battlements of the tower ; but the increasing darkness at length drove me back into my chamber. Shortly afterwards a priest and a lay brother appeared, and with them Mr. Bartlett. The priest's errand was to bring me my supper and bedding, and my English fellow-traveller had kindly come to inquire if I would have a few servants as a guard, as it must be rather a dreary thing to pass a night quite alone in that solitary tower. I was much flattered by Mr. Bartlett's politeness to a total stranger, but, summoning all my courage, replied that I was not in the least afraid. Thereupon they all took their leave ; I heard the door creak, the bolt was drawn, and the ladder removed, and I was left to my meditations for the night.

After a good night's rest, I rose with the sun, and had been waiting some time before my warder appeared with the coffee for my breakfast. He afterwards accompanied me to the convent gate, where my companions greeted me with high praises ; some of them even confessed that they would not like to pass a solitary night as I had done.

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## CHAPTER IX.

Ride through the wilderness to the Dead Sea—The Dead Sea—The river Jordan—Horde of Bedouins—Arab horses—The Sultan's well—Bivouac in the open air—Return to Jerusalem—Bethany—Departure from Jerusalem—Jacob's grave—Nablus or Sichem—Sebasta—Costume of Samaritan women—Plain of Esdralon—Sagun.

June 8th.

AT five o'clock in the morning we departed, and bent our course towards the Dead Sea. After a ride of two hours we could see it, apparently at such a short distance, that we thought half an hour at the most would bring us there. But the road wound betwixt the mountains, sometimes ascending, sometimes descending, so that it took us another two hours to reach the shore of the lake. All around us was sand. The rocks seem pulverised; we ride through a labyrinth of monotonous sand-heaps and sand-hills, behind which the robber-tribes of Arabs and Bedouins frequently lurk, making this part of the journey exceedingly unsafe.

Before we reach the shore, we ride across a plain consisting, like the rest, of deep sand, so that the horses sink to the fetlocks at every step. On the whole of our way we had not met with a single human being, with the exception of the horde of Bedouins whom we had found encamped in the river-bed: this was a fortunate circumstance for us, for the people whom the traveller meets during these journeys are generally unable to resist the temptation of seizing upon his goods, so that broken bones are frequently the result of such meetings.

The day was very hot (33° Reaum). We encamped in the hot sand on the shore, under the shelter of our parasols, and made our breakfast of hard-boiled eggs, a piece of bad bread, and some lukewarm water. I tasted the sea-water, and found it much more

bitter, salt, and pungent than any I have met with elsewhere. We all dipped our hands into the lake, and afterwards suffered the heat of the air to dry them without having first rinsed them with fresh water; not one of us had to complain that this brought forth an itching or an eruption on our hands, as many travellers have asserted. The temperature of the water was  $33^{\circ}$  Reaum.; in colour it is a pale green. Near the shore the water is to a certain extent transparent; but as it deepens it seems turbid, and the eye can no longer pierce the surface. We could not even see far across the water, for a light mist seemed to rest upon it, thus preventing us from forming a good estimate of its breadth.

To judge from what we could distinguish, however, the Dead Sea does not appear to be very broad; it may rather be termed an oblong *lake*, shut in by mountains, than a *sea*. Not the slightest sign of life can be detected in the water; not a ripple disturbs its sleeping surface. A boat of any kind is of course quite out of the question. Some years since, however, an Englishman made an attempt to navigate this lake; for this purpose he caused a boat to be built, but did not progress far in his undertaking,—a sickness came upon him, he was carried to Jerusalem, and died soon after he had made the experiment. It is rather a remarkable fact that, up to the present moment, no Englishman has been found who was sufficiently weary of his life to imitate his countryman's attempt.

Stunted fragments of drift-wood, most probably driven to shore by tempests, lay scattered every where around. We could, however, discover no fields of salt; neither did we see smoke rising, or find the exhalations from the sea unpleasant. These phenomena are perhaps observed at a different season of the year to that in which I visited the Dead Sea. On the other hand, I saw not only separate birds, but sometimes even flights of twelve or fifteen. Vegetation also existed here to a certain extent. Not far from the shore, I noticed, in a little ravine, a group of eight acicular-leaved trees. On this plain there were also some wild shrubs bearing capers, and a description of tall shrub, not unlike our bramble,





THE DEAD SEA.



bearing a plentiful crop of red berries, very juicy and sweet. We all ate largely of them; and I was the more surprised at finding these plants here, as I had found it uniformly stated that animal and vegetable life was wholly extinct on the shores of the Dead Sea.

Five cities, of which not a trace now remains, once lay in the plain now filled by this sea—their names were Sodom, Gomorrah, Adama, Zeboin, and Zona. A feeling of painful emotion, mingled with awe, took possession of my soul as I thought of the past, and saw how the works of proud and mighty nations had vanished away, leaving behind them only a name and a memory. It was a relief to me when we prepared, after an hour's rest, to quit this scene of dreary desolation.

For about an hour and a half we rode through an enormous waste covered with trailing weeds, towards the verdant banks of the Jordan, which are known from a distance by the beautiful blooming green of the meadows that surround it. We halted in the so-called "Jordan-vale," where our Saviour was baptised by St. John.

The water of the Jordan is of a dingy clay-colour; its course is very rapid. The breadth of this stream can scarcely exceed twenty-five feet, but its depth is said to be considerable. The moment our Arab companions reached the bank, they flung themselves, heated as they were, into the river. Most of the gentlemen followed their example, but less precipitately. I was fain to be content with washing my face, hands, and feet. We all drank to our hearts' content, for it was long since we had obtained water so cool and fresh. I filled several tin bottles, which I had brought with me for this purpose from Jerusalem, with water from the Jordan, and had them soldered down on my return to the Holy City. This is the only method with which I am acquainted for conveying water to the farthest countries without its turning putrid.

We halted for a few hours beneath the shady trees, and then pursued our journey across the plain. Suddenly a disturbance

arose among our Arab protectors ; they spoke very anxiously with one another, and continually pointed to some distant object. On inquiring the reason why they were so disturbed, we were told that they saw robbers. We strained our eyes in vain ; even with the help of good spy-glasses we could discover nothing, and already began to suspect our escort of having cried " wolf " without reason, or merely to convince us that we had not taken them with us for nothing. But in about a quarter of an hour we could dimly discern figures emerging, one by one, from the far, far distance. Our Bedouins prepared for the combat, and advised us to take the opposite road while they advanced to encounter the enemy. But all the gentlemen wished to take part in the expedition, and joined the Bedouins, lusting for battle. The whole cavalcade rode off at a rapid pace, leaving Count Berchtold and myself behind. But when our steeds saw their companions galloping off in such fiery style, they scorned to remain idly behind, and without consulting our inclinations in the least, they ran off at a pace which fairly took away our breath. The more we attempted to restrain their headlong course, the more rapidly did they pursue their career, so that there appeared every prospect of our becoming the first, instead of the last, among the company. But when the enemy saw such a determined troop advancing to oppose them, they hurried off without awaiting our onset, and left us masters of the field. So we returned in triumph to our old course ; when suddenly a wild boar, with its hopeful family, rushed across our path. Away we all went in chase of the poor animals. Count Wratishaw succeeded in cutting down one of the young ones with his sabre, and it was solemnly delivered up to the cook. No further obstacles opposed themselves to our march, and we reached our resting-place for the night without adventure of any kind.

On this occasion I had an opportunity of seeing how the Arabs can manage their horses, and how they can throw their spears and lances in full career, and pick up the lances as they fly by. The horses, too, appear quite different to when they are travelling at

their usual sleepy pace. At first sight these horses look any thing but handsome. They are thin, and generally walk at a slow pace, with their heads hanging down. But when skilful riders mount these creatures, they appear as if transformed. Lifting their small graceful heads with the fiery eyes, they throw out their slender feet with matchless swiftness, and bound away over stock and stone with a step so light and yet so secure that accidents very rarely occur. It is quite a treat to see the Arabs exercise. Those who escorted us good-naturedly went through several of their manœuvres for our amusement.

From the valley of the Jordan to the "Sultan's Well," in the vale of Jericho, is a distance of about six miles. The road winds, from the commencement of the valley, through a beautiful natural park of fig-trees and other fruit-trees. Here, too, was the first spot where the eye was gladdened by the sight of a piece of grass, instead of sand and shingle. Such a change is doubly grateful to one who has been travelling so long through the barren, sandy desert.

The village lying beside the Sultan's Well looks most deplorable. The inhabitants seem rather to live under than above the ground. I went into a few of these *hollows*. I do not know how else to designate these little stoneheap-houses. Many of them are entirely destitute of windows, the light finding its way through the hole left for an entrance. The interiors contained only straw-mats and a few dirty mattresses, not stuffed with feathers, but with leaves of trees. All the domestic utensils are comprised in a few trenchers and water-jugs: the poor people were clothed in rags. In one corner some grain and a number of cucumbers were stored up. A few sheep and goats were roaming about in the open air. A field of cucumbers lies in front of every house. Our Bedouins were in high glee at finding this valuable vegetable in such abundance. We encamped beside the well, under the vault of heaven.

From the appearance of the valley in its present state, it is easy to conclude, in spite of the poverty of the inhabitants and the

air of desolation spread over the farther landscape, that it must once have been very blooming and fertile.

On the right, the naked mountains extend in the direction of the Dead Sea; on the left rises the hill on which Moses completed his earthly career, and from which his great spirit fled to a better world. On the face of the mountain three caves are visible, and in the centre one we were told the Saviour had dwelt during his preparation in the wilderness before undertaking his mission of a teacher. High above these caves towers the summit of the rock from which Satan promised to give our Lord the sovereignty of all the earth if He would fall down and worship him.

Baron Wrede, Mr. Bartlett, and myself were desirous of seeing the interior of one of these caves, and started with this intention; but no sooner did one of our Bedouins perceive what we were about, than he came running up in hot haste to assure us that the whole neighbourhood was unsafe. We therefore turned back, the more willingly as the twilight, or rather sunset, was already approaching.

Twilight in these latitudes is of very short duration. At sunrise the shades of night are changed into the blaze of day as suddenly as the daylight vanishes into night.

Our supper consisted of rather a smoky pilau, which we nevertheless relished exceedingly; for people who have eaten nothing throughout the day but a couple of hard-boiled eggs are seldom fastidious about their fare at night. Besides, we had now beautiful fresh water from the spring, and cucumbers in abundance, though without vinegar or oil. But to what purpose would the unnatural mixture have been? Whoever wishes to travel should first strive to disencumber himself of what is artificial, and then he will get on capitally. The ground was our bed, and the dark blue ether, with its myriads of stars, our canopy. On this journey we had not taken a tent with us.

The aspect of the heavens is most beautiful here in Syria. By day the whole firmament is of a clear azure—not a cloud sullies

its perfect brightness ; and at night it seems spangled with a far greater number of stars than in our northern climes.

Count Zichy ordered the servants to call us betimes in the morning, in order that we might set out before sunrise. For once the servants obeyed ; in fact they more than obeyed, for they roused us before midnight, and we began our march. So long as we kept to the plain, all went well ; but whenever we were obliged to climb a mountain, one horse after another began to stumble and to stagger, so that we were in continual danger of falling. Under these circumstances it was unanimously resolved that we should halt beneath the next declivity, and there await the coming daylight.

June 9th.

At four o'clock the reveille was beaten for the second time. We had now slept for three hours in the immediate neighbourhood of the Dead Sea, a circumstance of which we were not aware until daybreak : not one of our party had noticed any noxious exhalation arising from the water ; still less had we been seized with headache or nausea, an effect stated by several travellers to be produced by the smell of the Dead Sea.

Our journey homewards now progressed rapidly, though for three or four hours we were obliged to travel over most formidable mountain-roads and through crooked ravines. In one of the valleys we again came upon a Bedouin's camp. We rode up to the tents and asked for a draught of water, instead of which these people very kindly gave us some dishes of excellent buttermilk. In all my life I never partook of any thing with so keen a relish as that with which I drank this cooling beverage after my fatiguing ride in the burning heat. Count Zichy offered our entertainers some money, but they would not take it. The chief stepped forward and shook several of us by the hand in token of friendship ; for from the moment when a stranger has broken bread with Bedouins or Arabs, or has applied to them for protection, he is not only safe among their tribe, but they would defend him with

life and limb from the attacks of his enemies. Still it is not advisable to meet them on the open plain ; so contradictory are their manners and customs.

We were now advancing with great strides towards a more animated, if not a more picturesque landscape, and frequently met and overtook small caravans. One of these had been attacked the previous evening ; the poor Arabs had offered a brave resistance, and had beaten off the foe ; but one of them was lying half dead upon his camel, with a ghastly shot-wound in his head.

Nimble long-eared goats were diligently searching among the rocks for their scanty food, and a few grottoes or huts of stone announced to us the proximity of a little town or village. Right thankful were we to emerge safely from these fearful deserts into a less sterile and more populous region.

We passed through Bethany, and I visited the cave in which it is said that Lazarus slumbered before he came forth alive at the voice of the Redeemer. Then we journeyed on to Jerusalem by the same road on which the Saviour travelled when the Jewish people shewed their attachment and respect, for the last time, by strewing olive and palm branches in his way. How soon was this scene of holy rejoicing changed to the ghastly spectacle of the Redeemer's torture and death !

Towards two o'clock in the afternoon we arrived safely at Jerusalem, and were greeted with a hearty welcome by our kind hosts.

A few days after my return from the foregoing excursion, I left Jerusalem for ever. A calm and peaceful feeling of happiness filled my breast ; and ever shall I be thankful to the Almighty that He has vouchsafed me to behold these realms. Is this happiness dearly purchased by the dangers, fatigues, and privations attendant upon it ? Surely not. And what, indeed, are all the ills that chequer our existence here below to the woes endured by the blessed Founder of our religion ! The remembrance of these holy places, and of Him who lived and suffered here, shall surely



strengthen and console me wherever I may be and whatever I may be called upon to endure.

FROM JERUSALEM TO BEYROUT.

My gentleman-protectors wished to journey from Jerusalem to Beyrout by land, and intended taking a circuitous route, by way of Nazareth, Galilee, Canaan, &c., in order to visit as many of these places as possible, which are fraught with such interest to us Christians. They were once more kind enough to admit me into their party, and the 11th of June was fixed for our departure.

June 11th.

Quitting Jerusalem at three o'clock in the afternoon, we emerged from the Damascus Gate, and entered a large elevated plateau. Though this region is essentially a stony one, I saw several stubble-fields, and even a few scanty blades of grass.

The view is very extended; at a distance of four miles the walls of Jerusalem were still in view, till at length the road curved round a hill, and the Holy City was for ever hidden from our sight.

On the left of the road, an old church, said to have been erected in the days of Samuel, stands upon a hill.

At six in the evening we reached the little village of Bir, and fixed our halting-place for the night in a neighbouring stubble-field. During my first journey by land (I mean my ride from Joppa to Jerusalem), I had already had a slight foretaste of what is to be endured by the traveller in these regions. Whoever is not very hardy and courageous, and insensible to hunger, thirst, heat, and cold; whoever cannot sleep on the hard ground, or even on stones, passing the cold nights under the open sky,—should not pursue his journey farther than from Joppa to Jerusalem: for, as we proceed, the fatigues become greater and less endurable, and the roads are more formidable to encounter; besides this, the food is so bad

that we only eat from fear of starvation ; and the only water we can get to drink is lukewarm, and offensive from the leathern jars in which it is kept.

We usually rode for six or seven hours at a time without alighting even for a moment, though the thermometer frequently stood at from 30° to 34° Reaumur. Afterwards we rested for an hour at the most ; and this halt was often made in the open plain, where not a tree was in sight. Refreshment was out of the question, either for the riders or the poor beasts, and frequently we had not even water to quench our burning thirst. The horses were compelled to labour unceasingly from sunrise until evening, without even receiving a feed during the day's journey. The Arabian horse is the only one capable of enduring so much hardship. In the evening these poor creatures are relieved of their burdens, but very seldom of the saddle ; for the Arabs assert that it is less dangerous for the horse to bear the saddle day and night, than that it should be exposed when heated by the day's toil to the cold night-air. Bridles, saddles, and stirrups were all in such bad condition that we were in continual danger of falling to the ground, saddle and all. In fact, this misfortune happened to many of our party, but luckily it was never attended with serious results.

June 12th.

The night was very chilly ; although we slept in a tent, our thick cloaks scarcely sufficed to shield us from the night-air. In the morning the fog was so dense that we could not see thirty paces before us. Towards eight o'clock it rolled away, and a few hours later the heat of the sun began to distress us greatly. It is scarcely possible to guard too carefully against the effects of the heat ; the head should in particular be kept always covered, as carelessness in this respect may bring on *coup de soleil*. I always wore two pocket handkerchiefs round my head, under my straw hat, and continually used a parasol.

From Bir to Jabrud, where we rested for a few hours, we travelled for six hours through a monotonous and sterile country. We had still a good four hours' ride before us to Nablus, our resting-place for the night.

The roads here are bad beyond conception, so that at first the stranger despairs of passing them either on foot or on horseback. Frequently the way leads up hill and down dale, over great masses of rock; and I was truly surprised at the strength and agility of our poor horses, which displayed extraordinary sagacity in picking out the little ledges on which they could place their feet safely in climbing from rock to rock. Sometimes we crossed smooth slabs of stone, where the horses were in imminent danger of slipping; at others, the road led us past frightful chasms, the sight of which was sufficient to make me dizzy. I had read many accounts of these roads, and was prepared to find them bad enough; but my expectations were far surpassed by the reality. All that the traveller can do is to trust in Providence, and abandon himself to fate and to the sagacity of his horse.

An hour and a half before we reached the goal of this day's journey, we passed the grave of the patriarch Jacob. Had our attention not been particularly drawn to this monument, we should have ridden by without noticing it, for a few scattered blocks of stone are all that remain. A little farther on we enter the Samaritan territory, and here is "Jacob's well," where our Saviour held converse with the woman of Samaria. The masonry of the well has altogether vanished, but the spring still gushes forth from a rock.

Nablus, the ancient Sichem, the chief town of Samaria, contains four thousand inhabitants, and is reputed to be one of the most ancient towns in Palestine. It is surrounded by a strong wall, and consists of a long and very dirty street. We rode through the town from one end to the other, and past the poor-looking bazaar, where nothing struck me but the sight of some fresh figs, which were at this early season already exposed for

sale. Of course we bought the fruit at once; but it had a very bad flavour.

A number of soldiers are seen in all the towns. They are Arnauts, a wild, savage race of men, who appear to be regarded with more dread by the inhabitants than the wandering tribes whose incursions they are intended to repress.

We pitched our tents on a little hill immediately outside the town. Few things are more disagreeable to the traveller than being compelled to bivouac near a town or village in the East. All the inhabitants, both young and old, flock round in order to examine the European caravan, which is a most unusual sight for them, as closely as possible. They frequently even crowd into the tents, and it becomes necessary to expel the intruders almost by main force. Not only are strangers excessively annoyed at being thus made a gazing-stock, but they also run a risk of being plundered.

Our cook had the good fortune to obtain a kid only three or four days old, which was immediately killed and at once boiled with rice. We made a most sumptuous meal, for it was seldom we could get such good fare.

June 13th.

The morning sun found us already on horseback; we rode through the whole of the beautiful valley at the entrance of which Nablus lies. The situation of this town is very charming. The valley is not broad, and does not exceed a mile and a half in length; it is completely surrounded with low hills. The mountain on the right is called Ebal, and that on the left Grissim. The latter is celebrated as being the meeting-place of the twelve tribes of Israel under Joshua; they there consulted upon the means of conquering the land of Canaan.

The whole valley is sufficiently fertile; even the hills are in some instances covered to their summits with olive, fig, lemon, and orange trees. Some little brooks, clear as crystal, bubble

through the beautiful plain. We were frequently compelled to ride through the water; but all the streams are at this season of the year so shallow, that our horses' hoofs were scarcely covered.

After gaining the summit of the neighbouring hill, we turned round with regret to look our last on this valley; seldom has it been my lot to behold a more charming picture of blooming vegetation.

Two hours more brought us to Sebasta, the ancient Samaria, which also lies on a lovely hill, though for beauty of situation it is not to be compared with Nablus. Sebasta is a wretched village. The ruins of the convent built on the place where St. John the Baptist was beheaded were here pointed out to us; but even of the ruins there are few traces left.

Two hours later we reached Djenin, and had now entered the confines of Galilee. Though this province, perhaps, no longer smiles with the rich produce it displayed in the days of old, it still affords a strong contrast to Judæa. Here we again find hedges of the Indian fig-tree, besides palms and large expanses of field; but for flowers and meadows we still search in vain.

The costume of the Samaritan and Galilean women appears as monotonous as it is poor and dirty. They wear only a long dark-blue gown, and the only difference to be observed in their dress is that some muffle their faces and others do not. It would be no loss if all wore veils; for so few pretty women and girls are to be discovered, that they might be searched for, like the honest man of Diogenes, with a lantern. The women have all an ugly brown complexion, their hair is matted, and their busts lack the rounded fulness of the Turkish women. They have a custom of ornamenting both sides of the head, from the crown to the chin, with a row of silver coins; and those women who do not muffle their faces usually wear as he ad-dress a handkerchief of blue linen.

Djenin is a dirty little town, which we only entered in consequence of having been told that we should behold the place

where Queen Jezebel fell from the window and was devoured by dogs. Both window and palace have almost vanished; but dogs, who look even now as though they could relish such royal prey, are seen prowling about the streets. Not only in Constantinople, but in every city of Syria we found these wild dogs; they were, however, nowhere so numerous as in the imperial city.

We halted for an hour or two outside the town, beside a coffee-house, and threw ourselves on the ground beneath the open sky. A kind of hearth made of masonry, on which hot water was continually in readiness, stood close by, and near it some mounds of earth had been thrown up to serve as divans. A ragged boy was busy pounding coffee, while his father, the proprietor of the concern, concocted the cheering beverage, and handed it round to the guests. Straw-mats were spread for our accommodation on the earthen divans, and without being questioned we were immediately served with coffee and argilé. In the background stood a large and lofty stable of brickwork, which might have belonged to a great European inn.

After recruiting ourselves here a little, we once more set forth to finish our day's journey. Immediately after leaving the town, a remarkably fine view opens before us over the great elevated plain Esdralon, to the magnificent range of mountains enclosing this immense plateau. In the far distance they shewed us Mount Carmel, and, somewhat nearer, Mount Tabor. Here, too, the mountains are mostly barren, without, however, being entirely composed of naked masses of rock. Mount Tabor, standing entirely alone and richly clothed with vegetation, has a very fine appearance.

For nearly two hours we rode across the plain of Esdralon, and had thus ample leisure to meditate upon the great events that have occurred here. It is difficult to imagine a grander battlefield, and we can readily believe that in such a plain whole nations may have struggled for victory. From the time of Nabucodonosor

to the period of the Crusades, and from the days of the Crusades to those of Napoleon, armies of men from all nations have assembled here to fight for their real or imaginary rights, or for the glory of conquest.

The great and continuous heat had cracked and burst the ground on this plain to such a degree, that we were in continual apprehension lest our horses should catch their feet in one or other of the fissures, and strain or even break them. The soil of the plain seems very good, and is free from stones; it appears, however, generally to lie fallow, being thickly covered with weeds and wild artichokes. The villages are seen in the far distance near the mountains. This plain forms part of Canaan.

We pitched our camp for the night beside a little cistern, near the wretched village of Lagun; and thus slept, for the third night consecutively, on the hard earth.

June 14th.

To-day we rode for an hour across the plain of Esdralon, and once more suffered dreadfully from the stings of the minute gnats which had annoyed us so much on our journey from Joppa to Ramla. These plagues did not leave us until we had partly ascended the mountains skirting the plain, from the summit of which we could see Nazareth, prettily built on a hill at the entrance of a fruitful valley. In the background rises the beautiful Mount Tabor.

From the time we first see Nazareth until we reach the town is a ride of an hour and a half; thus the journey from Lagun to Nazareth occupies four hours and a half, and the entire distance from Jerusalem twenty-six or twenty-seven hours.

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## CHAPTER X.

Arrival at Nazareth—Franciscan convent—Tabarith—Mount Tabor—Lake of Gennesareth—Baths—Mount Carmel—Grotto of the prophet Elijah—Acre—The pacha's harem—Oriental women—Their listlessness and ignorance—Sur or Tyre.

IT was only nine o'clock when we reached Nazareth, and repaired to the house for strangers in the Franciscan convent, where the priests welcomed us very kindly. As soon as we had made a short survey of our rooms (which resulted in our finding them very like those at Jerusalem, both as regards appearance and arrangement), we set forth once more to visit all the remarkable places, and above all the church which contains the Grotto of Annunciation. This church, to which we were accompanied by a clergyman, was built by St. Helena, and is of no great size. In the background a staircase leads down into the grotto, where it is asserted that the Virgin Mary received the Lord's message from the angel. Three little pillars of granite are still to be seen in this grotto. The lower part of one of these pillars was broken away by the Turks, so that it is only fastened from above. On the strength of this circumstance many have averred that the pillar hangs suspended in air! Had these men but looked beyond their noses, had they only cast their eyes upwards, they could not have had the face to preach a miracle where it is so palpable that none exists. A picture on the wall, not badly executed, represents the Annunciation. The house of the Virgin is not shewn here, because, according to the legend, an angel carried it away to Loretto in Italy. A few steps lead to another grotto, affirmed to be the residence of a neighbour of the Virgin, during whose ab-



sence she presided over the house and attended to the duties of the absent Mary.

Another grotto in the town is shewn as "the workshop of Joseph;" it has been left in its primitive state, except that a plain wooden altar has been added. Not far off we find the synagogue where our Lord taught the people, thereby exasperating the Pharisees to such a degree, that they wished to cast Him down from a rock outside the city. In conclusion we were shewn an immense block of stone on which the Saviour is said to have eaten the Pass-over with His disciples (!).

In the afternoon we went to see "Mary's Well," on the road to Tabarith, at a short distance from Nazareth. This well is fenced round with masonry, and affords pure clear water. Hither, it is said, the Virgin came every day to draw water, and here the women and girls of Nazareth may still be daily seen walking to and fro with pitchers on their shoulders. Those whom we saw were all poorly clad, and looked dirty. Many wore no covering on their head, and, what was far worse, their hair hung down in a most untidy manner. Their bright eyes were the only handsome feature these people possessed. The custom of wearing silver coins round the head also prevailed here.

To-day was a day of misfortunes for me; in the morning, when we departed from Lagun, I had already felt unwell. On the road I was seized with violent headache, nausea, and feverish shiverings, so that I hardly thought I should be able to reach Nazareth. The worst of all this was, that I felt obliged to hide my illness, as I had done on our journey to Jerusalem, for fear I should be left behind. The wish to view all the holy places in Nazareth was also so powerful within me, that I made a great effort, and accompanied the rest of my party for the whole day, though I was obliged every moment to retire into the background that my condition might not be observed. But when we went to table, the smell of the viands produced such an effect upon me, that I hastily held my handkerchief before my face as though my

nose were bleeding, and hurried out. Thanks to my sunburnt skin, through which no paleness could penetrate, no one noticed that I was ill. The whole day long I could eat nothing; but towards evening I recovered a little. My appetite now also returned, but unfortunately nothing was to be had but some bad mutton-broth and an omelette made with rancid oil. It is bad enough to be obliged to subsist on such fare when we are in health, but the hardship increases tenfold when we are ill. However, I sent for some bread and wine, and strengthened myself therewith as best I might.

June 15th.

Thanks be to Heaven, I was to-day once more pretty well. In the morning I could already mount my horse and take part in the excursion we desired to make to

#### TABARITH.

Passing Mary's Well and a mountain crowned by some ruins, the remains of ancient Canaan, we ride for about three miles towards the foot of Mount Tabor, the highest summit of which we do not reach for more than an hour. There were no signs of a beaten road, and we were obliged to ride over all obstacles; a course of proceeding which so tired our horses, that in half an hour's time they were quite knocked up, so that we had to proceed on foot. After much toil and hardship, with a great deal of climbing and much suffering from the heat, we gained the summit, and were repaid for the toil of the ascent, not only by the reflection that we stood on classic ground, but also by the beautiful view which lay spread before our eyes. This prospect is indeed magnificent. We overlook the entire plain of Saphed, as far as the shores of the Galilean Sea. Mount Tabor is also known by the name of the "Mountain of Bliss"—here it was that our Lord preached His exquisite "Sermon on the Mount." Of all the hills I have seen in Syria, Mount Tabor is the only one covered to the summit with

oaks and carob-trees. The valleys too are filled with the richest earth, instead of barren sand ; but in spite of all this the population is thin, and the few villages are wretched and puny. The poor inhabitants of Syria are wofully ground down ; the taxes are too high in proportion to the productions of the soil, so that the peasants cannot possibly grow more produce than they require for their own consumption. Thus, for instance, orchards are not taxed in the aggregate, but according to each separate tree. For every olive-tree the owner must pay a piastre, or a piastre and a half ; and the same sum for an orange or lemon tree. And heavily taxed as he is, the poor peasant is never safe in saying, " Such and such a thing belongs to me." The pacha may shift him to another piece of land, or drive him away altogether, if he thinks it advisable to do so ; for a pacha's power in his province is as great as that of the Sultan himself in Constantinople. Porcupines are to be met with on Mount Tabor ; we found several of their fine horny quills.

From the farther side of the mountain we descended into the beautiful and spacious valley of Saphed, the scene of the miracle of the loaves and fishes, and rode on for some hours until we reached Tabarith.

A very striking scene opens before the eyes of the traveller on the last mountain before Tabarith. A lovely landscape lies suddenly unrolled before him. The valley sinks deeply down to the Galilean Sea, round the shores of which a glorious chain of mountains rises in varied and picturesque terrace-like forms. More beautiful than all the rest, towers in snowy grandeur the mighty chain of the Anti-Lebanon, its white surface glittering in the rays of the sun, and distinctly mirrored in the clear bosom of the lake. Deep down lies the little town of Tabarith, shadowed by palm-trees, and guarded by a castle raised a little above it. The unexpected beauty of this scene surprised us so much that we alighted from our horses, and passed more than half an hour on the summit of the mountain, to gaze at our leisure upon the won-

drous picture. Count S. drew a hurried but very successful sketch of the landscape which we all admired so much, though its mountains were naked and bare. But such is the peculiar character of Eastern scenery; in Europe, meadows, alps, and woods exhibit quite a distinct class of natural beauty. In a mountain region of Europe, a sight like the one we were now admiring would scarcely have charmed us so much. But in these regions, poor alike in inhabitants and in scenery, the traveller is contented with little, and a little thing charms him. For instance, would not a plain piece of beef have been a greater luxury to us on our journey than the most costly delicacies at home? Thus we felt also with regard to scenery.

On entering the town we experienced a feeling of painful emotion. Tabarith lay still half in ruins; for the dreadful earthquake of 1839 had made this place one of the chief victims of its fury. How must the town have looked immediately after the calamity, when even now, in spite of the extensive repairs, it appears almost like a heap of ruins! We saw some houses that had completely fallen in; others were very much damaged, with large cracks in the walls, and shattered terraces and towers: every where, in short, we wandered among ruins. Above 4000 persons, more than half of the entire population, are said to have perished by this earthquake.

We alighted at the house of a Jewish doctor, who entertains strangers, as there is no inn at Tabarith. I was quite surprised to find every thing so clean and neat in this man's house. The little rooms were simply but comfortably furnished, the small courtyard was flagged with large stones, and round the walls of the hall were ranged narrow benches with soft cushions. We were greatly astonished at this appearance of neatness and order; but our wonder rose when we made the discovery that the Jews, who are very numerous at Tabarith, are not clothed in the Turkish or Greek fashion, but quite like their brethren in Poland and Galicia. Most of them also spoke German. I immediately

inquired the reason of this peculiarity, and was informed that all the Jewish families resident in this town originally came from Poland or Russia, with the intention of dying in the Promised Land. As a rule, all Jews seem to cherish a warm desire to pass their last days in the country of their forefathers, and to be buried there.

We requested our young hostess, whose husband was absent, to prepare for us without delay a good quantity of pilau and fowls; adding, that we would in the mean time look at the town and the neighbouring baths at the Sea of Gennesareth, but that we should return in an hour and a half at the most.

We then proceeded to the Sea of Gennesareth, which is a fresh-water lake. We entered a fisherman's boat, in order that we might sail on the waters where our Lord had once bid the winds "be still." We were rowed to the warm springs, which rise near the shore, a few hundred paces from the town. On the lake all was calm; but no sooner had we landed than a storm arose—between the fishermen and ourselves. In this country, if strangers neglect to bargain beforehand for every stage with guides, porters, and people of this description, they are nearly sure of being charged an exorbitant sum in the end. This happened to us on our present little trip, which certainly did not occupy more than half an hour. We took our seats in the boat without arranging for the fares; and on disembarking offered the fishermen a very handsome reward. But these worthies threw down the money, and demanded thirty piastres; whereas, if we had bargained with them at first, they would certainly not have asked ten. We gave them fifteen piastres, to get rid of them; but this did not satisfy their greediness; on the contrary, they yelled and shouted, until the Count's servants threatened to restore peace and quietness with their sticks. At length the fishermen were so far brought to their senses that they walked away, scolding and muttering as they went.

Adjoining the warm springs we found a bathing-house, built in

a round form and covered with a cupola. Here we also met a considerable number of pilgrims, mostly Greeks and Armenians from the neighbourhood, who were journeying to Jerusalem. They had encamped beside the bathing-house. Half of these people were in the water, where a most animated conversation was going on. We also wished to enter the building, not for the purpose of bathing, but to view the beauty and arrangements of the interior, which have been the subject of many laudatory descriptions; but at the entrance such a cloud of vapour came rolling towards us that we were unable to penetrate far. I saw enough, however, to feel convinced, that in the description of these baths poetry or exaggeration had led many a pen far beyond the bounds of fact. Neither the exterior of this building, nor the cursory glance I was enabled to throw into the interior, excited either my curiosity or my astonishment. Seen from without, these baths resemble a small-sized house built in a very mediocre style, and with very slender claims to beauty. The interior displayed a large quantity of marble,—for instance, in the floor, the sides of the bath, &c. But marble is not such a rarity in this country that it can raise this bathing-kiosk into a wonder-building, or render it worthy of more than a passing glance. I endeavour to see every thing exactly as it stands before me, and to describe it in my simple diary without addition or ornament.

At eight o'clock in the evening we returned tired and hungry to our comfortable quarters, flattering ourselves that we should find the plain supper we had ordered a few hours before smoking on the covered table, ready for our arrival. But neither in the hall nor in the chamber could we find even a table, much less a *covered* one. Half dead with exhaustion, we threw ourselves on chairs and benches, looking forward with impatience to the supper and the welcome rest that was to follow it. Messenger after messenger was despatched to the culinary regions, to inquire if the boiled fowls were not yet in an eatable condition. Each time we were promised that supper would be ready “in a quarter of

an hour," and each time nothing came of it. At length, at ten o'clock, a table was brought into the room; after some time a single chair appeared, and then one more; then came another interval of waiting, until at length a clean table-cloth was laid. These arrivals occupied the time until eleven o'clock, when the master of the house, who had been absent on an excursion, made his appearance, and with him came a puny roast fowl. No miracle, alas, took place at our table like that of the plain of Saphed; we were but seven persons, and so the fowl need only have been increased seven times to satisfy us all; but as it was, each person received one rib and no more. Our supper certainly consisted of several courses brought in one after the other. Had we known this, we certainly should soon have arranged the matter, for then each person would have appropriated the whole of a dish to himself. In the space of an hour and a quarter nine or ten little dishes made their appearance; but the portion of food contained in each was so small, that our supper may be said to have consisted of a variety of "tastes." We would greatly have preferred two good-sized dishes to all these kickshaws. The dishes were, a roast, a boiled, and a baked chicken, a little plate of prepared cucumbers, an equally small portion of this vegetable in a raw state, a little pilau, and a few small pieces of mutton.

Our host kindly provided food for the mind during supper by describing to us a series of horrible scenes which had occurred at the time of the earthquake. He, too, had lost his wife and children by this calamity, and only owed his own life to the circumstance that he was absent at a sick-bed when the earthquake took place.

Half an hour after midnight we at length sought our resting-places. The doctor very kindly gave up his three little bedrooms to us, but the heat was so oppressive that we preferred quartering ourselves on the stones in the yard. They made a very hard bed, but we none of us felt symptoms of indigestion after our sumptuous meal.

June 16th.

\* At five o'clock in the morning we took leave of our host, and returned in six hours to Nazareth by the same road on which we had already travelled. We did not, however, ascend Mount Tabor a second time, but rode along beside its base. To-day I once more visited all the spots I had seen when I was so ill two days before; in this pursuit I passed some very agreeable hours.

June 17th.

In the morning, at half-past four, we once more bade farewell to the worthy priests of Nazareth, and rode without stopping for nine hours and a half, until at two o'clock we reached

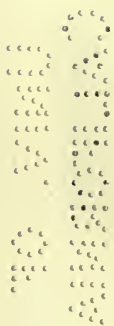
## MOUNT CARMEL.

It was long since we had travelled on such a good road as that on which we journeyed to-day. Now and then, however, a piece truly Syrian in character had to be encountered, probably lest we should lose the habit of facing hardship and danger. Another comfort was that we were not obliged to-day to endure thirst, as we frequently passed springs of good clear water. At one time our way even led through a small oak-wood, a phenomenon almost unprecedented in Syria. There was certainly not a single tree in all the wood which a painter might have chosen for a study, for they were all small and crippled. Large leafy trees, like those in my own land, are very seldom seen in this country. The carob, which grows here in abundance, is almost the only handsome tree; it has a beautiful leaf, scarcely larger than that of a rose-tree, of an oval form, as thick as the back of a knife, and of a beautiful bright green colour.

Mount Carmel lies on the sea-shore. It is not high, and half an hour suffices the traveller to reach its summit, which is crowned by a spacious and beautiful convent, probably the handsomest in all Palestine, not even excepting the monasteries at Nazareth and







Jerusalem. The main front of the building contains a suite of six or seven large rooms, with folding-doors and lofty regular windows. These rooms, together with several in the wings, are devoted to the reception of strangers. They are arranged in European style, with very substantial pieces of furniture, among which neither sofas nor useful chests of drawers are wanting.

About an hour after we arrived our reverend hosts regaled us with a more sumptuous meal than any of which I had partaken since my departure from Constantinople.

In proportion as our fare had been meagre and our accommodation indifferent at Nazareth and Jerusalem, did we find every thing here excellent. In an elegant dining-room stood a large table covered with a fine white cloth, on which cut glass and *clean* knives, forks, and china plates gleamed invitingly. A servant in European garb placed some capital fast-day fare on the table (it was Friday), and a polite priest kept us company; but not in eating, for he rightly considered that such a hungry company would not require any example to fall to.

During the whole remainder of our journey through Syria this convent occupied a green spot in our memory. How capitally would a few days' rest here have recruited our strength! But the gentlemen had a distant goal before their eyes, and "Forward!" was still the cry.

After dinner we went down to the sea-shore, to visit the large grotto called the "Prophets' school." This grotto has really the appearance of a lofty and spacious hall, where a number of disciples could have sat and listened to the words of the prophet.

The grotto in which Elijah is said to have lived is situated in a church at the top of the mountain. Mount Carmel is quite barren, being only covered here and there with brambles; but the view is magnificent. In the foreground the eye can roam over the boundless expanse of ocean, while at the foot of the mountain it finds a resting-place in the considerable town of Haifa, lying in a fertile plain, which extends to the base of the high mountains,

bounded in the distance by the Anti-Libanus, and farther still by the Lebanon itself. Along the line of coast we can distinguish Acre (or Ptolemais), Sur (Tyre), and Saida (Sidon).

June 18th.

This morning we sent our poor over-tired horses on before us to Hese, and walked on foot at midday under a temperature of  $33^{\circ}$  to Haifas, a distance of more than two miles. Heated and exhausted to the last degree we reached the house of the Consul, who is a Catholic, but seems nevertheless to live quite in Oriental fashion. This gentleman is consul both for France and Austria. Although he was not at home when we arrived, we were immediately shewn into the room of state, where we reclined on soft divans, and were regaled with sherbet of all colours, green, yellow, red, &c., and with coffee flavoured with roses, which we did not like. Hookahs (or tchibuks) were also handed round. At length the Consul's wife appeared, a young and beautiful lady of an imposing figure, dressed in the Oriental garb. She smoked her tchibuk with as much ease as the gentlemen. Luckily a brother of this lady who understood something of Italian was present, and kindly acted as interpreter. I have never found an Oriental woman who knew any language but that of her own country.

After we had rested ourselves, we pursued our journey in a boat to Acre. On my road to Jerusalem I had only seen the outside of this monument of the last war, now I could view its interior; but saw nothing to repay me for my trouble. Considering how ugly the Turkish towns are even when they are in good preservation, it may easily be imagined that the appearance of one of these cities is not improved when it is full of shot-holes, and the streets and interiors of the houses are choked up with rubbish. The entrance to the convent lies through the courtyard of the Turkish barracks, where there seemed to be a great deal of bustle, and where we had an opportunity of noticing how wretchedly clad, and still more miserably shod, the Turkish soldiers are. These

blemishes are not so much observed when the men are seen singly at their posts.

The convent here is very small, being in fact only a dwelling-house to which a chapel is attached. Two monks and a lay brother form the whole household.

Scarcely had I established myself in my room, before a very polite lady entered, who introduced herself to me as the wife of a surgeon in the service of the pacha here. She stated that her husband was at present absent at Constantinople, and added that she was in the habit of spending several hours in the convent every evening to do the honours of the house! This assertion struck me as so strange, that I should certainly have remained dumb had not my visitor been a very agreeable, polite French lady. As it was, however, we chatted away the evening pleasantly together, until the supper-bell summoned us to the refectory. All that I saw in this convent was in direct contrast to the arrangement of the comfortable establishment of the Carmelites. The refectory here is astonishingly dirty; the whole furniture consists of two dingy tables and some benches; the table-cloth, plates, &c. wore the prevailing livery; and the fare was quite in keeping with every thing else. We supped at two tables; the gentlemen and the reverend fathers sitting at one, while the French lady and myself occupied the other.

June 19th.

As we were not to travel far to-day, we did not set out until ten o'clock, when we started in company of several Franks who were in the pacha's service. They led us into a park by the roadside belonging to the mother of the Sultan. Here the pacha usually resides during the summer. In half an hour's time we reached this park. The garden is rather handsome, but does not display many plants except lemon, orange, pomegranate, and cypress trees. The display of flowers was not very remarkable; for not only could we discover no rare or foreign plants, but we also missed many

flowers which grow plentifully in our gardens at home. A few kiosks are here to be seen, but every thing seemed miserably out of repair.

The residence of the pacha, situated outside the gardens, has a more inviting appearance. We paid our respects to his highness, who received us very graciously, and caused us to be regaled with the usual beverages. No sooner had the high ladies in the harem learnt that a Frankish woman was in their territory, than they sent to invite me to visit them. I gladly accepted this invitation, the more so as it offered an opportunity of gratifying my curiosity. I was conducted to another part of the house, where I stepped into a chamber of middle size, the floor of which was covered with mats and carpets, while on cushions ranged round the walls reclined beauties of various complexions, who seemed to have been collected from every quarter of the globe. One of these women, who was rather elderly, appeared to be the pacha's chief wife, for all the rest pointed to her. The youngest lady seemed about eighteen or nineteen years of age, and was the mother of a child eight months old, with which they were all playing as with a doll; the poor little thing was handed about from hand to hand. These ladies were dressed exactly like the daughters of the consul at Joppa, whose costume I have described. I did not see any signs of particular beauty, unless the stoutness of figure so prevalent here is considered in that light. I saw, however, a woman with one eye, a defect frequently observed in the East. Female slaves were there of all shades of colour. One wore a ring through her nose, and another had tastefully painted her lips blue. Both mistresses and slaves had their eyebrows and eyelashes painted black, and their nails and the palm of the hand stained a light-brown with the juice of the henna.

The Oriental women are ignorant and inquisitive in the highest degree; they can neither read nor write, and the knowledge of a foreign language is quite out of the question. It is very rarely that one of them understands embroidering in gold. Whenever I

happened to be writing in my journal, men, women, and children would gather round me, and gaze upon me and my book with many signs and gestures expressive of astonishment.

The ladies of the harem seemed to look with contempt upon employment and work of every kind; for neither here nor elsewhere did I see them do any thing but sit cross-legged on carpets and cushions, drinking coffee, smoking nargilé, and gossiping with one another. They pressed me to sit down on a cushion, and then immediately surrounded me, endeavouring, by signs, to ask many questions. First they took my straw hat and put it upon their heads; then they felt the stuff of my travelling robe; but they seemed most of all astonished at my short hair,<sup>a</sup> the sight of which seemed to impress these poor ignorant women with the idea that nature had denied long hair to the Europeans. They asked me by signs how this came to pass, and every lady came up and felt my hair. They seemed also very much surprised that I was so thin, and offered me their nargilé, besides sherbet and cakes. On the whole, our conversation was not very animated, for we had no dragoman to act as interpreter, so that we were obliged to guess at what was meant, and at length I sat silently among these Orientals, and was heartily glad when, at the expiration of an hour, my friends sent to fetch me away. At a later period of my journey I frequently visited harems, and sometimes considerable ones; but I found them all alike. The only difference lay in the fact that some harems contained more beautiful women and slaves, and that in others the inmates were more richly clad; but every where I found the same idle curiosity, ignorance, and apathy. Perhaps they may be more happy than European women; I should suppose they were, to judge from their comfortable figures and their contented features. Corpulence is said frequently to proceed from a good-natured and quiet disposition; and their features are so entirely without any fixed character and expression, that

<sup>a</sup> I had cut my hair quite close, because I was seldom sure of having time and opportunity during my long journey to dress and plait it properly.

I do not think these women capable of deep passions or feeling either for good or evil. Exceptions are of course to be found even among the Turkish women; I only report what I observed on the average.

This day we rode altogether for seven hours. We passed a beautiful orange-grove; for the greater part of the way our road led through deep sand, close by the sea-shore; but once we had to pass a dreadfully dangerous place called the "White Mount," one extremity of which rises out of the sea. This once passed, we soon come upon the beautiful far-stretching aqueduct which I noticed on my journey from Joppa to Jerusalem. It traverses a portion of this fruitful plain.

We could not enter the little town of Sur, the goal of this day's journey, as it was closed on account of the plague. We therefore passed by, and pitched our tents beside a village, in the neighbourhood of which large and splendid cisterns of water, hewn in the rock, are to be seen. The superfluous water from these cisterns falls from a height of twenty or thirty feet, and after turning a mill-wheel, flows through the vale in the form of a brook.

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## CHAPTER XI.

River Mishmir—Saida—Arnauts—Desert-path—Residence of Lady Hester Stanhope—Beyrout—The consul's—Uncomfortable quarters—Sickness—The Bazaar—Vexatious delays—Departure from Beyrout—Beautiful views—Syrian costumes—Damascus—Aspect of the city—House of the consul.

June 20th.

SHORTLY after five this morning we were in our saddles, and a few hours afterwards arrived at the beautiful river Mishmir, which is as broad as the Jordan, though it does not contain nearly so much water. Next to the Jordan, however, this river is the largest we find on our journey, besides being a most agreeable object in a region so destitute of streams. Its water is pure as crystal.

In ten hours we reached the town, and at once repaired to the convent, as not one of these cities contains an inn. The little convent, with its tiny church, is situate at the end of a large courtyard, which is so thronged with horses and men, particularly with soldiers, that we had great difficulty in forcing our way through. When we had at length cleared a passage for ourselves to the entrance, we were received with the agreeable intelligence that there was no room for us. What was to be done? We thought ourselves lucky in obtaining a little room where we could pass the night in a house belonging to a Greek family; beds were, however, out of the question; we had to lie on the hard stones. In the courtyard a kind of camp had been pitched, in which twelve state-horses of the Emir<sup>a</sup> of Lebanon (creatures of the true Arab breed) were bivouacking among a quantity of Arnauts.

The Arnaut soldiers are universally feared, but more by friend

<sup>a</sup> This Emir could not maintain his position on Mount Lebanon, and was summoned to Constantinople. At the time of our visit they were still awaiting his return, though he had been absent more than six months.

than foe. They are very turbulent, and behave in an overbearing manner towards the people. The Count, my fellow-traveller, was even insulted in the street, not by a peasant, but by one of these military fellows. These ill-disciplined troops are assembled every where, in order that they may be ready to attack whenever a disturbance occurs between the Druses and Maronites. I consider, however, that the Arnauts are much more to be feared than either the Druses or the Maronites, through whose territories we afterwards journeyed without experiencing, in a single instance, either insult or injury. I hardly think we should have escaped so well had we encountered a troop of these wild horsemen.

Among all the Turkish soldiers the Arnauts are the best dressed; with their short and full white skirts of linen or lawn, and tight trousers of white linen, a scarf round the middle, and a white or a red spencer, they closely resemble the Albanians.

June 21st.

This was a most fatiguing day, although we did not ride for more than ten hours; but this ten hours' journey was performed without even a quarter of an hour's rest, though the thermometer stood at  $33^{\circ}$  Reaumur. Our path lay through a sandy desert, about two miles in breadth, running parallel with the mountain-range from Saida to Beyrout. The monotony of the steppe is only broken at intervals by heaps of sand. The surface of the sand presents the appearance of a series of waves; the particles of which it is composed are very minute, and of a fine yellowish-brown colour. A beautiful fertile valley adjoins this desert, and stretches towards Mount Lebanon, on whose brown rocky surface several villages can be descried.

This mountain-range has a most imposing appearance. White rocks and strata of white sand shine forth from its broad and generally barren expanse like fields of snow.

The residence of the late Lady Hester Stanhope can be seen in the distance on the declivity of the mountain.

During our long ride of ten hours we did not pass a single tank, spring, or even pool, and all the river-beds on our way were completely dried up by the heat. Not a tree could we see that could shelter us for a moment from the glaring heat of the sun. It was a day of torment for us and for our poor beasts. Two of our brave horses sank from exhaustion, and could go no farther, though relieved of their burdens; we were obliged to leave the poor creatures to perish by the wayside.

At three in the afternoon we at length arrived at Beyrout, after having bravely encountered, during ten consecutive days, the toil and hardship inseparable from a journey through Syria.

The distance from Jerusalem to Beyrout is about 200 miles, allowing for the circuitous route by way of Tabarith, which travellers are not, however, compelled to take. From Jerusalem to Nazareth is 54 miles; from Nazareth across Mount Tabor to Tabarith and back again 31 miles; from Nazareth to Mount Carmel, Haifas, and Acre, 46 miles; and from Acre to Beyrout 69 miles; making the total 200 miles.

Our poor horses suffered dreadfully during this journey; for they were continually obliged either to climb over rocks, stones, and mountains, or to wade through hot sand, in which they sank above the fetlocks at every step. It would have been a better plan had we only engaged our horses from Jerusalem to Nazareth, where we could have procured fresh ones to carry us on to Beyrout. We had been told at Jerusalem that it was sometimes impossible to obtain horses at Nazareth, and so preferred engaging our beasts at once for the whole journey. On arriving at Nazareth we certainly discovered that we had been deceived, for horses are always to be had there in plenty; but as the contract was once made, we were obliged to abide by it.

During the ten days of our journey the temperature varied exceedingly. By day the heat fluctuated between 18° and 39° Reaumur; the nights too were very changeable, being sometimes sultry, and sometimes bitterly cold.

## BEYROUT

lies in a sandy plain ; but the mulberry-trees by which it is surrounded impart to this city an air of picturesque beauty. Still we wade every where, in the streets, gardens, and alleys, through deep sand. Viewed from a distance, Beyrout has a striking effect, a circumstance I had remarked on my first arrival there from Constantinople ; but it loses considerably on a nearer approach. I did not enjoy walking through the town and its environs ; but it was a great pleasure to me to sit on a high terrace in the evening, and look down upon the landscape. The dark-blue sky rose above the distant mountains, the fruitful valley, and the glittering expanse of ocean. The golden sun was still illumining the peaks of the mountains with its farewell rays, until at length it sunk from view, shrouding every thing in a soft twilight. Then I saw the innumerable stars shine forth, and the moon shed its magic light over the nocturnal landscape ; and that mind can scarcely be called human which does not feel the stirring of better feelings within it at such a spectacle. Truly the temple of the Lord is every where ; and throughout all nature there is a mysterious something that tells even the infidel of the omnipresence of the Great Spirit. How many beautiful evenings did I not enjoy at Beyrout ! they were, in fact, the only compensation for the grievous hardships I was obliged to endure during my stay in this town.

In the inn I could again not find a single room, and was this time much more at a loss to find a place of shelter than I had been before ; for our host's wife had gone out of town with her children, and had let her private house ; so I sat, in the fullest sense of the word, "in the street." A clergyman, whose acquaintance I had made in Constantinople, and who happened just then to be at Beyrout, took compassion upon me, and procured me a lodging in the house of a worthy Arab family just outside the town. Now I certainly had a roof above my head, but I could not make myself understood ; for not a soul spoke Italian, and my whole

knowledge of Arabic was comprised in the four words: *taib, moi, sut, mafish*—beautiful, water, milk, and nothing.

With so limited a stock of expressions at my command, I naturally could not make much way, and the next day I was placed in a very disagreeable dilemma. I had hired a boy to shew me the way to a church, and explained to him by signs that he was to wait to conduct me home again. On emerging from the church I could see nothing of my guide. After waiting for some time in vain, I was at length compelled to try and find my way alone.

The house in which I lived stood in a garden of mulberry-trees, but all the houses in the neighbourhood were built in the same style, each having a tower attached, in which there is a habitable room; all these dwellings stand in gardens planted with mulberry-trees, some of them not separated from each other at all, and the rest merely by little sand-hills. Flowers and vegetables are nowhere to be seen, nor is the suburb divided into regular streets; so that I wandered in an endless labyrinth of trees and houses. I met none but Arabs, whose language I did not understand, and who could, therefore, give me no information. So I rushed to and fro, until at length, after a long and fatiguing pilgrimage, I was lucky enough to stumble on the house I wanted. Unwilling to expose myself to such a disagreeable adventure a second time, I thought it would be preferable to dwell within the town; and therefore hired the young guide before mentioned to conduct me to the house of the Austrian Consul-General Herr von A. Unfortunately this gentleman was not visible to such an insignificant personage as myself, and sent me word that I might come again in a few hours. This was a true "Job's message" for me, as far as consolation went. The heat was most oppressive; I had now entered the town for the second time, to be sent once more back to the glowing sands, with permission to "come again in a few hours." Had I not been uncommonly hardy, I should have succumbed. But luckily I knew a method to help myself.

I ordered my little guide to lead me to the house in which the wife of Battista the innkeeper had lived.

During my previous residence at Beyrout I had accidentally heard that a French lady lodged in the same house, and occupied herself with the education of the children. I went to call on this French lady, and was lucky enough to find her; so I had, at any rate, so far succeeded that I had found a being with whom I could converse, and of whom I might request advice and assistance. My new acquaintance was an extremely cordial maiden lady about forty years of age. Her name was Pauline Kandis. My unfortunate position awakened her compassion so much, that she placed her own room at my disposal for the time being. I certainly saw that my present quarters left much to be desired, for my kind entertainer's lodging consisted of a single room, divided into two parts by several tall chests; the foremost division contained a large table, at which four girls sat and stood at their lessons. The second division formed a kind of lumber-room, redolent of boxes, baskets, and pots, and furnished with a board, laid on an old tub, to answer the purposes of a table. My condition was, however, so forlorn, that I took joyful possession of the lumber-room assigned to me. I immediately departed with my boy-guide, and by noon I was already installed, with bag and baggage, in the dwelling of my kind hostess. But there was no more walking for me that day. What with the journey and my morning's peregrinations I was so exhausted that I requested nothing but a resting-place, which I found among the old chests and baskets on the floor. I was right glad to lie down, and court the rest that I needed so much.

At seven o'clock in the evening the school closed. Miss K. then took her leave, and I remained sole occupant of her two rooms, which she only uses as school-rooms, for she sleeps at her brother's house.

My lodging at Miss K.'s was, however, the most uncomfortable of any I had yet occupied during my entire journey.

From eight o'clock in the morning until seven at night four or five girls, who did any thing rather than study, were continually in the room. The whole day long there was such a noise of shouting, screaming, and jumping about, that I could not hear the sound of my own voice. Moreover, the higher regions of this hall of audience contained eight pigeons' nests; and the old birds, which were so tame that they not only took the food from our plates, but stole it out of our very mouths, fluttered continually about the room, so that we were obliged to look very attentively at every chair on which we intended to sit down. On the floor a cock was continually fighting with his three wives; and a motherly hen, with a brood of eleven hopeful chicks, cackled merrily between. I wonder that I did not contract a squint, for I was obliged continually to look upwards and downwards lest I should cause mischief, and lest mischief should befall me. During the night the heat and the stench were almost insupportable; and immediately after midnight the cock always began to crow, as if he earned his living by the noise he made. I used to open the window every night to make a passage of escape for the heat and the foul air, while I lay down before the door, like Napoleon's Mameluke, to guard the treasures entrusted to my care. But on the second night two wandering cats had already discovered my whereabouts; without the least compunction they stepped quietly over me into the chamber, and began to raise a murderous chase. I instantly jumped up and drove away the robbers; and from that time forward I was obliged to remain in the interior of my fortress, carefully to barricade all the windows, and bear my torments with what fortitude I might.

Our diet was also of a very light description. A sister-in-law of the good Pauline was accustomed to send in our dinner, which consisted one day of a thimbleful of saffron-coloured pilau, while the next would perhaps bring half the shoulder of a small fish. Had I boarded with my hostess, I should have kept fast-day five days in the week, and have had nothing to eat on the remaining

two. I therefore at once left off dining with them, and used to cook a good German dish for myself every day. In the morning I asked for some milk, in order to make my coffee after the German fashion. Yet I think that some of our adulterators of milk must have penetrated even to Syria, for I found it as difficult to obtain pure goats' milk here as to get good milk from the cow in my own country.

My bedstead was formed out of an old chest, and my sole employment and amusement was idling. I had not a book to read, no table to write on; and if I once really succeeded in getting something to read or made an attempt at writing, the whole tribe of youngsters would come clustering round, staring at my book or at my paper. It would certainly have been useless to complain, but yet I could not always entirely conceal the annoyance I felt.

My friends must pardon me for describing my cares so minutely, but I only do so to warn all those who would wish to undertake a journey like mine, without being either very rich, very high-born, or very hardy, that they had much better remain at home.

As I happened to be neither rich nor high-born, the Consul would not receive me at all the first time I called upon him, although the captain of a steamer had been admitted to an audience just before I applied. A few days afterwards I once more waited upon the Consul, told him of my troubles, and stated plainly how thankful I should feel if any one would assist me so far as to procure me a respectable lodging, for which I would gladly pay, and where I could remain until an opportunity offered to go to Alexandria; the worthy Consul was kind enough to reply to my request with a shake of the head, and with the comforting admission that "he was very sorry for me—it was really extremely unfortunate." I think the good gentleman must have left all his feeling at home before settling in Syria, otherwise he would never have dismissed me with a few frivolous speeches, particularly as I assured him that I was perfectly well provided with money, and would bear



any expense, but added that it was possible to be placed in positions where want of advice was more keenly felt than want of means. During the whole of my residence at Beyrout, my countryman never troubled himself any more about me.

During my stay here I made an excursion to the grotto, said to be the scene of St. George's combat with the dragon; this grotto is situate to the right of the road, near the quarantine-house. The ride thither offers many fine views, but the grotto itself is not worth seeing.

Frequently in the evening I went to visit an Arab family, when I would sit upon the top of the tower and enjoy the sight of the beautiful sunset.

A very strong military force was posted at Beyrout, consisting entirely of Arnauts. They had pitched their tents outside the town, which thus wore the appearance of a camp. Many of these towns do not contain barracks; and as the soldiers are not here quartered in private houses, they are compelled to bivouack in the open field.

The bazaar is very large and straggling. On one occasion I had the misfortune to lose myself among its numerous lanes, from which it took me some time to extricate myself; I had an opportunity of seeing many of the articles of merchandise, and an immense number of shops, but none which contained any thing very remarkable. Once more I found how prone people are to exaggerate. I had been warned to abstain from walking in the streets, and, above all, to avoid venturing into the bazaar. I neglected both pieces of advice, and walked out once or twice every day during my stay, without once meeting with an adventure of any kind.

I had already been at Beyrout ten long, long days, and still no opportunity offered of getting to Alexandria. But at the end of June the worthy artist Sattler, whose acquaintance I had made at Constantinople, arrived here. He found me out, and proposed that I should travel to Damascus with Count Berchtold, a French

gentleman of the name of De Rousseau, and himself, instead of wasting my time here. This proposition was a welcome one to me, for I ardently desired to be released from my fowls' nest. My arrangements were soon completed, for I took nothing with me except some linen and a mattress, which were packed on my horse's back.

JOURNEY FROM BEYROUT TO DAMASCUS, BALBECK, AND  
MOUNT LEBANON.

July 1st.

At one o'clock in the afternoon we were all assembled before the door of M. Battista's inn, and an hour later we were in our saddles hastening towards the town-gate. At first we rode through a deep sea of sand surrounding the town; but soon we reached the beautiful valley which lies stretched at the foot of the Anti-Libanus, and afterwards proceeded towards the range by pleasant paths, shaded by pine-woods and mulberry-plantations.

But now the ascent of the magnificent Anti-Libanus became steeper and more dangerous, as we advanced on rocky paths, often scarcely a foot in breadth, and frequently crossed by fissures and brooklets. Some time elapsed before I could quite subdue my fear, and could deliver myself wholly up to the delight of contemplating these grand scenes, so completely new to us Europeans, leaving my horse, which planted its feet firmly and without once stumbling among the blocks of stone lying loosely on each other, to carry me as its instinct directed; for these horses are exceedingly careful, being well used to these dangerous roads. We could not help laughing heartily at our French companion, who could not screw up his courage sufficiently to remain on his horse at the very dangerous points. At first he always dismounted when we came to such a spot; but at length he grew weary of eternally mounting and dismounting, and conquered his fear, particularly when he observed that we depended so entirely on the sagacity of our steeds, and gave ourselves completely up to the con-

temptation of the mountains around us. It is impossible adequately to describe the incomparable forms of this mountain-range. The giant rocks, piled one above the other, glow with the richest colours; lovely green valleys lie scattered between; while numerous villages are seen, sometimes standing isolated on the rocks, and at others peering forth from among the deep shade of the olive and mulberry trees.

The sun sinking into the sea shot its last rays through the clear pure air towards the highest peaks of the mighty rocks. Every thing united to form a picture which when once seen can never be forgotten.

The tints of the rocky masses are peculiarly remarkable; exhibiting not only the primary colours, but many gradations, such as bluish-green, violet, &c. Many rocks were covered with a red coating resembling cinnabar, in several places we found small veins of pure sulphur, and each moment something new and wonderful met our gaze. The five hours which we occupied in riding from Beyrout to the village of Elhemsin passed like five minutes. The khan of Elhemsin was already occupied by a caravan bringing wares and fruit from Damascus, so that we had nothing for it but to raise our tent and encamp beneath it.

July 2d.

The rising sun found us prepared for departure, and soon we had reached an acclivity from whence we enjoyed a magnificent view. Before us rose the lofty peaks of Lebanon and Anti-Libanus, partly covered with snow; while behind us the mountains, rich in vineyards, olive-plantations, and pine-woods, stretched downward to the sea-shore. We had mounted to such a height, that the clouds soaring above the sea and the town of Beyrout lay far beneath us, shrouding the city from our gaze.

Vineyards are very common on these mountains. The vines do not, however, cling round trees for support, nor are they trained up poles as in Austria; they grow almost wild, the stem

shooting upwards to a short distance from the ground, towards which the vine then bends. The wine made on these mountains is of excellent quality, rather sweet in flavour, of a golden-yellow colour, and exceedingly fiery.

We still continued to climb, without experiencing much inconvenience from the heat, up a fearful dizzy path, over rocks and stones, and past frightful chasms. Our leathern bottles were here useless to us, for we had no lack of water; from every crevice in the rocks a clear crystal flood gushed forth, in which the gorgeously-coloured masses of stone were beautifully mirrored.

After a very fatiguing ride of five hours we at length reached the ridge of the Anti-Libanus, where we found a khan, and allowed ourselves an hour's rest. The view from this point is very splendid. The two loftiest mountain-ridges of Lebanon and Anti-Libanus enclose between them a valley which may be about six miles long, and ten or twelve broad. Our way led across the mountain's brow and down into this picturesque valley, through which we journeyed for some miles to the village of Maschdalanscher, in the neighbourhood of which place we pitched our tents.

It is, of course, seldom that a European woman is seen in these regions, and thus I seemed to be quite a spectacle to the inhabitants; at every place where we halted many women and children would gather round me, busily feeling my dress, putting on my straw hat, and looking at me from all sides, while they endeavoured to converse with me by signs. If they happened to have any thing eatable at hand, such as cucumbers, fruits, or articles of that description, they never failed to offer them with the greatest good-nature, and seemed highly rejoiced when I accepted some. On the present evening several of these people were assembled round me, and I had an opportunity of noticing the costume of this mountain tribe. Excepting the head-dress, it is the same as that worn throughout all Palestine, and indeed in the whole of Syria; the women have blue gowns, and the men white blouses, wide trousers, and a sash: some-

times the women wear spencers, and the more wealthy among them even display caftans and turbans. The head-dress of the women is very original, but does not look remarkably becoming. They wear on their foreheads a tin horn more than a foot in length, and over this a white handkerchief, fastened at the back and hanging down in folds. This rule, however, only applies to the wealthier portion of the community, which is here limited enough. The poorer women wear a much smaller horn, over which they display an exceedingly dingy handkerchief. During working hours they ordinarily divest themselves of these ornaments, as they would render it impossible to carry loads on the head. The rich inhabitants of the mountains, both male and female, dress in the Oriental fashion; but the women still retain the horn, which is then made of silver.

The village of Maschdalanscher is built of clay huts thatched with straw. I saw many goats and horned cattle, and a good store of corn lay piled up before the doors.

We were assured that the roads through the mountains inhabited by the Druses and Maronites were very unsafe, and we were strongly urged to take an escort with us; but as we met caravans almost every hour, we considered this an unnecessary precaution, and arrived safely without adventure of any kind at Damascus.

July 3d.

This morning we rode at first over a very good road, till at length we came upon a ravine, which seemed hardly to afford us room to pass. Closer and more closely yet did the rocky masses approach each other, as we passed amongst the loose shingle over the dry bed of a river. Frequently the space hardly admitted of our stepping aside to allow the caravans we met to pass us. Sometimes we thought, after having painfully laboured through a ravine of this kind, that we should emerge into the open field; but each time it was only to enter a wilder and more desert pass.

So we proceeded for some hours, till the rocky masses changed to heaps of sand, and every trace of vegetation disappeared. At length we had climbed the last hill, and Damascus, "the vaunted city of the East," lay before us.

It is certainly a striking sight when, escaping from the inhospitable domains of the mountain and the sandhill, we see stretched at our feet a great and luxuriant valley, forming in the freshness of its vegetation a singular contrast to the desert region around. In this valley, amid gardens and trees innumerable, extends the town, with its pretty mosques and slender lofty minarets; but I was far from finding the scene so charming that I could have exclaimed with other travellers, "This is the most beautiful spot on earth!"

The plain in which Damascus lies runs on at the foot of the Anti-Libanus as far as the mountain of Scheik, and is shut in on three sides by sandhills of an incomparably dreary appearance. On the fourth side the plain loses itself in the sandy desert. This valley is exceedingly well watered by springs descending from all the mountains, which we could not, however, see on our approach; but no river exists here. The water rushes forth but to disappear beneath the sand, and displays its richness only in the town and its immediate neighbourhood.

From the hill whence we had obtained the first view of Damascus, we have still a good two miles to ride before we reach the plantations. These are large gardens of mish-mish, walnut, pomegranate, orange, and lemon trees, fenced in with clay walls, traversed by long broad streets, and watered by bubbling brooks. For a long time we journeyed on in the shade of these fruitful woods, till at length we entered the town through a large gate. Our enthusiastic conceptions of this renowned city were more and more toned down as we continued to advance.

The houses in Damascus are almost all built of clay and earth, and many ugly wooden gables and heavy window-frames give a disagreeable ponderous air to the whole. Damascus is divided

into several parts by gates, which are closed soon after sunset. We passed through a number of these gates, and also through the greater portion of the bazaar, on our road to the Franciscan convent.

We had this day accomplished a journey of more than twenty-four miles, in a temperature of  $35^{\circ}$  to  $36^{\circ}$  Reaum., and had suffered much from the scorching wind, which came laden with particles of dust. Our faces were so browned, that we might easily have been taken for descendants of the Bedouins. This was the only day that I felt my eyes affected by the glare.

Although we were much fatigued on arriving at the convent, the first thing we did, after cleansing ourselves from dust and washing our burning eyes, was to hasten to the French and English consuls, so eager were we to see the interior of some of these clay huts.

A low door brought us into a passage leading to a large yard. We could have fancied ourselves transported by magic to the scene of one of the fantastic "Arabian Nights," for all the glory of the East seemed spread before our delighted gaze. In the midst of the courtyard, which was paved with large stones, a large reservoir, with a sparkling fountain, spread a delightful coolness around. Orange and lemon trees dipped their golden fruit into the crystal flood; while at the sides flower-beds, filled with fragrant roses, balsams, oleanders, &c., extended to the stairs leading to the reception-room. Every thing seemed to have been done that could contribute to ornament this large and lofty apartment, which opened into the courtyard. Swelling divans, covered with the richest stuffs, lined the walls, which, tastefully ornamented with mirrors and painted and sculptured arabesques, and further decked with mosaic and gilding, displayed a magnificence of which I could not have formed a conception. In the foreground of this fairy apartment a jet of water shot upwards from a marble basin. The floor was also of marble, forming beautiful pictures in the most varied colours; and over the whole scene was spread that

charm so peculiar to the Orientals, a charm combining the tasteful with the rich and gorgeous. The apartment in which the women dwell, and where they receive their more confidential visitors, are similar to the one I have just described, except that they are smaller, less richly furnished, and completely open in front. The remaining apartments also look into the courtyard; they are simply, but comfortably and prettily arranged.

All the houses of the Orientals are similar to this one, except that the apartments of the women open into another courtyard than those of the men.

After examining and admiring every thing to our heart's content, we returned to our hospitable convent. This evening the clerical gentlemen entertained us. A tolerably nice meal, with wine and good bread, restored our exhausted energies to a certain extent.

At Beyrout we were quite alarmed at the warnings we received concerning the numbers of certain creeping things we should find here in the bedsteads. I therefore betook myself to bed with many qualms and misgivings; but I slept undisturbed, both on this night and on the following one.

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## CHAPTER XII.

The bazaar at Damascus—The khan—Grotto of St. Paul—Fanaticism of the inhabitants—Departure from Damascus—The desert—Military escort—Heliopolis or Balbeck—Stupendous ruins—Continuation of our voyage through the desert—The plague—The Lebanon range—Cedar-trees—Druses and Maronites—Importunate beggars—Thievish propensities of the Arabs.

July 4th.

**D**AMASCUS is one of the most ancient cities of the East, but yet we see no ruins; a proof that no grand buildings ever existed here, and that therefore the houses, as they became old and useless, were replaced by new ones.

To-day we visited the seat of all the riches—the great bazaar. It is mostly covered in, but only with beams and straw mats. On both sides are rows of wooden booths, containing all kinds of articles, but a great preponderance of eatables, which are sold at an extraordinarily cheap rate. We found the “mish-mish” particularly good.

As in Constantinople, the rarest and most costly of the wares are not exposed for sale, but must be sought for in closed store-houses. The booths look like inferior hucksters' shops, and each merchant is seen sitting in the midst of his goods. We passed hastily through the bazaar, in order soon to reach the great mosque, situate in the midst of it. As we were forbidden, however, not only to enter the mosque, but even the courtyard, we were obliged to content ourselves with wondering at the immense portals, and stealing furtive glances at the interior of the open

space beyond. This mosque was originally a Christian church; and a legend tells that St. George was decapitated here.

The khan, also situate in the midst of the bazaar, is peculiarly fine, and is said to be the best in all the East. The high and boldly-arched portal is covered with marble, and enriched with beautiful sculptures. The interior forms a vast rotunda, surrounded by galleries, divided from each other, and furnished with writing-tables for the use of the merchants. Below in the hall the bales and chests are piled up, and at the side are apartments for travelling dealers. The greater portion of the floor and the walls is covered with marble.

Altogether, marble seems to be much sought after at Damascus. Every thing that passes for beautiful or valuable is either entirely composed of this stone, or at least is inlaid with it. Thus a pretty fountain in a little square near the bazaar is of marble; and a coffee-house opposite the fountain, the largest and most frequented of any in Damascus, is ornamented with a few small marble pillars. But all these buildings, not even excepting the great bathing-house, would be far less praised and looked at if they stood in a better neighbourhood. As the case is, however, they shine forth nobly from among the clay houses of Damascus.

In the afternoon we visited the Grotto of St. Paul, lying immediately outside the town. On the ramparts we were shewn the place where the apostle is said to have leaped from the wall on horseback, reaching the ground in safety, and taking refuge from his enemies in the neighbouring grotto, which is said to have closed behind him by miracle, and not to have opened again until his persecutors had ceased their pursuit. At present, nothing is to be seen of this grotto excepting a small stone archway, like that of a bridge. Tombs of modern date, consisting of vaults covered with large blocks of stone, are very numerous near this grotto.

We paid several more visits, and every where found great pomp of inner arrangement and decoration, varying of course in

different houses. We were always served with coffee, sherbet, and argilé; and in the houses of the Turks a dreary conversation was carried on through the medium of an interpreter.

Walks and places of amusement there are none. The number of Franks resident here is too small to call for a place of general recreation, and the Turk never feels a want of this kind. The most he does is to saunter slowly from the bath to the coffee-house, and there to kill his time with the help of a pipe and a cup of coffee, staring vacantly on the ground before him. Although the coffee-houses are more frequented than any other buildings in the East, they are often miserable sheds, being all small, and generally built only of wood.

The inhabitants of Damascus wear the usual Oriental garb, but as a rule I thought them better dressed than in any Eastern town. Some of the women are veiled, but others go abroad with their faces uncovered. I saw here some very attractive countenances; and an unusual number of lovely children's heads looked at me from all sides with an inquisitive smile.

In reference to religious matters, these people seem very fanatical; they particularly dislike strangers. For instance, the painter S. wished to make sketches of the khan, the fountain, and a few other interesting objects or views. For this purpose he sat down before the great coffee-house to begin with the fountain; but scarcely had he opened his portfolio before a crowd of curious idlers had gathered around him, who, as soon as they saw his intention, began to annoy him in every possible way. They pushed the children who stood near against him, so that he received a shock every moment, and was hindered in his drawing. As he continued to work in spite of their rudeness, several Turks came and stood directly before the painter, to prevent him from seeing the fountain. On his still continuing to persevere, they began to spit upon him. It was now high time to be gone, and so Mr. S. hastily gathered his materials together and turned to depart. Then the rage of the rabble broke noisily forth. They followed the

artist yelling and screaming, and a few even threw stones at him. Luckily he succeeded in reaching our convent unharmed.

Mr. S. had been allowed to draw without opposition at Constantinople, Brussa, Ephesus, and several other cities of the East, but here he was obliged to flee. Such is the disposition of these people, whom many describe as being so friendly.

The following morning at sunrise Mr. S. betook himself to the terrace of the convent, to make a sketch of the town. Here too he was discovered, but luckily not until he had been at work some hours, and had almost completed his task; so that as soon as the first stone came flying towards him, he was able quietly to evacuate the field.

July 5th.

In Damascus we met Count Zichy, who had arrived there with his servants a few days before ourselves, and intended continuing his journey to Balbeck to-day.

Count Zichy's original intention had been to make an excursion from this place to the celebrated town of Palmyra, an undertaking which would have occupied ten days. He therefore applied to the pacha for a sufficient escort for his excursion. This request was, however, refused; the pacha observing, that he had ceased for some time to allow travellers to undertake this dangerous journey, as until now all strangers had been plundered by the wandering Arabs, and in some instances men had even been murdered. The pacha added, that it was not in his power to furnish so large an escort as would be required to render this journey safe, by enabling the travellers to resist all aggressions. After receiving this answer, Count Zichy communicated with some Bedouin chiefs, who could not guarantee a safe journey, but nevertheless required 6000 piastres for accompanying him. Thus it became necessary to give up the idea altogether, and to proceed instead to Balbeck and to the heights of Lebanon.

At the hour of noon we rode out of the gate of Damascus in company with Count Zichy. The thermometer stood at 40°

Reaumur. Our procession presented quite a splendid appearance ; for the pacha had sent a guard of honour to escort the Count to Balbeck, to testify his respect for a relation of Prince M——.

At first our way led through a portion of the bazaar ; afterwards we reached a large and splendid street which traverses the entire city, and is said to be more than four miles in length. It is so broad, that three carriages can pass each other with ease, without annoyance to the pedestrians. It is a pity that this street, which is probably the finest in the whole kingdom, should be so little used, for carriages are not seen here any more than in the remaining portion of Syria.

Scarcely have we quitted this road, before we are riding through gardens and meadows, among which the country-houses of the citizens lie scattered here and there. On this side of the city springs also gush forth and water the fresh groves and the grassy sward. A stone bridge, of very simple construction, led us across the largest stream in the neighbourhood, the Barada, which is, however, neither so broad nor so full of water as the Jordan.

But soon we had left these smiling scenes behind us, and were wending our way towards the lonely desert. We passed several sepulchres, a number of which lie scattered over the sandy hills and plains round us. On the summit of one of these hills a little monument was pointed out to us, with the assertion that it was the grave of Abraham. We now rode for hours over flats, hills, and ridges of sand and loose stones ; and this day's journey was as fatiguing as that of our arrival at Damascus. From twelve o'clock at noon until about five in the evening we continued our journey through this wilderness, suffering lamentably from the heat. But now the wilderness was passed ; and suddenly a picture so lovely and grand unfolded itself before our gaze, that we could have fancied ourselves transported to the romantic vales of Switzerland. A valley enriched with every charm of nature, and shut in by gigantic rocks of marvellous and fantastic forms, opened at our feet. A mountain torrent gushed from rock to rock, foam-

ing and chafing among mighty blocks of stone, which, hurled from above, had here found their resting-place. A natural rocky bridge led across the roaring flood. Many a friendly hut, the inhabitants of which looked forth with stealthy curiosity upon the strange visitors, lay half hidden between the lofty walls. And so our way continued; valley lay bordered on valley, and the little river which ran bubbling by the roadside led us past gardens and villages, through a region of surpassing loveliness, to the great village of Zabdeni, where we at length halted, after an uninterrupted ride of ten hours and a half.

The escort which accompanied us consisted of twelve men, with a superior and a petty officer. These troopers looked very picturesque when, as we travelled along the level road, they went through some small manœuvres for our amusement, rushing along on their swift steeds and attacking each other, one party flying across the plain, and the other pursuing them as victors.

The character of these children of nature is, on the whole, a very amiable one. They behaved towards us in an exceedingly friendly and courteous manner, bringing us fruit and water whenever they could procure them, leading us carefully by the safest roads, and shewing us as much attention as any European could have done. But their idea of *mine* and *thine* does not always appear to be very clearly defined. Once, for instance, we passed through fields in which grew a plant resembling our pea, on a reduced scale. Each plant contained several pods, and each pod two peas. Our escort picked a large quantity, ate the fruit with an appearance of great relish, and very politely gave us a share of their prize. I found these peas less tender and eatable than those of my own country, and returned them to the soldier who had offered them to me, observing at the same time that I would rather have had mish-mish. On hearing this he immediately galloped off, and shortly afterwards returned with a whole cargo of mish-mish and little apples, which had probably been borrowed for an indefinite period from one of the neighbouring gardens. I

mention these little circumstances, as they appeared to me to be characteristic. On the one hand, Mr. S. had been threatened with the fate of St. Stephen for wishing to make a few sketches; and yet, on the other, these people were so kind and so ready to oblige.

This region produces abundance of fruit, and is particularly rich in mish-mish, or apricots. The finest of these are dried; while those which are over-ripe, or half decayed, are boiled to a pulp in large pots, and afterwards spread to dry on long smooth boards, in the form of cakes, about half an inch in thickness. These cakes, which look like coarse brown leather, are afterwards folded up, and form, together with the dried mish-mish, a staple article of commerce, which is exported far and wide. In Constantinople, and even in Servia, I saw cakes of this description which came from these parts.

The Turks are particularly fond of taking this dried pulp with them on their journeys. They cut it into little pieces, which they afterwards leave for several hours in a cup of water to dissolve; it then forms a really aromatic and refreshing drink, which they partake of with bread.

From Damascus to Balbeck is a ride of eighteen hours. Count Zichy wished to be in Balbeck by the next day at noon; we therefore had but a short night's rest.

The night was so mild and beautiful, that we did not want the tents at all, but lay down on the bank of a streamlet, beneath the shade of a large tree. For a long time sleep refused to visit us, for our encampment was opposite to a coffee-house, where a great hubbub was kept up until a very late hour. Small caravans were continually arriving or departing, and so there was no chance of rest. At length we dropped quietly asleep from very weariness, to be awakened a few hours afterwards to start once more on our arduous journey.

July 6th.

We rode without halting for eight hours, sometimes through

pleasant valleys, at others over barren unvarying regions, upon and between the heights of the Anti-Libanus. At the hour of noon we reached the last hill, and

#### HELIOPOLIS OR BALBECK,

the "city of the sun," lay stretched before us.

We entered a valley shut in by the highest snow-covered peaks of Lebanon and Anti-Libanus, more than six miles in breadth and fourteen or sixteen miles long, belonging to Cælosyria. Many travellers praise this vale as one of the most beautiful in all Syria.

It certainly deserves the title of the 'most remarkable' valley, for excepting at Thebes and Palmyra we may search in vain for the grand antique ruins which are here met with; the title of the 'most beautiful' does not, according to my idea, appertain to it. The mountains around are desert and bare. The immeasurable plain is sparingly cultivated, and still more thinly peopled. With the exception of the town of Balbeck, which has arisen from the ruins of the ancient city, not a village nor a hut is to be seen. The corn, which still partly covered the fields, looked stunted and poor; the beds of the streams were dry, and the grass was burnt up. The majestic ruins, which become visible directly the brow of the last hill is gained, atone in a measure for these drawbacks; but we were not satisfied, for we had expected to see much more than met our gaze.

We wended our way along stony paths, past several quarries, towards the ruins. On reaching these quarries we dismounted, to obtain a closer view of them. In the right hand one lies a colossal block of stone, cut and shaped on all sides; it is sixty feet in length, eighteen in breadth, and thirteen in diameter. This giant block was probably intended to form part of the Cyclops wall surrounding the Temple of the Sun, for we afterwards noticed several stones of equal length and breadth among the ruins.





LEBANON.



Another to the left side of the road was remarkable for several grottoes and fragments of rock picturesquely grouped.

We had sent our horses on to the convent, and now hastened towards the ruined temples. At the foot of a little acclivity a wall rose lofty and majestic; it was constructed of colossal blocks of rock, which seemed to rest firmly upon each other by their own weight, without requiring the aid of mortar. Three of these stones were exactly the size of one we had seen in the quarry. Many appeared to be sixty feet in length, and broad and thick in proportion. This is the Cyclops wall surrounding the hill on which the temples stand. A difficult path, over piled-up fragments of marble and pieces of rock and rubbish, serves as a natural rampart against the intrusion of camels and horses; and this circumstance alone has prevented these sanctuaries of the heathen deities from being converted into dirty stables.

When we had once passed this obstruction, delight and wonder arrested our footsteps. For some moments our glances wandered irresolutely from point to point; we could fix our attention on nothing, so great was the number of beauties surrounding us: splendid architecture—arches rising boldly into the air, supported on lofty pillars—every thing wore an air so severely classic, and yet all was gorgeously elegant, and at the same time perfectly tasteful.

At first we reviewed every thing in a very hasty manner, for our impulse hurried us along, and we wished to take in every thing at one glance. Afterwards we began a new and a more deliberate survey.

As we enter a large open courtyard, our eye is caught by numerous pieces of marble and fragments of columns, some of the latter resting on tastefully sculptured plinths. Almost every thing here is prostrate, covered with rubbish and broken fragments, but yet all looks grand and majestic in its ruin. We next enter a second and a larger courtyard, above two hundred paces in length and about a hundred in breadth. Round the walls are

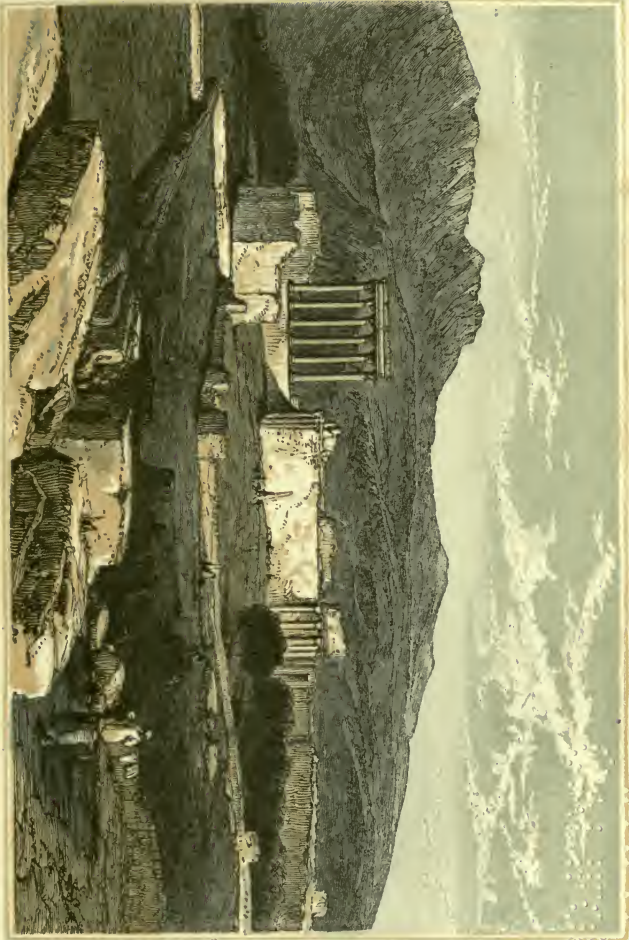
I am almost inclined to think that travellers sometimes detail attacks by robbers, and dangers which they have *not* experienced, in order to render their narrative more interesting. My journey was a very long one through very dangerous regions; on some occasions I travelled alone with only one Arab servant, and yet nothing serious ever happened to me.

Heliopolis is in such a ruined state, that no estimate can be formed of the pristine size and splendour of this celebrated town. Excepting the two temples of the Sun, and a very small building in their vicinity, built in a circular form and richly covered with sculpture and arabesques, and a few broken pillars, not a trace of the ancient city remains.

The present town of Balbeck is partly built on the site occupied by its predecessor; it lies to the right of the temples, and consists of a heap of small wretched-looking houses and huts. The largest buildings in the place are the convent and the barracks; the latter of these presents an exceedingly ridiculous appearance; fragments of ancient pillars, statues, friezes, &c. having been collected from all sides, and put together to form a modern building according to Turkish notions of taste.

We were received into the convent, but could command no further accommodation than an empty room and a few straw mats. Our attendant brought us pilau, the every-day dish of the East; but to-day he surprised us with a boiled fowl, buried beneath a heap of the Turkish fare. Count Zichy added a few bottles of excellent wine from Lebanon to the feast; and so we sat down to dinner without tables or chairs, as merry as mortals need desire to be.

Here, as in most other Eastern towns, I had only to step out on the terrace-roof of the house to cause a crowd of old and young to collect, eager to see a Frankish woman in the costume of her country. Whoever wishes to create a sensation, without possessing either genius or talent, has only to betake himself, without loss of time, to the East, and he will have his ambition



PALMYRA.



gratified to the fullest extent. But whoever has as great an objection to being stared at as I have, will easily understand that I reckoned this among the greatest inconveniences of my journey.

July 7th.

At five o'clock in the morning we again mounted our horses, and rode for three hours through an immense plain, where nothing was to be seen but scattered columns, towards the foremost promontories of the Lebanon range. The road towards the heights was sufficiently good and easy; we were little disturbed by the heat, and brooks caused by the thawing of snow-fields afforded us most grateful refreshment. In the middle of the day we took an hour's nap under the shady trees beside a gushing stream; then we proceeded to climb the heights. As we journeyed onwards the trees became fewer and farther between, until at length no soil was left in which they could grow.

The way was so confined by chasms and abysses on the one side, and walls of rock on the other, that there was scarcely room for a horse to pass. Suddenly a loud voice before us cried, "Halt!" Startled by the sound, we looked up to find that the call came from a soldier, who was escorting a woman afflicted with the plague from a village where she had been the first victim of the terrible disease to another where it was raging fearfully. It was impossible to turn aside; so the soldier had no resource but to drag the sick person some paces up the steep rocky wall, and then we had to pass close by her. The soldier called out to us to cover our mouths and noses. He himself had anointed the lower part of his face with tar, as a preventive against contagion.

This was the first plague-stricken person I had seen; and as we were compelled to pass close by her, I had an opportunity of observing the unfortunate creature closely. She was bound on an ass, appeared resigned to her fate, and turned her sunken eyes upon us with an aspect of indifference. I could see no trace of the terrible disease, except a yellow appearance of the face. The

soldier who accompanied her seemed as cool and indifferent as though he were walking beside a person in perfect health.

As the plague prevailed to a considerable extent throughout the valleys of the Lebanon, we were frequently obliged to go some distance out of our way to avoid the villages afflicted with the scourge; we usually encamped for the night in the open fields, far from any habitation.

On the whole long distance from Balbeck to the cedars of Lebanon we found not a human habitation, excepting a little shepherd's hut near the mountains. Not more than a mile and a half from the heights we came upon small fields of snow. Several of our attendants dismounted and began a snow-balling match,—a wintry scene which reminded me of my fatherland. Although we were travelling on snow, the temperature was so mild that not one of our party put on a cloak. We could not imagine how it was possible for snow to exist in such a high temperature. The thermometer stood at 9° Reaumur.

A fatiguing and dangerous ride of five hours at length brought us from the foot to the highest point of Mount Lebanon. Here, for the first time, we can see the magnitude and the peculiar construction of the range.

Steep walls of rock, with isolated villages scattered here and there like beehives, and built on natural rocky terraces, rise on all sides; deep valleys lie between, contrasting beautifully in their verdant freshness with the bare rocky barriers. Farther on lie stretched elevated plateaux, with cows and goats feeding at intervals; and in the remote distance glitters a mighty stripe of bluish-green, encircling the landscape like a broad girdle—this is the Mediterranean. On the flat extended coast several places can be distinguished, among which the most remarkable is Tripoli. On the right the “Grove of Cedars” lay at our feet.

For a long time we stood on this spot, and turned and turned again, for fear of losing any part of this gigantic panorama. On one side the mountain-range, with its valleys, rocks, and gorges;



on the other the immense plain of Cælosyria, on the verge of which the ruins of the Sun-temple were visible, glittering in the noontide rays. Then we climbed downwards and upwards, then downwards once more, through ravines and over rocks, along a frightful path, to a little grove of the far-famed cedars of Lebanon. In this direction the peculiar pointed formation which constitutes the principal charm of these mountains once more predominates.

The celebrated Grove of Cedars is distant about two miles and a half from the summit of Lebanon; it consists of between five and six hundred trees: about twenty of these are very aged, and five peculiarly large and fine specimens are said to have existed in the days of Solomon. One tree is more than twenty-five feet in circumference; at about five feet from the ground it divides into four portions, and forms as many good-sized trunks.

For more than an hour we rested beneath these ancient monuments of the vegetable world. The setting sun warned us to depart speedily; for our destination for the night was above three miles away, and it was not prudent to travel on these fearful paths in the darkness.

Our party here separated. Count Zichy proceeded with his attendants to Huma, while the rest of us bent our course towards Tripoli. After a hearty leave-taking, one company turned to the right and the other to the left.

We had hardly held on our way for half an hour, before one of the loveliest valleys I have ever beheld opened at our feet; immense and lofty walls of rock, of the most varied and fantastic shapes, surrounded this fairy vale on all sides: in the foreground rose a gigantic table-rock, on which was built a beautiful village, with a church smiling in the midst. Suddenly the sound of chimes was borne upwards towards us on the still clear air; they were the first I had heard in Syria. I cannot describe the feeling of delicious emotion this familiar sound caused in me. The Turkish government every where prohibits the ringing of bells; but here on the

mountains, among the free Maronites, every thing is free. The sound of church-bells is a simple earnest music for Christian ears, too intimately associated with the usages of our religion to be heard with indifference. Here, so far from my native country, they appeared like links in the mysterious chain which binds the Christians of all countries in one unity. I felt, as it were, nearer to my hearth and to my dear ones, who were, perhaps, at the same moment listening to similar sounds, and thinking of the distant wanderer.

The road leading into this valley was fearfully steep. We were obliged to make a considerable *détour* round the lovely village of Bscharai; for the plague was raging there, which made it forbidden ground for us. Some distance beyond the village we pitched our camp beside a small stream. This night we suffered much from cold and damp.

The inhabitants of Bscharai paid us a visit for the purpose of demanding backsheesh. We had considerable difficulty in getting rid of them, and were obliged almost to beat them off with sticks to escape from their contagious touch.

The practice of begging is universal in the East. So soon as an inhabitant comes in sight, he is sure to be holding out his hand. In those parts where poverty is every where apparent, we cannot wonder at this importunity; but we are justly surprised when we find it in these fruitful valleys, which offer every thing that man can require; where the inhabitants are well clothed, and where their stone dwellings look cheerful and commodious; where corn, the grape-vine, the fig and mulberry tree, and even the valuable potato-plant, which cannot flourish throughout the greater part of Syria on account of the heat and the stony soil, are found in abundance. Every spot of earth is carefully cultivated and turned to the best account, so that I could have fancied myself among the industrious German peasantry; and yet these free people beg and steal quite as much as the Bedouins and Arabs. We were obliged

to keep a sharp watch on every thing. My riding-whip was stolen almost before my very eyes, and one of the gentlemen had his pocket picked of his handkerchief.

Our march to-day had been very fatiguing; we had ridden for eleven hours, and the greater part of the road had been very bad. The night brought us but little relaxation, for our cloaks did not sufficiently protect us from the cold.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

The Lebanon—Druses and Maronites—Illness of Herr Sattler—Djebel or Byblus—Rocky passes—Dog's-river—Return to Beyrout—Sickness—Departure for Alexandria—Roguery of the captain—Disagreeables on board—Limasol—Alarm of pirates—Cowardice of the crew—Arrival at Alexandria.

July 8th.

**T**O-DAY we quitted our cold hard couch at six o'clock in the morning, and travelled agreeably for two hours through this romantic valley, which appeared almost at every step in a new aspect of increased beauty. Above the village a foaming stream bursts from the mighty rocks in a beautiful waterfall, irrigates the valley, and then vanishes imperceptibly among the windings of the ravine. Brooks similar to this one, but smaller, leapt from the mountains round about. On the rocky peaks we seem to behold ruined castles and towers, but discover with astonishment, as we approach nearer, that what we supposed to be ruins are delusive pictures, formed by the wonderful masses of rock, grouped one above the other in the most fantastic forms. In the depths on the one side, grottoes upon grottoes are seen, some with their entrances half concealed, others with gigantic portals, above which the wild rocks tower high; on the other a rich soil is spread in the form of terraces on the rocky cliffs, forming a lovely picture of refreshing vegetation. Had I been a painter, it would have been difficult to tear me away from the contemplation of these regions.

Below the greater waterfall a narrow stone bridge, without balustrades or railing, leads across a deep ravine, through which the stream rushes foaming, to the opposite shore. After having

once crossed, we enter upon a more inhabited tract of country, and travel on between rows of houses and gardens. But many of the houses stood empty, the inhabitants having fled into the fields, and there erected huts of branches of trees, to escape the plague. The Maronites, the real inhabitants of these mountains, are strong people, gifted with a determined will; they cannot be easily brought under a foreign yoke, but are ready to defend their liberty to the death among the natural strongholds of their rocky passes. Their religion resembles that of the Christians, and their priests are permitted to marry. The women do not wear veils, but I saw few such handsome countenances among them as I have frequently observed in the Tyrol.

On the first mountain-range of Lebanon, in the direction of Cælosyria, many Druses are found, besides a few tribes of "Mutualis." The former incline to the Christian faith, while the latter are generally termed "calf-worshippers." They practise their religion so secretly, that nothing certain is known concerning it; the general supposition is, however, that they worship their deity under the form of a calf.

Our way led onwards, for about six miles from Bscharai, through the beautiful valleys of the Lebanon. Then the smiling nature changed, and we were again wandering through sterile regions. The heat, too, became very oppressive; but every thing would have been borne cheerfully had there not been an invalid among us.

Herr Sattler had felt rather unwell on the previous day; to-day he grew so much worse that he could not keep his seat in his saddle, and fell to the ground half insensible. Luckily we found a cistern not far off, and near it some trees, beneath which we made a bed of cloaks for our sick friend. A little water mixed with a few drops of strong vinegar restored him to consciousness. After the lapse of an hour, the patient was indeed able to resume his journey; but lassitude, headache, and feverish shiverings still remained, and we had a ride of many hours before us ere we could

reach our resting-place for the night. From every hill we climbed the ocean could be seen at so short a distance that we thought an hour's journeying must bring us there. But each time another mountain thrust itself between, which it was necessary to climb. So it went on for many hours, till at length we reached a small valley with a lofty isolated mass of rock in the midst, crowned by a ruined castle. The approach to this stronghold was by a flight of stairs cut in the rock. From this point our journey lay at least over a better road, between meadows and fruit-trees, to the little town which we reached at night-fall. We had a long and weary search before we could obtain for our sick comrade even a room, destitute of every appearance of comfort. Poor Herr Sattler, more dead than alive, was compelled, after a ride of thirteen hours, to take up his lodging on the hard ground. The room was perfectly bare, the windows were broken, and the door would not lock. We were fain to search for a few boards, with which we closed up the windows, that the sick man might at least be sheltered from the current of air.

I then prepared him a dish of rice with vinegar; this was the only refreshment we were able to procure.

The rest of us lay down in the yard; but the anxiety we felt concerning our sick friend prevented us from sleeping much. He exhibited every symptom of the plague; in this short time his countenance was quite changed; violent headache and exhaustion prevented him from moving, and the burning heat added the pangs of thirst to his other ills. As we had been travelling for the last day and a half through regions where the pestilence prevailed, it appeared but too probable that Herr Sattler had been attacked by it. Luckily the patient himself had not any idea of the kind, and we took especial care that he should not read our anxiety in our countenances.

July 9th.

Heaven be praised, Herr Sattler was better to-day, though

too weak to continue his journey. As we had thus some time on our hands, the French gentleman and I resolved to embark in a boat to witness the operation of fishing for sponges, by which a number of the poorer inhabitants of the Syrian coast gain their livelihood.

A fisherman rowed us about half a mile out to sea, till he came to a place where he hoped to find something. Here he immersed a plummet in the sea to sound its depth, and on finding that something was to be gained here, he dived downwards armed with a knife to cut the sponge he expected to find from the rocks; and after remaining below the surface for two or three minutes, reappeared with his booty. When first loosened from the rocks, these sponges are usually full of shells and small stones, which give them a very strong and disagreeable smell. They require to be thoroughly cleansed from dirt and well washed with sea-water before being put into fresh.

After our little water-party, we sallied forth to see the town, which is very prettily situated among plantations of mulberry-trees in the vicinity of the sea-coast. The women here are not only unveiled, but frequently wear their necks bare; we saw some of them working in their gardens and washing linen; they were half undressed. We visited the bazaar, intending to purchase a few eggs and cucumbers for our dinner, and some oranges for our convalescent friend. But we could not obtain any; and moderate as our wishes were, it was out of our power to gratify them.

By the afternoon Herr Sattler had so far regained his strength, that he could venture to undertake a short journey of ten miles to the little town of Djäebbeh. This stage was the less difficult for our worthy invalid from the fact that the road lay pleasantly across a fruitful plain skirting the sea, while a cool sea-breeze took away the oppressiveness of the heat. The majestic Lebanon bounded the distant view on the left, and several convents on the foremost chain of mountains looked down upon the broad vale.

We seemed to have but just mounted our horses when we

already descried the castle of the town to which we were bound rising above its walls, and soon after halted at a large khan in its immediate neighbourhood. There were large rooms here in plenty, but all were empty, and the unglazed windows could not even be closed by shutters.

Houses of entertainment of this description barely shield the traveller from the weather. We took possession of a large entrance-hall for our night's quarters, and made ourselves as comfortable as we could.

Count Berchtold and I walked into the town of Djäebbehl (Byblus). This place is, as I have already mentioned, surrounded by a wall; it contains also a small bazaar, where we did not find much to buy. The majority of dwellings are built in gardens of mulberry-trees. The castle lies rather high, and is still in the condition to which it was reduced after the siege by the English in 1840; the side fronting the ocean has sustained most damage. This castle is now uninhabited, but some of the lower rooms are converted into stables. Not far off we found some fragments of ancient pillars; an amphitheatre is said to have once stood here.

July 10th.

To-day Herr Sattler had quite recovered his health, so that we could again commence our journey, according to custom, early in the morning. Our road lay continually by the sea-shore. The views were always picturesque and beautiful, as on the way from Batrun to Djäebbehl; but to-day we had the additional luxury of frequently coming upon brooks which flowed from the neighbouring Lebanon, and of passing springs bursting forth near the sea-shore; one indeed so close to the sea, that the waves continually dashed over it.

After riding forward for four hours, we reached the so-called 'Dog's-river,' the greatest and deepest on the whole journey. This stream also has its origin in the heights of the Lebanon, and after a short course falls into the neighbouring sea.



At the entrance of the valley where the Dog's-river flowed lay a simple khan. Here we made halt to rest for an hour.

Generally we got nothing to eat during the day, as we seldom or never passed a village; even when we came upon a house, there was rarely any thing to be had but coffee: we were therefore the more astonished to find here fresh figs, cucumbers, butter-milk, and wine,—things which in Syria make a feast for the gods. We revelled in this unwonted profusion, and afterwards rode into the valley, which smiled upon us in verdant luxuriance.

This vale cannot be more than five or six hundred feet in breadth. On either side high walls rise towering up; and on the left we see the ruins of an aqueduct quite overgrown with ivy. This aqueduct is seven or eight hundred paces in length, and extends as far as the spot where the Dog's-river rushes over rocks and stones, forming not a lofty, but yet a fine waterfall. Just below this fall a bridge of Roman architecture, supported boldly on rocky buttresses, unites the two shores. The road to this bridge is by a broad flight of stone stairs, upon which our good Syrian horses carried us in perfect safety both upwards and downwards; it was a fearful, dizzy road. The river derives its name from a stone lying near it, which is said to resemble a dog in form. Stones and pieces of rock, against which the stream rushed foaming, we saw in plenty, but none in which we could discover any resemblance to a dog. Perhaps the contour has been destroyed by the action of wind and weather.

Scarcely had we crossed this dangerous bridge when the road wound sharply round a rock in the small but blooming valley, and we journeyed towards the heights up almost perpendicular rocks, and past abysses that overhung the sea.

The rocky mountain we were now climbing juts far out into the sea, and forms a pass towards the territory of Beyrout which a handful of men might easily hold against an army. Such a pass may that of Thermopylæ have been; and had these moun-

taineers but a Leonidas, they would certainly not be far behind the ancient Spartans.

A Latin inscription on a massive stone slab, and higher up four niches, two of which contain statues, while the others display similar inscriptions, seemed to indicate that the Romans had already known and appreciated the importance of this pass. Unfortunately both statues and writing were so much injured by the all-destroying hand of time, that only a man learned in these matters could have deciphered their meaning. In our party there was no one equal to such a task.

We rode on for another half-hour, after which the path led downwards into the territory of Beyrout; and we rode quietly and comfortably by the sea-side towards this city. Mulberry-trees and vineyards bloomed around us, country-houses and villages lay half hidden between, and convents crowned the lower peaks of the Lebanon, which on this side displays only naked rocks, the majority of a bluish-grey colour.

At a little distance from Beyrout we came upon a second giant bridge, similar to that over the Dog's-river. Broad stair-cases, on which four or five horsemen could conveniently ride abreast, led upwards and downwards. The steps are so steep, and lie so far apart, that it seems almost incredible that the poor horses should be able to ascend and descend upon them. We looked down from a dizzy height, not upon a river, but upon a dry river-bed.

At five o'clock in the evening we arrived safely at Beyrout; and thus ended our excursion to the "lovely and incomparable city of the East," to the world-renowned ruin, and to the venerable Grove of Cedars. Our tour had occupied ten days; the distance was about 180 miles; namely, from Beyrout to Damascus about 60, from Damascus to Balbeck 40, and from Balbeck across the Lebanon to Beyrout about 80 miles.

Of four-footed beasts, amphibious creatures, birds, or insects, we had seen nothing. Count Berchtold caught a chameleon, which

unfortunately effected its escape from its prison a few days afterwards. At night we frequently heard the howling of jackals, but never experienced any annoyance from them. We had not to complain of the attacks of insects; but suffered much from the dreadful heat, besides being frequently obliged to endure hunger and thirst: the thermometer one day rose to 40°.

In Beyrout I once more put up at the house of the kind French lady. The first piece of news I heard was that I had arrived twenty-four hours too late, and had thus missed the English packet-boat; this was a most annoying circumstance, for the boat in question only starts for Alexandria once a month (on the 8th or 9th), and at other times it is a great chance if an opportunity of journeying thither can be found. On the very next day I hastened to the Austrian consulate, and begged the Vice-consul, Herr C., to let me know when a ship was about to start for Egypt, and also to engage a place for me. I was told that a Greek vessel would start for that country in two or three days; but these two or three days grew into nineteen.

Never shall I forget what I had to endure in Beyrout. When I could no longer bear the state of things at night in the Noah's ark of my good Pauline, I used to creep through the window on to a terrace, and sleep there; but was obliged each time to retire to my room before daybreak lest I should be discovered. It is said that misfortunes seldom happen singly, and my case was not an exception to the rule. One night I must have caught cold; for in the morning when I hastened back to my prison, and lay down on the bed to recover from the effects of my stone couch, I experienced such an acute pain in my back and hips that I was unable to rise. It happened to be a Sunday morning, a day on which my kind Pauline did not come to the house, as there was no school to keep; and so I lay for twenty-four hours in the greatest pain, without help, unable even to obtain a drop of water. I was totally unable to drag myself to the door, or to the place where the water-jug stood. The next day, I am thankful to say,

I felt somewhat better ; my Pauline also came, and prepared me some mutton-broth. By the fourth day I was once more up, and had almost recovered from the attack.

#### JOURNEY FROM BEYROUT TO CAIRO AND ALEXANDRIA.

It was not until the 28th of July that a Greek brig set sail for Alexandria. At ten o'clock in the evening I betook myself on board, and the next morning at two we weighed anchor. Never have I bid adieu to any place with so much joy as I felt on leaving the town of Beyrout ; my only regret was the parting from my kind Pauline. I had met many good people during my journey, but she was certainly one of the best.

Unhappily, my cruel fate was not yet weary of pursuing me ; and in my experience I fully realised the old proverb of, "out of the frying-pan into the fire." On this vessel, and during the time we had to keep quarantine in Alexandria, I was almost worse off than during my stay in Beyrout. It is necessary, in dealing with the captain of a vessel of this description, to have a written contract for every thing—stating, for instance, where he is to land, how long he may stay at each place, &c. I mentioned this fact at the consulate, and begged the gentlemen to do what was necessary ; but they assured me the captain was known to be a man of honour, and that the precaution I wished to take would be quite superfluous. Upon this assumption, I placed myself fearlessly in the hands of the man ; but scarcely had we lost sight of land, when he frankly declared that there were not sufficient provisions and water on board to allow of our proceeding to Alexandria, but that he must make for the harbour of Limasol in Cyprus. I was exceedingly angry at this barefaced fraud, and at the loss of time it would occasion me, and offered all the opposition I could. But nothing would avail me ; I had no written contract, and the rest of the company offered no active resistance—so to Cyprus we went.

A voyage in an ordinary sailing-vessel, which is not a packet-boat, is as wearisome a thing as can be well conceived. The lower portion of the ship is generally so crammed with merchandise, that the deck alone remains for the passengers. This was the case on the present occasion. I was obliged to remain continually on deck: during the daytime, when I had only my umbrella to shield me from the piercing rays of the sun; at night, when the dews fell so heavily, that after an hour my cloak would be quite wet through, in cold and in stormy weather. They did not even spread a piece of sailcloth by way of awning. This state of things continued for ten days and eleven nights, during which time I had not even an opportunity to change my clothes. This was a double hardship; for if there is a place above all others where cleanliness becomes imperative to comfort, it is certainly on board a Greek ship, the generality of which are exceedingly dirty and disgusting. The company I found did not make amends for the accommodation. The only Europeans on board were two young men, who had received some unimportant situation in a quarantine office from the Turkish government. The behaviour of both was conceited, stupid, and withal terribly vulgar. Then there were four students from Alexandria, who boarded at Beyrout, and were going home to spend the vacation—good-natured but much-neglected lads of fourteen or fifteen years, who seemed particularly partial to the society of the sailors, and were always talking, playing, or quarrelling with them. The remainder of the company consisted of a rich Arab family, with several male and female negro slaves, and a few very poor people. And in such society I was to pass a weary time. Many will say that this was a good opportunity for obtaining an insight into the customs and behaviour of these people; but I would gladly have declined the opportunity, for it requires an almost angelic patience to bear such a complication of evils with equanimity. Among the Arabs and the lower class of Greeks, moreover, every thing possessed by one member of the community is looked upon as public

property. A knife, a pair of scissors, a drinking-glass, or any other small article, is taken from its owner without permission, and is given back after use without being cleaned. On the mat, the carpet, or the mattress, which you have brought on board as bedding, a negro and his master will lie down; and wherever a vacant space is left, some one is sure to stand or lie down. Take what precautions you may, it is impossible to avoid having your person and garments infested by certain very disgusting parasitical creatures. One day I cleaned my teeth with a toothbrush; one of the Greek sailors, noticing what I was about, came towards me, and when I laid the brush down for an instant, took it up. I thought he only wished to examine it; but no, he did exactly as I had done, and after cleaning his teeth returned me my brush, expressing himself entirely satisfied with it.

The diet on board a vessel of this kind is also exceedingly bad. For dinner we have pilau, stale cheese, and onions; in the evening, we get anchovies, olives, stale cheese again, and ship-biscuit instead of bread. These appetising dishes are placed in a tray on the ground, round which the captains (of whom there are frequently two or three), the mate, and those passengers who have not come furnished with provisions of their own, take their places. I did not take part in these entertainments; for I had brought a few live fowls, besides some rice, butter, dried bread, and coffee, and prepared my own meals. The voyage in one of these agreeable ships is certainly not very dear, if we do not take the discomforts and privations into account; but these I can really not estimate at too high a price. For the voyage to Alexandria (a distance of 2000 sea-miles) I paid sixty piastres; the provisions I took with me cost thirty more; and thus the entire journey came only to ninety piastres.

In general the wind was very unfavourable, so that we frequently cruised about for whole nights, and awoke in the morning to find ourselves in almost the same position we had occupied the previous evening.

This is one of the most disagreeable impressions, and one which can scarcely be described, to be continually driving and driving without approaching the conclusion of your journey. To my shame I must confess that I sometimes shed tears of regret and annoyance. My fellow-passengers could not at all understand why I was so impatient; for, with their constitutional indolence, they were quite indifferent as to whether they spent their time for a week or a fortnight longer in smoking, sleeping, and idling on board or on shore—whether they were carried to Cyprus or Alexandria. It was not until the fourth day that we landed at

#### LIMASOL.

This place contains pretty houses, some of which are even provided with slated roofs, and resemble European habitations. Here, for the first time since my departure from Constantinople, I saw a vehicle; it was not, however, a coach, but simply a wooden two-wheeled cart, and is used to transport stones, earth, and merchandise. The region around Limasol is barren in the extreme, almost like that of Larnaca, except that the mountains are here much nearer.

We stayed in this port the whole of the day; and now I learnt for the first time that the captain had not put in here so much on account of scarcity of provisions, as because he wanted to take in wine and endeavour to take in passengers. Of the latter, however, none presented themselves. The wine is very cheap; I bought a bottle containing about three pints for a piastre. As soon as we were again at sea, our worthy captain gave out that he wished to call at Damietta. My patience was at length exhausted. I called him a cheat, and insisted that he should bend his course to no other port than to Alexandria, otherwise I should have him brought before a judge if it cost me a hundred piastres. This remonstrance produced so much effect upon the captain, that he promised me not to cast anchor any where else; and, marvelous to relate, he kept his word.

One other circumstance occurred during this journey which is interesting as furnishing a sample of the heroism of the modern Greeks.

On the 5th of August, about noon, our sailors discovered a two-masted ship in the distance, which altered her course immediately on perceiving our vessel, and came sailing towards us. It was at once concluded by all that this ship must be a pirate, else why did she alter her course and give chase to us? The circumstance was indeed singular; yet these maritime heroes ought to have been used to all kinds of adventures, and not at once to have feared the worst, particularly as, so far as I am aware, the pirate's trade is very nearly broken up, and attempts of this kind are unprecedented—at least in these regions.

A painter like Hogarth should have been on board our ship, to mark the expression of fear and cowardice depicted on the several countenances. It was wonderful to behold how the poor captains ran from one end of the ship to the other, and huddled us travellers together into a heap, recommending us to sit still and keep silence; how they then hurried away and ran to and fro, making signs and gestures, while the pale sailors tumbled after them with scared faces, wringing their hands. Any one who had not witnessed the scene would think this description exaggerated. What would the Grecian heroes of antiquity say if they could throw a glance upon their gallant descendants! Instead of arming themselves and making preparations, the men ran about in the greatest confusion. We were in this enviable state when the dreaded pirate came within gunshot; and the reason of her approach turned out to be that her compass was broken. The whole scene at once changed, as though a beneficent fairy had waved her wand. The captains instantly recovered their dignity, the sailors embraced and jumped about like children, and we poor travellers were released from duress and permitted to take part in the friendly interview between the two heroic crews.

The captain who had spoken us asked our gallant leader in



what latitude we were, and hearing that we were sailing to Alexandria, requested that a lantern should be hung at the mainmast-head, at which he might look as at a guiding-star.

With the exception of Cyprus, we had seen no land during all our weary journey. We could only judge when we arrived in the neighbourhood of Damietta by the altered colour of the sea; as far as the eye could reach, the beautiful dark-blue wave had turned to the colour of the yellow Nile. From these tokens I could judge of the magnitude and volume of that river, which at this season of the year increases greatly, and had already been rising for two months.

August 7th.

At eight o'clock in the morning we safely reached the quay of Alexandria.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

Alexandria—Keeping quarantine—Want of arrangement in the quarantine house—Bad water—Fumigating of the rooms—Release—Aspect of the city—Departure by boat for Atfé—Mehemet Ali—Arrival at Atfé—Excellence of the Nile water—Good-nature of the Arab women—The Delta of the Nile—The Lybian desert—The pyramids—Arrival at Cairo.

At first we could only perceive the tops of masts, behind which low objects seemed to be hiding as they rose from the sea. In a little time a whole forest of masts appeared, while the objects before mentioned took the shape of houses peering forth amongst them. At length the land itself could be distinguished from the surrounding ocean, and we discerned hills, shrubberies, and gardens in the vicinity of the town, the appearance of which is not calculated to delight the traveller, for a large desert region of sand girdles both city and gardens, giving an air of dreariness to the whole scene.

We cast anchor between the lighthouse and the new hospital. No friendly boat was permitted to approach and carry us to the wished-for shore; we came from the land of the plague to enter another region afflicted with the same scourge, and yet we were compelled to keep quarantine, for the Egyptians asserted that the Syrian plague was more malignant than the variety of the disease raging among them. Thus a compulsory quarantine is always enforced in these regions, a circumstance alike prejudicial to visitors, commerce, and shipping.

We waited with fear and trembling to hear how long a period of banishment in the hospital should be awarded us. At length came a little skiff, bringing two guardians (servants of the hospital),

and with them the news that we must remain in the hospital ten days from the period of our entrance, but that we could not disembark to-day, as it was Sunday. Excepting at the arrival of the English packet-boats, the officials have no time to examine vessels on Sundays or holidays,—a truly Egyptian arrangement. Why could not an officer be appointed for these days to take care of the poor travellers? Why should fifty persons suffer for the convenience of one, and be deprived of their liberty for an extra day? We came from Beyrout furnished with a Teshkeret (certificate of health) by the government, besides the voucher of our personal appearance, and yet we were condemned to a lengthened imprisonment. But Mehemet Ali is far more mighty and despotic in Egypt than the Sultan in Constantinople; he commands, and what can we do but obey, and submit to his superior power?

From the deck of our ship I obtained a view of the city and the desert region around. The town seems tolerably spacious, and is built quite in European style.

Of the Turkish town, which lies in the background, we can distinguish nothing; the proper harbour, situate at the opposite side of the city, is also invisible, and its situation can only be discerned from the forest of masts that towers upwards. The eye is principally caught by two high sand-hills, on one of which stands Fort Napoleon, while the other is only surmounted by several cannon; the foreground is occupied by rocky ridges of moderate elevation, flanked on one side by the lighthouse, and on the other by the new quarantine buildings. The old quarantine-house lies opposite to the new one. In several places we notice little plantations of date-palms, which make a very agreeable impression on the European, as their appearance is quite new to him.

August 8th.

At seven o'clock this morning we disembarked, and were delivered with bag and baggage at the quarantine-house. I now trod a new quarter of the globe, Africa. When I sit calmly down to

think of the past, I frequently wonder how it was that my courage and perseverance never once left me while I followed out my project step by step. This only serves to convince me that, if the resolution be firm, things can be achieved which would appear almost impossible.

I had expected to find neither comfort nor pleasure in the quarantine-house, and unfortunately I had judged but too well. The courtyard into which we were shewn was closely locked, and furnished on all sides with wooden bars; the rooms displayed only four bare walls, with windows guarded in the same manner. It is customary to quarter several persons in the same room, and then each pays a share of the expense. I requested a separate apartment, which one can also have, but of course at a higher charge. Such a thing as a chair, a table, or a piece of furniture, was quite out of the question; whoever wishes to enjoy such a luxury must apply by letter to an innkeeper of the town, who lends any thing of the kind, but at an enormously high rate. Diet must be obtained in the same way. In the quarantine establishment there is no host, every thing must be procured from without. An innkeeper generally demands between thirty and forty piastres per diem for dinner and supper. This I considered a little too exorbitant, and therefore ordered a few articles of food through one of the keepers. He promised to provide every thing punctually; but I fear he cannot have understood me, for I waited in vain, and during the whole of the first day had nothing to eat. On the second day my appetite was quite ravenous, and I did not know what to do. I betook myself to the room of the Arab family who had come in the same ship with me, and were therefore also in quarantine; I asked for a piece of bread, for which I offered to pay: but the kind woman not only gave me bread, but pressed upon me a share of all the provisions she was preparing for her family, and would not be prevailed upon to accept any remuneration; on the contrary, she explained to me by signs that I was to come to her whenever I wanted any thing.

It was not until the evening of the second day that, perceiving it was hopeless to expect any thing from my stupid messenger, I applied to the chief superintendent of the hospital, who came every evening at sunset to examine us and to lock us in our rooms. I ordered my provisions of him, and from this time forward always received them in proper time.

The keepers were all Arabs, and not one of them could understand or speak any language but their own; this is also a truly Egyptian arrangement. I think that in an establishment of this kind, where travellers from all parts of the world are assembled, it would at least be advisable to have a person who understands Italian, even if he cannot speak it. An individual of this kind could easily be obtained; for Italian, as I afterwards found, is such a well-known language throughout the East, but particularly at Alexandria and Cairo, that many people are to be met with, even among the lowest classes, who understand and can speak it.

The supply of water is also very badly managed. Every morning, immediately after sunrise, a few skins of water are brought for the purpose of cleaning the cooking utensils; at nine o'clock in the morning and five in the afternoon a few camels come laden with skins of fresh water, which are emptied into two stone tanks in the courtyard. Then all fill their cooking and drinking vessels, but in such an untidy way that I felt not the slightest inclination to drink. One man was lading out the water with a dirty pot, while another dabbled in the tank with his filthy hands; and some even put their dirty feet on the rim and washed them, so that some of the water ran back into the tank. This receptacle is moreover never cleaned, so that dirt accumulates upon dirt, and the only way to obtain clear water is by filtering it.

On the second day of my residence here I was exceedingly surprised to observe that the courtyard, the staircases, the rooms, &c. were being cleaned and swept with particular care. The mystery was soon solved; the commissioner appeared with a great stick, and paused at the threshold of the door to see that the

linen, clothes, &c. were hung up to air, the books opened, and the letters or papers suspended by strings. No idea can be formed of the stupid nervous fear of this commissioner. For instance, on passing through the first room on his way to my apartment, he saw the stalk of a bunch of grapes lying on the ground. With fearful haste he thrust this trifling object aside with his stick, for fear his foot should strike against it in passing; and as he went he continually held his stick in rest, to keep us plague-struck people at a respectful distance.

On the seventh day of our incarceration we were all sent to our rooms at nine o'clock in the morning. Doors and windows were then locked, and great chafing-dishes were brought, and a dreadful odour of brimstone, herbs, burnt feathers, and other ingredients filled the air. After we had been compelled to endure this stifling atmosphere for four or five minutes, the windows and doors were once more opened. A person of a consumptive habit could scarcely have survived this inhuman ordeal.

On the ninth day the men were drawn up in a row, to undergo an examination by the doctor. The old gentleman entered the room, with a spy-glass in one hand and a stick in the other, to review the troop. Every man had to strike himself a blow on the chest and another in the side; if he could do this without feeling pain, it was considered a sign of health, because the plague-spots appear first on these parts of the body. On the same day, the women were led into a large room, where a great female dragoon was waiting for us to put us through a similar ceremony. Neither men nor women are, however, required to undress.

A few hours later we were summoned to the iron grating which separated us from the disinfected people. On the farther side were seated several officers, to whom we paid the fee for our rooms and the keepers—the charge was very trifling. My room, with attendance, only cost me three piastres per diem. But how gladly would every traveller pay a higher price if he could only

have a table and a few chairs in his apartment, and an attendant who understood what was said to him!

So far as cleanliness is concerned, there is nothing to complain of; the rooms, the staircases and the courtyard were kept very neatly, and the latter was even profusely watered twice a day. We were not at all annoyed by insects, and we were but little incommoded by the heat. In the sun the temperature never exceeded  $33^{\circ}$ ; and in the shade the greatest heat was  $22^{\circ}$  Reaumur.

August 17th.

At seven o'clock this morning our cage was at length opened. Now all the world rushed in; friends and relations of the voyagers, ambassadors from innkeepers, porters, and donkey-drivers, all were merry and joyous, for every one found a friend or an acquaintance, and I only stood friendless and alone, for nobody hastened towards me or took an interest in me; but the envoys of the innkeepers, the porters, and donkey-drivers, cruel generation that they were, quarrelled and hustled each other for the possession of the solitary one.

I collected my baggage, mounted a donkey, and rode to "Columbier," one of the best inns in Alexandria. Swerving a little from the direct road, I passed "Cleopatra's Needles," two obelisks of granite, one of which is still erect, while the other lies prostrate in the sand at a short distance. We rode through a miserable poverty-stricken village; the huts were built of stones, but were so small and low that we can hardly understand how a man can stand upright in them. The doors were so low that we had to stoop considerably in entering. I could not discover any signs of windows. And this wretched village lay within the bounds of the city, and even within the walls, which inclose such an immense space, that they not only comprise Alexandria itself, but several small villages, besides numerous country-houses and a few shrubberies and cemeteries.

In this village I saw many women with yellowish-brown countenances. They looked wretched and dirty, and were all clothed in long blue garments, sitting before their doors at work, or nursing children. These women were employed in basket-making and in picking corn. I did not notice any men; they were probably employed in the fields.

I now rode forward across the sandy plain on which the whole of Alexandria is built, and suddenly, without having passed through any street, found myself in the great square.

I can scarcely describe the astonishment I felt at the scene before me. Every where I saw large beautiful houses, with lofty gates, regular windows, and balconies, like European dwellings; equipages, as graceful and beautiful as any that can be found in the great cities of Europe, rolled to and fro amid a busy crowd of men of various nations. Franks, in the costume of their country, were distinguished among the turbans and fez-caps of the Orientals; and tall women, in their blue gowns, wandered amidst the half-naked forms of the Arabs and Bedouins. Here a negro was running with argilé behind his master, who trotted along on his noble horse; there Frankish or Egyptian ladies were to be seen mounted on asses. Coming from the dreary monotony of the quarantine-house, this sight made a peculiar impression upon me.

Scarcely had I arrived at the hotel before I hastened to the Austrian consulate, where Herr von L., the government councillor, received me very kindly. I begged this gentleman to let me know what would be the first opportunity for me to continue my journey to Cairo; I did not wish to take passage on board an English steamboat, as the charge on this vessel for the short distance of about 400 sea miles is five pounds. The councillor was polite enough to procure me a berth on board an Arabian barque, which was to start from Atfé the same evening.

I also learnt at the consulate, that Herr Sattler, the painter, had arrived by the packet-boat a few days previously, and was now at the old quarantine-house. I rode out in company with a



gentleman to visit him, and was glad to find him looking very well. He was just returning from his journey to Palestine.

I found the arrangements in the old quarantine-building rather more comfortable than those in the new; the establishment is moreover nearer the town, so that it is easier to obtain the necessaries of life. On my return, my companion was so kind as to conduct me through the greater portion of the Turkish town, which appeared to be better built and more neatly kept than any city of the Turks I had yet seen. The bazaar is not handsome; it consists of wooden booths, displaying only the most ordinary articles of merchandise.

On the same day that I quitted the quarantine-house, I rode in the evening to the Nile Canal, which is twenty-four feet broad and about twenty-six miles long. A number of vessels lay there, on one of which a place had been taken for me (the smaller division of the cabin) as far as Atfé, for the sum of fifteen piastres. I at once took possession of my berth, made my arrangements for the night and for the following day, and waited hour after hour till we should depart. Late in the night I was at length told that we could not set out to-night at all. To pack up my things again, and to set off to walk to the inn, a distance of two miles, and to return next morning, would have been a rather laborious proceeding; I therefore resolved to remain on board, and sat down among the Arabs and Bedouins to eat my frugal supper, which consisted of cold provisions.

Next day I was told every half-hour that we should depart immediately, and each time I was again disappointed.

Herr von L. had wished to supply me with wine and provisions for the passage; but as I had calculated upon being in Atfé to-day at noon, I had declined his offer with many thanks. But now I had no provisions; I could not venture into the town on account of the distance, and found it quite impossible to make the sailors understand that they were to bring me some bread and baked fish from the neighbouring bazaar. At length hunger compelled me

to venture out alone: I pushed through the crowd, who looked at me curiously, but suffered me to pass unmolested, and bought some provisions.

In Alexandria I procured beef and beef-soup, for the first time since my departure from Smyrna. In Alexandria and throughout the whole of Egypt the white bread is very delicious.

At four in the afternoon we at length set sail. The time had passed rapidly enough with me, for there was a great deal of bustle around this canal. Barques came and departed, took in or discharged cargo; long processions of camels moved to and fro with their drivers to fetch and carry goods; the soldiers passed by, to the sound of military music, to exercise in the neighbouring square; there was continually something new to see, so that when four o'clock arrived, I could not imagine what had become of the time.

With the exception of the crew, I was the only person on board. These vessels are long and narrow, and are fitted up with a cabin and an awning. The cabin is divided into two little rooms; the first and larger of these contains two little windows on each side. The second and smaller one is often only six feet long by five broad. The space under the awning is appropriated to the poorer class of passengers and to the servants. It is necessary to take on board, besides provisions, a little stove, wood for fuel, kitchen-utensils and articles of this kind, a supply of water. The water of the Nile is, indeed, very good and thoroughly tasteless, so that it is universally drunk in Alexandria, Cairo, and elsewhere; but it is very turbid and of a yellowish colour, so that it must be filtered to render it clear and pure. Thus it happens that even on the river we are obliged to take water with us.

Handsome country-houses with gardens skirt the sides of the canal; the finest of these belongs to a pacha, the son-in-law of Mehemet Ali. As we passed this palace I saw the Egyptian Napoleon for the first time; he is a very little old man, with a long snow-white beard; his eyes and his gestures are very animated.

Several Europeans stood around him, and a number of servants, some of them clothed in Greek, others in Turkish costume. In the avenue his carriage was waiting, a splendid double-seated vehicle, with four beautiful horses, harnessed in the English style. The Franks are favourably disposed towards this despot, whose subjects cherish a very opposite feeling. His government is very lenient to Christians, while the Mussulmen are obliged to bend their necks beneath a yoke of iron slavery.

This view of villas and gardens only lasts for two hours at the most. Afterwards we continue our journey to Atfé through a very uniform and unsatisfactory region of sandy hills and plains. On the right we pass the Mariotic Sea; and on both sides lie villages of a very wretched appearance.

August 19th.

At eleven in the forenoon we reached Atfé, and had therefore travelled about 180 sea-miles in sixteen hours. Atfé is a very small town, or rather a mere heap of stones.

The landing-places were always the scenes of my chief troubles. It was seldom that I could find a Frank, and was generally obliged to address several of the bystanders before I succeeded in finding one who could speak Italian and give me the information I required. I requested to be taken at once to the Austrian consulate, where this difficulty was usually removed. This was also the case here: The consul immediately sent to inquire how I could best get to Cairo, and offered me a room in his house in the mean time. A ship was soon found, for Atfé is a harbour of some importance. The canal joins the Nile at this place; and as larger vessels are used on the stream itself, all goods are transhipped here, so that barques are continually starting for Alexandria and Cairo. In a few hours I was obliged to re-embark, and had only time to provide myself with provisions and a supply of water, and to partake of a sumptuous dinner at the consul's, whose hospitality was doubly grateful to me as I had fasted the previous day. The chief compartment

of the cabin had been engaged for me, at an expense of 100 piastres. On embarking, however, I found that this place had been so filled with goods, that hardly a vacant space remained for the poor occupant. I at once hastened back to the consulate and complained of the captain, whereupon the consul sent for that worthy and desired him to clear my cabin, and to refrain from annoying me during the voyage, if he wished to be paid on our arrival at Cairo. This command was strictly obeyed, and until we reached our destination I was left in undisturbed possession of my berth. At two in the afternoon I once more set sail alone in the company of Arabs and Bedouins.

I would counsel any one who can only make this journey to Cairo once in his lifetime to do it at the end of August or the beginning of September. A more lovely picture, and one more peculiar in its character, can scarcely be imagined. In many places the plain is covered as far as the eye can trace by the Nile-sea (it can scarcely be called river in its immense expanse), and every where little islands are seen rising from the waters, covered with villages surrounded by date-palms, and other trees, while in the background the high-masted boats, with their pyramidal sails, are gliding to and fro. Numbers of sheep, goats, and poultry cover the hills, and near the shore the heads of the dark-grey buffaloes, which are here found in large herds, peer forth from the water. These creatures are fond of immersing their bodies in the cool flood, where they stand gazing at the passing ships. Here and there little plantations of twenty to thirty trees are seen, which appear, as the ground is completely overflowed, to be growing out of the Nile. The water here is much more muddy and of a darker colour than in the canal between Atfé and Alexandria. The sailors pour this water into great iron vessels, and leave it to settle and become clearer; this is, however, of little use, for it remains almost as muddy as the river. Notwithstanding this circumstance, however, this Nile-water is not at all prejudicial to health; on the contrary, the inhabitants of the valley assert that they possess the

best and wholesomest water in the world. The Franks are accustomed, as I have already stated, to take filtered water with them. When the supply becomes exhausted, they have only to put a few kernels of apricots or almonds chopped small into a vessel of Nile-water to render it tolerably clear within the space of five or six hours. I learnt this art from an Arab woman during my voyage on the Nile.

The population of the region around the Nile must be very considerable, for the villages almost adjoin each other. The ground consists every where of sand, and only becomes fruitful through the mud which the Nile leaves behind after its inundation. Thus the luxuriant vegetation here only commences after the waters of the Nile have retired.

The villages cannot be called handsome, as the houses are mostly built of earth and clay, or of bricks made of the Nile mud. Man, the "crown of creation," does not appear to advantage here; the poverty, the want of cleanliness, and rude savage state of the people, cannot be witnessed without a feeling of painful emotion.

The dress of the women consists of the usual long blue garment, and the men wear nothing but a shirt reaching to the knee. Some of the women veil their faces, but others do not.

I was astonished at the difference between the fine strongly-built men and the ugly disgusting women and neglected children. In general the latter present a most lamentable appearance, with faces covered with scabs and sores, on which a quantity of flies are continually settling. Frequently also they have inflamed eyes.

In spite of the oppressive heat, I remained nearly the whole day seated on the roof of my cabin, enjoying the landscape, and gazing at the moving panorama to my heart's content.

The company on board could be called good or bad; bad, because there was not a soul present to whom I could impart my feelings and sentiments on the marvels of nature around me; good, because all, but particularly the Arab women who occupied the little cabin in the forepart of the vessel, were very good-natured and attentive to me.

They wished me to accept a share of every thing they possessed, and gave me a portion of each of their dishes, which generally consisted either of pilau, beans, or cucumbers, and which I did not find palatable; when they drank coffee in the morning, the first cup was always handed to me. In return I gave them some of my provisions, all of which they liked, excepting the coffee, which had milk in it. When we landed at a village, the inhabitants would inquire by signs if I wished for any thing. I wanted some milk, eggs, and bread, but did not know how to ask for them in Arabic. I therefore had recourse to drawing; for instance, I made a portrait of a cow, gave an Arab woman a bottle and some money, and made signs to her to milk her cow and to fill my bottle. In the same way I drew a hen, and some eggs beside her; pointed to the hen with a shake of my head, and then to the eggs with a nod, counting on the woman's fingers how many she was to bring me. In this way I could always manage to get on, by limiting my wants to such objects as I could represent by drawings.

When they brought me the milk, and I explained to the Arab woman by signs that, after she had finished cooking, I wished to have the use of the fire to prepare my milk and eggs, she immediately took off her pot from the fire and compelled me, in spite of all remonstrances, to cook my dinner first. If I walked forward towards the prow to obtain a better view of the landscape, the best place was immediately vacated on my behalf; and, in short, they all behaved in such a courteous and obliging way, that these uncultivated people might have put to shame many a civilised European. They certainly, however, requested a few favours of me, which, I am ashamed to say, it cost me a great effort to grant. For instance, the oldest among them begged permission to sleep in my apartment, as they only possessed a small cabin, while I had the larger one all to myself. Then they performed their devotions, even to the preliminary washing of face and feet, in my cabin; this I permitted, as I was more on deck than below. At first these women called me Mary, imagining, probably, that

every Christian lady must bear the name of the Virgin. I told them my baptismal name, which they accurately remembered; they told me theirs in return, which I very soon forgot. I mention this trifling circumstance, because I afterwards was frequently surprised at the retentive memory of these people during my journey through the desert towards the Red Sea.

August 21st.

Although I felt solitary among all the voyagers on the barque, these two days passed swiftly and agreeably away. The flatter the land grew, the broader did the lordly river become. The villages increased in size; and the huts, mostly resembling a sugar-loaf, with a number of doves roosting on its apex, wore an appearance of greater comfort. Mosques and large country-houses presently appeared; and, in short, the nearer we approached towards Cairo, the more distinct became these indications of affluence. The sand-hills appeared less frequently, though on the route between Atfé and Cairo I still saw five or six large barren places which had quite the look of deserts. Once the wind blew directly towards us from one of these burning wastes with such an oppressive influence, that I could easily imagine how dreadful the hot winds (*chamsir*) must be, and I no longer wondered at the continual instances of blindness among the poor inhabitants of these regions. The heat is unendurable, and the fine dust and heated particles of sand which are carried into the air by these winds cannot fail to cause inflammation of the eyes.

Little towers of masonry, on the tops of which telegraphs have been fixed, are seen at intervals along the road between Alexandria and Cairo.

Our vessel was unfortunate enough to strike several times on sand-banks, besides getting entangled among the shallows—a circumstance of frequent occurrence during the time that the Nile is rising. On these occasions I could not sufficiently admire the strength, agility, and hard-working perseverance of our sailors,

who were obliged to jump overboard and push off the ship with poles, and afterwards were repeatedly compelled to drag it for half an hour together through shallow places. These people are also very expert at climbing. They could ascend *without* ratlines to the very tops of the slanting masts, and take in or unloose the sails. I could not repress a shudder on seeing these poor creatures hanging betwixt earth and heaven, so far above me that they appeared like dwarfs. They work with one hand, while they cling to the mast with the other. I do not think that a better, or a more active, agile, and temperate race of sailors exists than these. Their fare consists of bread or ship-biscuit in the morning, with sometimes a raw cucumber, a piece of cheese, or a handful of dates in addition. For dinner they have the same diet, and for supper they have a dish of warm beans, or a kind of broth or pilau. Roast mutton is a rare delicacy with them, and their drink is nothing but the Nile water.

During the period of the inundation, the river is twice as full of vessels as at other times. When the river is swollen, the only method of communication is by boats.

On the last day of this expedition a most beauteous spectacle awaited me—the Delta! Here the mighty Nile, which irrigates the whole country with the hundreds of canals cut from its banks through every region, divides itself into two principal branches, one of which falls into the sea at Rosetta, and the other at Damietta. If the separate arms of the river could be compared to seas, how much more does its united vastness merit the appellation!

When I was thus carried away by the beauty and grandeur of nature, when I thus saw myself placed in the midst of new and interesting scenes, it would appear to me incredible how people can exist, possessing in abundance the gifts of riches, health, and leisure time, and yet without a taste for travelling. The petty comforts of life and enjoyments of luxury are indeed worth more in the eyes of some than the opportunity of contemplating the exalted beauties of nature or the monuments of history, and of



gaining information concerning the manners and customs of foreign nations. Although I was at times very badly situated, and had to encounter more hardships and disagreeables than fall to the lot of many a man, I would be thankful that I had had resolution given me to continue my wanderings whenever one of these grand spectacles opened itself before me. What, indeed, are the entertainments of a large town compared to the Delta of the Nile, and many similar scenes? The pure and perfect enjoyment afforded by the contemplation of the beauty of nature is not for a moment to be found in the ball-room or the theatre; and all the ease and luxury in the world should not buy from me my recollections of this journey.

Not far from the Delta we can behold the Lybian Desert, of which we afterwards never entirely lose sight, though we sometimes approach and sometimes recede from it. I became conscious of certain dark objects in the far distance; they developed themselves more and more, and at length I recognised in them the wonder-buildings of ancient times, the Pyramids; far behind them rises the chain of mountains, or rather hills, of Mokattam.

Evening was closing in when we at length arrived at Bulak, the harbour of Cairo. If we could have landed at once, I might, perhaps, have reached the town itself this evening; as the harbour is, however, always over-crowded with vessels, the captain is often compelled to wait for an hour before he can find a place to moor his craft. By the time I could disembark it had already grown quite dark, and the town-gates were shut. I was thus obliged to pass the night on board.

The journey from Atfé to Cairo had occupied two days and a half. This passage had been one of the most interesting, although the heat became more and more oppressive, and the burning winds of the desert were sometimes wafted over to us. The highest temperature at midday was  $36^{\circ}$ , and in the shade from  $24^{\circ}$  to  $25^{\circ}$  Reaumur. The sky was far less beautiful and clear than in Syria; it was here frequently overcast with white clouds.

## CHAPTER XV.

Cairo—Quarrel with the captain—Rapacity of the beggars—The custom-house—The consulate—Aspect of Cairo—Narrow and crowded streets—Costumes—The mad-house—Disgusting exhibition—Joseph's well—Palace of Mehemet Ali—Dates—Mosques at Cairo—Excursion to the pyramids of Gizeh—Gizeh—Eggs hatched by artificial heat—Ascent of the pyramids—The sphynx—Return to Cairo.

August 22d.

THE aspect of this great Egyptian metropolis is not nearly so imposing as I had fancied it to be ; its situation is too flat, and from on board we can only discern scattered portions of its extended area. The gardens skirting the shore are luxuriant and lovely.

At my debarcation, and on the road to the consulate, I met with several adventures, which I relate circumstantially, trifling as they may appear, in order to give a hint as to the best method of dealing with the people here.

At the very commencement I became involved in a dispute with the captain of the vessel. I had still to pay him three dollars and a half, and gave him four dollars, in the expectation that he would return me my change. This, however, he refused to do, and persisted in keeping the half-dollar. He said it should be divided as backsheesh among the crew ; but I am sure they would have seen nothing of it. Luckily, however, he was stupid enough not to put the money in his pocket, but kept it open in his hand. I quickly snatched a coin from him, and put it into my pocket, explaining to him at the same time that he should not have it back until he had given me my change, adding that I would give the men a gratuity myself. He shouted and stormed,

and kept on asking for the money. I took no heed of him, but continued quietly packing up my things. Seeing, at length, that nothing was to be done with me, he gave me back my half-dollar; whereupon we parted good friends. This affair concluded, I had to look about for a couple of asses; one for myself, and another for my luggage. If I had stepped ashore I should have been almost torn in pieces by contending donkey-drivers, each of whom would have lugged me in a different direction. I therefore remained quietly for a time in my cabin, until the drivers ceased to suspect that any one was there. In the meantime I had been looking upon the shore from the cabin-window, and speculating upon which animal I should take; then I quickly rushed out, and before the proprietors of the long-eared steeds were aware of my intention, I had seized one by the bridle and pointed to another. This concluded the matter at once; for the proprietors of the chosen animals defended me from the rest, and returned with me to the boat to carry my baggage.

A fellow came up and arranged my little trunk on the back of the ass. For this trifling service I gave him a piastre; but observing that I was alone, he probably thought he could soon intimidate me into giving whatever he demanded. So he returned me my piastre, and demanded four. I took the money, and told him (for fortunately he understood a little Italian) that if he felt dissatisfied with this reward he might accompany me to the consulate, where his four piastres would be paid so soon as it appeared that he had earned them. He shouted and blustered, just as the captain had done; but I remained deaf, and rode forward towards the custom-house. Then he came down to three piastres, then to two, and finally said he would be content with one, which I threw to him. When I reached the custom-house, hands were stretched out towards me from all sides; I gave something to the chief person, and let the remaining ones clamour on. When, after experiencing these various annoyances, I rode on towards the town, a new obstacle arose. My Arab guide inquired whither

he should conduct me. I endeavoured in vain to explain to him where I wanted to go; he could not be made to understand me. Nothing now remained for me but to accost every well-dressed Oriental whom I met, until I should find one who could understand either French or Italian. The third person I addressed fortunately knew something of the latter language, and I begged him to tell my guide to take me to the Austrian consulate. This was done, and my troubles concluded.

A ride of three quarters of an hour in a very broad handsome street, planted with a double row of a kind of acacia altogether strange to me, among a crowd of men, camels, asses, &c., brought me to the town, the streets of which are in general narrow. There is so much noise and crowding every where, that one would suppose a tumult had broken out. But as I approached, the immense mass always opened as if by magic, and I pursued my way without hindrance to the consulate, which lies hidden in a little narrow blind alley.

I went immediately to the office, and presented myself to the consul, with the request that he would recommend me a respectable inn of the second class. Herr Chamgion, the consul, interested himself for me with heartfelt kindness; he immediately despatched a kavasse to an innkeeper whom he knew, paid my guide, and recommended the host strongly to take good care of me; in short, he behaved towards me with true Christian kindness. His house was ever open to me, and I could go to him with any petition I wished to make. It is a real pleasure to me to be able publicly once more to thank this worthy man.

I had been furnished with a letter of recommendation to a certain Herr Palm. The consul kindly sent at once for this gentleman, who soon appeared, and accompanied me to the inn.

I requested Herr P. to recommend me a servant who could either speak Italian or French, and afterwards to tell me the best method to set about seeing the lions of the town. Herr P. very willingly undertook to do so; and after the lapse of an hour, the

dragoman had already been found, and two asses stood before the door to carry me and my servant through the whole town.

The animated bustle and hum of business in the streets of Cairo is very great. I can even say that in the most populous cities of Italy I never saw any thing I could compare to it; and certainly this is a bold assertion.

Many of the streets are so narrow, that when loaded camels meet, one party must always be led into a by-street until the other has passed. In these narrow lanes I continually encountered crowds of passengers, so that I really felt quite anxious, and wondered how I should find my way through. People mounted on horses and donkeys tower above the moving mass; but the asses themselves appear like pigmies beside the high, lofty-looking camels, which do not lose their proud demeanour even under their heavy burdens. Men often slip by under the heads of the camels. The riders keep as close as possible to the houses, and the mass of pedestrians winds dexterously between. There are water-carriers, vendors of goods, numerous blind men groping their way with sticks, and bearing baskets with fruit, bread, and other provisions for sale; numerous children, some of them running about the streets, and others playing before the house-doors; and lastly, the Egyptian ladies, who ride on asses to pay their visits, and come in long processions with their children and negro servants. Let the reader further imagine the cries of the vendors, the shouting of the drivers and passengers, the terrified screams of flying women and children, the quarrels which frequently arise, and the peculiar noisiness and talkativeness of these people, and he can fancy what an effect this must have on the nerves of a stranger. I was in mortal fear at every step, and on reaching home in the evening felt quite unwell; but as I never once saw an accident occur, I at length accustomed myself to the hubbub, and could follow my guide where the crowd was thickest without feeling uneasy.

The streets, or, as they may be more properly called, the

lanes of Cairo, are sprinkled with water several times in the day; fountains and large vessels of water are also placed every where for the convenience of the passers-by. In the broad streets straw-mats are hung up to keep off the sun's rays.

The richer class of people wear the Oriental garb, with the exception that the women merely have their heads and faces wrapped in a light muslin veil; they wear also a kind of mantilla of black silk, which gives them a peculiar appearance. When they came riding along, and the wind caught this garment and spread it out, they looked exactly like bats with outstretched wings.

Many of the Franks also dress in the Oriental style; the Fellahs go almost naked, and their women only wear a single blue garment.

Here, as throughout all the East, the rich people are always seen on horseback. I was not so much pleased with the Egyptian as with the Syrian horses, for the former appeared to me less slim and gracefully built.

The population of Cairo is estimated at 200,000, and is a mixed one, consisting of Arabs, Mamelukes, Turks, Berbers, Negroes, Bedouins, Christians, Greeks, Jews, &c. Thanks to the powerful arm of Mehemet Ali, they all live peacefully together.

Cairo contains 25,000 houses, which are as unsightly and irregular as the streets. They are built of clay, unburnt bricks, and stones, and have little narrow entrances; the unsymmetrical windows are furnished with wooden shutters impenetrable to the eye. The interiors are decorated like the houses in Damascus, but in a less costly style; neither is there such an abundance of fresh water at Cairo.

The Jews' quarter is the most hideous of all; the houses are dirty, and the streets so narrow that two persons can only just push by each other. The entire town is surrounded by walls and towers, guarded by a castle, and divided into several quarters, separated from each other by gates, which are closed after sunset.

On the heights around Cairo are to be seen some castles from the time of the Saracens.

As I rode to and fro in the town, my guide suddenly stopped, bought a quantity of bread, and motioned me to follow him. I thought he was going to take me to a menagerie, and that this bread was intended for the wild animals. We entered a courtyard with windows all round reaching to the ground, and strengthened with iron bars. Stopping before the first window, my servant threw in a piece of bread; what was my horror when I saw, instead of a lion or tiger, a naked emaciated old man rush forth, seize the bread, and devour it ravenously. I was in the mad-house. In the midst of each dark and filthy dungeon is fixed a stone, with two iron chains, to which one or two of these wretched creatures are attached by an iron ring fastened round the neck. There they sit staring with fearfully distorted faces, their hair and beard unkempt, their bodies emaciated, and the marrow of life drying up within them. In these foul and loathsome dens they must pine until the Almighty in his mercy loosens the chains which bind them to their miserable existence by a welcome death. There is not *one* instance of a cure, and truly the treatment to which they are subjected is calculated to drive a half-witted person quite mad. And yet the Europeans can praise Mehemet Ali! Ye wretched madmen, ye poor fellahs, are ye too ready to join in this praise?

Quitting this abode of misery, my dragoman led me to "Joseph's well," which is deeply hewn out of the rock. I descended more than two hundred and seventy steps, and had got half-way to the bottom of the gigantic structure. On looking downward into its depths a feeling of giddiness came over me.

The new palace of Mehemet Ali is rather a handsome building, arranged chiefly in the European style. The rooms, or rather the halls, are very lofty, and are either tastefully painted or hung with silk, tapestry, &c. Large pier-glasses multiply the objects around, rich divans are attached to the walls, and costly

tables, some of marble, others of inlaid work, enriched with beautiful paintings, stand in the rooms, in one of which I even noticed a billiard-table. The dining-hall is quite European in its character. In the centre stands a large table; two sideboards are placed against one side of the wall, and handsome chairs stand opposite. In one of the rooms hangs an oil-painting representing Ibrahim Pasha,<sup>a</sup> Mehemet Ali's son.

This palace stands in the midst of a little garden, neither remarkable for the rarity of the plants it contains, nor for the beauty of their arrangement. The views from some of the apartments, as well as that from the garden, are very lovely.

Opposite the palace a great mosque is being built as a mausoleum for Mehemet Ali. The despot probably reckons on having some years yet to live, for much remains to be done before the beautiful structure is completed. The pillars and the walls of the mosque are covered with the most splendid marble, of a yellowish-white colour.

The before-mentioned buildings, namely, Joseph's well, the palace and gardens, and the mosque, are all situate on a high rock, to which a single broad road leads from Cairo. Here we behold a threefold sea, namely, of houses, of the Nile, and a sea of sand, on which the lofty Pyramids rise in the distance like isolated rocks. The mountains of Mokattam close the background, and a number of lovely gardens and plantations of date-palms surround the town. With one glance we can behold the most striking contrasts. A wreath of the most luxurious vegetation runs round the town, and beyond lies the dreary monotony of the desert. The colour of the Nile is so exactly similar to that of the sand forming its shores, that at a distance the line of demarcation cannot be traced.

On my way homewards I met several fellahs carrying large baskets full of dates, and stopped one of them, in order to pur-

<sup>a</sup> This is a work of the young Viennese artist, Leander Russ, who visited Egypt in the year 1832.



chase some of this celebrated fruit. Unfortunately for me, the dates were still unripe, hard, of a brick-red colour, and so unpalatable that I could not eat one of them. A week or ten days afterwards I was able to procure some ripe ones; they were of a brown colour like the dried fruit, the tender skin could easily be peeled off, and I liked them better than dried dates, because they were more pulpy and not so sweet. A much more precious fruit, the finest production of Egypt and Syria, almost superior to the pine-apple in taste, is the banana, which is so delicate that it almost melts in the mouth. This fruit cannot be dried, and is therefore never exported. Sugar melons and peaches are to be had in abundance, but their flavour is not very good. I also preferred the Alexandrian grape to that of Cairo.

The bazaars, through which we rodé in all directions, displayed nothing very remarkable in manufactures or in productions of nature and art.

From first to last I spent a week at Cairo, and occupied the whole of my time from morning till night in viewing the curiosities of the town.

I only saw two mosques, that of Sultan Hassan and of Sultan Amru. Before I was permitted to enter the first of these edifices, they compelled me to take off my shoes, and walk in my stockings over a courtyard paved with great stones. The stones had become so heated by the solar rays, that I was obliged to run fast, to avoid scorching the soles of my feet. I cannot give an opinion touching the architectural beauty of this building, which is built in such a simple style that none but a connoisseur would discover its merits. I was better pleased with the mosque of Sultan Amru, which contains several halls, and is supported on numerous columns. The mosques in Cairo struck me as having a more ancient and venerable appearance than those of Constantinople, while the latter, on the other hand, were larger and more elegant.

I also visited the island of Rodda, which is worthy the name of

a beautiful garden. It lies opposite to old Cairo, on the Nile, and is said to be a favourite walk of the townspeople, though I was there twice without meeting any one. The garden is spacious, and contains all kinds of tropical productions: here I saw the sugar-cane, which greatly resembles the stem of the Indian maize; the cotton-tree, growing to a height of five or six feet; the banana-tree, the short-stemmed date-palm, the coffee-tree, and many others. Flowers were also there in quantities which must be cultivated with great care in the hothouses of my native country. The whole of this collection of plants is very tastefully arranged, and shines forth in the height of luxuriant beauty. It is customary to lay the entire island under water every evening by means of artificial canals. This system is universally carried out throughout the Egyptian plantations, and is, in fact, the only method by which vegetation can be preserved in its freshest green in spite of the burning heat. The care of this fairy grove is entrusted to a German ornamental gardener; unfortunately I was informed of this fact too late, otherwise I should have visited my countryman and requested an explanation of many things which appeared strange to me.

In the midst of the garden is a beautiful grotto, ornamented within and without by a great variety of shells from the Red Sea, which give it a most striking appearance. At this spot, towards which many paths lead, all strewn with minute shells instead of gravel, Moses is said to have been found in his cradle of bulrushes (?). Immediately adjoining the garden we find a summer residence belonging to Mehemet Ali.

The well shewn as that into which Joseph was thrust by his brethren lies about two miles distant from the town, in a village on the road to Suez. Half a mile off a very large and venerable sycamore-tree was pointed out to me as the one in the shade of which the holy family rested on their way to Egypt; and a walk of another quarter of a mile brings us to the garden of Boghos Bey, in the midst of which stands one of the finest and largest

obelisks of Upper Egypt: it is still in good condition, and completely covered with hieroglyphics. The garden, however, offers nothing remarkable. The ancient city of Heliopolis is said to have been built not far off; but at the present day not a vestige of it remains.

The road to this garden already lies partly in the desert. At first the way winds through avenues of trees and past gardens; but soon the vast desert extends to the right, while beautiful orange and citron groves still skirt the left side of the path. Here we continually meet herds of camels, but a dromedary is a rare sight.

EXCURSION TO THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH.

August 25th, 1842.

At four in the afternoon I quitted Cairo, crossed two arms of the Nile, and a couple of hours afterwards arrived safely at Gizeh. As the Nile had overflowed several parts of the country, we were compelled frequently to turn out of our way, and sometimes to cross canals and ride through water; now and then, where it was too deep for our asses, we were obliged to be carried across. As there is no inn at Gizeh I betook myself to Herr Klinger, to whom I brought a letter of recommendation from Cairo. Herr K. is a Bohemian by birth, and stands in the service of the viceroy of Egypt, as musical instructor to the young military band. I was made very welcome here, and Herr Klinger seemed quite rejoiced at seeing a visitor with whom he could talk in German. Our conversation was of Beethoven and Mozart, of Strauss and Lanne. The fame of the bravura composers of the present day, Liszt and Thalberg, had not yet penetrated to these regions. I requested my kind host to shew me the establishment for hatching eggs that exists at Gizeh. He immediately sent for the superintendent, who happened however to be absent, and to have locked up the keys. In this place about 8000 eggs are hatched by artificial warmth during the months of March and

April. The eggs are laid on large flat plates, which are continually kept at an equal temperature by heat applied below the surface: they are turned several times during the day. As the thousands of little chickens burst their shells, they are sold, not by number or weight, but by the measure. This egg-hatching house has the effect of rendering poultry plentiful and cheap.

After chatting away the evening very pleasantly I sought my couch, tired with my ride and with the heat, and rejoicing at the sight of the soft divan, which seemed to smile upon me, and promise rest and strength for the following day. But as I was about to take possession of my couch, I noticed on the wall a great number of black spots. I took the candle to examine what it could be, and nearly dropped the light with horror on discovering that the wall was covered with bugs. I had never seen such a disgusting sight. All hopes of rest on the divan were now effectually put to flight. I sat down on a chair, and waited until every thing was perfectly still; then I slipped into the entrance-hall, and lay down on the stones, wrapped in my cloak.

Though I had escaped from one description of vermin, I became a prey to innumerable gnats. I had passed many uncomfortable nights during my journey, but this was worse than any thing I had yet endured.

However, this was only an additional inducement for rising early, and long before sunrise I was ready to continue my journey. Before daybreak I took leave of my kind host, and rode with my servant towards the gigantic structures. To-day we were again obliged frequently to go out of our route on account of the rising of the Nile; owing to this delay, two hours elapsed before we reached the broad arm of the Nile, dividing us from the Lybian desert, on which the Pyramids stand, and over which two Arabs carried me. This was one of the most disagreeable things that can be imagined. Two large powerful men stood side by side; I mounted on their shoulders, and held fast by their heads, while they supported my feet in a horizontal position above the waters,

which at some places reached almost to their armpits, so that I feared every moment that I should sit in the water. Besides this, my supporters continually swayed to and fro, because they could only withstand the force of the current by a great exertion of strength, and I was apprehensive of falling off. This disagreeable passage lasted above a quarter of an hour. After wading for another fifteen minutes through deep sand, we arrived at the goal of our little journey.

The two colossal pyramids are of course visible directly we quit the town, and we keep them almost continually in sight. But here the expectations I had cherished were again disappointed, for the aspect of these giant structures did not astonish me greatly. Their height appears less remarkable than it otherwise would, from the circumstance that their base is buried in sand, and thus hidden from view. There is also neither a tree nor a hut, nor any other object which could serve to display their huge proportions by the force of contrast.

As it was still early in the day and not very hot, I preferred ascending the pyramid before venturing into its interior. My servant took off my rings and concealed them carefully, telling me that this was a very necessary precaution, as the fellows who take the travellers by the hands to assist them in mounting the pyramids have such a dexterous knack of drawing the rings from their fingers, that they seldom perceive their loss until too late.

I took two Arabs with me, who gave me their hands, and pulled me up the very large stones. Any one who is at all subject to dizziness would do very wrong in attempting this feat, for he might be lost without remedy. Let the reader picture to himself a height of 500 feet, without a railing or a regular staircase by which to make the ascent. At one angle only the immense blocks of stone have been hewn in such a manner that they form a flight of steps, but a very inconvenient one, as many of these stone blocks are above four feet in height, and offer no projection on which you can place your foot in mounting. The two Arabs

ascended first, and then stretched out their hands to pull me from one block to another. I preferred climbing over the smaller blocks without assistance. In three quarters of an hour's time I had gained the summit of the pyramid.

For a long time I stood lost in thought, and could hardly realise the fact that I was really one of the favoured few who are happy enough to be able to contemplate the most stupendous and imperishable monument ever erected by human hands. At the first moment I was scarcely able to gaze down from the dizzy height into the deep distance; I could only examine the pyramid itself, and seek to familiarise myself with the idea that I was not dreaming. Gradually, however, I came to myself, and contemplated the landscape which lay extended beneath me. From my elevated position I could form a better estimate of the gigantic structure, for here the fact that the base was buried in sand did not prejudice the general effect. I saw the Nile flowing far beneath me, and a few Bedouins, whom curiosity had attracted to the spot, looked like very pigmies. In ascending I had seen the immense blocks of stone singly, and ceased to marvel that these monuments are reckoned among the seven wonders of the world.

On the castle the view had been fine, but here, where the prospect was bounded only by the horizon and by the Mokattam mountains, it is grander by far. I could follow the windings of the river, with its innumerable arms and canals, until it melted into the far horizon, which closed the picture on this side. Many blooming gardens, and the large extensive town with its environs; the immense desert, with its plains and hills of sand, and the lengthened mountain-range of Mokattam,—all lay spread before me; and for a long time I sat gazing around me, and wishing that the dear ones at home had been with me, to share in my wonder and delight.

But now the time came not only to look down, but to descend. Most people find this even more difficult than the ascent; but with

me the contrary was the case. I never grow giddy, and so I advanced in the following manner, without the aid of the Arabs. On the smaller blocks I sprang from one to the other; when a stone of three or four feet in height was to be encountered, I let myself glide gently down; and I accomplished my descent with so much grace and agility, that I reached the base of the pyramid long before my servant. Even the Arabs expressed their pleasure at my fearlessness on this dangerous passage.

After eating my breakfast and resting for a short time, I proceeded to explore the interior. At first I was obliged to cross a heap of sand and rubbish; for we have to go downwards towards the entrance, which is so low and narrow that we cannot always stand upright. I could not have passed along the passage leading into the interior if the Arabs had not helped me, for it is so steep and so smoothly paved that, in spite of my conductor's assistance, I slid rather than walked. The apartment of the king is more spacious, and resembles a small hall. On one side stands a little empty sarcophagus without a lid. The walls of the chambers and of the passages are covered with large and beautifully polished slabs of granite and marble. The remaining passages, or rather dens, which are shewn here, I did not see. It may be very interesting for learned men and antiquarians thus to search every corner; but for a woman like myself, brought hither only by an insatiable desire to travel, and capable of judging of the beauties of nature and art only by her own simple feelings, it was enough to have ascended the pyramid of Cheops, and to have seen something of its interior. This pyramid is said to be the loftiest of all. It stands on a rock 150 feet in height, which is invisible, being altogether buried in sand. The height of the vast structure is above 500 feet. It was erected by Cheops more than 3000 years ago, and 100,000 men are said to have been employed in its construction for twenty-six years. It is a most interesting structure, built of immense masses of rock, fixed together with a great deal of art, and seemingly calculated to last an eternity. They look

so strong and so well preserved, that many travellers will no doubt repair hither in coming generations, and continue the researches commenced long ago.

The Sphynx, a statue of most colossal dimensions, situate at no great distance from the great pyramid, is so covered with sand that only the head and a small portion of the bust remain visible. The head alone is twenty-two feet in height.

After walking about and inspecting every thing, I commenced my journey back. On the way I once more visited Herr Klinger, strengthened myself with a hearty meal, and arrived safely at Cairo late in the evening. Here I wished to take my little purse out of my pocket, and found that it was gone. Luckily I had only taken one collonato (Spanish dollar) with me. No one can imagine what dexterity the Bedouins and Arabs possess in the art of stealing. I always kept a sharp eye upon my effects, and notwithstanding my vigilance several articles were pilfered from me, and my purse must also have been stolen during this excursion. The loss was very disagreeable to me because it involved that of my box-key. I was, however, fortunate in finding an expert Arabian locksmith, who opened my chest and made me a new key, on which occasion I had another opportunity of seeing how careful it is necessary to be in all our dealings with these people to avoid being cheated. The key locked and unlocked my box well, and I paid for it; but immediately afterwards observed that it was very slightly joined in the middle, and would presently break. The Arab's tools still lay on the ground; I immediately seized one of them, and told the man I would not give it up until he had made me a new key. It was in vain that he assured me he could not work without his tools; he would not give my money back, and I kept the implement: by this means I obtained from him a new and a good key.



## CHAPTER XVI.

Christian churches at Cairo—The Esbekie-square—Theatre—Howling dervishes—Mashdalansher, the birthday of Mahomet—Procession and religious ceremony—Shubra—Excursion through the desert to Suez—Hardships of the journey—Scenes in the desert—The camel—Caravans—Mirage—The Red Sea—Suez—Bedouin camp—Quarrel with the camel-driver—Departure for Alexandria.

**I** VISITED many Christian churches, the finest among which was the Greek one. On my way thither I saw many streets where there can hardly have been room for a horseman to pass. The road to the Armenian church leads through such narrow lanes and gates, that we were compelled to leave our asses behind; there was hardly room for two people to pass each other.

On the other hand, I had nowhere seen a more spacious square than the Esbekie-place in Cairo. The square in Padua is perhaps the only one that can compare with it in point of size; but this place looks like a complete chaos. Miserable houses and ruined huts surround it; and here and there we sometimes come upon a part of an alley or an unfinished canal. The centre is very uneven, and is filled with building materials, such as stones, wood, bricks, and beams. The largest and handsomest house in this square is remarkable as having been inhabited by Napoleon during his residence at Cairo: it is now converted into a splendid hotel.

Herr Chamgion, the consul, was kind enough to send me a card of invitation for the theatre. The building looks like a private house, and contains a gallery capable of accommodating three or four hundred people; this gallery is devoted to the use of

the ladies. The performers were all amateurs; they acted an Italian comedy in a very creditable manner. The orchestra comprised only four musicians. At the conclusion of the second act the consul's son, a boy of twelve years, played some variations on the violin very prettily.

The women, all natives of the Levant, were very elegantly dressed; they wore the European garb, white muslin dresses with their hair beautifully braided and ornamented with flowers. Nearly all the women and girls were handsome, with complexions of a dazzling whiteness, which we rarely see equalled in Europe. The reason of this is, perhaps, that they always stay in their houses, and avoid exposing themselves to the sun and wind.

The following day I visited the abode of the howling dervishes, in whom I took a lively interest since I had seen their brethren at Constantinople. The hall, or rather the mosque, in which they perform their devotions is very splendid. I was not allowed here to stand among the men as I had done at Constantinople, but was conducted to a raised gallery, from which I could look down through a grated window.

The style of devotion and excitement of these dervishes is like that I had witnessed at Constantinople, without being quite so wild in its character. Not one of them sank exhausted, and the screeching and howling were not so loud. Towards the end of their performance many of the dervishes seized a small tambourine, on which they beat and produced a most diabolical music.

In the slave-market there was but a meagre selection; all the wares had been bought, and a new cargo of these unfortunates was daily expected. I pretended that I wished to purchase a boy and a girl, in order to gain admittance into the private department. Here I saw a couple of negro girls of most uncommon beauty. I had not deemed it possible to find any thing so perfect. Their skin was of a velvety black, and shone with a peculiar lustre. Their teeth were beautifully formed and of dazzling whiteness, their eyes large and lustrous, and their lips thinner than we usually

Then they all sprang up again as though nothing had happened, and rejoined the advancing train with their former antics and grimaces. One man stayed behind, writhing to and fro as if his back had been broken, but in a few moments' time he went away as unconcernedly as his comrades. Each of the actors in this scene considers himself extremely fortunate in having attained to such a distinction, and this feeling even extends to his relations and friends.

#### SHUBRA.

One afternoon I paid a visit to the beautiful garden and country-house of the Viceroy of Egypt. A broad handsome street leads between alleys of sycamores, and the journey occupies about an hour and a half. Immediately upon my arrival I was conducted to an out-building, in the yard belonging to which a fine large elephant was to be shewn. I had already seen several of these creatures, but never such a fine specimen as this. Its bulk was truly marvellous; its body clean and smooth, and of a dark-brown colour.

The park is most lovely; and the rarest plants are here seen flourishing in the open air, in the fulness of bloom and beauty, beside those we are accustomed to see every day. On the whole, however, I was better pleased with the garden at Rodda. The palace, too, is very fine. The ceilings of the rooms are lofty, and richly ornamented with gilding, paintings, and marble. The rooms appropriated to the viceroy's consort are no less magnificent; the ascent to them is by a broad staircase on each side. On the ground-floor is situate the favourite apartment of the autocrat of Cairo, furnished in the style of the reception-halls at Damascus. A fountain of excellent water diffuses a delicious coolness around. In the palace itself we find several large cages for parrots and other beautiful birds. What pleased me most of all was, however, the incomparable kiosk, lying in the garden at some distance from the palace. It is 130 paces long and 100 broad, surrounded by

arcades of glorious pillars. This kiosk contains in its interior a large and beautiful fountain ; and at the four corners of the building are terraces, from which the water falls in the form of little cataracts, afterwards uniting with the fountain, and shooting upwards in the shape of a mighty pillar. All things around us, the pavilion and the pillars, the walls and the fountain, are alike covered with beautiful marble of a white or light-brown colour ; the pavilion is even arranged so that it can be lighted with gas.

From this paradise of the living I rode to the abode of the dead, the celebrated " world of graves," which is to be seen in the desert. Here are to be found a number of ancient sepulchres, but most of them resemble ruins, and to find out their boasted beauty is a thing left to the imagination of every traveller. I only admired the sepulchre of Mehemet Ali's two sons, in which the bones of his wife also rest : this is a beautiful building of stone ; five cupolas rise above the magnificent chambers where the sarcophagi are deposited.

The petrified date-wood lies about eight miles distant from Cairo ; I rode out there, but did not find much to see, excepting here and there some fragments of stems and a few petrifications lying about. It is said that the finest part of this " petrified wood" begins some miles away ; but I did not penetrate so far.

During my residence in Cairo the heat once reached 36° Reaumur, and yet I found it much more endurable than I had expected. I was not annoyed at all by insects or vermin ; but I was obliged to be careful not to leave any provisions in my room throughout the night. An immense swarm of minute ants would seize upon every kind of eatable, particularly bread. One evening I left a roll upon the table, and the next morning found it half eaten away, and covered with ants within and without. It is here an universal custom to place the feet of the tables in little dishes filled with water, to keep off these insects.

## EXCURSION TO SUEZ.

It had originally been my intention to stay at Cairo a week at the furthest, and afterwards to return to Alexandria. But the more I saw, the more my curiosity became excited, and I felt irresistibly impelled to proceed. I had now travelled in almost every way, but I had not yet tried an excursion on a camel. I therefore made inquiry as to the distance, danger, and expense of a journey to Suez on the Red Sea. The distance was a thirty-six hours' journey, the danger was said to be *nil*, and the expense they estimated at about 250 piastres.

I therefore hired two strong camels, one for me, the other for my servant and the camel-driver, and took nothing with me in the way of provisions but bread, dates, a piece of roast meat, and hard-boiled eggs. Skins of water were hung at each side of the camels, for we had to take a supply which would last us the journey and during our return.

If we ride every day for twelve hours, this journey occupies six days, there and back. But as I was unable to depart until the afternoon of the 26th, and was obliged to be in Alexandria at latest by the 30th, in order not to miss the steamer, I had only four days and a half to accomplish it in. Thus this excursion was the most fatiguing I had ever undertaken.

At four in the afternoon I rode through the town-gate, where the camels were waiting for us; we mounted them and commenced our journey.

The desert begins at the town-gates, but for the first few miles we have a sight of some very fruitful country on the left, until at length we leave town and trees behind us, and with them all the verdure, and find ourselves surrounded on all sides by a sea of sand.

For the first four or five hours I was not ill-pleased with this mode of travelling. I had plenty of room on my camel, and could sit farther back or forward as I chose, and had provisions and a

bottle of water at my side. Besides this, the heat was not oppressive; I felt very comfortable, and could look down from my high throne almost with a feeling of pride upon the passing caravans. Even the swaying motion of the camel, which causes in some travellers a feeling of sickness and nausea like that produced by a sea-voyage, did not affect me. But after a few hours I began to feel the fatigues and discomforts of a journey of this kind. The swinging motion pained and fatigued me, as I had no support against which I could lean. The desire to sleep also arose within me, and it can be imagined how uncomfortable I felt. But I was resolved to go to Suez; and if all my hardships had been far worse, I would not have turned back. I summoned all my fortitude, and rode without halting for fifteen hours, from four in the afternoon until seven the next morning.

During the night we passed several trains of camels, some in motion, some at rest, often consisting of more than a hundred. We were not exposed to the least annoyance, although we had attached ourselves to no caravan, but were pursuing our way alone.

From Cairo to Suez posts are established at every five or six hours' journey, and at each of these posts there stands a little house of two rooms for the convenience of travellers. These huts were built by an English innkeeper established at Cairo; but they can only be used by very rich people, as the prices charged are most exorbitant. Thus, for instance, a bed for one night costs a hundred piastres, a little chicken twenty, and a bottle of water two piastres. The generality of travellers encamp before the house, and I followed the same plan, lying down for an hour in the sand while the camels ate their scanty meal. My health and bodily strength are, I am happy to say, so excellent, that I am ready after a very short rest to encounter new fatigues. After this hour of repose I once more mounted my camel to continue my journey.

August 27th.

It may easily be imagined that the whole scene by which we

are here surrounded has over it an air of profound and death-like stillness. The sea, where we behold nothing but water around us, presents more of life to divert the mind. The very rushing and splash of the wheels, the bounding waves, the bustle of bending or reefing sails, and the crowding of people on the steamer, brings varied pictures to temper the monotony around. Even the ride through the stony deserts which I had traversed in Syria has not so much sameness, for there we at least hear the tramp of the horse and the sound of many a rolling stone; the traveller's attention is, besides, kept continually on the stretch in guiding each step that his horse takes, to avoid the risk of a fall. But all this is wanting in a journey through a sandy desert. No bird hovers in the air, not a butterfly is here to gladden the eye, not even an insect or a worm crawls on the ground; not a living creature is, in fact, to be seen, but the little vultures preying on the carcasses of fallen camels. Even the tread of the heavy-footed camel is muffled by the deep sand, and nothing is ever heard but the moaning of these poor animals when their driver forces them to lie down to take off their burden; most probably the exertion of stooping hurts them. The driver beats the camel on the knee with a stick, and pulls its head towards him by a rope fastened to it like a halter. During this operation the rider must hold very fast in order not to fall off, for suddenly the creature drops on its fore-knees, then on its hind legs, and at length sits completely down on the ground. When you mount the animal again, it becomes necessary to keep a vigilant eye upon him, for as soon as he feels your foot on his neck he wishes to rise.

As I have already said, we see nothing on this journey but many and large companies of camels, which march one behind the other, while their drivers shorten the way with dreary inharmonious songs. Half-devoured carcasses of these "ships of the desert" lie every where, with jackals and vultures gnawing at them. Even living camels are sometimes seen staggering about, which have been left to starve by their masters as unfit for further service.

I shall never forget the piteous look of one of these poor creatures which I saw dragging itself to and fro in the desert, anxiously seeking for food and drink. What a cruel being is man! Why could he not put an end to the poor camel's pain by a blow with a knife? One would imagine that the air in the vicinity of these fallen animals was poisoned; but here this is less the case than it would be in more temperate regions, for the pure air and the great heat of the desert rather dry up than decompose corpses.

From the same cause our piece of roast beef was still good on the fifth day. The hard-boiled eggs, which my servant packed so clumsily that they got smashed in the very first hour, did not become foul. Both meat and eggs were shrunk and dried up. On the third day the white bread had become as hard as ship-biscuit, so that we had to break it up and soak it in water. Our drinking water became worse day by day, and smelt abominably of the leathern receptacles in which we were compelled to keep it. Until we reached Suez our poor camels got not a drop to drink, and their food consisted of a scanty meal of bad provender once a day.

At eight in the morning we set off once more, and rode until about five in the afternoon. At about four I suddenly descried the Red Sea and its shores. This circumstance delighted me, for I felt assured that we should reach the coast in the course of another hour, and then our laborious journey to Suez would be accomplished. I called to my servant, pointed out the sea to him, and expressed my surprise that we had sighted it so soon. He maintained, however, that what I beheld was not the sea, but a *fata morgana*. At first I refused to believe him, because the thing seemed so real. But after an hour had elapsed we were as far from the sea as ever, and at length the mirage vanished; and I did not behold the real sea until six o'clock on the following morning, when it appeared in exactly the same way as the phantom of the previous evening.

At five in the afternoon we at length halted. I lay down on the earth completely exhausted, and enjoyed a refreshing sleep for more than three hours, when I was awakened by my servant,



who informed me that a caravan was just before us, which we should do well to join, as the remainder of our road was far less safe than the portion we had already traversed. I was at once ready to mount my camel, and at eight o'clock we were again in motion.

In a short time we had overtaken the caravan, and our camels were placed in the procession, each beast being tethered to the preceding one by a rope. It was already quite dark, and I could barely distinguish that the people sitting on the camels before me were an Arab family. They travelled in boxes resembling hen-coops, about a foot and a half in height, four feet in length, and as many broad. In a box of this kind two or three men sat cross-legged; many had even spread a light tent over their heads. Suddenly I heard my name called by a female voice. I started, and thought I must be mistaken, for whom in the world could I meet here who knew my Christian name? But once more a voice cried very distinctly, "Ida! Ida!" and a servant came up, and told me that some Arab women, who had made the voyage from Atfé to Cairo in company with me, were seated on the first camel. They sent to tell me that they were on their way to Mecca, and rejoiced to meet me once more. I was indeed surprised that I should have made such an impression on these good people that they had not forgotten my name.

To-night I saw a glorious natural phenomenon, which so surprised me that I could not refrain from uttering a slight scream. It may have been about eleven o'clock, when suddenly the sky on my left was lighted up, as though every thing were in flames; a great fiery ball shot through the air with lightning speed, and disappeared on the horizon, while at the same moment the gleam in the atmosphere vanished, and darkness descended once more on all around. We travelled on throughout the whole of this night.

August 28th.

At six o'clock this morning we came in sight of the Red Sea.

The mountain-chain of Mokattam can be discerned some time previously. Some way from Suez we came upon a well of bad, brackish water. Notwithstanding all drawbacks, the supply was eagerly hailed. Our people shouted, scolded, and pushed each other to get the best places; camels, horses, asses, and men rushed pell-mell towards the well, and happy was he who could seize upon a little water. There are barracks near this well, and soldiers are posted here to promote peace—by means of the stick.

The little town of Suez lies spread out on the sea-shore, and can be very distinctly seen from here. The unhappy inhabitants are compelled to draw their supplies either from this well, or from one on the sea-coast four miles below Suez. In the first case the water is brought on camels, horses, or asses; in the second it is transported by sea in boats or small ships.

The Red Sea is here rather narrow, and surrounded by sand of a yellowish-brown hue; immediately beyond the isthmus is the continuation of the great Libyan Desert. The mountain-range of Mokattam skirts the plain on the right, from Cairo to the Red Sea. We quite lose sight of this range until within the last ten or twelve hours before reaching Suez. The mountains are of moderate elevation and perfectly bare; but still the eye rests with pleasure on the varied forms of the rocks.

After an hour's rest beside the well, we were still unable to procure water for our poor beasts, and hastened, therefore, to reach the town. At nine in the morning we were already within its walls. Of the town and its environs I can say nothing, excepting that they both present a very melancholy appearance, as there is nowhere a garden or a cluster of trees to be seen.

I paid my respects to the consul, and introduced myself to him as an Austrian subject. He was kind enough to assign me a room in his own house, and would on no account permit me to take up my quarters in an inn. It was a pity that I could only converse with this gentleman by means of a dragoman; he was a Greek by birth, and only knew the Arabic language and his own. He is





ISTHIMUS OF SUEZ.

the richest merchant in Suez (his wealth is estimated at 150,000 collonati), and only discharges the functions of French and Austrian consul as an honorary duty.

In the little town itself there is nothing remarkable to be seen. On the sea-coast they shewed me the place where Moses led the children of Israel through the Red Sea. The sinking of the tide at its ebb is here so remarkable that whole islands are left bare, and large caravans are able to march through the sea, as the water only reaches to the girths of the camels, and the Arabs and Bedouins even walk through. As it happened to be ebb-tide when I arrived, I rode through also, for the glory of the thing. On these shores I found several pretty shells; but the real treasures of this kind are fished out of the deep at Ton, a few days' journey higher up. I saw whole cargoes of mother-of-pearl shells carried away.

I remained at Suez until four in the afternoon, and recruited my energies perfectly with an excellent dinner, at which tolerably good water was not wanting. The consul kindly gave me a bottle, as provision for my journey. He has it fetched from a distance of twelve miles, as all the water that can be procured in the neighbourhood tastes brackish and salt. In the inn a bottle of water costs two piastres.

The first night of my homeward journey was passed partly in a Bedouin encampment and partly on the road, in the company of different caravans. I found the Bedouins to be very good, obliging people, among whom I might wander as I pleased, without being exposed to injury. On the contrary, while I was in their encampment they brought me a straw-mat and a chest, in order that I might have a comfortable seat.

The homeward journey was just as monotonous and wearisome as that to Suez, with the additional fact that I had a quarrel with my people the day before its termination. Feeling exceedingly fatigued by a lengthened ride, I ordered my servant to stop the camels, as I wished to sleep for a few hours. The rascals

refused to obey, alleging that the road was not safe, and that we should endeavour to overtake a caravan. This was, however, nothing but an excuse to get home as quickly as possible. But I was not to be frightened, and insisted that my desire should be complied with, telling them moreover that I had inquired of the consul at Suez concerning the safety of the roads, and had once more heard that there was nothing to fear. Notwithstanding all this they would not obey, but continued to advance. I now became angry, and desired the servant once more to stop my camel, as I was fully determined not to proceed another step.

I told him I had hired both camels and men, and had therefore a right to be mistress; if he did not choose to obey me, he might go his way with the camel-driver, and I would join the first caravan I met, and bring him to justice, let it cost me what it would. The fellow now stopped my camel, and went away with the other and the camel-driver. He probably expected to frighten me by this demonstration, and to compel me to follow; but he was vastly mistaken. I remained standing where I was, and as often as he turned to look at me, made signs that he might go his way, but that I should stay. When he saw how fearless and determined I was, he turned back, came to me, made my camel kneel down, and after helping me to alight, prepared me a resting-place on a heap of sand, where I slept delightfully for five hours; then I ordered my things to be packed up, mounted my camel, and continued my journey.

My conduct astonished my followers to such a degree, that they afterwards asked me every few hours if I wished to rest. On our arrival at Cairo the camel-driver had not even the heart to make the customary demand for backsheesh, and my servant begged pardon for his conduct, and hoped that I would not mention the difference we had had to the consul.

The maximum temperature during this journey was  $43^{\circ}$  Reaumur, and when it was perfectly calm I really felt as if I should be stifled.

This journey from Cairo to Suez can, however, be accomplished in a carriage in the space of twenty hours. The English innkeeper established at Cairo has had a very light carriage, with seats for four, built expressly for this purpose; but a place in this vehicle costs five pounds for the journey there, and the same sum for the return.

On the following day I once more embarked on board an Arabian vessel for Alexandria. Before my departure I had a terrible quarrel with the donkey-driver whom I usually employed. These men, as in fact all fellahs, are accustomed to cheat strangers in every possible way, but particularly with coins. They usually carry bad money about with them, which they can substitute for the good at the moment when they are paid, with the dexterity of jugglers. My donkey-driver endeavoured to play me this trick when I rode to the ship; he saw that I should not require his services any more, and therefore wished to cheat me as a parting mark of attention. This attempt disgusted me so much that I could not refrain from brandishing my whip at him in a very threatening manner, although I was alone among a number of his class. My gesture had the desired effect; the driver instantly retreated, and I remained victor.

My reader would do me a great wrong by the supposition that I mention these circumstances to make a vaunt of my courage; I am sure that the fact of my having undertaken this journey alone will be sufficient to clear me from the imputation of cowardice. I wish merely to give future travellers a hint as to the best method of dealing with these people. Their respect can only be secured by the display of a firm will; and I am sure that in my case they were the more intimidated as they had never expected to find so much determination in a woman.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Return to Alexandria—Egyptian burials—Catacombs of Alexandria—Viceroy's palace—Departure from Alexandria—The steamer *Eurotas*—Candia—Syra—Paros and Antiparos—The Morea—Fire on board—Malta—Quarantine—St. Augustine's church—Clergymen—Beggars—Costumes—Soldiers—Civita Vecchia.

September 5th.

At five o'clock in the evening of the 2d of September I commenced my journey back to Alexandria. During the fortnight I remained at Cairo the Nile had continued to rise considerably, and the interest of the region had increased in proportion. In three days' time I arrived safely at Alexandria, and again put up at Colombier's. Two days had still to elapse before the departure of the French steam-vessel, and I made use of this time to take a closer survey of the town and its environs.

On my arrival at Alexandria I met two Egyptian funerals. The first was that of a poor man, and not a soul followed the coffin. The corpse lay in a wooden box without a lid, a coarse blanket had been spread over it, and four men carried the coffin. The second funeral had a more respectable air. The coffin, indeed, was not less rude, but the dead man was covered with a handsome shawl, and four "mourning women" followed the body, raising a most dolorous howl from time to time. A motley crowd of people closed the procession. The corpse was laid in the grave without the coffin.

The catacombs of Alexandria are very extensive, and well worth a visit. A couple of miles from them we see the celebrated plain on which the army of Julius Cæsar was once posted. The



cistern and bath of Cleopatra were both under water. I could, therefore, only see the place where they stood.

The viceroy's palace, a spacious building inclining to the European style, has a pleasing effect. Its interior arrangement is also almost wholly European.

The bazaar contains nothing worthy of remark. The arsenal looks very magnificent when viewed from without. It is difficult to obtain admission into this building, and you run the risk of being insulted by the workmen. The hospital has the appearance of a private house.

I was astonished at the high commission which is here demanded on changing small sums of money. In changing a collonato, a coin very much used in this country, and worth about two guilders, the applicant must lose from half a piastre to two piastres, according to the description of coin he requires. If beshliks<sup>a</sup> are taken, the commission charged is half a piastre; but if piastres are wanted, two must be paid. The government value of a collonato is twenty piastres; in general exchange it is reckoned at twenty-two, and at the consulate's at twenty-one piastres.

#### DEPARTURE FROM ALEXANDRIA.

September 7th.

At eight o'clock in the morning I betook myself on board the French steam-packet *Eurotas*, a beautiful large vessel of 160-horse power. At nine o'clock we weighed anchor.

The weather was very unfavourable. Though it did not rain, we continually had contrary winds, and the sea generally ran high. In consequence we did not sight the island of Candia until the evening of the third day, four-and-twenty hours later than we should have done under ordinary circumstances.

Two women, who came on board as passengers to Syra, were so violently attacked by sea-sickness, that they left the deck

<sup>a</sup> A beshlik is worth five piastres in Turkey, and only four in Egypt.

a few hours after we got under weigh, and did not reappear until they landed at Syra. A very useful arrangement on board the French vessel is the engagement of a female attendant, whose assistance sometimes becomes very necessary. Heaven be praised, I had not much to fear from the attacks of sea-sickness. The weather must be very bad—as, for instance, during our passage through the Black Sea—before my health is affected, and even then I recover rapidly. During our whole voyage, even when the weather was wretched, I remained continually on deck, so that during the day-time I could not miss seeing even the smallest islet. On

September 10th,

late in the evening, we discovered the island of Candia or Crete, and the next morning we were pretty close to it. We could, however, distinguish nothing but bare unfruitful mountains, the tallest among which, my namesake Mount Ida, does not look more fertile than the rest. On the right loomed the island of Scarpanto. We soon left it in our wake, and also passed the Brothers' Islands, and many others, some of them small and uninhabited, besides separate colossal rocks, towering majestically into the sea. Soon afterwards we passed the islands Santorin and Anaph.

The latter of these islands is peculiarly beautiful. In the foreground a village lies at the foot of a high mountain, with its peak surmounted by a little church. On the side towards the sea this rock shoots downwards so perpendicularly, that we might fancy it had been cut off with a saw.

Since we had come in sight of Candia, we had not been sailing on the high seas. Scarcely did one island vanish from our view, before it was replaced by another. On

September 11th,

between three and four in the morning, we reached Syra. The terrible contrary winds with which we had been obliged to contend during almost the whole of our passage had caused us to arrive

a day behind our time, to make up for which delay we only stayed half a day here, instead of a day and a half. This was a matter of indifference to those of us who were travelling further, for as we came from Egypt, we should not have been allowed in any case to disembark. Those who landed here proceeded at once to the quarantine-house.

Syra possesses a fine harbour. From our vessel we had a view over the whole town and its environs. An isolated mountain, crowned by a convent and church, the seat of the bishop, rises boldly from the very verge of the shore. The town winds round this mountain in the form of several wreaths, until it almost reaches the episcopal buildings. The background closes with the melancholy picture of a barren mountain-chain. A lighthouse stands on a little neighbouring island. The quarantine establishment looks cheerful enough, and is situate at a little distance from the town on the sea-shore.

It was Sunday when we arrived here; and as Syra belongs to Greece, I here heard the sound of bells like those of Mount Lebanon, and once more their strain filled me with deep and indescribable emotion. Never do we think so warmly of our home as when we are solitary and alone among strange people in a far-distant land!

I would gladly have turned aside from my route to visit Athens, which I might have reached in a few hours; but then I should once more have been compelled to keep quarantine, and perhaps on leaving Greece the infliction would have to be borne a third time,—a risk which I did not wish to run. I therefore preferred keeping quarantine at Malta, and having done with it at once.

On the same day at two o'clock we once more set sail. This day and the following I remained on deck as much as possible, bidding defiance to wind and rain, and gazing at the islands as we glided past one after another. As one island disappeared, another rose in its place. Groups of isolated rocks also rose at intervals,

like giants from the main, to form a feature in the changing panorama.

On the right, in the far distance, we could distinguish Paros and Antiparos, on the left the larger Chermian Isles; and at length we passed close to Cervo (Stag's Island), which is particularly distinguished by the beauty of its mountain-range. Here, as at Syra, we find an isolated mountain, round which a town winds almost to its summit.

September 12th.

As I came on deck to-day with the sun, the mainland of the Morea was in sight on our right,—a great plain, with many villages scattered over its surface, and a background of bare hills. After losing sight of the Morea we sailed once more on the high seas.

This day might have had a tragical termination for us. I was sitting as usual on deck, when I noticed an unusual stir among the sailors and officers, and even the commander ran hastily towards me. Nevertheless I did not dare to ask what had happened; for in proportion as the French are generally polite, they are proud and overbearing on board their steamers. I therefore remained quietly seated, and contented myself with watching every movement of the officers and men. Several descended to the coal-magazine, returning heated, blackened by the coals, and dripping with water. At length a cabin-boy came hurrying by me; and upon my asking him what was the matter, he replied in a whisper, that fire had broken out in the coal-room. Now I knew the whole extent of our danger, and yet could do nothing but keep my seat, and await whatever fate should bring us. It was most fortunate for us that the fire occurred during the day-time, and had been immediately discovered by the engine-man. Double chain-pumps were rigged, and the whole magazine was laid under water,—a proceeding which had the effect of extinguishing the flames. The other passengers knew nothing of our

danger; they were all asleep or sitting quietly in the cabins; the sailors were forbidden to tell them what had happened, and even my informant the cabin-boy begged me not to betray him. We had three hundredweight of gunpowder on board.

September 14th.

We did not come in sight of land until this evening, when the goal of our journey appeared.

#### MALTA.

We cast anchor in the harbour of Lavalette at seven o'clock.

During the whole of our journey from Alexandria the wind had been very unfavourable; the sea was frequently so agitated, that we could not walk across the deck without the assistance of a sailor.

The distance from Alexandria *via* Syra to Malta is 950 sea-miles. We took eight days to accomplish this distance, landing only at Syra. The heat was moderate enough, seldom reaching 28° or 29° Reaumur.

The appearance of Malta is picturesque; it contains no mountains, and consists entirely of hills and rocks.

The town of Lavalette is surrounded by three lines of fortifications, winding like steps up the hill on which the town lies; the latter contains large fine houses, all built of stone.

September 15th.

This morning at eight o'clock we disembarked, and were marched off to keep quarantine in the magnificent castle of the Knights of St. John.

This building stands on a hill, affording a view over the whole island in the direction of Civita Vecchia. We found here a number of clean rooms, and were immediately supplied with furniture, bedding, &c. by the establishment at a very reasonable charge. Our host at once despatched to every guest a bill of fare for breakfast and dinner, so that each one can choose what he

wishes, without being cheated as to the prices. The keepers here are very obliging and attentive; they almost all know something of Italian, and execute any commission with which they are entrusted punctually and well. The building for the incarcerated ones is situate on an elevated plateau. It has two large wings, one on each side, one story high, containing apartments each with a separate entrance. Adjoining the courtyard is the inn, and not far from it the church; neither, however, may be visited by the new-comers. The requisite provisions are procured for them by a keeper, who takes them to the purchasers. The church is always kept locked. A broad handsome terrace, with a prospect over the sea, the town of Lavalette, and the whole island, forms the foreground of the picture. This terrace and the ramparts behind the houses form very agreeable walks. The courtyard of our prison is very spacious, and we are allowed to walk about in it as far as a statue which stands in the middle. Until ten o'clock at night we enjoy our liberty; but when this hour arrives, we are sent to our respective rooms and locked up. The apartments of the keepers are quite separate from ours.

The arrangements of the whole establishment are so good and comfortable, that we almost forget that we are prisoners. What a contrast to the quarantine-house at Alexandria!

If a traveller receives a visitor, he is not separated from his guest by ditches and bars, but stands only two steps from him in the courtyard. The windows here are not grated; and though our clothes were hung on horses to air, neither we nor our effects were smoked out. If it had not been for the delay it caused, I should really have spent the eighteen days of my detention here very pleasantly. But I wished to ascend Mount Etna, and was a fixture here until the 2d of October.

October 1st.

The quarantine doctor examined us in a very superficial manner, and pronounced that we should be free to-morrow. Upon

this a boisterous hilarity prevailed. The prisoners rejoiced at the prospect of speedy release, and shouted, sang, and danced in the courtyard. The keepers caught the infection, and all was mirth and good-humour until late in the night.

October 2d.

At seven o'clock this morning we were released from thralldom. A scene similar to that at Alexandria then took place; every one rushed to seize upon the strangers. It is here necessary that the traveller should be as much upon his guard as in Egypt among the Arabs, in the matters of boat-fares, portorage, &c. If a bargain is not struck beforehand, the people are most exorbitant in their demands.

A few days before our release, I had made an arrangement with an innkeeper for board, lodging, and transport. To-day he came to fetch me and my luggage, and we crossed the arm of the sea which divides Fort Manuel from the town of Lavalette.

A flight of steps leads from the shore into the town, past the three rows of fortifications rising in tiers above each other. In each of these divisions we find streets and houses. The *town*, properly speaking, lies quite at the top; it is therefore necessary to mount and descend frequently, though not nearly so often as at Constantinople. The streets are broad and well paved, the houses spacious and finely built; the place of roofs is supplied by terraces, frequently parcelled out into little flower-beds, which present a very agreeable appearance.

My host gave me a tiny room, and meals on the same principle—coffee with milk morning and evening, and three dishes at dinner-time; but for all this I did not pay more than forty-five kreutzers, or about one shilling and sixpence.

The first thing I did after taking up my quarters here was to hasten to a church to return thanks to the Almighty for the protection He had so manifestly extended to me upon my long and dangerous journey. The first church which I entered at

Lavalette was dedicated to St. Augustine. I was particularly pleased with it, for since my departure from Vienna I had not seen one so neatly or so well built. Afterwards I visited the church of St. John, and was much struck with its splendour. This building is very spacious, and the floor is completely covered with monumental slabs of marble, covering the graves of the knights. The ceiling is ornamented with beautiful frescoes, and the walls are sculptured from ceiling to floor with arabesques, leaves, and flowers, in sandstone.

All these ornaments are richly gilt, and present a peculiarly imposing appearance. The side-chapels contain numerous monuments, mostly of white marble, and one single one of black, in memory of celebrated Maltese knights. At the right-hand corner of the church is the so-called "rose-coloured" chapel. It is hung round with a heavy silk stuff of a red colour, which diffuses a roseate halo over all the objects around. The altar is surrounded by a high massive railing. Two only of the paintings are well executed—namely, that over the high altar, and a piece representing Christ on the cross. The pillars round the altar are of marble; and at each side of the grand altar rise lofty canopies of red velvet fringed with gold, reaching almost to the vaulted cupola.

The uncomfortable custom of carrying chairs to and fro during church-time, which is so universal throughout Italy, begins already at Malta.

The predilection for the clerical profession seems to prevail here, as it does throughout Italy; I could almost say that every fifteenth person we meet either is a clergyman or intends to become one. Children of ten or twelve years already run about in the black gown and three-cornered hat.

The streets are handsome and cleanly kept, particularly the one which intersects the town; some of them are even watered. The counters of the dealers' shops contain the most exquisite wares; in fact, every where we find indications that we are once more on European ground.



When we see the Fachini here, with their dark worked caps or round straw hats, their short jackets and comfortable trousers, with jaunty red sashes round their waists, and their bold free glance,—when we contrast them with the wretched fellahs of Egypt, and consider that these men both belong to the same class in society, and that the fellahs even inhabit the more fruitful country, we begin to have our doubts of Mehemet Ali's *benignant* rule.

The governor's palace, a great square building, stands on a magnificent open space; next to it is the library; and opposite, the chief guard-house rears its splendid front, graced with pillars. The coffee-houses here are very large; they are kept comfortably and clean, particularly that on the great square, which is brilliantly illuminated every evening.

Women and girls appear dressed in black; they are usually accustomed to throw a wide cloak over their other garments, and wear a mantilla which conceals arms, chest, and head. The face is left uncovered, and I saw some very lovely ones smiling forth from the black drapery. Rich people wear these upper garments of silk; the cloaks of the poorer classes are made of merino or cheap woollen stuffs.

It was Sunday when I entered Lavalette for the first time. Every street and church was thronged with people, all of whom were neatly and decently dressed. I saw but few beggars, and those whom I met were less ragged than the generality of their class.

The military, the finest I had ever seen, consisted entirely of tall handsome men, mostly Scotchmen. Their uniforms were very tasteful. One regiment wore scarlet jackets and white linen trousers; another, black jackets and shoulder-knots,—in fact, the whole uniform is black, with the exception of the trousers, which are of white linen.

It seemed much more the fashion to drive than to ride here. The coaches are of a very peculiar kind, which I hardly think can

be found elsewhere. They consist of a venerable old rattling double-seated box, swinging upon two immense wheels, and drawn by a single horse in shafts. The coachman generally runs beside his vehicle.

October 3d.

To-day I drove in a carriage (for the first time since my departure from Vienna, a period of six months and a half) to Civita Vecchia, to view this ancient town of Malta, and particularly the celebrated church of St. Peter and St. Paul. On this occasion I traversed the whole length of the island, and had an opportunity of viewing the interior.

Malta consists of a number of little elevations, and is intersected in all directions by excellent roads. I also continually passed handsome villages, some of them so large that they looked like thriving little towns. The heights are frequently crowned by churches of considerable extent and beauty; although the whole island consists of rock and sandstone, vegetation is sufficiently luxurious. Fig, lemon, and orange trees grow every where, and plantations of the cotton-shrub are as common as potato-fields in my own country. The stems of these shrubs are not higher than potato-plants, and are here cultivated exactly in the same way. I was told that they had been stunted this year by the excessive drought, but that in general they grew a foot higher.

The peasants were every where neatly dressed, and live in commodious well-built houses, universally constructed of stone, and furnished with terraces in lieu of roofs.

#### CIVITA VECCHIA

is a town of splendid houses and very elegant country-seats. Many inhabitants of Lavalette spend the summer here, in the highest portion of the island.

The church of St. Peter and St. Paul is a spacious building, with a simple interior. The floor is covered merely with stone

slabs; the walls are white-washed to the ceiling, but the upper portion is richly ornamented with arabesques. A beautiful picture hanging behind the high altar represents a storm at sea. The view from the hall of the convent is magnificent; we can overlook almost the entire island, and beyond our gaze loses itself in the boundless expanse of ocean.

Near the church stands a chapel, beneath which is St. Paul's grotto, divided into two parts: in the first of these divisions we find a splendid statue of St. Paul in white marble; the second was the dungeon of the apostle.

Not far from this chapel, at the extremity of the town, are the catacombs, which resemble those at Rome, Naples, and other towns.

During our drive back we made a little détour to see the gorgeous summer-palace and garden of the governor.

The whole excursion occupied about seven hours. During my residence in Malta the heat varied from  $20^{\circ}$  to  $25^{\circ}$  Reaumur in the sun.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

The steamer *Hercules*—Syracuse—Neapolis—Ruins—Catanea—Convent of St. Nicholas—Messina—The Duke of Calabria—Palermo—The royal palace—Church of St. Theresa—St. Ignazio—Catacombs of the Augustine convent—Skeletons—Olivuzza—Royal villa “Favorite”—St. Rosalia—Brutality of the Italian mob—Luxuriant vegetation—Arrival at Naples.

October 4th.

AT eight o'clock in the evening I embarked on board the Sicilian steamer *Hercules*, of 260-horse power, the largest and finest vessel I had yet seen. The officers here were not nearly so haughty and disobliging as those on board the *Eurotas*. Even now I cannot think without a smile of the airs the captain of the latter vessel gave himself. He appeared to consider that he had as good a right to be an admiral as Bruys.

At ten o'clock we steamed out of the harbour of Lavalette. As it was already dark night, I went below and retired to rest.

October 5th.

When I hurried on deck this morning I found we were already in sight of the Sicilian coast, and—oh happiness!—I could distinguish green hills, wooded mountains, glorious dells, and smiling meadows,—a spectacle I had enjoyed neither in Syria, in Egypt, nor even at Malta. Now I thought at length to behold Europe, for Malta resembles the Syrian regions too closely to favour the idea that we are really in Europe. Towards eleven o'clock we reached

## SYRACUSE.

Unfortunately we could only get four hours' leave of absence.

As several gentlemen among the passengers wished to devote these few hours to seeing all the lions of this once rich and famous town, I joined their party and went ashore with them. Scarcely had we landed before we were surrounded by a number of servants and a mob of curious people, so that we were almost obliged to make our way forcibly through the crowd. The gentlemen hired a guide, and desired to be at once conducted to a—restaurateur, who promised to prepare them a modest luncheon within half an hour. The prospect of a good meal seemed of more importance in the eyes of my fellow-passengers than any thing else. They resolved to have luncheon first, and afterwards to take a little walk through the city.

On hearing this I immediately made a bargain with a cicerone to shew me what he could in four hours, and went with him, leaving the company seated at table. Though I got nothing to eat to-day but a piece of bread and a few figs, which I despatched on the road, I saw some sights which I would not have missed for the most sumptuous entertainment.

Of the once spacious town nothing remains but a very small portion, inhabited by 10,000 persons at most. The dirty streets were every where crowded with people, as though they dwelt out of doors, while the houses stood empty.

Accompanied by my guide, I passed hastily through the new town, and over three or four wooden bridges to Neapolis, the part of ancient Syracuse in which monuments of the past are seen in the best state of preservation. First we came to the theatre. This building is tolerably well preserved, and several of the stone seats are still seen rising in terrace form one above the other. From this place we betook ourselves into the amphitheatre, which is finer by far, and where we find passages leading to the wild beasts' dens, and above them rows of seats for spectators; all is in such good condition that it might, at a trifling expense, be so far repaired as to be made again available for its original purpose. Now we proceeded to the "Ear of Dionysius," with which I was parti-

cularly struck. It consists of a number of chambers, partly hewn out of the rock by art, partly formed by nature, and all opening into an immensely lofty hall, which becomes narrower and narrower towards the top, until it at length terminates in an aperture so minute as to be invisible from below. To this aperture Dionysius is said to have applied his ear, in order to overhear what the captives spoke. (This place is stated to have been used as a prison for slaves and malefactors.) It is usual to fire a pistol here, that the stranger may hear the reverberating echoes. A lofty opening, resembling a great gate, forms the entrance to these rocky passages. Overgrown with ivy, it has rather the appearance of a bower than of a place of terror and anguish. Several of these side halls are now used as workshops by rope-makers, while in others the manufacture of saltpetre is carried on. The region around is rocky, but without displaying any high mountains. I saw numerous grottoes, some of them with magnificent entrances, which looked as though they had been cut in the rocks by art. In one of these grottoes water fell from above, forming a very pretty cataract.

During this excursion the time had passed so rapidly that I was soon compelled to think, not of a visit to the catacombs, but of my return on board.

I proceeded to the sea-shore, where the Syracusans have built a very pretty promenade, and was rowed back to the steamer.

Of all the passengers I was the only one who had seen any thing of Syracuse; all the rest had spent the greater part of the time allowed them in the inn, and at most had been for a short walk in the town. But they had obtained an exceedingly good dinner; and thus we had each enjoyed ourselves in our own way.

At three o'clock we quitted the beautiful harbour of Syracuse, and three hours brought us to

#### CATANEA.

This voyage was one of the most beautiful and interesting

that can be imagined. The traveller continually sees the most charming landscapes of blooming Sicily; and at Syracuse we can already descry on a clear day the giant Etna rearing its head 10,000 feet above the level of the sea.

At six in the evening we disembarked; but those going farther had to be on board again by midnight. I had intended to remain at Catania and ascend Mount Etna; but on making inquiries I was assured that the season was too far advanced for such an undertaking, and therefore resolved to set sail again at midnight. I went on shore in company with a Neapolitan and his wife, for the purpose of visiting some of the churches, a few public buildings, and the town itself. The buildings, however, were already closed, though the exteriors promised much. We could only deplore that we had arrived an hour too late, and take a walk round the town. I could scarcely wonder enough at the bustle in the crowded squares and chief streets, and at the shouting and screaming of the people. The number of inhabitants is about 50,000. The two chief streets, leading in different directions from the great square, are long, broad, and particularly well paved with large stone slabs: they contain many magnificent houses. The only circumstance which displeased me was, that every where, even in the chief streets, the people dry clothes on large poles at balconies and windows. This makes the town look as though it were inhabited by a race of washerwomen. I should not even mind so much if they were clean clothes; but I frequently saw the most disgusting rags fluttering in front of splendid houses. Unfortunately this barbarous custom prevails throughout the whole of Sicily; and even in Naples the hanging out of clothes is only forbidden in the principal street, the Toledo: all the other streets are full of linen.

Among the equipages, which were rolling to and fro in great numbers, I noticed some very handsome ones. Some were standing still in the great square, while their occupants amused themselves by looking at the bustle around them, and chatted with

friends and acquaintances who crowded round the carriages. I found a greater appearance of life here than either at Naples or Palermo.

The convent of St. Nicholas was unfortunately closed, so that we could only view its exterior. It is a spacious magnificent building, the largest, in fact, in the whole town. We also looked at the walks on the sea-shore, which at our first arrival we had traversed in haste in order to reach the town quickly. Beautiful avenues extend along each side of the harbour; they are, however, less frequented than the streets and squares. We had a beautiful moonlight night; the promontory of Etna, with its luxurious vegetation, as well as the giant mountain itself, were distinctly visible in all their glory. The summit rose cloudless and free; no smoke came from the crater, nor could we discover a trace of snow as we returned to our ship. We noticed several heaps of lava piled upon the sea-shore, of a perfectly black colour.

Late in the evening we adjourned to an inn to refresh ourselves with some good dishes, and afterwards returned to the steamer, which weighed anchor at midnight.

October 6th.

We awoke in the harbour of Messina. The situation of this town is lovely beyond description. I was so charmed with it that I stood for a long time on deck without thinking of landing.

A chain of beautiful hills and huge masses of rock in the background surround the harbour and town. Every where the greatest fertility reigns, and all things are in the most thriving and flourishing condition. In the direction of Palermo the boundless ocean is visible.

I now bade farewell to the splendid steamer Hercules, because I did not intend to proceed direct to Naples, but to make a *detour* by way of Palermo.

As soon as I had landed, I proceeded to the office of the merchant M., to whom I had a letter of recommendation. I



requested Herr M. to procure me a cicerone as soon as possible, as I wished to see the sights of Messina, and afterwards to continue my journey to Palermo. Herr M. was kind enough to send one of his clerks with me. I rested for half an hour, and then commenced my peregrination.

From the steamer Messina had appeared to me a very narrow place, but on entering the town I found that I had made quite a false estimate of its dimensions. Messina is certainly built in a very straggling oblong form, but still its breadth is not inconsiderable.

I saw many very beautiful squares; for instance, the chief square, with its splendid fountain ornamented with figures, and a bas-relief of carved work in bronze. Every square contains a fountain, but we seldom find any thing particularly tasteful. The churches are not remarkable for the beauty of their façades, nor do they present any thing in the way of marble statues or finely executed pictures.

The houses are generally well built, with flat roofs; the streets, with few exceptions, are narrow, small, and very dirty. An uncommonly broad street runs parallel with the harbour, and contains, on one side at least, some very handsome houses. This is a favourite place for a walk, for we can here see all the bustle and activity of the port. Several of the palaces also are pretty; that appropriated to the senate is the only one which can be called fine, the staircase being constructed entirely of white marble, in a splendid style of architecture: the halls and apartments are lofty, and generally arched. The regal palace is also a handsome pile.

In the midst of the town I found an agreeable public garden. The Italians appear, however, to choose the streets as places of rendezvous, in preference to enclosures of this kind; for every where I noticed that the garden-walks were empty, and the streets full. But on the whole there is not nearly so much life here as at Catania. In order to obtain a view of the whole of Messina and its environs I ascended a hill near the town, surmounted by a

Capuchin convent ; here I enjoyed a prospect which I have seldom seen equalled. As I gazed upon it I could easily imagine that an inhabitant of Messina can find no place in the world so beautiful as his native town.

The promontory against which the town leans is clothed with a carpet of the brightest green, planted with fruit-trees of all kinds, and enlivened with scattered towns, villages, and country seats. Beautiful roads, appearing like white bands, intersect the mountains on every side in the direction of the town. The background is closed by high mountains, sometimes wooded, sometimes bare, now rising in the form of alps, now in the shape of rocky masses. At the foot of the hills we see the long-drawn town, the harbour with its numerous ships, and beyond it groups of alps and rocks. The boundless sea flows on the spectator's right and left towards Palermo and Naples, while in the direction of Catania the eye is caught by mountains, with Etna towering among them.

The same evening I embarked on board the *Duke of Calabria*, for the short trip of twelve or fourteen hours to Palermo. This steamer has only engines of 80-horse power, and every thing connected with it is small and confined. The first-class accommodation is indeed pretty good, but the second-class places are only calculated to contain very few passengers. Though completely exhausted by my long and fatiguing walk through Messina, I remained on deck, for I could not be happy without seeing Stromboli. Unfortunately I could distinguish very little of it. We had started from Messina at about six o'clock in the evening, and did not come in sight of the mountain until two hours later, when the shades of night were already descending ; we were, besides, at such a distance from it that I could descry nothing but a colossal mass rising from the sea and towering towards heaven. I stayed on deck until past ten o'clock in the hope of obtaining a nearer view of Stromboli ; but we had soon left it behind us in the far distance, with other islands which lay on the surface like misty clouds.

October 7th.

To-day I hastened on deck before sunrise, to see as much as possible of the Sicilian coast, and to obtain an early view of Palermo. At ten o'clock we ran into the harbour of this town.

I had been so charmed with the situation of Messina that I did not expect ever to behold any thing more lovely; and yet the remembrance of this town faded from my mind when

## PALERMO

rose before me, surrounded by magnificent mountains, among which the colossal rock of St. Rosalia, a huge slab of porphyry and granite, towered high in the blue air. The combination of various colours unites with its immense height and its peculiar construction to render this mountain one of the most remarkable in existence. Its summit is crowned by a temple; and a good road, partly cut out of the rock, partly supported on lofty pillars of masonry, which we can see from on board our vessel, leads to the convent of St. Rosalia, and to a chapel hidden among the hills and dedicated to the same saint.

At the foot of this mountain lies a gorgeous castle, inhabited, as my captain told me, by an English family, who pay a yearly rent of 30,000 florins for the use of it. To the left of Palermo the mountains open and shew the entrance into a broad and transcendently beautiful valley, in which the town of Monreal lies with magical effect. Several of these gaps occur along the coast, affording glimpses of the most lovely vales, with scattered villages and pretty country-seats.

The harbour of Palermo is picturesque and eminently safe. The town numbers about 130,000 inhabitants. Here, too, our deck was crowded with Fachini, innkeepers, and guides, before the anchor was fairly lowered. I inquired of the captain respecting the price of board and lodging, and afterwards made a bargain with a host before leaving the ship. By following this plan I generally escaped overcharge and inconvenience.

Arrived at the inn, I sent to Herr Schmidt, to whom I had been recommended, with the request that he would despatch a trustworthy cicerone to me, and make me a kind of daily scheme of what I was to see. This was soon done, and after hurrying over my dinner I commenced my wanderings.

I entered almost every church I passed on my way, and found them all neat and pretty. Every where I came upon picturesque villas and handsome houses, with glass doors instead of windows, their lower portion guarded by iron railings and forming little balconies. Here the women and girls sit of an evening working and talking to their heart's content.

The streets of Palermo are far handsomer and cleaner than those of Messina. The principal among them, Toledo and Casaro, divide the town into four parts, and join in the chief square. The streets, as we pass from one into another, present a peculiar appearance, filled with bustling crowds of people moving noisily to and fro. In the Toledo Street all the tailors seem congregated together, for the shops on each side of the way are uniformly occupied by the votaries of this trade, who sit at work half in their houses and half in the street. The coffee-houses and shops are all open, so that the passers-by can obtain a full view of the wares and of the buyers and sellers.

The regal palace is the handsomest in the town. It contains a gothic chapel, richly decorated; the walls are entirely covered with paintings in mosaic, of which the drawings do not display remarkable taste, and the ceiling is over-crowded with decorations and arabesques. An ancient chandelier, in the form of a pillar, made of beautiful marble and also covered with arabesques, stands beside the pulpit. On holydays an immense candle is put in this candlestick and lighted.

I wished to enter this chapel, but was refused admittance until I had taken off my hat, like the men, and carried it in my hand. This custom prevails in several churches of Palermo. The space in front of the palace resembles a garden, from the number of

avenues and beds of flowers with which it is ornamented. Second in beauty is the palace of the senate, but it cannot be compared with that at Messina.

The town contains several very handsome squares, in all of which we find several statues and fountains.

Foremost among the churches the Cathedral must be mentioned; its gothic façade occupies one entire side of a square. A spacious entrance-hall, with two monuments, not executed in a very fine style of art, leads into the interior of the church, which is of considerable extent, but built in a very simple style. The pillars, two of which always stand together, and the four royal monuments at the entrance, are all of Egyptian granite. The finest part of the church is the chapel of St. Rosalia on the right, not far from the high altar; both its walls are decorated with large bas-reliefs in marble, beautifully executed: one of these represents the banishment of the plague, and the finding of St. Rosalia's bones. A splendid pillar of lapis-lazuli, said to be the largest and finest specimen of this stone in existence, stands beside the high altar. The two basins with raised figures at the entrance of the church also deserve notice. The left side of the square is occupied by the episcopal palace, a building of no pretensions.

Santa Theresia is a small church, containing nothing remarkable except a splendid bas-relief in marble, representing the Holy Family, which an Englishman once offered to purchase for an immense sum. The neighbouring church of St. Pieta, on the contrary, can be called large and grand. The façades are ornamented with pillars of marble, the altar is richly gilt, and handsome frescoes deck the ceiling. St. Domenigo, another fine church, possesses, my cicerone assured me, the largest organ in the world. If he had said the greatest *he had seen*, I could readily have believed him.

In St. Ignazio, or Olivazo, near a minor altar at one side, we find a painting representing the Virgin and the infant Jesus. The

sacristan persisted that this was a work of Raphael's. The colouring appeared to me not quite to resemble that of the great master, but I understand too little of these things to be able to judge on such a subject. At any rate it is a fine piece. A few steps below the church lies the oratory, which nearly equals it in size, and also contains a handsome painting over the altar. "St. Augustine" also repays the trouble of a visit; it displays great wealth in marble, sculptures, frescoes, and arabesques. "St. Joseph" is also rich in various kinds of marble. Several of its large columns have been made from a single block. A clear cold stream issues from this church.

I have still to notice the lovely public gardens, which I visited after dining with the consul-general, Herr Wallenburg. I cannot omit this opportunity of gratefully mentioning the friendly sympathy and kindness I experienced on the part of this gentleman and his lady. To return to the gardens,—the most interesting to me was the botanical, where a number of rare trees and plants flourish famously in the open air.

The catacombs of the Augustine convent are most peculiar; they are situate immediately outside the town. From the church, which offers nothing of remarkable interest, a broad flight of stairs leads downwards into long and lofty passages cut in the rock, and receiving light from above. The skeletons of the dead line the walls, in little niches close beside each other; they are clothed in a kind of monkish robe, and each man's hands are crossed on his chest, with a ticket bearing his name, age, and the date of his death depending therefrom. A more horrible sight can scarcely be imagined than these dressed-up skeletons and death's-heads. Many have still hair on the scalp, and some even beard. The niches in which they stand are surmounted by planks displaying skulls and bones, and the corridors are crowded with whole rows of coffins, their inmates waiting for a vacant place. If the relations of one of the favoured skeletons neglect to supply a certain number of wax-tapers on All-Saints' day, the poor man is banished

from his position, and one of the candidates steps in and occupies his niche.

The corpses of women and girls are deposited in another compartment, and look as though they were lying in state in their glass coffins, dressed in handsome silks, with ornamental coifs on their heads, ruffs and lace collars round their necks, and silk shoes and stockings, which however soon burst, on their feet. A wreath of flowers decks the brow of each girl, and beneath all this ornament the skull appears with its hollow eyes—a parody upon life and death.

Whenever any one wishes to be immortalised in this way, his friends and relations must pay a certain sum for a place on the day of his burial, and afterwards bring wax-tapers every year. The body is then laid in a chamber of lime, which remains for eight months hermetically closed, until the flesh has been entirely eaten away; then the bones are fastened together, dressed, and placed in a niche.

On All-Saints' day these corridors of death are crowded with gazers; friends and relations of the deceased resort thither to light candles and perform their devotions. I was glad to have had an opportunity of seeing these audience-halls of the dead, but still I rejoiced when I hastened upwards to sojourn once more among the living.

From here I drove to Olivuzza, to view the Moorish castle of Ziza, celebrated for the beauty of its situation and of the region around. Not far from the old castle stands a new one, with a garden of much beauty, containing also a number of fantastic toys, such as little grottoes and huts, hollow trees in which secret doors fly suddenly open, disclosing to view a nun, a monk, or some figure of the kind, &c. Here I still found a species of date-tree growing in the open air; but the fruit it bears is very small, and never becomes completely ripe: this was the last date-tree I saw.

The royal villa "Favourite," about a mile from the town, is situated in a lovely spot. It is built in the Chinese style, with a

quantity of points, gables, and little bells ; its interior is, however, arranged according to European design, in a rich, tasteful, and artistic manner. We linger with pleasure in the rooms, each of which offers some attractive feature. Thus, for instance, one apartment contains beautiful fresco paintings ; another, life-size portraits of the royal family in Chinese costume ; in a third, the effects of damp on walls and ceiling are so accurately portrayed that at first I was deceived by the resemblance, and regretted to find a room in such a condition among all the pomp and splendour around. One small cabinet is entirely inlaid with little pieces of all the various kinds of marble that are to be found in Sicily. The large tables are made of petrified and polished woods, &c. Besides these minor attractions, a much greater one exists in the splendid view which we obtain from the terraces and from the summit of the Chinese tower. I found it difficult to tear myself from contemplating this charming prospect ; a painter would become embarrassed by the very richness of the materials around him. Every thing I had seen from on board here appeared before my eyes with increased loveliness, because I here saw it from a higher position, and obtained a more extended view.

An ornamental garden lies close to the palace. It is flagged with large blocks of stone, between which spaces are left for earth. These beds are parcelled out according to plans, bordered with box a foot in height, and arranged so as to form immense leaves, flowers, and arabesques ; while in the midst stand vases of natural flowers. The park fills up the background ; it consists merely of a few avenues and meadows, extending to the foot of Mount Rosalia.

This mountain I also ascended. The finest paved street, which is sufficiently broad for three carriages to pass each other, winds in a serpentine manner round the rocky heights, so that we can mount upwards without the slightest difficulty.

The convent is small and very simply constructed ; the courtyard behind it, on the contrary, is exceedingly imposing. It is



shut in on all sides by steep walls of rock, covered with clinging ivy in a most picturesque manner. On the left we find a little grotto containing an altar. In the foreground, on the right, a lofty gate, formed by nature and beautified by art, leads into a chapel wonderfully formed of pieces of rock and stalactites. A feeling of astonishment and admiration almost amounting to awe came upon me as I entered. The walls near the chief altar are overgrown with a kind of delicate moss of an emerald-green colour, with the white rock shining through here and there; and in the midst rises a natural cupola, terminating in a point. The extreme summit of this dome cannot be distinguished; it is lost in obscurity. Here and there natural niches occur, in which statues of saints have been placed. To the left of the high altar I saw the monument of St. Rosalia, beautifully executed in white marble. She is represented in a recumbent posture, the size of life; the statue rests on a pedestal two feet in height. In the most highly-decorated or the most gorgeous church I could not have felt myself more irresistibly impelled to devotion than in this grand temple of nature.

From the 15th to the 18th of July in every year a great feast is held in honour of St. Rosalia, the patron saint of the city, in the town and on the mountain. On these days a number of people make a pilgrimage to the grotto above described, where the bones of the saint were found at a time when the plague was raging at Palermo. They were carried with great pomp into the town, and from that moment the plague ceased.

The road from the convent to the temple, built on the summit of a rock, and visible to the sailors from a great distance, leads us for about half a mile over loose stones. Its construction is extremely simple, and not remarkable in any way. In former times its summit was decked by a colossal statue of the saint. This fell down, and the head alone remained unmutilated. Like the statue, the fane is now in ruins, and its site is only visited for the sake of the beautiful view.

On our way back to the convent, my guide drew my attention to a spot where a large tree had stood. Some years before, a family was sitting quietly beneath its shade, partaking of a frugal meal, when the tree suddenly came crashing down, and caused the death of four persons.

The excursion to St. Rosalia's Hill can easily be made in four or five hours. It is usual to ride up the mountain on donkeys; these animals are, however, so sluggish, compared with those of Egypt, that I often preferred dismounting and proceeding on foot. The Neapolitan donkeys are just as lazy.

I wished still to visit Bagaria, the summer residence of many of the townspeople. One morning I drove to this lovely spot in the company of an amiable Swiss family. The distance from Palermo is about two miles and a half, and the road frequently winding close to the sea, presents a rich variety of beautiful pictures.

We went to view the palace of Prince Fascello: the proprietor appears, however, seldom to reside here, for every thing wears an air of neglect. Two halls in this building are worthy of notice; the walls of the smaller one are covered with figures and ornaments, beautifully carved in wood, with pieces of mirror-glass placed between them. The vaulted ceiling is also decorated with mirrors, some of which are unfortunately already broken.

The walls of the larger hall are completely lined with the finest Sicilian marble. Above the cornices the marble has been covered with thin glass, which gives it a peculiar appearance of polish. The immense ceiling of the great hall is vaulted like that of the smaller one, and completely covered with mirrors, all of them in good preservation. Both apartments, but particularly the large one, are said to have a magical effect when lighted up with tapers.

I spent a Sunday in Palermo, and was much pleased at seeing the peasants in their festive garb, in which, however, I could discover nothing handsome; nor, indeed, any thing peculiar, save the

long pendent nightcaps. The men wear jackets and breeches, and have the before-mentioned caps on their heads; the dress of the women is a spencer, a petticoat, and a kerchief of white or coloured linen round the head and neck.

The common people appeared to be neither cleanly nor wealthy. The rich are dressed according to the fashions of London, Paris, and Vienna.

In all the Sicilian towns I found the mob more boisterous and impudent than in the East, and frequently it was my lot to witness most diabolical quarrels and fights. It is necessary to be much more on one's guard against theft and roguery among these people than among the Arabs and Bedouins. Now I acknowledge how falsely I had judged the poor denizens of the East when I took them for the most thievish of tribes. The people here and at Naples were far worse than they. I was doubly pained on making this discovery, from the fact that I saw more fasting and praying, and more clergymen in these countries than any where else. To judge from appearances, I should have taken the Sicilians and Neapolitans for the most pious people in the world. But their behaviour towards strangers is rude in the extreme. Never had I been so impudently stared out of countenance as in these Sicilian towns: fingers were pointed at me amidst roars of laughter; the boys even ran after me and jeered at me—and all because I wore a round straw hat. In Messina I threw this article away, and dressed according to the fashion which prevails here and in my own country; but still the gaping did not cease. In Palermo it was not only the street boys who stood still to gaze at me, the grandees also did me the same honour, whether I drove or walked. I once asked a lady the reason of this, and requested to know if my appearance was calculated either to give offence or to excite ridicule; she replied that neither was the case, but that the only thing the citizens remarked in me was that I went about alone with a servant. In Sicily this was quite an uncommon circumstance, for there I always saw two ladies walking together,

or a lady and gentleman. Now the grand mystery was solved; but notwithstanding this, I did not alter my mode of action, but continued to walk quietly about the town with my servant, for I preferred being laughed at a little to giving any one the trouble of accompanying me about every where. At first this staring made me very uncomfortable; but man can adapt himself to every thing, and I am no exception to the rule.

The vegetation in Sicily is eminent for its luxuriant loveliness. Flowers, plants, and shrubs attain a greater height and magnitude than we find elsewhere. I saw here numerous species of aloes, which we cultivate laboriously in hot-houses, growing wild, or planted as hedges around gardens. The stems, from which blossoms burst forth, often attain a height of from twenty to thirty feet. Their flowering season was already past.

October 10th.

After a sojourn of five days I bade farewell to Palermo, and took my departure in wet weather. This was the first rain I had seen fall since the 20th of April. The temperature remained very warm; on fine days the thermometer still stood at 20° or 22° Reaumur in the sun at noon.

The vessel on which I now embarked was a royal mail-steamer. We left Palermo at noon; towards evening the sea became rather rough, so that the spray dashed over me once or twice, although I continually kept near the steersman.

At the commencement of our journey nothing was to be seen but sky and water. But the next day, as we approached the Neapolitan coast, island after island rose from the sea, and at length the mainland itself could be discerned. Capri was the first island we approached closely. Soon afterwards my attention was drawn to a great cloud rising towards the sky; it was a smoky column from the glowing hearth of Vesuvius. At length a white line glittered on the verge of the horizon, like a band through the clear air. There was a joyful cry of "Napoli! Napoli!" and Naples lay spread before me.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Sojourn at Naples—Sickness—Laziness of the people—Royal palace—Rotunda—Strada Chiaga and Toledo—St. Carlo Theatre—Largo del Castello—Medina square—Marionettes—St. Jesu Nuovo—St. Jesu Maggiore—St. Maria di Piedigrotta—Public gardens—Academy “degli Studi”—Cathedral of St. Januarius—St. Jeronimo—St. Paula Maggiore—St. Chiara—Baths of Nero—Solfatara—Grotto “del Cane”—Resina—Ascent of Vesuvius—Caserta.

MY imagination was so powerfully excited, I may say over-excited, by the accounts I had heard and read concerning this fairy city, that here once more my expectations were far from being realised. This was, perhaps, partly owing to the circumstance that I had already seen Constantinople and had just quitted Palermo, the situation of which latter town had so enchanted me that my enthusiasm was here confined within very narrow bounds, and I felt inclined to prefer Palermo to Naples.

At two o'clock in the afternoon I landed, and the kind assistance of Herr Brettschneider at once procured me an excellent room in Santa Lucia, with a prospect of the harbour and the bay, besides a view of Vesuvius and the region surrounding it. As usual, I wished to commence my researches at once; but already in Palermo I had felt an unceasing pain in my side, so that my last walks there had been attended with considerable difficulty.

Here I became really ill, and was unable to quit my room. I had a boil on my back, which required the care of the surgeon, and kept me in my room for a fortnight, until the fever had abated.

If this misfortune had happened to me in the East, or even

while I was in quarantine at Malta, who knows whether I should not have been looked upon as having a "plague-boil," and shut up for forty days?

During my imprisonment here, my only relaxation during the hours when I was free from fever and it did not rain, was to sit on the balcony, contemplating the beautiful prospect, and looking on the bustling, lively populace. The Neapolitans appeared to me very ill-behaved, boisterous, and quarrelsome, and seemed to entertain a great horror of work. The latter circumstance seems natural enough, for they require little for their daily support, and we hardly find that the common people any where work more than is necessary to shield them from immediate want; this is particularly the case in Italy, where the heat is oppressive during the day, and the temperature of the evening so agreeable, every one wishes to enjoy himself rather than to work.

I sometimes saw men employ themselves for half a day together in pushing bullets with a little stick through a ring fastened to the ground: this is one of the most popular games. The women are always sitting or standing in front of the houses, chattering or quarrelling; and the children lie about in the streets all day long. The veriest trifle suffices to breed a quarrel among old or young, and then they kick one another with their feet—a very graceful practice for women or girls! Even with their knives they are ready on all occasions.

For making observations on the Neapolitans no better post can be chosen than a lodging in the quarter St. Lucia. The fishermen, lazzaroni, and sailors live in the little side lanes, and spend the greater part of the day in the large street of St. Lucia, the chief resort both for pedestrians and people on horse-back and in carriages. In and about the harbour we find numerous vendors of oysters and crabs, which they bring fresh from the sea. The lazzaroni no longer go about half naked, and the common people are dressed in a decent though not in a picturesque manner.

Here a number of handsome equipages rolled by ; their lady occupants were very fashionably attired.

Even among the better classes it is usual for the men to purchase all the household necessaries, such as fish, bread, poultry, &c. Poultry is very much eaten in Italy, particularly turkeys, which are sometimes sold ready cut up, according to weight. On Sundays and holydays the shops containing wares and provisions, and the meat and poultry stalls, are opened in the same way as on a week-day. Throughout all Italy we do not see them closed for the observance of a Sunday or holyday.

On the fifteenth day I had so far recovered that I could begin my tour of observation, using, however, certain precautions.

At first I confined my researches to churches, palaces, and the museum, particularly as the weather was unprecedentedly bad. It rained, or rather poured, almost every day, and in these cases the water rushes in streams out of the by-lanes towards the sea. The greater part of Naples is built on an acclivity, and there are no gutters, so that the water must force its way along the streets : this has its peculiar advantages ; for the side-lanes, which are filthy beyond description, thus get a partial cleansing by the stream.

As I am not a connoisseur, it would be foolish in me to attempt a criticism upon the splendid productions of art which I beheld here, in Rome, and at Florence and other places. I can only recount what I saw.

During my excursions I generally regulated my movements according to the divisions and instructions contained in August Lewald's hand-book, a work which every traveller will find very serviceable and correct.

I began with the royal palace, which was situate near my lodging at St. Lucia, with one front facing the sea, and the other turned towards the fine large square. This building contains forty-two windows in a row. I could see nothing of its interior excepting the richly decorated chapel, as the royal family resided

there during the whole time of my stay, and thus the apartments were not accessible to strangers.

Opposite the castle stands the magnificent Rotunda, called also the church of San Francesco de Paula. Adjoining this church on either side were arcades in the form of a half circle, supported by handsome pillars, beneath which several shops are established. The roof of the Rotunda is formed by a splendid cupola resting on thirty-four marble pillars. The altars, with the niches between, occupied by colossal statues, are ranged round the walls, and in some instances decorated by splendid modern paintings. A great quantity of lapis lazuli has been used in the construction of the grand altar. In the higher regions of the cupola two galleries, with tasteful iron railings, are to be seen. The entire church, and even the confessionals, are covered with a species of grey marble. The peculiar appearance of this place of worship is exceedingly calculated to excite the visitor's wonder, for to judge from its exterior he would scarcely take the splendid building before him for a church. It was built on the model of the famous rotunda at Rome; but the idea of the porticoes is taken from St. Peter's.

Two large equestrian statues of bronze form the ornaments of the square before this church. Quitting this square, we emerge into the two finest and most frequented streets in the town, namely, the Chiaga and Toledo. Not far off is the imposing theatre of St. Carlo, said to be not only the largest in Italy, but in all Europe. Its exterior aspect is very splendid. A large and broad entrance extends in front, with pillars, beneath the shelter of which the carriages drive up, so that the spectators can arrive and depart without the chance of getting wet. This evening there was to be a "particularly grand performance." I entered the theatre, and was much struck with its appearance. It contains six tiers, all parcelled off into boxes, of which I counted four-and-twenty on the grand circle. Each box is almost the size of a small room, and can easily accommodate from twelve to fifteen people. A fairy-like spectacle is said to be produced when, on occasions of peculiar



festivity, the whole exterior is lighted up. Here, as in nearly all the Italian theatres, a clock, shewing not only the hours but the minutes, is fixed over the front of the stage. A "particular performance" commences at six o'clock, and usually terminates an hour or two before midnight. This evening I saw a little ballet, then two acts of an opera, and afterwards a comedy, the whole concluding with a grand ballet. It is usual on benefit-nights to give a great variety of entertainments in order to attract the public; on these occasions the prices are also reduced one-fifth.

The greatest square, Largo del Castello, almost adjoins the theatre; it is of an oblong form, and contains many palace-like buildings, including the finance and police offices. A pretty spring, the water of which falls down some rocks and forms a cascade, is also worthy of mention.

A little to the left we come upon the Medina-square, boasting the finest fountain in Naples. Between these two squares, beside the sea-shore, lies Castel Nuovo, said to be built quite in the form of the Bastille. It is strongly fortified, and serves as a defence for the harbour. This is a very lively neighbourhood. Many an hour's amusement have I had, watching the motley crowd, particularly on Sundays and holydays, when it is frequented by improvisators, singers, musicians, and mountebanks of every description.

Not far from the harbour is a long street in which numerous kitchens and many provision-stalls are established. Here I walked in the evenings to see the people assembled round the maccaroni-pots: it is advisable, however, to leave watch and purse at home, and even one's pocket-handkerchief is not safe.

Of the shouting and crowding here no conception can be formed. Large kettles are placed in front of the shops, and the proprietors sit beside them, plunging a great wooden fork and spoon into the cauldron to fill the plates of expectant customers. Some eat their favourite dish with fat and cheese, others without, according to the state of their exchequer for the time being; but one and all eat with their fingers. The army of hungry mortals

seems innumerable; and during feeding-time the stranger finds no little difficulty in forcing a passage, notwithstanding the breadth of the street. Not far from this thoroughfare of the people two "Punchinellos" are erected. In one of these the Marionettes are a foot and a half, and in the other no less than three feet high.

There is, besides, a theatre for the people, where pieces of tragic and comic character are performed, in all of which the clown plays a prominent part. The remaining theatres, the Nuovo, the Carlini, and others, are about the size of those in the Leopold- and Josephstadt at Vienna, and can accommodate about 800 spectators. Their exteriors and interiors are alike undistinguished; but in some of them the singing and playing are very creditable. In one of these theatres we are obliged to descend instead of to ascend to reach the pit and the first tier of boxes.

Naples contains more than three hundred churches and chapels. I visited a number of them, for I entered every church that came in my way. St. Fernando, a church of no great size, but of very pleasing appearance, struck me particularly. The ceiling of this edifice is covered with frescoes, and the walls enriched with marble. At the two side altars we find a pair of very fine half-length pictures of saints.

St. Jesu Nuovo, another exceedingly handsome church, stands on the borders of the Lago Maggiore, and is full of magnificent frescoes, surrounded by arabesque borders. The latter appear as though they were gilded, and the effect thus produced is remarkably fine. This spacious building contains a number of small chapels, partitioned off by massive gratings. The great cupola is exceedingly handsome, and every chapel boasts a separate one.

St. Jesu Maggiore does not carry out its appellation, for it is a small unpretending church, though some splendid gothic ornaments beautify the exterior.

St. Maria di Piedigrotta, another little church, is much frequented, from the fact that the common people place great confi-

dence in the picture of the Virgin there displayed. The church contains nothing worthy of notice.

The grotto of Pausilipp, a cavern of immense length, now called Puzzoli, is not far distant. This grotto, hewn out of a rock, is about 1200 paces long, between 50 and 60 feet in height, and of such breadth that two carriages can easily pass each other. A little chapel cut out of the rock occupies the middle of the cavern, and both grotto and chapel are illuminated night and day. As in the whole of Naples, the pavement here is formed of lava from Mount Vesuvius.

Immediately above the grotto, in the direction of the town, we come upon a simple gravestone of white marble — the monument of the poet Virgil. A long flight of steps leads to the garden containing this monument: the poet's ashes do not, however, rest here; the spot where he sleeps cannot be accurately determined, and this monument is only raised to his memory. The prospect from these heights as well repays a visit as the grotto of Pausilipp, where we wander for a long time in deep darkness, until we suddenly emerge into the broad light of day, to find ourselves surrounded by a most lovely landscape.

The public garden of Naples is also situate in this quarter of the town. It extends to the lower portion of the Strada Chiaga, is of great length without being broad, and displays a vast number of beautiful statues, prospects, and rare plants; a large and handsome street, containing many fine houses, adjoins it on one side. I also rode to the Vomero, on which are erected the king's pleasure-palace and a small convent. A glorious prospect here unfolds itself: Naples with its bay, Puzzoli, and a number of beautiful islands, the lake Agnaro, the extinct craters of Solfatarà, Baiæ, Vesuvius with its chain of mountains, and the stupendous ocean, lie grouped, in varied forms and gorgeously blending colours, before the gaze of the astonished spectator. This is the place of which the Neapolitans say, with some justice, "Hither should men come, and gaze, and die!"

Still the prospects from St. Rosalia's Mount, and from the royal palace Favorita at Palermo, had pleased me better; for there the beauties of nature are more crowded together, are nearer to the spectator: he can obtain a more complete view of them, while in varied gorgeousness they do not yield the palm even to the fairy pictures of Naples.

I more than once spent half a day in the Academy "degli Studii," for in this place much was to be seen. The entrance to the building is indescribably beautiful; both the portico and the handsome staircases are ornamented with statues and busts executed in most artistic style. A door on the right leads us to a hall in which the paintings from Pompeii and Herculaneum are displayed; several of these relics have no small pretensions to beauty, and the colours of almost all are still wonderfully bright and fresh. In the great hall at the end of the courtyard we find on one side the Farnese Hercules, and on the other the Bull, both works of the Athenian Glycon. These two antiques, particularly the latter, have been in a great measure restored.

The gallery of great bronzes is considered the first in the world, for here we find united the finest works of ancient times. So many beautiful creations of art were here brought together, that if I attempted a description of them I should not know where to begin.

Opposite the gallery of bronzes is that allotted to the marbles, among which a beautiful Venus stands prominently forth.

In the gallery of Flora, a statue of the same goddess, called the Farnese, is also the principal attraction.

A statue of Apollo playing on the lyre, of porphyry, is the greatest masterpiece in the hall of coloured marbles; while in the gallery of the Muses a basin of Athenian porphyry occupies the first place.

In the Adonis room the beautiful Venus Anadyomene engrossed my chief attention; and in the cabinet of Venus the Venus Callipygos forms an exquisite sidepiece to the Venus de Medicis.

The upper regions of this splendid building contain an extensive library and a picture-gallery.

I also paid a visit to the catacombs of St. Januarius, which extend three stories high on a mountain, and are full of little niches, five or six of which are often found one above the other.

In the chapel Santa Maria della Pieta, in the palace St. Severino, I admired three of the finest and most valuable marble statues that can be found any where; I mean, "Veiled Innocence," "Malice in a Net," and a veiled recumbent figure of Christ. All three are by the sculptor Bernini.

The largest church in the town is the cathedral dedicated to St. Januarius. This structure rests on a hundred and ten columns of Egyptian and African granite, standing three by three, embedded in the walls. The church has not a very imposing appearance. The chief altar, beneath which the body of St. Januarius is deposited, is ornamented with many kinds of valuable marble. Here I saw a great number of pictures, most of them of considerable merit. The chapel of St. Januarius, also called the "chapel of the treasure," is one of the most gorgeous shrines that can be conceived. The Neapolitans built it as a thank-offering at the cessation of a plague. The cost was above a million of ducats, and the wealth of this chapel is greater than that of any church in Christendom. It is built in a circular form, and all the resources of art have been lavished on the decoration of the chief altar. Every spot is covered with treasures and works of art, and the roof is supported by forty-two Corinthian pillars of dark-red stone. All the decorations of the high altar, the immense candelabra and massive flower-vases, are of silver. At a grand festival, when every thing is richly illuminated, the appearance of this chapel must be gorgeous in the extreme. The head and two bottles of the blood of St. Januarius are preserved here; the people assert that this blood liquefies every year. The frescoes on the ceiling are splendidly painted; and on the square before the church is to be seen an obelisk surmounted by a statue of St. Januarius.

St. Jeronimo has an imposing appearance when one first enters. The whole roof of this church as far downwards as the pillars is covered with beautiful arabesques and figures. It also contains some fine paintings, and is, besides, renowned for its architecture.

St. Paula Maggiore, another spacious church, is well worth seeing on account of its magnificent arabesques and fresco-paintings; besides these it also contains some handsome monuments and statues of marble. Two very ancient pillars stand in front of this church.

St. Chiara, a fine large church, offers some fine monuments and oil-paintings.

Among the excursions in the neighbourhood of Naples, that to Puzzoli is certainly the most interesting. After passing through the great grotto, we reach the ancient and rather important town of Puzzoli, with 8000 inhabitants. Cicero called this place a little Rome. In the centre of the town stands the church of St. Proculus, which was converted from a heathen into a Christian temple, and is surrounded by fine-looking Corinthian pillars.

Remarkable beyond all else is the ruined temple of Seropis. Almost the entire magnitude and arrangement of this magnificent building can yet be discerned. A few of the pillars that once supported the cupola are still erect, and several of the cells, which surrounded the temple and were once used as baths, can still be seen. Every thing here is of fine white marble. The greater portion of the ruin was dismantled, to be used in the construction of the royal villa of Caserta.

The harbour of Puzzoli is related to have been the finest in Italy. From this place Caligula had a bridge erected to Baia, about 4000 paces in length. He undertook this gigantic work in consequence of a prophecy that was made to him, that he would no more become emperor than he could ride to Baia on horseback. This prophecy he confuted, and became emperor. Of the amphitheatre and the colosseum not a trace remains. A little chapel now occupies the site on which they stood; tradition asserts that

it is built on the very spot where St. Januarius was thrown to the bears.

Not far from this chapel we are shewn the labyrinth of Dædalus ; several of its winding walks still exist, through which it would be difficult to find the way without a cicerone.

We ascended the hill immediately beyond the city, on which some remains of Cicero's villa are yet to be seen : here we enjoyed a splendid prospect.

In this region we continually wander among ruins, and see every where around us the relics of the past. Thus a short walk brought us from Cicero's villa to the ruins of three temples—those of Diana, Venus, and Mercury. Of the first, one side and a few little cells, called the "baths of Venus," alone remain. Part of Venus's temple stands in the rotunda. It was built on acoustic principles, so that any one who puts his ear to a certain part of the wall can hear what is whispered at the opposite extremity. A few fragments of the rotunda were the only trace left of the temple of Diana.

The vapour baths of Nero, hewn out of the rock, consist of several passages, into which it is impossible to penetrate far on account of the heat. A boy ran to the spring and brought us some boiling water ; he returned from his expedition fiery red in the face, and covered with perspiration. These poor lads are accustomed to remain at the spring until they have succeeded in boiling some eggs ; but I would not allow any such cruelty, and did not even wish them to fetch me the water, but Herr Brett-schneider would have it so in spite of me.

From this place we crossed by sea to Baiæ, where at one time many of the rich people had their villas. Their proceedings here are said, however, to have been of so immoral a character, that at length it was considered wrong to have resided here any time. Every visitor must be enchanted with the fertility of this region, and with its lovely aspect. A castle, now used as a barrack for veterans, crowns the summit of a rock which stands pro-

minently forth. A few unimportant traces can still be here discovered of an ancient temple of Hercules. Some masonry, in the form of a monument, marks the alleged spot where Agrippina was murdered and buried by order of her son.

The immense reservoir built by order of the emperor Augustus for the purpose of supplying the fleet with fresh water, is situated in the neighbourhood of Baiæ; it is called *Piscina*. This giant structure contains several large chambers, their roofs supported by numerous columns. To view this reservoir we are compelled to descend a flight of steps.

Not far from the before-mentioned building we come upon the "Cento Camarelle," a prison consisting of a multitude of small cells.

On our way back we visited *Solfatara*, the celebrated crater plain, about 1000 feet in length by 800 in breadth, skirted by hills. Its volcanic power is not yet wholly extinct; in several places brimstone-fumes (whence the plain derives its name,) are still seen rising into the air, which they impregnate with a most noxious odour. On striking the ground with a stick a sound is produced, from which we can judge that the whole space beneath us is hollow. This excursion is a very disagreeable one; we are continually marching across a mere crust of earth, which may give way any moment. I found here a manufactory of brimstone and alum. A little church belonging to the Capuchins, where we are shewn a stone on which St. Januarius was decapitated after the bears had refused to tear him to pieces, stands on a hill near the *Solfatara*.

Towards evening we reached the "Dog's Grotto." A huntsman from the royal preserve *Astroni* accompanied us, and fetched the man who keeps the keys of the grotto. This functionary soon appeared with a couple of dogs, to furnish us with a practical illustration of the convulsions caused by the foul air of the cavern. But I declined the experiment, and contented myself with viewing the grotto. It is of small extent, about eight or ten feet long, not



more than five in breadth, and six or eight high. I entered the cave, and so long as I remained erect felt no inconvenience. So soon as I bent towards the ground, however, and the lower stratum of air blew upon my face, I experienced a most horrible choking sensation.

After we had satisfied our curiosity the huntsman led us to the neighbouring hunting-lodge, and to a little lake where a number of ducks are fattened. This man spoke of another and a much more remarkable grotto, of which he possessed the keys, and which he should have great pleasure in shewing us. Though twilight was rapidly approaching we determined to go, as the place was not far off. The man opened the door, and invited us to enter the cavern, advising us at the same time to bend down open-mouthed, as we had done in the Dog's Grotto, and at the same time to fan the air upwards with our hands, that we might the better inhale it,—a proceeding which he asserted to be peculiarly good for the digestive organs. His eloquence was so powerful, that we could not help suspecting the man; and it struck us as very strange that he was so particularly anxious we should enter the cavern *together*. This, therefore, we refused to do; and Herr Brettschneider remained outside with our guide, while I entered alone and did as he had directed. Though the lower stratum of air in the Dog's Grotto had been highly mephitic, the atmosphere here was more stifling still. I rushed forth with the speed of lightning; and now we clearly saw through the fellow's intention. If Herr Brettschneider and myself had entered together, he would undoubtedly have shut the door, and we should have been stifled in a few moments. We did not allow him to notice our suspicions, but merely said that we could not spend any more time here to-day on account of the lateness of the hour. Our worthy friend accompanied us through a wild and gloomy region, with his gun on his shoulder; and I was not a little afraid of him, for he kept talking about his honesty and the good intentions he had towards us. We kept, however, close beside him, and watched him narrowly, without

betraying any symptom of apprehension; and at length, to our great relief, we gained the open road.

The royal villa of Portici lies about four "miglia" from Naples, and we made an excursion thither by railway. Both the palace and the gardens are handsome, and of considerable size. Thence we proceeded to Resina. Portici and Resina are so closely connected together by villas and houses, that a stranger would take them for one place. Beneath Resina lies Herculaneum, a city destroyed seventy-nine years after the birth of our Saviour. In the year 1689 a marquis caused a well to be dug in his garden, when, at a depth of sixty-five feet, the labourers came upon fragments of marble with divers inscriptions. It was not until 1720 that systematic excavations were made. Even then great caution was necessary, as Resina is unfortunately built upon Herculaneum, and the safety of the houses became endangered.

At Resina we procured torches and a guide, and descended to view the subterranean city. We saw the theatre, a number of houses, several temples, and the forum. Some fine frescoes are still to be distinguished on the walls of the apartments. The floors are covered with mosaic; but still this place does not offer nearly so many objects of interest as another which was overwhelmed at the same time—Pompeii.

Pompeii is without doubt the most remarkable city of its kind that exists. A great portion of the town is surrounded by walls, and entire rows of houses, several temples, the theatre, the forum, in short a vast number of buildings, streets, and squares lay open before us. The more I wandered through the streets and open places, the more I involuntarily wondered not to find the inhabitants and labourers employed in repairing the houses; I could hardly realise the idea that so many beautiful houses and well-preserved apartments should be untenanted. The deserted aspect of this town had a very melancholy effect in my eyes.

Though a great portion of the town has already been dug out,

only three hundred skeletons have been found,—a proof that the greater portion of the inhabitants effected their escape.

In many houses I found splendid tessellated pavements, representing flowers, wreaths, animals, and arabesques; even the halls and courtyards were decorated with a larger kind of mosaic work. The walls of the rooms are plastered over with a description of firm polished enamel, frequently looking like marble, and covered with beautiful frescoes. In Sallust's house a whole row of wine-jugs still stands in the cellar. In the houses the division of the rooms, and the purposes to which the different apartments were devoted, can still be distinctly traced. In general they are very small, and the windows seldom look out upon the street. Deep ruts of carriages can be seen in the streets. All the treasures of art which could be removed, such as statues, pictures, &c., were carried off to Naples, and placed in the museum there.

#### VESUVIUS.

In the agreeable society of Herr M. and Madame Bretschneider, I rode away from Resina at eleven in the forenoon. A pleasant road, winding among vineyards, brought us in an hour's time to the neighbourhood of the great lava-field, Torre del Greco. It is a fearful sight to behold these grand mounds of lava towering in the most various forms around us. All traces of vegetation have vanished; far and wide we can descry nothing but hardened masses, which once rushed in molten streams down the mountain. A capitally-constructed road leads us, without the slightest fatigue, through the midst of this scene of devastation to the usual resting-place of travellers, the "Hermitage."

At this dwelling we made halt, ascended to the upper story, and called for a bottle of *Lacrimæ Christi*. The view here, and at several other points of our ascent, is most charming.

The hermit seems, however, to lead any thing but a solitary life, for a day seldom passes on which strangers do not call in to claim his attention in proportion as they run up a score. The

clerical gentleman is, in fact, no more and no less than a very common innkeeper, and partakes of the goodly obesity frequently noticed among persons of his class. We stayed three quarters of an hour in the domicile of this hermit-host, and afterwards rode on towards the heights, along a beautiful road among fields of lava. In half an hour's time, however, we were completely shut in by lava-fields, and here the beaten track ended. We now dismounted, and continued our ascent on foot. It is difficult for one who has not seen it to picture to himself the scene that lay around us. Devastation every where ; lava covering the whole region in heaps upon heaps, fantastically piled one on the other. Here a huge isolated mound rises, seemingly cut off on all sides from the lava around ; there we see how a mighty stream once rushed down the mountain-side, and cooled gradually into stone. Immense chasms are filled with lava masses, which have lain here for many years cold and motionless, and will probably remain for as many more, for their fury has spent itself.

The lava is of different colours, according as it has been exposed to the atmosphere for a longer or a shorter period. The oldest lava has the hue of granite, and almost its hardness, for which reasons it is largely used for building houses and paving streets.

From the place where we left our donkeys we had to climb upwards for nearly an hour over the lava before reaching the crater. The ascent is somewhat fatiguing, as we are obliged to be very careful at every step to avoid entangling our feet among the blocks of lava ; still the difficulty is not nearly so great as people make out. It is merely necessary to wear good thick boots, and then all goes extremely well. The higher we mount, the more numerous do the fissures become from which smoke bursts forth. In one of these clefts we placed some eggs, which were completely boiled in four minutes' time. Near these places the ground is so hot that we could not have stood still for many minutes ; still we did not get burnt feet or any thing of the kind.

On reaching the crater we found ourselves enveloped in so thick a fog that we could not see ten paces in advance. There was nothing for it but to sit down and wait patiently until the sun could penetrate the mist and spread light and cheerfulness among us. Then we descended into the crater, and approached as closely as possible to the place from which the smoky column whirls into the air. The road was a gloomy one, for we were shut in as in a bowl, and could discern around us nothing but mountains of lava, while before us rose the huge smoky column, threatening each moment to shroud us in darkness as the wind blew it in clouds in our direction. When the ground was struck with a stick, it gave forth a hollow rumbling sound like at Solfatara. In the neighbourhood of the column of smoke we could see nothing more than at the edge from which we had climbed downwards—a peculiar picture of unparalleled devastation. The circumference of the crater seems not to have changed since the visit of Herr Lewald, who a few years ago estimated its dimensions at 5000 feet. After once more mounting to the brim, we walked round a great part of the edge of the basin.

At the particular desire of Herr M., who was well acquainted with all the remarkable points about the volcano, our guide now led the way to the so-called "hell," a little crater which formed itself in the year 1834. To reach it we had to climb about over fields of lava for half an hour. The aspect of this hell did not strike me as particularly grand. An uneven wall of lava suddenly rose fifteen paces in advance of us, with whole strata of pure sulphur and other beautifully-coloured substances depending from its projecting angles. One of these substances was of a snowy-white colour, light, and very porous. I took a piece with me, but the next day on proceeding to pack it carefully, I found that above half had melted and become quite soft and damp, so that I was compelled to throw the whole away. The same thing happened to a mass of a red colour that I had brought away with me, and which had a beautiful effect, like glowing lava, clinging

to the fissures and sides of the rocks. We held pieces of paper to the fissures in this wall, and they immediately became ignited. Herr M. then threw in a cigar, which also burst into a flame. The heat proceeding from these clefts was so great, that we could not bear to hold our hands there for an instant. At one place, near a fissure, we laid our ears to the ground, and could hear a rushing bubbling sound as though water was boiling beneath us. There was really much to see in this hell, without the discomfort of being enveloped in the offensive sulphurous smoke of the chief crater.

After staying for several hours in and about the crater we left it, and returned by the steep way over the cone of cinders. The descent here is almost perpendicular, and we could hardly escape with whole skins if it were not for the fact that we sink ankle-deep into sand and cinders at every step.

To avoid falling, it is requisite to bend the body backwards and step upon the heel. By observing this precaution, the worst that can happen to one is to sit down involuntarily once or twice, without danger to life or limb. In twelve minutes we had reached the spot where our donkeys stood. We reached Resina during the darkness of night, having spent eight hours in our excursion.

My last trip was to the Castle of Caserta, distant sixteen miglia from Naples, in the direction of Capua. It is considered one of the finest pleasure-palaces in Europe, and I was exceedingly pleased with its appearance. The building is of a square form, with a portico 507 feet long, supported by ninety-eight columns of the finest marble. The staircase and halls in the upper story alone must have cost enormous sums, as well as the chapel on the first floor, which is very rich and gorgeous. The saloons and apartments are decorated in a peculiarly splendid manner with a multiplicity of frescoes, oil-paintings, sculptures, gildings, costly silk-hangings, marbles, &c. A pretty little theatre, with well-painted scenery, is to be found in the palace. The garden is extensive, particularly as regards length. A hill, from which

a considerable stream rushes foaming over artificial rockwork into the deeper recesses of the garden, rises at its extremity. Scarcely has this river sunk to rest, flowing slowly and majestically through a bed formed of large square stones, before it is compelled to form another cascade, and another, and one more, until it almost reaches the castle, near which a large basin has been constructed, from whence the water is led into the town. Seen from the portico, these waterfalls have a lovely appearance. From Caserta we drove ten miles farther on to the celebrated aqueduct which supplies the whole of Naples with water. It is truly a marvellous work. Over three stupendous arched ways, one above the other, the necessary quantity of water flows into the city.

This was my last excursion ; on the following day, the 7th of November, at three in the morning, I left Naples. Apart from the delightful reminiscences of lovely natural scenes, I shall always think with pleasure on my sojourn in Naples in connexion with Herr Brettschneider and his lady. I was a complete stranger to them when I delivered my note of introduction, and yet they at once welcomed me as kindly and heartily as though I had belonged to their family. How many hours, and even days, did they not devote to me, to accompany me sometimes to one place, sometimes to another ; how eagerly did they seek to shew me all the riches of nature and art displayed in this favoured city ! I was truly proud and delighted at having found such friends ; and once more do I offer them my sincere thanks.

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## CHAPTER XX.

Caserta—Costume of the peasants—Rome—Piazza del Popolo—Dogana—St. Peter's—Palaces—Borghese, Barberini, Colonna, &c.—Churches—Ancient Rome—The Colliseum—Departure for Florence—Bad weather—Picturesque scenery—Siena—Florence—Cathedral and palaces—Departure from Florence—Bologna—Ferrara—Conclusion.

November 7th.

I TRAVELLED by the mail-carriage. By seven in the morning we were at Caserta, and an hour later at Capua, a pretty bustling town on the banks of a river. Our road was most picturesque; we drove among vineyards and gardens through the midst of a lovely plain. On the right were mountains, increasing in number as we proceeded, and imparting a rich variety to the landscape. At noon we halted before a lovely inn. From this point the country increases in beauty at every step. The heights are strikingly fertile, and in the valley an excellent road winds amid pleasant gardens. The mountains frequently seem to approach as though about to form an impenetrable pass; while ruins crown the summits of the rocks, and give a romantic appearance to the whole. At about three o'clock we reached the little town of Jeromania, lying in the midst of vegetable-gardens. Above this town the handsome convent of Monte Cassino stands on a rock, and in its neighbourhood we notice the ruins of an amphitheatre.

To-day the weather was not in the least Italian, being, on the contrary, gloomy and rough, as we generally find it in Austria at the same season of the year. Yesterday it was so cold at Naples that Mount Vesuvius was covered with snow during several hours.



The dress of the peasants in these regions is of a more national character than I had yet found it. The women wear short and scanty petticoats of blue or red cloth, tight-fitting bodices, and gaily-striped aprons. Their head-dress consists of a white handkerchief, with a second above it folded in a square form. The men look like robbers; with their long dark-blue or brown cloaks, in which they wrap themselves so closely that it is difficult to get a glimpse of their faces, and their steeple-crowned black hats, they quite resemble the pictures of the bandits in the Abruzzi. They glide about in so spectral a manner, and eye travellers with such a sinister look, that I almost became uncomfortable.

From Jeromania we had still a few miles to travel until we entered the Roman territory near Ceprano.

In Naples, and in fact throughout the whole of Italy, the passports are continually called for,—a great annoyance to the traveller. In the course of to-day my passport was “*visé*” five times, making once in every little town through which we had passed.

It was our fortune at Ceprano to lodge with a very cheating host. In the evening, when I inquired the price of a bedroom and breakfast, they told me a bed would cost two pauls, and breakfast half a paul; but when I came to pay, the host asked three pauls for my bed-room, and another for a cup of the worst coffee I have ever drunk; and the whole company was subjected to the same extortion. We expostulated and complained, but were at length compelled to comply with the demand.

November 8th.

The landscape remains the same, but the appearance of the towns and villages is not nearly so neat and pretty as in the Neapolitan domain. The costume of the peasants is like that worn by the people whom we met yesterday, excepting that the women have a stiff stomacher, fastened with a red lace, instead of the spencer. The dress of the men consists of short knee-breeches, brown stockings, heavy shoes, and a jacket of some dark colour.

Some wear, in addition to this, a red waistcoat, and a green sash round the waist. All wear the conical hat. In cold weather the dark bandit's cloak is also seen.

#### ROME.

As we approach Rome the country becomes more and more barren; the mountains recede, and the extended plains have a desert, uncultivated look. Towns and villages become so thinly scattered, that it seems as though the whole region were depopulated. The road is rather narrow, and as the country is in many places exceedingly marshy; a great portion of it has been paved. For many miles before we enter Rome we do not pass a single town or village. At length, some three hours before we reach the city, the dome of St. Peter's is seen looming in the distance; one church after another appears, and at length the whole city lies spread before us.

Many ruins of aqueducts and buildings of every kind shewed at every step what treasures of the past here awaited us. I was particularly pleased with the old town-gate Lateran, by which we entered.

It was already quite dark when we reached the Dogana. I at once betook myself to my room and retired to rest.

I remained a fortnight at Rome, and walked about the streets from morning till night. I visited St. Peter's almost every day, and went to the Vatican several times.

All the squares in Rome (and there are a great many) are decorated with fountains, and still more frequently with obelisks. The finest is the Piazza del Popolo. To the right rises the terrace-hill Picino, rich in pillars, statues, fountains, and other ornaments,—a favourite walk of the citizens. On this hill, which is arranged after the manner of a beautiful garden, we have a splendid view. The city of Rome here appears to much greater advantage than when we approach it from the direction of Naples. We can see the whole town at one glance, with the yellow Tiber flowing

through the midst, and a vast plain all around. The background is closed by beautiful mountain-ranges, with villas, little towns, and cottages on the declivities. But I missed one feature, to which I had become so accustomed that the most beautiful view appeared incomplete without it—the sea. To make up for this drawback, we here encounter wherever we walk such a number of ruins, that we soon become forgetful of all around us, and live only in the past.

The Piazza del Popolo forms the termination of the three principal streets in Rome; on the largest and finest of these, the Corso, many palaces are to be seen.

The splendid post-office, of white marble, rises on the Colonna square. Two clocks are erected on this building; one with our dial, one with the Italian. At night both are illuminated,—a very useful as well as an ornamental arrangement. The ancient column of Antoninus also stands in this square.

The façade of the Dogana boasts some pillars from the temple of Antonius Pius.

The objects I have just enumerated struck me particularly as I wended my way to St. Peter's. I cannot describe how deeply I was impressed by the sight of this colossal structure. I need only state the fact, that on the first day I entered the cathedral at nine in the morning, and did not emerge from its gates until three in the afternoon.

I sat down before the pictures in mosaic, underneath the huge dome and the canopy; then I stood before the statues and monuments, and could only gaze in wonder at every thing.

The expense of building and decorating this church is said to have amounted to 45,852,000 dollars. It occupies the site of Nero's circus. Two arcades, with four rows of pillars and ninety-six statues, surround the square leading to the church.

The façade of St. Peter's is decorated with Corinthian pillars, and on its parapet stand statues fifty-two feet in height.

The entrance is so crowded with statues, carved work, and

gilding, that several hours may be spent in examining its wonders. The traveller's attention is particularly attracted by the gigantic gates of bronze.

I cannot adequately describe the splendour of the interior, nor have I seen any thing with which I could compare it.

The most beautiful mosaics, monuments, statues, carvings in bronze, gilded ornaments, in short every thing that art can produce, are here to be found in the highest perfection. Oil-paintings alone are excluded. Every thing here is in mosaic; even the cupola displays mosaic work instead of the usual fresco-paintings. Immense statues of white marble occupy the niches.

Beneath the cupola, the finest portion of the building, stands the great altar, at which none but the Pope may read mass. Over this altar extends a giant canopy of bronze, with spiral pillars richly decorated with arabesques. The weight of metal used in its construction was 186,392 pounds, and the cost of the gold for gilding was 40,000 dollars; the entire canopy is worth above 150,000 dollars. The cupola was executed by Michael Angelo; it rests on four massive pillars, each of them furnished with a balcony. In the interior of these pillars chapels are constructed, where the chief relics are kept, and only displayed to the people from the balcony at particular times. I was in the church at the time when the handkerchief which wiped the drops of agony from our Lord's brow, and a piece of the true cross, were shewn.

The pulpit stands in a very elevated position, and was executed in bronze by Bernini; 219,161 pounds of metal, and 172,000 dollars, were spent upon its construction. In the interior is concealed the wooden pulpit from which St. Peter preached; and immediately beside this we find a pillar of white marble, said to have belonged to Solomon's temple at Jerusalem.

The lions on the monument of Clement XIII., by Canova, are considered the finest that were ever sculptured.

I was fortunate enough to penetrate into the catacombs of St. Peter's, a favour which women rarely obtain, and which I only

owed to my having been a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. These catacombs consist of handsome passages and pillars of masonry, which do not, however, exceed eight or nine feet in height. A number of sarcophagi, containing the remains of emperors and popes, are here deposited.

The roof of St. Peter's covers an immense area, and is divided into a number of cupolas, chambers, and buildings. A fountain of running water is even found here. From this roof we have a splendid view as far as the sea and the Apennines; we can descry the entire Vatican, which adjoins the church, as well as the Pope's gardens.

I ascended to the ball in the great cupola, where there is nothing to be seen, as there is not the slightest opening, much less a window, left in it. Nothing is to be gained by mounting into this dark narrow receptacle but the glory of being able to say, "I have been there!" It is far more interesting to look down from the windows and galleries of the great cupola into the body of the church itself; for then we can estimate the grandeur of the colossal building, and the people who walk about beneath appear like dwarfs.

Two noble fountains deck the square in front of St. Peter's, and in the midst towers a magnificent obelisk from Heliopolis, said to weigh 992,789 pounds. Near this obelisk are two slabs, by standing on either of which we can see all the rows of columns melted as it were into one.

My journey to Jerusalem also obtained for me an audience of the Pope. His Holiness received me in a great hall adjoining the Sistine Chapel. Considering his great age of seventy-eight years, the Pope has still a noble presence and most amiable manners. He asked me some questions, gave me his blessing, and permitted me at parting to kiss the embroidered slipper.

My second walk was to the Vatican. Here I saw the immense halls of Raphael, the staircases of Bramante and Bernini, and the Sistine Chapel, containing Michael Angelo's masterpieces,

the world-renowned frescoes. The immense wall behind the high altar represents the last judgment, while the ceilings are covered with prophets and sybils.

The picture-gallery contains many works of the great masters, as does also the gallery of vases and candelabra.

The Biga chamber. The biga is an antique carriage of white marble, drawn by two horses.

In the gallery of statues the figure representing Nero as Apollo playing on the lyre is the finest.

In the gallery of busts those of Menelaus and Jupiter pre-eminently attract attention.

The name of the Laocoon cabinet indicates the masterpiece it contains, as also the cabinet of the Apollo Belvidere. The latter statue was found in Nero's baths at Porto d'Anzio.

The celebrated torso of the Belvidere, a fragment of Greek art, which Michael partly used as his model, is placed in the square vestibule. Never was flesh so pliantly counterfeited in stone as in this masterpiece.

A long gallery contains a series of tapestries, the designs for which were drawn by Raphael.

The Vatican contains ten thousand rooms, twenty large halls, eight large and about two hundred small staircases.

The Quirinal palace, the summer residence of the Pope, lies on the hill of the same name (Monte Cavallo), which is quite covered with villas and beautiful houses, on account of the salubrity of the air.

I visited most of the private palaces and picture-galleries. The principal are, the Colonna palace, on the Quirinal hill; and the Barberini palace, where we find a portrait of Raphael's mistress, Fornarina, painted by himself, and an original picture of Beatrice Cenci by Guidosteri.

The finest of all the Roman palaces is that of Borghese; from its form, which resembles a piano, this building has obtained the name of "il Cembalo di Borghese." The gallery contains six-

teen hundred paintings, most of them masterpieces by celebrated artists.

The Farnese palace is remarkable for its architecture, and the Stoppani for its architect, Raphael. Besides these there are many other palaces. I saw but few villas, for the weather was generally bad, and it rained almost every day.

I visited the Villa Borghese on a Sunday, when there is a great bustle here; for a stream of people on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, sets in towards its beautiful park, situate just beyond the Piazza del Popolo, in the same way that the crowds flock to our beloved "Prater" on a fine day in spring. I also saw the Villa Medicis and the Villa Pamfili. The latter boasts a very extensive park.

I took care to visit most of the churches. My plan was to go out early in the morning, and to inspect several churches until about eleven o'clock, when it was time to repair to the galleries. When I went to the principal churches,—for instance, those of St. John of Lateran, St. Paul, St. Maria Maggiore, St. Lawrence, and St. Sebastian,—I was always accompanied by a guide specially appointed to conduct strangers to the churches. I could fill volumes with the description of the riches and magnificence they display.

The church of St. John of Lateran possesses the wooden altar at which St. Peter is said to have read mass, the wooden table at which Jesus sat to eat the last supper, and the heads of the disciples Peter and Paul. Near this church, in a building specially constructed for it, is the Scala Santa (holy staircase), which was brought from Jerusalem and deposited here. This is a flight of twenty-eight steps of white marble, covered with boards, which no one is allowed to ascend or descend in the regular way, every man being required to shuffle up and down on his knees. Near this holy stair a common one is built, which it is lawful to ascend in the regular way.

The basilica of St. Paul lies beyond the gate of the same

name, in a very insalubrious neighbourhood. It is only just rebuilt, after having been destroyed by fire.

The basilica Maria Maggiore, in which is deposited the "holy gate," has the highest belfry in Rome, and above its portico we see a beautiful chamber where the new Pope stands to dispense the first blessing among the people. In the chapel of the Crucifix five pieces of the wood of the Saviour's manger are preserved in a silver urn.

St. Lorenzo, a mile from the town, is a very plain-looking edifice. Here we find the Campo Santo, or cemetery. The graves are covered with large blocks of stone.

St. Bessoriana is also called the church of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem, from the fact that a piece of the cross is preserved here, besides the letters I. N. R. I., some thorns, and a nail.

St. Sebastian in the suburbs, one of the most ancient Roman churches, is built over the great catacombs, in which 174,000 Christians were buried. The catacombs are some stories deep, and extend over a large area.

All the above-named basilicas are so empty, and stand on such lonely spots, that I was almost afraid to visit them alone.

The handsome church of Sta. Maria in Trastavare contrasts strangely with the quarter of the town in which it lies. This part of Rome is inhabited by people calling themselves descendants of the ancient Trojans.

Sta. Maria ad Martyres, or the Rotunda, once the Pantheon of Agrippa, is in better preservation than any other monument of ancient Rome. The interior is almost in its pristine condition; it contains no less than fifteen altars. In this church Raphael is buried. The Rotunda has no windows, but receives air and light through a circular opening in the cupola.

The best view of ancient Rome is to be obtained from the tower of the Senate-house. From this place we see stretched out beneath us, Mount Palatine, the site of ancient Rome; the Capitol, in the midst of the city; the Quirinal hill (Monte Cavallo), with



the summer residence of the Pope ; the Esquiline mount, the loftiest of the hills ; Mount Aventine ; the Vatican ; and lastly, Monte Testaccio, consisting entirely of broken pottery which the Romans throw down here.

I also paid a visit to the Ponte Publicius, the most ancient bridge in Rome, in the neighbourhood of which Horatius Cocles achieved his heroic action ; and the Tullian prison, beneath the church of St Joseph of Falignani, where Jugurtha was starved to death. The staircase leading up to the building is called "the steps of sighs." The Capitol has unfortunately fallen into decay ; we can barely distinguish a few remains of temples and other buildings.

Of the graves of the Scipios I could also discover little more than the site ; the subterranean passages are nearly all destroyed.

The Marsfield is partly covered with buildings, and partly used as a promenade.

Cestius' grave is uncommonly well preserved, and a pyramid of large square stones surrounds the sarcophagus. The aqueducts are built of large blocks of stone fastened together without mortar. They are now no longer used, as they have partly fallen into decay, and some of the springs have dried up.

The hot baths of Titus are well worthy a visit, though in a ruined condition. Here the celebrated Laocoon group was found. Near these baths is the great reservoir called the "Seven Halls of Titus."

One of the greatest and best-preserved buildings of ancient Rome is the amphitheatre of Flavius, or the Colliseum, once the scene of the combats with wild beasts. It was capable of holding 87,000 spectators. Four stories yet remain. This building is seen to the greatest advantage by torchlight. I was fortunate enough to find an opportunity of joining a large party, and we were thus enabled to divide the expense. The triumphal arch of Titus, of white marble, covered with glorious sculptures ; the arches of Septimus Severus, that of Janus, and several other antique monuments, are to be seen near the Colliseum.

The beautiful bridge of St. Angelo, constructed entirely of square blocks of stone, leads across the Tiber to the castle of the same name, the tomb of Hadrian. The emperor caused this large round building to be erected for his future mausoleum. It is built of immense stone blocks, and now serves as a fortress and state-prison.

The temple of Marcus Aurelius is converted into the Dogana. That of Minerva Medica lies in the midst of a vineyard, and is built in the form of a rotunda. The upper part has sunk in.

There are twelve obelisks in the different public squares of Rome, all brought from Egypt.

I have still to mention the 108 fountains, from which fresh water continually spouts into the air. Foremost among them in size and beauty is the Fontana Trevi.

I was prevented by the bad weather from making trips to any distance, but one afternoon I drove to Tivoli. The road leading thither is called the Tiburtinian. After travelling for about six miles we become conscious of a dreadfully offensive sulphurous smell, and soon find that it proceeds from a little river running through the Solfatara. A ride of eighteen Italian miles brought us to the town of Tivoli, lying amidst olive-woods on the declivity of the Apennines, and numbering about 7000 inhabitants. Towards evening I took a short walk in the town, beneath the protection of an umbrella, and was not much pleased. Next morning I left the house early, and proceeded first to the temple of Sybilla, built on a rock opposite to the waterfall. Afterwards I went to view the grotto of Neptune, and that through which the Arno flows, rushing out of the cavern to fall headlong over a ledge of lofty rocks, and form the cascade of Tivoli. The best view of this fall is obtained from the bridge. Besides many pretty minor cascades, I saw a number of ruins; the most remarkable among these was the the villa of Mæcenas.

November 23d.

At six o'clock this morning I commenced my journey to

Florence with a *Veturino*. Almost the whole distance the weather was in the highest degree unfavourable—it was foggy, rainy, and very cold. A journey through Italy during autumn or winter is far from agreeable; for there are generally cold and rain to be encountered, and no warm rooms to be found in the inns, where fires are never kindled until after the guests have arrived. And the fires they light in the grates are, after all, quite inadequate to warm the damp, unaired rooms, and the traveller feels scorched and cold almost at the same moment. The floors are all of stone, but a few straw-mats are sometimes spread beneath the dining-tables.

The landscape through which we travelled to-day did not possess many attractions. For about forty miles, as far as Ronciglione, we saw neither town nor village. The aspect of Ronciglione is rather melancholy, though it boasts a broad street and many houses of two stories. But the latter all have a gloomy look, and the town itself appears to be thinly populated. We passed the night here.

According to Italian custom, I had made a bargain with the proprietor of our vehicle for the journey, including lodging and board. I was well satisfied, for he strictly kept his contract. But whoever expects more than one meal a day under an arrangement of this sort will find himself grievously mistaken; the traveller who wishes to take any thing in the morning or in the middle of the day must pay out of his own pocket. I found every thing here exceedingly expensive and very bad.

November 24th.

To-day we passed through some very pretty, though not populous districts. In the afternoon we at length reached two towns,—namely, Viterbo, with 13,000 inhabitants, lying in a fruitful plain; and Montefiascone, built on a high hill, and backed by lofty mountains, on which a celebrated vine is cultivated. At the foot of the hill, near Montefiascone, lies a small lake, and

farther on one of considerable size, the Lago de Balsana, with a little town of the same name, once the capital of the Volsci. An ancient fortress rises in the midst of this town, surrounded by tall and venerable houses as with a wreath.

We had now to cross a considerable mountain, an undertaking of some difficulty when we consider how heavily the rain had fallen. By the aid of an extra pair of horses we passed safely over the miserable roads, and took up our quarters for the night in the little village of Lorenzo. We had already reached the domain of the Apennines.

November 25th.

We had now only a few more hours to travel through the papal dominions. The river Centino forms the boundary between the States of the Church and Tuscany. The greater portion of the region around us gave tokens of its volcanic origin. We saw several grottoes and caverns of broken stone resembling lava, basaltic columns, &c.

The Dogana of Tuscany, a handsome building, stands in the neighbourhood of Ponte Centino. The country here wears a wild aspect; as far as the eye can stretch, it rests upon mountains of different elevations. The little town of Radicofani lies on the plateau of a considerable hill, surrounded by rocks and huge blocks of stone. A citadel or ancient fortress towers romantically above the little town, and old towers look down from the summit of many a hill and cliff. The character of the lower mountain-range is exceedingly peculiar; it is split into gaps and fissures in all directions, as though it had but recently emerged from the main.

For many hours we almost rode through a flood. The water streamed down the streets, and the wind howled round our carriage with such violence that we seriously anticipated being blown over. Luckily the streets in the Tuscan are better than those in the Roman territory, and the rivers are crossed by firm stone bridges.

November 26th.

To-day our poor horses had a hard time of it. Up hill and down hill, and past yawning chasms, our way lay for a long time through a desert and barren district, until, at a little distance from the village of Buonconvento, the scene suddenly changed, and a widely-extended, hilly country, with beautiful plains, the lovely town of Siena, numerous villages great and small, with homesteads and handsome farms, and solitary churches built on hills, lay spread before us. Every thing shewed traces of cultivation and opulence.

Most of the women and girls we met were employed in plaiting straw. Here all wear straw hats—men, women, and children. At five in the evening we at length reached

## SIENA.

Our poor horses were so exhausted by the bad roads of the Apennines, that the driver requested leave to make a day's halt here. This interruption to our journey was far from being unwelcome to me, for Siena is well worthy to be explored.

November 27th.

The town numbers 16,000 inhabitants, and is divided almost into two halves by a long handsome street. The remaining streets are small, irregular, and dirty. The Piazza del Campo is very large, and derives a certain splendour of appearance from some palaces built in the gothic style. In the midst stands a granite pillar, bearing a representation in bronze of Romulus and Remus suckled by the she-wolf. I saw several other pillars of equal beauty in different parts of the town, while in Rome, where they would certainly have been more appropriate, I did not find a single one. All the houses in the streets of Siena have a gloomy appearance; many of them are built like castles, of great square blocks of stone, and furnished with loopholes.

The finest building is undoubtedly the cathedral. Though I came from the "city of churches," the beauty of this edifice struck me so forcibly, that for a long time I stood silently regarding it.

It is, in truth, considered one of the handsomest churches in Italy. It stands on a little elevation in the midst of a large square, and is covered outside and inside with white marble. The lofty arches of the windows, supported by columns, have a peculiarly fine effect; and the frescoes in the sacristy are remarkable alike for the correctness of outline and brilliancy of colour.

The drawings are said to be by Raphael; and the freshness of colour observed in these frescoes is ascribed to the good qualities of the Siena earth. The mass-books preserved in the sacristy contain some very delicate miniatures on parchment.

Some of the wards in the neighbouring hospital are also decorated with beautiful frescoes, which appear to date from the time of Raphael.

The grace and beauty of the women of Siena have been extolled by many writers. As to-day was Sunday, I attended high mass for the purpose of meeting some of these graceful beauties. I found that they were present in the usual average, and no more; beauty and grace are no common gifts.

In the afternoon I visited the promenade, the Prato di Lizza, where I found but little company. A fine prospect is obtained from the walls of the town.

November 28th.

The country now becomes very beautiful. The mountains are less high, the valleys widen, and at length hills only appear at intervals, clothed with trees, meadows, and fields. In the Tuscan dominions I noticed many cypresses, a tree I had not seen since my departure from Constantinople and Smyrna. The country seems well populated, and villages frequently appear.

At five in the evening we reached

#### FLORENCE,

but I did not arrive at Madame Mocalli's hotel until an hour and a half later; for the examination of luggage and passes, and other business of this kind, always occupies a long time.

The country round Florence is exceedingly lovely, without being grand. The charming Arno flows through the town: it is crossed by four stone bridges, one of them roofed and lined with booths on either side. Florence contains 8000 houses and 90,000 inhabitants. The exterior of the palaces here is very peculiar. Constructed chiefly of huge blocks of stone, they almost resemble fortresses, and look massive and venerable.

The cathedral is said to be the finest church in Christendom; I thought it too simple, particularly the interior. The walls are only whitewashed, and the painted windows render the church extremely dark. I was best pleased with the doors of the sacristy, with the celebrated works of Luca del Robbin, and the richly decorated high altar.

The Battisterio, once a temple of Mars, with eight very fine doors of bronze, which Michael Angelo pronounced worthy to be the gates of Paradise, stands beside the cathedral.

The other principal churches are:—St. Lorenzo, also with a white interior and grey pillars, containing some fine oil paintings, and the chapel of the Medici, a splendid structure, decorated with costly stones, and monuments of several members of the royal family.

St. Croce, a handsome church, full of monuments of eminent men, is also called the Italian Pantheon; the sculptures are beautiful, and the paintings good. The remains of Michael Angelo rest here, and the Buonaparte family possess a vault beneath a side chapel. Another chapel of considerable size contains some exquisite statues of white marble.

St. Annunciate is rich in splendid frescoes; those placed round the walls in the courtyard of the church, and surrounded by a glass gallery, are particularly handsome. On the left as we enter we find the costly chapel of our Lady “dell’ Annunciata,” in which the altar, the immense candelabra, the angels and draperies, in short every thing is of silver. This wealthy church contains in addition some good pictures and a quantity of marble.

St. Michele is outwardly beautified by some excellent statues.

The interior displays several valuable paintings and an altar of great beauty, beneath a white marble canopy in the Gothic style.

St. Spirito contains many sculptures, among which a statue of the Saviour in white marble claims particular attention.

All these churches are rather dark from having stained windows.

Foremost among the palaces we may reckon the Palais Pitti, built on a little hill. This structure has a noble appearance; constructed entirely of pieces of granite, it seems calculated to last an eternity. Of all the palaces I had seen, this one pleased me most; it would be difficult to find a building in the same style which should surpass it. As a rule, indeed, I particularly admired the Florentine buildings, which seemed to me to possess a much more decided *national* appearance than the palaces of modern Rome.

The picture-gallery of this palace numbers five hundred paintings, most of them masterpieces, among which we find Raphael's *Madonna della Sedia*. Besides the pictures, each apartment contains gorgeous tables of valuable stone.

Behind the palace the Boboli garden rises, somewhat in the form of a terrace. Here I found numerous statues distributed with much taste throughout charming alleys, groves, and open places. From the higher points a splendid view is obtained.

The palace degli Uffizzi, on the Arno, has an imposing effect, from its magnificent proportions and peculiar style of architecture. Some of the greatest artistic treasures of the world are united in the twenty halls and cabinets and three immense galleries of this building.

The Tribuna contains the *Venus de Medicis*, found at Tivoli, and executed by Cleomenes, a son of Apollodorus of Athens. Opposite to it stands a statue of Apollino.

In the centre of the hall of the artists' portrait-gallery we find the celebrated Medician vase.

The cabinet of jewels boasts the largest and finest onyx in existence.



The Palazzo Vecchio resembles a fortified castle. The large courtyard, surrounded by lofty arcades, is crowded with paintings and sculptures. A beautiful fountain stands in the midst; and two splendid statues, one representing Hercules and the other David, adorn the entrance. The glorious fountain of Ammanato, drawn by sea-horses and surrounded by Tritons, is not far off.

In the Gherardeska palace we find a fresco representing the horrible story of Ugolino.

The Palazzo Strozzi should not be left out of the catalogue; it has already stood for 360 years, and looks as though it had been completed but yesterday.

In the Speccola we are shewn the human body and its diseases, modelled in wax by the same artist who established a similar cabinet at Vienna (in the Josephinum). In the museum of natural history stuffed animals and their skeletons are preserved.

The traveller should not depart without visiting the "workshops for hard stones," where beautiful pictures, table-slabs, &c. are put together of Florentine marble. Splendid works are produced here; I saw flowers and fruits constructed of stone which would not have dishonoured the finest pencil. The enormous table in the palace degli Uffizzi is said to have cost 40,000 ducats. Twenty-five men were employed for twenty years in its construction; it is composed of Florentine mosaic. This table did not strike me particularly; it appeared overloaded with ornament.

Of the environs of Florence I only saw the Grand Duke's milk-farm, a pleasant place near the Arno, amid beautiful avenues and meadows.

#### DEPARTURE FROM FLORENCE.

December 3d.

At seven in the evening I quitted Florence, and proceeded in the mail-carriage to Bologna, distant about eighty miles. When the day broke, we found ourselves on an acclivity commanding a

really splendid view. Numerous valleys, extending between low hills, opened before our eyes, the snow-clad Apennines formed the background, and in the far distance shone a gleaming stripe—the Adriatic sea. At five in the evening of

December 4th

we reached Bologna.

This town is of considerable extent, numbers 50,000 inhabitants, and has many fine houses and streets; all of these, however, are dull, with the exception of a few principal streets. Beggars swarm at every corner—an unmistakable token that we are once more in the States of the Church.

December 5th.

This was a day of rest. I proceeded at once to visit the cathedral, which is rich in frescoes, gilding, and arabesques. A few oil-paintings are also not to be overlooked.

In the church of St. Dominic I viewed with most interest the monument of King Enzo.

The picture-gallery contains a St. Cecilia, one of the earlier productions of Raphael.

A fine fountain, with a figure of Neptune, graces the principal square. In the Palazzo Publico I saw a staircase up which it is possible to ride.

The most remarkable edifices at Bologna are the two square leaning towers at the Porta Romagna. One of these towers is five, and the other seven feet out of the perpendicular. Their aspect inspired me with a kind of nervous dread; on standing close to the wall to look up at them it really appeared as though they were toppling down. In themselves these towers are not interesting, being simply constructed of masonry, and not very lofty.

The finest spot in Bologna is the Campo Santo, the immense cemetery, with its long covered ways and neat chapels, displaying a number of costly monuments, the works of the first modern sculptors. Three large and pleasant spots near these

buildings serve as burial-places for the poorer classes. In one the men are interred, in the second the women, and in the third the children.

A hall three miglia in length, resting on 640 columns, leads from this cemetery to a little hill, surmounted by the church of the Madonna di St. Luca, and from thence almost back into the town. The church just mentioned contains a miraculous picture, namely, a true likeness of the Virgin, painted by St. Luke after a vision. The complexion of this picture is much darker than that of the commonest women I have seen in Syria. But faith is every thing, and so I will not doubt the authenticity of the picture. The prospect from the mountains is exceedingly fine.

I returned in the evening completely exhausted, and half an hour afterwards was already seated in the post-carriage to pursue my journey to Ferrara.

On the whole the weather was unfavourable; it rained frequently, and the roads were mostly very bad, particularly in the domains of the Pope, where we stuck fast four or five times during the night. On one occasion of this kind we were detained more than an hour, until horses and oxen could be collected to drag us onwards. We were twelve hours getting over these fifty-four miles, from six in the evening till the same hour in the morning.

December 6th.

This morning I awoke at Ferrara, where the carriage was to be changed once more. I availed myself of a few spare hours to view the town, which, on the whole, rather resembles a German than an Italian place. It has fine broad streets, nice houses, and few arched ways in front of them. In the centre of the town stands a strong castle, surrounded by fortifications; this was once the residence of the bishop.

At nine o'clock we quitted this pretty town, and reached the Po an hour afterwards. We were ferried across the stream; and now, after a long absence, I once more stood on Austrian ground.

We continued our journey through a lovely plain to Rovigo, a place possessing no object of interest. Here we stayed to dine, and afterwards passed the Adige, a stream considerably smaller than the Po. The country between Rovigo and Padua was hidden from us by an impenetrable fog, which prevented our seeing fifty paces in advance. At six o'clock in the evening we reached Padua, our resting-place for the night.

Early next morning I hastened onwards, for I had already seen Padua, Venice, Trieste, &c. in the year 1840.

I reached my native town safely and in perfect health, and had the happiness of finding that my beloved ones were all well and cheerful.

During my journey I had seen much and endured many hardships; I had found very few things as I had imagined them to be.

Friends and relations have expressed a wish to read a description of my lonely wanderings. I could not send my diary to each one; so I have dared, upon the representations of my friends, and at the particular request of the publisher of this book, to tell my adventures in a plain unvarnished way.

I am no authoress; I have never written anything but letters; and my diary must not, therefore, be judged as a literary production. It is a simple narration, in which I have described every circumstance as it occurred; a collection of notes which I wrote down for private reference, without dreaming that they would ever find their way into the great world. Therefore I would entreat the indulgence of my kind readers; for—I repeat it—nothing can be farther from my thoughts than any idea of thrusting myself forward into the ranks of those gifted women who have received in their cradle the Muses' initiatory kiss.

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THE GEYSERS. Boiling Springs.

# A Visit to Iceland

And the Scandinavian North.



BY MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.



LONDON: INGRAM, COOKE, & CO.





# VISIT TO ICELAND

AND THE

## SCANDINAVIAN NORTH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.

WITH

*Numerous Explanatory Notes*

AND

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TO WHICH ARE ADDED

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AND A BRIEF SKETCH OF ICELANDIC HISTORY.

*Second Edition.*

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1853.

ALIST TICELAND

DEBOR TAVANIKAN

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## ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

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THE success which attended the publication in this Series of Illustrated Works of *A Woman's Journey round the World*, has induced the publication of the present volume on a country so little known as Iceland, and about which so little recent information exists.

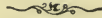
The translation has been carefully made, expressly for this Series, from the original work published at Vienna; and the Editor has added a great many notes, wherever they seemed necessary to elucidate the text.

In addition to the matter which appeared in the original work, the present volume contains a translation of a valuable Essay on Icelandic poetry, by M. Bergmann; a translation of an Icelandic poem, the 'Völuspá;' a brief sketch of Icelandic History; and a translation of Schiller's ballad, 'The Diver,' which is prominently alluded to by Madame Pfeiffer in her description of the Geysers.

The Illustrations have been printed in tints, so as to make the work uniform with the *Journey round the World*.

*London, August 1, 1852.*

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE.



“ANOTHER journey—a journey, moreover, in regions which every one would rather avoid than seek. This woman only undertakes these journeys to attract attention.”

“The first journey, for a woman ALONE, was certainly rather a bold proceeding. Yet in that instance she might still have been excused. Religious motives may perhaps have actuated her; and when this is the case, people often go through incredible things. At present, however, we can see no just reason which could excuse an undertaking of this description.”

Thus, and perhaps more harshly still, will the majority judge me. And yet they will do me a grievous wrong. I am surely simple and harmless enough, and should have fancied any thing in the world rather than that it would ever be my fate to draw upon myself in any degree the notice of the public. I will merely indicate, as briefly as may be, my character and circumstances, and then I have no doubt my conduct will lose its appearance of eccentricity, and seem perfectly natural.

When I was but a little child, I had already a strong desire to see the world. Whenever I met a travelling-carriage, I would stop involuntarily, and gaze after it until it had disappeared; I used even to envy the postilion, for I thought he also must have accomplished the whole long journey.

As I grew to the age of from ten to twelve years, nothing gave me so much pleasure as the perusal of voyages and travels. I ceased, indeed, to envy the postilions, but envied the more every navigator and naturalist.

Frequently my eyes would fill with tears when, having ascended a mountain, I saw others towering before me, and could not gain the summit.

I made several journeys with my parents, and, after my marriage, with my husband; and only settled down when it became necessary that my two boys should visit particular schools. My husband's affairs demanded his entire attention, partly in Lemberg, partly in Vienna. He therefore confided the education and culture of the two boys entirely to my care; for he knew my firmness and perseverance in all I undertook, and doubted not that I would be both father and mother to his children.

When my sons' education had been completed, and I was living in peaceful retirement, the dreams and aspirations of my youth gradually awoke once more. I thought of strange manners and customs, of distant regions, where a new sky would be above me, and new ground beneath my feet. I pictured to myself the supreme happiness of treading the land once hallowed by the presence of our Saviour, and at length made up my mind to travel thither.

As dangers and difficulties rose before my mind, I endeavoured to wean myself from the idea I had formed—but in vain. For privation I cared but little; my health was good and my frame hardy: I did not fear death. And moreover, as I was born in the last century, I could travel ALONE. Thus every objection was overcome; every thing had been duly weighed and considered. I commenced my journey to Palestine with a feeling of perfect rapture; and behold, I returned in safety. I now feel persuaded that I am neither tempting Providence, nor justly incurring the imputation of wishing to be talked about, in following the bent of my inclinations, and looking still further about me in the world. I chose Iceland for my destination, because I hoped there to find Nature in a garb such as she wears nowhere else. I feel so completely happy, so brought into communion with my Maker, when I contemplate sublime natural phenomena, that in my eyes no degree

of toil or difficulty is too great a price at which to purchase such perfect enjoyment.

And should death overtake me sooner or later during my wanderings, I shall await his approach in all resignation, and be deeply grateful to the Almighty for the hours of holy beauty in which I have lived and gazed upon His wonders.

And now, dear reader, I would beg thee not to be angry with me for speaking so much of myself; it is only because this love of travelling does not, according to established notions, seem proper for one of my sex, that I have allowed my feelings to speak in my defence.

Judge me, therefore, not too harshly; but rather grant me the enjoyment of a pleasure which hurts no one, while it makes me happy.

THE AUTHOR.

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# VISIT TO ICELAND.



## CHAPTER I.

### FROM VIENNA TO HAMBURGH.

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In the year 1845 I undertook another journey;<sup>a</sup> a journey, moreover, to the far North. Iceland was one of those regions towards which, from the earliest period of my consciousness, I had felt myself impelled. In this country, stamped as it is by Nature with features so peculiar, as probably to have no counterpart on the face of the globe, I hoped to see things which should fill me with

<sup>a</sup> Madame Pfeiffer’s first journey was to the Holy Land in 1842; and on her return from Iceland she started in 1846 on a “Journey round the World,” from which she returned in the end of 1848. This adventurous lady is now (1853) travelling among the islands of the Eastern Archipelago.—ED.

new and inexpressible astonishment. How deeply grateful do I feel to Thee, O Thou that hast vouchsafed to me to behold the fulfilment of these my cherished dreams!

The parting from all my dear ones had this time far less bitterness; I had found by experience, that a woman of an energetic mind can find her way through the world as well as a man, and that good people are to be met with every where. To this was added the reflection, that the hardships of my present voyage would be of short duration, and that five or six months might see me restored to my family.

I left Vienna at five o'clock on the morning of the tenth of April. As the Danube had lately caused some devastations, on which occasion the railroad had not entirely escaped, we rode for the first four miles, as far as Florisdorf, in an omnibus—not the most agreeable mode of travelling. Our omnibuses are so small and narrow, that one would suppose they were built for the exclusive accommodation of consumptive subjects, and not for healthy, and in some cases portly individuals, whose bulk is further increased by a goodly assemblage of cloaks, furs, and overcoats.

At the barriers a new difficulty arose. We delivered up our pass-warrants (*passirscheine*) in turn, with the exception of one young man, who was quite astounded at the demand. He had provided nothing but his passport and testimonials, being totally unaware that a pass-warrant is more indispensable than all the rest. In vain did he hasten into the bureau to expostulate with the officials,—we were forced to continue our journey without him.

We were informed that he was a student, who, at the conclusion of term, was about to make holiday for a few weeks at his parents' house near Prague. Alas, poor youth! he had studied so much, and yet knew so little. He had not even an idea of the overwhelming importance of the document in question. For this trifling omission he forfeited the fare to Prague, which had been paid in advance.

But to proceed with my journey.

At Florisdorf a joyful surprise awaited me. I met my brother and my son, who had, it appears, preceded me. We entered the train to proceed in company to Stockerau, a place between twelve and thirteen miles off; but were obliged to alight halfway, and walk a short distance. The embankment had given way. Luckily the weather was favourable, inasmuch as we had only a violent storm of wind. Had it rained, we should have been wetted to the skin, besides being compelled to wade ankle-deep in mud. We were next obliged to remain in the open air, awaiting the arrival of the train from Stockerau, which unloaded its freight, and received us in exchange.

At Stockerau I once more took leave of my companions, and was soon securely packed in the post-carriage for transmission.

In travelling this short distance, I had thus entered four carriages; a thing sufficiently disagreeable to an unencumbered person, but infinitely more so to one who has luggage to watch over. The only advantage I could discover in all this was, that we had saved half an hour in coming these seventeen miles. For this, instead of 9 fl. 26 kr. from Vienna to Prague, we paid 10 fl. 10 kr. from Stockerau to Prague, without reckoning expense of omnibus and railway. It was certainly a dearly-bought half-hour.<sup>b</sup>

The little town of Znaim, with its neighbouring convent, is situated on a large plain, extending from Vienna to Budwitz, seventeen miles beyond Znaim; the monotony of the view is only broken here and there by low hills.

Near Schelletau the scenery begins to improve. On the left the view is bounded by a range of high hills, with a ruined castle, suggestive of tragical tales of centuries gone by. Fir and pine forests skirt the road, and lie scattered in picturesque groups over hill and dale.

April 11th.

Yesterday the weather had already begun to be ungracious

<sup>b</sup> A florin is worth about 2s. 1d.; sixty kreutzers go to a florin.

to us. At Znaim we found the valleys still partly covered with snow, and the fog was at times so thick, that we could not see a hundred paces in advance; but to-day it was incomparably worse. The mist resolved itself into a mild rain, which, however, lost so much of its mildness as we passed from station to station, that every thing around us was soon under water. But not only did we ride through water, we were obliged to sit in it also. The roof of our carriage threatened to become a perfect sieve, and the rain poured steadily in. Had there been room for such a proceeding, we should all have unfurled our umbrellas.

On occasions like these, I always silently admire the patience of my worthy countrymen, who take every thing so good-humouredly. Were I a man, I should pursue a different plan, and should certainly not fail to complain of such carelessness. But as a woman, I must hold my peace; people would only rail at my sex, and call it ill-humoured. Besides, I thanked my guardian-angel for these discomforts, looking upon them as a preparation for what was to befall me in the far North.

Passing several small towns and villages, we at length entered the Bohemian territory, close behind Iglau. The first town which we saw was Czaslau, with its large open square, and a few neat houses; the latter provided with so-called arbours (*or verandahs*), which enable one to pass round the square dry-footed, even in the most rainy weather.

Journeying onwards, we noticed the fine cathedral and town of Kuttenberg, once famous for its gold and silver mines.<sup>c</sup> Next comes the great tobacco-manufactory of Sedlitz, near which we first see the Elbe, but only for a short time, as it soon takes another direction. Passing the small town of Collin, we are whirled close by the battle-field where, in the year 1757, the great King

<sup>c</sup> At Kuttenberg the first silver groschens were coined, in the year 1300. The silver mines are now exhausted, though other mines, of copper, zinc, &c. are wrought in the neighbourhood. The population is only half of what it once was.—ED.



Frederick paid his score to the Austrians. An obelisk, erected a few years since to the memory of General Daun, occupies a small eminence on the right. On the left is the plain of Klephorecz, where the Austrian army was drawn up.<sup>d</sup>

At eleven o'clock on the same night we reached

### PRAGUE.

As it was my intention to pursue my journey after two days, my first walk on the following morning was to the police-office, to procure a passport and the all-important pass-warrant; my next to the custom-house, to take possession of a small chest, which I had delivered up five days before my departure, and which, as the expeditor affirmed, I should find ready for me on my arrival at Prague.<sup>e</sup> Ah, Mr. Expeditor! my chest was not there. After Saturday comes Sunday; but on Sunday the custom-house is closed. So here was a day lost, a day in which I might have gone to Dresden, and even visited the opera.

On Monday morning I once more hastened to the office in anxious expectation; the box was not yet there. An array of loaded wagons had, however, arrived, and in one of these it might be. Ah, how I longed to see my darling little box, in order that I might—*not* press it to my heart, but unpack it in presence of the excise officer!

<sup>d</sup> The expression of Madame Pfeiffer's about Frederick "paying his score to the Austrians," is somewhat vague. The facts are these. In 1757 Frederick the Great of Prussia invaded Bohemia, and laid siege to Prague. Before this city an Austrian army lay, who were attacked with great impetuosity by Frederick, and completely defeated. But the town was defended with great valour; and during the time thus gained the Austrian general Daun raised fresh troops, with which he took the field at Collin. Here he was attacked by Frederick, who was routed, and all his baggage and cannon captured. This loss was "paying his score;" and the defeat was so complete, that the great monarch sat down by the side of a fountain, and tracing figures in the sand, was lost for a long time in meditation on the means to be adopted to retrieve his fortune.—ED.

<sup>e</sup> I mention this little incident to warn the traveller against parting with his effects.

I took merely a cursory glance at Prague, as I had thoroughly examined every thing there some years before. The beautiful "Graben" and Horse-market once more excited my admiration. It was with a peculiar feeling that I trod the old bridge, from which St. John of Nepomuk was cast into the Moldau for refusing to publish the confession of King Wenceslaus' consort.<sup>f</sup> On the opposite bank I mounted the Hradschin, and paid a visit to the cathedral, in which a large sarcophagus, surrounded and borne by angels, and surmounted by a canopy of crimson damask, is dedicated to the memory of the saint. The monument is of silver, and the worth of the metal alone is estimated at 80,000 florins. The church itself is not spacious, but is built in the noble Gothic style; the lesser altars, however, with their innumerable gilded wooden figures, look by contrast extremely puny. In the chapel are many sarcophagi, on which repose bishops and knights hewn in stone, but so much damaged, that many are without hands and feet, while some lack heads. To the right, at the entrance of the church, is the celebrated chapel of St. Wenceslaus, with its walls ornamented with frescoes, of which the colours and designs are now almost obliterated. It is further enriched with costly stones.

<sup>f</sup> The true version of this affair is as follows. John of Nepomuk was a priest serving under the Archbishop of Prague. The king, Wenceslaus, was a hasty, cruel tyrant, who was detested by all his subjects, and hated by the rest of Germany. Two priests were guilty of some crime, and one of the court chamberlains, acting under royal orders, caused the priests to be put to death. The archbishop, indignant at this, placed the chamberlain under an interdict. This so roused the king that he attempted to seize the archbishop, who took refuge in flight. John of Nepomuk, however, and another priest, were seized and put to the torture to confess what were the designs of the archbishop. The king seems to have suspected that the queen was in some way connected with the line of conduct pursued by the archbishop. John of Nepomuk, however, refused, even though the king with his own hand burned him with a torch. Irritated by his obstinate silence, the king caused the poor monk to be cast over the bridge into the Moldau. This monk was afterwards canonised, and made the patron saint of bridges.—ED.

Not far from the cathedral is situated the palace of Count Czernin, a building particularly favoured with windows, of which it has one for every day in the year. I was there in an ordinary year, and saw 365; how they manage in leap-year I do not know. The view from the belvedere of this palace well repays the observer. It takes in the old and new town, the noble river with its two bridges (the ancient venerable-looking stone structure, and the graceful suspension-bridge, six hundred paces long), and the hills round about, clothed with gardens, among which appear neat country-houses.

The streets of the "Kleinseite" are not particularly attractive, being mostly tortuous, steep, and narrow. They contain, however, several remarkable palaces, among which that of Wallenstein Duke of Friedland stands pre-eminent.<sup>§</sup>

§ Albert von Wallenstein (or Waldstein), the famous Duke of Friedland, is celebrated as one of the ablest commanders of the imperial forces during the protracted religious contest known in German history as the "Thirty Years' War." During its earlier period Wallenstein greatly distinguished himself, and was created by the Emperor Ferdinand Duke of Friedland and generalissimo of the imperial forces. In the course of a few months Wallenstein raised an army of forty thousand men in the Emperor's service. The strictest discipline was preserved *within* his camp, but his troops supported themselves by a system of rapine and plunder unprecedented even in those days of military license. Merit was rewarded with princely munificence, and the highest offices were within the reach of every common soldier who distinguished himself;—trivial breaches of discipline were punished with death. The dark and ambitious spirit of Wallenstein would not allow him to rest satisfied with the rewards and dignities heaped upon him by his imperial master. He temporised and entered into negotiations with the enemy; and during an interview with a Swedish general (Arnheim), is even said to have proposed an alliance to "hunt the Emperor to the devil." It is supposed that he aspired to the sovereignty of Bohemia. Ferdinand was informed of the ambitious designs of his general, and at length determined that Wallenstein should die. He despatched one of his generals, Gallas, to the commander-in-chief, with a mandate depriving him of his dignity of generalissimo, and nominating Gallas as his successor. Surprised before his plans were ripe, and deserted by many on whose support he had relied, Wallenstein retired hastily upon Egra. During a banquet in the castle, three of his generals who remained faithful to their leader were

After visiting St. Nicholas' Church, remarkable for the height of its spire and its beautifully arched cupola, I betook myself to Wimmer's gardens, and thence to the "Bastei," a place of public resort with the citizens of Prague.

I could now observe the devastation caused by the rising of the water shortly before my arrival. The Moldau had overstepped its banks in so turbulent a manner, as to carry along with it several small houses, and even a little village not far from Prague, besides damaging all the dwellings upon its banks. The water had indeed already fallen, but the walls of the houses were soaked through and through; the doors had been carried away, and from the broken windows no faces looked out upon the passers-by. The water had risen two feet more than in 1784, in which year the Moldau had also attained an unusual height.

From the same tower of observation, I looked down upon the

murdered in the dead of night. Roused by the noise, Wallenstein leapt from his bed, and encountered three soldiers who had been hired to despatch him. Speechless with astonishment and indignation, he stretched forth his arms, and receiving in his breast the stroke of a halbert, fell dead without a groan, in the fifty-first year of his age.

The following anecdote, curiously illustrative of the state of affairs in Wallenstein's camp, is related by Schiller in his *History of the Thirty Years' War*, a work containing a full account of the life and actions of this extraordinary man. "The extortions of Wallenstein's soldiers from the peasants had at one period reached such a pitch, that severe penalties were denounced against all marauders; and every soldier who should be convicted of theft was threatened with a halter. Shortly afterwards, it chanced that Wallenstein himself met a soldier straying in the field, whom he caused to be seized, as having violated the law, and condemned to the gallows without a trial, by his usual word of doom: 'Let the rascal be hung!' The soldier protested, and proved his innocence. 'Then let them hang the innocent,' cried the inhuman Wallenstein; 'and the guilty will tremble the more.' The preparations for carrying this sentence into effect had already commenced, when the soldier, who saw himself lost without remedy, formed the desperate resolution that he would not die unrevenged. Rushing furiously upon his leader, he was seized and disarmed by the bystanders before he could carry his intention into effect. 'Now let him go,' said Wallenstein; 'it will excite terror enough.'"—ED.

great open space bought a few years ago, and intended to be occupied by the termini of the Vienna and Dresden railroads. Although several houses were only just being pulled down, and the foundations of but few buildings were laid, I was assured that within six months every thing would be completed.

I have still to mention a circumstance which struck me during my morning peregrinations, namely, the curious method in which milk, vegetables, and other provisions are here brought to town. I could have fancied myself transported to Lapland or Greenland, on meeting every where carts to which two, three, or four dogs were harnessed. One pair of dogs will drag three hundredweight on level ground ; but when they encounter a hill, the driver must lend a helping hand. These dogs are, besides, careful guardians ; and I would not advise any one to approach a car of this kind, as it stands before the inn-door, while the proprietor is quenching his thirst within, on the money he has just earned.

At five o'clock on the morning of the 15th of April I left Prague, and rode for fourteen miles in the mail-carriage, as far as Obristwy on the Elbe, at which place I embarked for Dresden, on board the steamer *Bohemia*, of fifty-horse power, a miserable old craft, apparently a stranger to beauty and comfort from her youth up. The price charged for this short passage of eight or nine hours is enormously dear. The travellers will, however, soon have their revenge on the extortionate proprietors ; a railroad is constructing, by means of which this distance will be traversed in a much shorter time, and at a great saving of expense.

But at any rate the journey by water is the more agreeable ; the way lies through very picturesque scenery, and at length through "Saxon Switzerland" itself. The commencement of the journey is, however, far from pleasing. On the right are naked hills, and on the left large plains, over which, last spring, the swollen stream rolled, partly covering the trees and the roofs of the cottages. Here I could for the first time see the whole extent of the calamity. Many houses had been completely torn down,

and the crops, and even the loose alluvial earth swept away ; as we glided by each dreary scene of devastation, another yet more dismal would appear in its place.

This continued till we reached Melnick, where the trees become higher, and groups of houses peer forth from among the innumerable vineyards. Opposite this little town the Moldau falls into the Elbe. On the left, in the far distance, the traveller can descry St. George's Mount, from which, as the story goes, Czech took possession of all Bohemia.

Below the little town of Raudnitz the hills give place to mountains, and as many enthusiasts can only find those regions romantic where the mountains are crowned with half-ruined castles and strongholds, good old Time has taken care to plant there two fine ruins, Hasenberg and Skalt, for the delectation of such sentimental observers.

Near Leitmeritz, a small town with a handsome castle, and a church and convent, the Eger flows into the Elbe, and a high-arched wooden bridge connects the two banks. Here our poor sailors had difficult work to lower the mast and the funnel.

The rather pretty village of Gross-Czernoseck is remarkable for its gigantic cellars, hewn out of the rock. A post-carriage could easily turn round in one of these. The vats are of course proportioned to the cellars, particularly the barrels called the "twelve apostles," each of which holds between three and four thousand gallons. It would be no more than fair to stop here awhile, to give every hero of the bottle an opportunity to enjoy a sight of these palace-cellars, and to offer a libation to the twelve apostles ; but the steamer passed on, and we were obliged to make the most of the descriptions furnished by those who were more at home in these parts, and had no doubt frequently emerged in an inspired state from the depths of the cellars in question.

The view now becomes more and more charming : the mountains appear to draw closer together, and shut in the bed of the stream ; romantic groups of rocks, with summits crowned by

ruins yet more romantic, tower between. The ancient but well-preserved castle of Schreckenstein, built on a rock rising boldly out of the Elbe, is particularly striking; the approaches to it are by serpentine walks hewn out of the rock.

Near the small town of Aussig we find the most considerable coal-mines in Bohemia. In their neighbourhood is situated the little mountain estate Paschkal, which produces a kind of wine said to resemble champagne.

The mountains now become higher and higher, but above them all towers the gigantic Jungfernsprung (Maiden's Leap). The beauty of this region is only surpassed by the situation of the town and castle of Tetschen. The castle stands on a rock, between twenty and thirty feet high, which seems to rise out of the Elbe; it is surrounded by hot-houses and charming gardens, shelving downwards as far as the town, which lies in a blooming valley, near a little harbour. The valley itself, encompassed by a chain of lofty mountains, seems quite shut out from the rest of the world.

The left bank of the river is here so crowded with masses and walls of rock, that there is only room at intervals for an isolated farm or hut. Suddenly the tops of masts appear between the high rocks, a phenomenon which is soon explained; a large gap in one of the rocky walls forms a beautiful basin.

And now we come to Schandau, a place consisting only of a few houses; it is a frontier town of the Saxon dominions. Custom-house officers, a race of beings ever associated with frontier towns, here boarded our vessel, and rummaged every thing. My daguerreotype apparatus, which I had locked up in a small box, was looked upon with an eye of suspicion; but upon my assertion that it was exclusively intended for my own use, I and my apparatus were graciously dismissed.

In our onward journey we frequently observed rocks of peculiar shapes, which have appropriate names, such as the "Zirkelstein," "Lilienstein," &c. The Königstein is a collection of

jagged masses of rock, on which is built the fortress of the same name, used at present as a prison for great criminals. At the foot of the rocks lies the little town of Königstein. Not far off, on the right bank, a huge rock, resting on others, bears a striking resemblance to a human head. The more distant groups of rocks are called those of "Rathen," but are considered as belonging to Saxon Switzerland. The "Basteien" (Bastions) of this Switzerland, close by which we now pass, are most wonderful superpositions of lofty and fantastically shaped rocks. Unfortunately, the steamer whirled us so rapidly on our way, that whilst we contemplated one bank, the beauteous scenes on the opposite side had already glided from our view. In much too short a time we had passed the town of Pirna, situate at the commencement of this range of mountains. The very ancient gate of this town towers far above all the other buildings.

Lastly we see the great castle Sonnenstein, built on a rock, and now used as an asylum for lunatics.

All the beautiful and picturesque portion of our passage is now past, and the royal villa of Pillnitz, with its many Chinese gables, looks insignificant enough, after the grand scenes of nature. A chain of hills, covered with the country-houses of citizens, adjoins it; and on the right extends a large plain, at the far end of which we can dimly descry the Saxon metropolis. But what is that in the distance? We have hardly time to arrange our luggage, when the anchor is let go near the fine old Dresden Bridge.

This bridge had not escaped unscathed by the furious river. One of the centre arches had given way, and the cross and watchbox which surmounted it were precipitated into the flood. At first, carriages still passed over the bridge; it was not until some time afterwards that the full extent of the damage was ascertained, and the passage of carriages over the bridge discontinued for many months.

As I had seen the town of Dresden several years before, and the only building new to me was the splendid theatre, I took



advantage of the few evening hours of my stay to visit this structure.

Standing in the midst of the beautiful Cathedral-square, its noble rotunda-like form at once rivets the attention. The inner theatre is surrounded by a superb broad and lofty corridor, with fine bow-windows and straight broad staircases, leading in different directions towards the galleries. The interior of the theatre is not so spacious as, judging from the exterior, one would imagine it to be, but the architecture and decorations are truly gorgeous and striking. The boxes are all open, being separated from each other merely by a low partition; the walls and chairs are covered with heavy silken draperies, and the seats of the third and fourth galleries with a mixture of silk and cotton. One single circumstance was disagreeable to me in an acoustic point of view—I could hear the slightest whisper of the prompter as distinctly as though some one had been behind me reading the play. The curtain had scarcely fallen before the whole house was empty, and yet there was no crowding to get out. This first drew my attention to the numerous and excellently contrived doors.

April 16th.

The Dresden omnibuses may be cited as models of comfort; one is certain of plenty of room, and there is no occasion to dread either the corpulent persons or the furs and cloaks of fellow-passengers. A bell-pull is fixed in the interior of the carriage, so that each individual can give the coachman a signal when he or she wishes to alight. These omnibuses call at the principal inns, and wait for a moment; but the traveller who is not ready in advance is left behind.

At half-past five in the morning it called at our hotel. I was ready and waiting, and drove off comfortably to the railway. The distance from Dresden to Leipzig is reckoned at fifty-six miles, and the journey occupied three hours.

The first fourteen miles are very agreeable; gardens, fields,

and meadows, pine-forests in the plain and on the hills, and between these, villages, farms, country-houses, and solitary chapels, combine to form a very pretty landscape. But the scene soon changes, and the town of Meissen (famous for its porcelain manufactory), on the right hand, seems to shut out from our view all that is picturesque and beautiful.

From here to Leipzig we travel through a wearisome monotonous plain, enlivened at long intervals by villages and scattered farms. There is nothing to see but a great tunnel, and the river Pleisse—the latter, or rather the Elster, is rendered famous by the death of Prince Poniatowski.<sup>h</sup>

The town of Leipzig, celebrated far and wide for its fairs, and still more for its immense publishing trade, presents an appearance of noise and bustle proportionate to its commercial importance. I found streets, squares, and inns alike crowded.<sup>i</sup>

<sup>h</sup> Poniatowski was the commander of the Polish legion in the armies of Napoleon, by whom he was highly respected. At the battle of Leipzig, fought in October 1813, Poniatowski and Marshal MacDonald were appointed to command the rear of Napoleon's army, which, after two days' hard fighting, was compelled to retreat before the Allies. These generals defended the retreat of the army so gallantly, that all the French troops, except those under their immediate command, had evacuated the town. The rear-guard was preparing to follow, when the only bridge over the Elster that remained open to them was destroyed, through some mistake. This effectually barred the escape of the rear of Napoleon's army. A few, among whom was Marshal MacDonald, succeeded in swimming across; but Poniatowski, after making a brave resistance, and refusing to surrender, was drowned in making the same attempt.—ED.

<sup>i</sup> Leipzig has long been famous as the chief book-mart of Germany. At the great Easter meetings, publishers from all the different states assemble at the "Buchhändler Börse," and a large amount of business is done. The fairs of Leipzig have done much towards establishing the position of this city as one of the first trading towns in Germany. They take place three times annually: at New-year, at Easter, and at Michaelmas; but the Easter fair is by far the most important. These commercial meetings last about three weeks, and during this time the town presents a most animated appearance, as the streets are thronged with the costumes of almost every nation, the smart dress of the Tyrolese contrasting gaily with the sombre garb of the Polish Jews. The amount of business transacted at these fairs

Perhaps there does not exist a town with its houses, and consequently its streets, so disfigured with announcements, in all sizes and shapes, covering its walls, and sometimes projecting several feet, as Leipzig.

Among the public buildings, those which pleased me most were the Augustäum and the Bürgerschule. The Bücherhalle (book-hall) I should suppose indebted for its celebrity rather to its literary contents than to its architectural beauty or its exterior. The hall itself is indeed large, and occupies the whole length of the building, while the lower story consists of several rooms. The hall, the chambers, and the exterior are all plain, and without particular decoration. The Tuchhalle (cloth-hall) is simply a large house, with spacious chambers, containing supplies of cloth. The Theatre stands on a very large square, and does not present a very splendid appearance, whether viewed from within or from without. The plan of having stalls in front of the boxes in the second and third galleries was a novelty to me. The orchestra I could only hear, but could not discover its whereabouts; most probably it was posted behind the scenes. On inquiry, I was told that this was only done on extraordinary occasions, when the seats in the orchestra were converted into stalls, as was the case on the night of my visit. The play given was "the original *Tar-tuffe*," a popular piece by Gutzkow. It was capitally performed.

In the Leipzig theatre I had a second opportunity of observing, that as regards the love of eating our good Saxons are not a

is very considerable; on several occasions, above twenty thousand dealers have assembled. The trade is principally in woollen cloths; but lighter wares, and even ornaments of every description, are sold to a large extent. The manner in which every available place is taken advantage of is very curious: archways, cellars, passages, and courtyards are alike filled with merchandise, and the streets are at times so crowded as to be almost impassable. When the three weeks have passed, the wooden booths which have been erected in the market-place and the principal streets are taken down, the buyers and sellers vanish together, and the visitor would scarcely recognise in the quiet streets around him the bustling busy city of a few days ago.—ED.

whit behind the much-censured Viennese. In the Dresden theatre I had admired a couple of ladies who sat next me. They came provided with a neat bag, containing a very sufficient supply of confectionery, to which they perseveringly applied themselves between the acts. But at Leipzig I found a delicate-looking mother and her son, a lad of fifteen or sixteen years, regaling themselves with more solid provisions—white bread and small sausages. I could not believe my eyes, and had made up my mind that the sausages were artificially formed out of some kind of confectionery—but alas! my nose came forward but too soon, as a potent witness, to corroborate what I was so unwilling to believe!

Neither did these two episodes take place in the loftiest regions of Thalia's temple, but in the stalls of the second tier.

Beautiful alleys are planted round Leipzig. I took a walk into the Rosenthal (Valley of Roses), which also consists of splendid avenues and lawns. A pretty coffee-house, with a very handsome alcove, built in a semicircular form, invites the weary traveller to rest and refreshment, while a band of agreeable music diffuses mirth and good-humour around.

The rest of the scenery around Leipzig presents the appearance of a vast and monotonous plain.

April 17th.

I had intended to continue my journey to Hamburg *via* Berlin, but the weather was so cold and stormy, and the rain poured down so heavily, that I preferred the shorter way, and proceeded by rail to Magdeburg. Flying through the dismal plain past Halle, Köthen, and other towns, of which I could only discern groups of houses, we hurriedly recognised the Saale and the Elbe; and towards 10 o'clock in the morning arrived at Magdeburg, having travelled seventy miles in three hours and a quarter.

As the steamer for Hamburg was not to start until 3 o'clock, I had ample time to look at the town.

Magdeburg is a mixed pattern of houses of ancient, mediæval, and modern dates. Particularly remarkable in this respect is the

principal street, the "Broadway," which runs through the whole of the town. Here we can see houses dating their origin from the most ancient times; houses that have stood proof against sieges and sackings; houses of all colours and forms; some sporting peaked gables, on which stone figures may still be seen; others covered from roof to basement with arabesques; and in one instance I could even detect the remains of frescoes. In the very midst of these relics of antiquity would appear a house built in the newest style. I do not remember ever having seen a street which produced so remarkable an impression on me. The finest building is unquestionably the venerable cathedral. In Italy I had already seen numbers of the most beautiful churches; yet I remained standing in mute admiration before this masterpiece of Gothic architecture.

The monument with the twelve Apostles in this church is a worthy memorial of the celebrated sculptor Vischer. In order to view it, it is necessary to obtain the special permission of the commandant.

The cathedral square is large, symmetrical, and decorated with two alleys of trees; it is also used as a drilling-ground for the soldiers' minor manoeuvres. I was particularly struck with the number of military men to be seen here. Go where I would, I was sure to meet soldiers and officers, frequently in large companies; in time of war it could scarcely have been worse. This was an unmistakeable token that I was on Prussian territory.

The open canals, which come from all the houses, and meander through the streets, are a great disfigurement to the town.

Half-past three o'clock came only too quickly, and I betook myself on board the steamer *Magdeburg*, of sixty-horse power, to proceed to Hamburgh. Of the passage itself I can say nothing, except that a journey on a river through execrable scenery is one of the most miserable things that can well be imagined. When, in addition to this, the weather is bad, the ship dirty, and one is obliged to pass a night on board, the discomfort is increased. It

was my lot to endure all this : the weather was bad, the ship was dirty, the distance more than 100 miles, so that we had the pleasant prospect of a delightful night on board the ship. There were, moreover, so many passengers, that we were forced to sit crowded together ; so there we sat with exemplary patience, stared at each other, and sighed bitterly. Order was entirely out of the question ; no one had time to think of such a thing. Smoking and card-playing were perseveringly carried on all day and all night ; it can easily be imagined that things did not go so quietly as at an English whist-party. The incessant rain rendered it impossible to leave the cabin even for a short time. The only consolation I had was, that I made the acquaintance of the amiable composer Lorzing, a circumstance which delighted me the more, as I had always been an admirer of his beautiful original music.

## CHAPTER II.

## FROM HAMBURGH TO ICELAND.

Arrival at Hamburg—The Exchange—The Harbour—Yards—The Jungfernstieg—Splendid hotels—The bazaar—Luxury in plate-glass—The “New Wall”—Slaughter-house—Altona—Village of Blankenese—The “New Mills”—Costumes of the “Vierlanden” peasants—Railroad to Kiel—Convenient railway-carriages—Uninteresting scenery—Crippled woods—Small lakes—Kiel—Journey to Copenhagen per steamer *Christian VIII.*—Island of Moen—Swedish coast—Copenhagen—The “broad street”—Uncompleted church—The “Amalienstrasse”—The Oster and Gotherstrasse—King’s new market—Amalienplatz—The Christiansburg—Northern museum—Winter riding-school—Thorwaldsen’s museum—Catholic church—Museum of arts—Tycho de Brahe’s chair—Exchange—Sailors’ town—The Rosenberg—The Kastell—Harbour—Royal villa of Friedrichsberg—Funeral of Dr. Brandis—Danish peasants’ costumes—Soldiers—Little drummers—Trade with Iceland—Journey to Iceland—Embarkation on board the *Johannes*—Karlskrona—Desert Island of Hreen—Helsingborg and Helsingör—Fortress of Kronburg—Sea-sickness—Shetland islands—Remedies for sea-sickness—Mode of life on board—Hardships of a sailor’s life—Arrival at Havenfiord—Facts connected with the history of Iceland—Colonisation of the island—Saga—Snorri Sturluson the poet—Past and present climate of Iceland—Population—Introduction of Christianity—Government—The plague—Incursions of Algerine pirates—Volcanic outbreaks.

MORNING dawned at length, and in a short time afterwards we reached the great commercial city, which, half destroyed by the dreadful conflagration of 1842, had risen grander and more majestic from its ashes.<sup>a</sup> I took up my quarters with a cousin, who is married to the Wurtemberg consul, the merchant Schmidt, in

<sup>a</sup> The fire broke out on 4th May 1842, and raged with the utmost fury for three days. Whole streets were destroyed, and at least 2000 houses burned to the ground. Nearly half a million of money was raised in foreign

whose house I spent a most agreeable and happy week. My cousin-in-law was polite enough to escort me every where himself, and to shew me the lions of Hamburg.

First of all we visited the Exchange between the hours of one and two, when it is at the fullest, and therefore best calculated to impress a stranger with an idea of the extent and importance of the business transacted there. The building contains a hall of great size, with arcades and galleries, besides many large rooms, which are partly used for consultations, partly for the sale of refreshments. The most interesting thing of all is, however, to sit in the gallery, and looking downwards, to observe the continually increasing crowd passing and repassing each other in the immense hall and through the galleries and chambers, and to listen to the hubbub and noise of the thousands of eager voices talking at once. At half-past one o'clock the hall is at its fullest, and the noise becomes absolutely deafening; for now they are marking up the rates of exchange, by which the merchants regulate their monetary transactions.

Leaving the Exchange, we bent our steps towards the great harbour, and entering a small boat, cruised in and about it in all directions. I had resolved to count only the three-masted ships; but soon gave it up, for their number seemed overwhelming, even without reckoning the splendid steamers, brigs, sloops, and craft. In short, I could only gaze and wonder, for at least 900 ships lay before me.

Let any one fancy an excursion amidst 900 ships, great and small, which lined both shores of the Elbe in tiers of three deep or more; the passing to and fro of countless boats busily em-

countries to assist in rebuilding the city, of which about a tenth was contributed by Britain. Such awful fires, fearful though they are at the time, seem absolutely necessary to great towns, as they cause needful improvements to be made, which the indolence or selfishness of the inhabitants would otherwise prevent. There is not a great city that has not at one time or another suffered severely from fire, and has risen out of the ruins greater than before.—ED.



ployed in loading or unloading these vessels; these things, together with the shouting and singing of the sailors, the rattling of anchors which are being weighed, and the rush and swell of passing steamers, combine to constitute a picture not to be surpassed in any city except in that metropolis of the world, London.<sup>b</sup>

The reason of this unusual activity in the harbour lay in the severity of the past winter. Such a winter had not been experienced for seventy years: the Elbe and the Baltic lay for months in icy chains, and not a ship could traverse the frozen river, not an anchor could be weighed or lowered. It was only a short time before my arrival that the passage had once more become free.

In the neighbourhood of the harbour are situated the greater number of the so-called 'yards.' I had read concerning them that, viewed from the exterior, they look like common houses; but that they constitute separate communities, and contain alleys and streets, serving as the domicile of innumerable families. I visited several of these places, and can assure the reader that I saw nothing extraordinary in them. Houses with two large wings, forming an alley of from eighty to a hundred paces in length, are to be met with in every large town; and that a number of families should inhabit such a house is not remarkable, considering that they are all poor, and that each only possesses a single small apartment.

The favourite walk in the town is the "Jungfernstieg" (Maiden's Walk), a broad alley, extending round a spacious and beautiful basin of the Alster. On one side are splendid hotels, with which Hamburgh is richly provided; on the other, a number of private residences of equal pretensions. Other walks are, the "Wall," surrounding the town, and the "Botanical Garden,"

<sup>b</sup> There are no docks at Hamburgh, consequently all the vessels lie in the river Elbe, and both receive and discharge their cargoes there. Madame Pfeiffer, however, is mistaken in supposing that only London could shew a picture of so many ships and so much commercial activity surpassing that of Hamburgh. Such a picture, more impressive even than that seen in the Elbe, is exhibited every day in the Mersey or the Hudson.—ED.

which resembles a fine park. The noblest building, distinguished alike as regards luxury, skill, tastefulness of design, and stability, is the Bazaar. It is truly a gigantic undertaking, and the more to be admired from the fact that it is not built upon shares, but at the expense of a single individual, Herr Carl Sillem; the architect's name is Overdick. The building itself is constructed entirely of stone, and the walls of the great room and of the hall are inlaid with marble. A lofty cupola and an immense glazed dome cover both the great room and the hall; the upper staircases are ornamented with beautiful statues. When in the evening it is brilliantly lighted with gas, and further ornamented by a tasteful display of the richest wares, the spectator can almost fancy himself transported to a fairy palace.

Altogether the shops in Hamburg are very luxurious. The wares lie displayed in the most tasteful manner behind huge windows of plate-glass, which are often from five to six feet broad, and eight or ten feet high; a single sheet frequently costs 600 florins. This plate-glass luxury is not confined to shops, but extends to windows generally, not only in Hamburg, but also in Altona, and is also seen in the handsomest country-houses of the Hamburgers. Many a pane costs eight or ten florins; and the glass is insured in case of breakage, like houses in case of fire.

This display of glass is equalled by the costliness of the furniture, which is almost universally of mahogany; a wood which is here in such common use, that in some of the most elegant houses the very stair-banisters are constructed of it. Even the pilots have often mahogany furniture.

The handsomest and most frequented street is the "Neue Wall" (New Wall). I was particularly struck with the number of shops and dwellings underground, to which one descends by a flight of six or eight stairs; an iron railing is generally placed before the entrance, to prevent the passers-by from falling down.

A very practical institution is the great slaughter-house, in which all cattle are killed on certain days of the week.

Concerning the town of Altona, I have only to observe that it appeared to me a continuation of Hamburg; from which town, indeed, it is only separated by a wooden door. A very broad, handsome street, or, more properly speaking, an elongated square, planted with a double row of large trees, is the most remarkable thing about Altona, which belongs to the Danish Government, and is considered, after Copenhagen, the most important place in the kingdom.

It is a delicious ride to the village of Blankenese, distant nine miles from Hamburg; the road lies among beautiful country-houses and large park-like gardens. Blankenese itself consists of cottages, grouped in a picturesque manner round the Sülberg, a hill from which the traveller enjoys a very extended view over the great plain, in which it is the only elevated point. The course of the Elbe, as it winds at moderate speed towards the sea, is here to be traced almost to its embouchure at Cuxhaven.

The breadth of the Elbe at Blankenese exceeds two miles.

Another interesting excursion is to the "New Mills," a little village on the Elbe, not more than half a mile from Altona, and inhabited only by fishermen and pilots. Whoever wishes to form an idea of Dutch prettiness and cleanliness should come here.

The houses are mostly one story high, neatly and tastefully built; the brightest of brass handles adorn the street-doors; the windows are kept scrupulously clean, and furnished with white curtains.

In Saxony I had found many dwellings of the peasantry tidy and neat enough, displaying at any rate more opulence than we are accustomed to find with this class of people; but I had seen none to compete with this pretty village.

Among the peasants' costumes, I only liked that worn by the women from the "Vierlanden." They wear short full skirts of black stuff, fine white chemisettes with long sleeves, and coloured bodices, lightly fastened in front with silk cords or silver buckles. Their straw hats have a most comical appearance; the brim of the

hat is turned up in such a manner that the crown appears to have completely sunk in. Many pretty young girls dressed in this manner come to Hamburg to sell flowers, and take up their position in front of the Exchange.

The 26th of April, the day appointed for my departure, arrived only too speedily. To part is the unavoidable fate of the traveller; but sometimes we part gladly, sometimes with regret. I need not write many pages to describe my feelings at the parting in Hamburg. I was leaving behind me my last relations, my last friends. Now I was going into the wide world, and among strangers.

At eight o'clock in the morning I left Altona, and proceeded by railway to Kiel.

I noticed with pleasure that on this railway even the third-class carriages were securely covered in, and furnished with glass windows. In fact, they only differed from those of the first and second class in being painted a different colour, and having the seats uncushioned.

The whole distance of seventy miles was passed in three hours; a rapid journey, but agreeable merely by its rapidity, for the whole neighbourhood presents only widely-extended plains, turf-bogs and moorlands, sandy places and heaths, interspersed with a little meadow or arable land. From the nature of the soil, the water in the ditches and fields looked black as ink.

Near Binneburg we notice a few stunted plantations of trees. From Eisholm a branch-line leads to Glückstadt, and another from Neumünster, a large place with important cloth-factories, to Rendsburg.

From here there is nothing to be seen but a convent, in which many Dukes of Holstein lie buried, and several unimportant lakes; for instance, those of Bernsholm, Einfeld, and Schulhof. The little river Eider would have passed unnoticed by me, had not some of my fellow-passengers made a great feature of it. In the finest countries I have found the natives far less enthusiastic about what was really grand and beautiful, than they were here in praise

of what was neither the one nor the other. My neighbour, a very agreeable lady, was untiring in laudation of her beautiful native land. In her eyes the crippled wood was a splendid park, the waste moorland an inexhaustible field for contemplation, and every trifle a matter of real importance. In my heart I wished her joy of her fervid imagination; but unfortunately my colder nature would not catch the infection.

Towards Kiel the plain becomes a region of low hills. Kiel itself is prettily situated on the Baltic, which, viewed from thence, has the appearance of a lake of middling size. The harbour is said to be good; but there were not many ships there.<sup>c</sup> Among these was the steamer destined to carry me to Copenhagen. Little did I anticipate the good reason I should have to remember this vessel.

Thanks to the affectionate forethought of my cousin Schmidt, I found one of his relations, Herr Brauer, waiting for me at the railway. I was immediately introduced to his family, and passed the few hours of my stay very agreeably in their company.

Evening approached, and with it the hour of embarkation. My kind friends the Brauers accompanied me to the steamer, and I took a grateful leave of them.

I soon discovered the steamer *Christian VIII.*, of 180-horse power, to be a vessel dirtier and more uncomfortable than any with which I had become acquainted in my maritime excursions. Scrubbing and sweeping seemed things unknown here. The approach to the cabin was by a flight of stairs so steep, that great care was requisite to avoid descending in an expeditious but disagreeable manner, by a fall from top to bottom. In the fore-cabin there was no attempt at separate quarters for ladies and gentlemen. In short, the arrangements seemed all to have been

<sup>c</sup> Kiel, however, is a place of considerable trade; and doubtless the reason why Madame Pfeiffer saw so few vessels at it was precisely the same reason why she saw so many at Hamburgh. Kiel contains an excellent university.—ED.

made with a view of impressing the ship vividly on the recollection of every traveller.

At nine o'clock we left Kiel. The day and the twilight are here already longer than in the lands lying to the south and the west. There was light enough to enable me to see, looming out of the surrounding darkness, the fortress "Friedrichsort," which we passed at about ten o'clock.

April 27th.

To-day I still rose with the sun; but that will soon be a difficult matter to accomplish; for in the north the goddess of light makes amends in spring and summer for her shortcomings during the winter. I went on deck, and looked on the broad expanse of ocean. No land was to be seen; but soon a coast appeared, then disappeared, and then a new and more distant one rose out of the sea. Towards noon we reached the island of Möen, which lies about forty<sup>d</sup> miles distant from Copenhagen. It forms a beautiful group of rocks, rising boldly from the sea. They are white as chalk, and have a smooth and shining appearance. The highest of these walls of rock towers 400 feet above the level of the surrounding ocean. Soon we saw the coast of Sweden, then the island of Malmö; and at last Copenhagen itself, where we landed at four o'clock in the afternoon. The distance from Kiel to Copenhagen is 136 sea-miles.

I remained seven days at Copenhagen, and should have had ample time to see every thing, had the weather been more favourable. But it blew and rained so violently, that I was obliged to give up all thoughts of visiting the surrounding parks, and was fain to content myself with seeing a few of the nearest walks, which I accomplished with some difficulty.

The first street in Copenhagen which I traversed on coming from the harbour generally produces a great impression. It is called the "Broad Street," and leads from the harbour through

<sup>d</sup> At sea I calculate by sea-miles, of which sixty go to a degree.

the greater part of the town. In addition to its breadth it is very long and regular, and the splendid palaces and houses on either side give it a remarkably grand appearance.

It is a peculiar sight, when, in the midst of this fine quarter, we come suddenly upon a ruin, a giant building resting on huge pillars, but half completed, and partly covered with moss and lichens. It was intended for a splendid church, and is built entirely of marble; but the soft ground would not bear the immense weight. The half-finished building began to sink, and the completion of the undertaking became for ever impossible.

Many other streets rival the "Broad Street" in size and magnificence. Foremost among them comes the Amalienstrasse. The most bustling, but by far not the finest, are the Oster and Gotherstrasse. To walk in these is at first quite a difficult undertaking for a stranger. On one side of the pavement, which is raised about a foot above the carriage-way, he comes continually in contact with stairs, leading sometimes to warehouses above, at others to subterranean warehouses below the level of the street. The approaches to the latter are not guarded by railings as in Hamburgh. The other side of the pavement is bounded by a little unostentatious rivulet, called by unpoetical people "canal," into which tributaries equally sweet pour from all the neighbouring houses. It is therefore necessary to take great care, lest you should fall into the traitorous depths on the one side, or stumble over the projecting steps on the other. The pavement itself is covered with a row of stone slabs, a foot and a half wide, on which one walks comfortably enough. But then every body contends for the possession of these, to avoid the uneven and pointed stones at the side. This, added to the dreadful crowding, renders the street one which would scarcely be chosen for a walk, the less so as the shops do not contain any thing handsome, the houses are neither palace-like nor even tastefully built, and the street itself is neither of the broadest nor of the cleanest.

The squares are all large and regularly built. The finest is

the Kongensnytorf (King's New Market). Some fine mansions, the chief guard-house, the theatre, the chief coffee-houses and inns, the academy of the fine arts, and the building belonging to the botanical garden, the two last commonly known by the name of "Charlottenburg," are among the ornaments of this magnificent square, in the midst of which stands a beautiful monument, representing Christian V. on horseback, and surrounded by several figures.

Smaller, but more beautiful in its perfect symmetry, is the "Amalienplatz," containing four royal palaces, built exactly alike, and intersected by four broad streets in the form of a cross. This square also is decorated by a monument standing in the midst, and representing Frederick V. In another fine square, the "Nytorf" (New Market), there is a fountain. Its little statue sends forth very meagre jets of water, and the fountain is merely noticeable as being the only one I could find at Copenhagen.

The traveller can hardly fail of being surprised by the number and magnificence of the palaces, at sight of which he could fancy himself in the metropolis of one of the largest kingdoms. The "Christianensburg" is truly imperial; it was completely destroyed by fire in the year 1794, but has since been rebuilt with increased splendour. The chapel of this palace is very remarkable. The interior has the appearance rather of a concert-room than of a building devoted to purposes of worship. Tastefully decorated boxes, among which we notice that of the king, together with galleries, occupy the upper part of the chapel; the lower is filled with benches covered with red velvet and silk. The pulpit and altar are so entirely without decoration, that, on first entering, they wholly escape notice.

In the "Christianensburg" is also the "Northern Museum," peculiarly rich in specimens of the ornaments, weapons, musical instruments, and other mementoes of northern nations.

The Winter Riding-school, in which concerts are frequently given, is large and symmetrical. I admired the stalls, and yet



more the grey horses which occupied them—descendants of the pure Arabian and wild Norwegian breeds—creatures with long manes and tails of fine silky hair. Every one who sees these horses, whether he be a connoisseur or one of the uninitiated, must admire them.

Adjoining the "Christianensburg" is Thorwaldsen's Museum, a square building with fine saloons, lighted from above. When I saw it, it was not completed; the walls were being painted in fresco by some of the first native artists. The sculptured treasures were there, but unfortunately yet unpacked.

In the midst of the courtyard Thorwaldsen's mausoleum is being erected. There his ashes will rest, with his exquisitely finished lion as a gravestone above them.<sup>e</sup>

<sup>e</sup> This great Danish sculptor was born of poor parents at Copenhagen, on the 19th November, 1770; his father was an Icelander, and earned his living by carving figure-heads for ships. Albert, or "Bertel," as he is more generally called, was accustomed during his youth to assist his father in his labours on the wharf. At an early age he visited the Academy at Copenhagen, where his genius soon began to make itself conspicuous. At the age of sixteen he had won a silver, and at twenty a gold medal. Two years later he carried off the "great" gold medal, and was sent to study abroad at the expense of the Academy. In 1797 we find him practising his art at Rome under the eye of Zoega the Dane, who does not, however, seem to have discovered indications of extraordinary genius in the labours of his young countryman. But a work was soon to appear which should set all questions as to Thorwaldsen's talent for ever at rest. In 1801 he produced his celebrated statue of "Jason," which was at once pronounced by the great Canova to be "a work in a new and a grand style." After this period the path of fame lay open before the young sculptor; his bas-reliefs of "Summer" and "Autumn," the "Dance of the Muses," "Cupid and Psyche," and numerous other works, followed each other in rapid succession; and at length, in 1812, Thorwaldsen produced his extraordinary work, "The Triumph of Alexander." In 1819 Thorwaldsen returned rich and famous to the city he had quitted as a youth twenty-three years before; he was received with great honour, and many feasts and rejoicings were held to celebrate his arrival. After a sojourn of a year Thorwaldsen again visited Rome, where he continued his labours until 1838, when, wealthy and independent, he resolved to rest in his native country. This time his welcome to Copenhagen was even more enthusiastic than in 1819.

The largest among the churches is the "Woman's Church." The building has no architectural beauty; the pillars, galleries, and cupola are all of wood, covered with a mixture of sand and plaster. But whatever may be wanting in outward splendour is compensated by its contents, for this church contains the master-pieces of Thorwaldsen. At the high altar stands his glorious figure of our Saviour, in the niches of the wall his colossal twelve apostles.

In the contemplation of these works we forget the plainness of the building which contains them. May the fates be prosperous, and no conflagration reach this church, built as it is half of wood!

The Catholic Church is small, but tasteful beyond expression. The late emperor of Austria presented to it a good full-toned organ, and two oil-paintings, one by Kuppelweiser, the other by a pupil of this master.

In the "Museum of Arts" I was most interested in the ancient chair, used in days of yore by Tycho de Brahe.<sup>f</sup>

The whole shore was lined with spectators, and amid thundering acclamations the horses were unharnessed from his carriage, and the sculptor was drawn in triumph by the people to his *atelier*. During the remainder of his life Thorwaldsen passed much of his time on the island of Nysö, where most of his latest works were executed. On Sunday, March 24th, 1842, he had been conversing with a circle of friends in perfect health. Halm's tragedy of *Griselda* was announced for the evening, and Thorwaldsen proceeded to the theatre to witness the performance. During the overture he rose to allow a stranger to pass, then resumed his seat, and a moment afterwards his head sunk on his breast—he was dead!

His funeral was most sumptuous. Rich and poor united to do honour to the memory of the great man, who had endeared himself to them by his virtues as by his genius. The crown-prince followed the coffin, and the people of Copenhagen stood in two long rows, and uncovered their heads as the coffin of the sculptor was carried past. The king himself took part in the solemnity. At the time of his decease Thorwaldsen had completed his seventy-second year.—ED.

<sup>f</sup> Tycho de Brahe was a distinguished astronomer, who lived between 1546 and 1601. He was a native of Denmark. His whole life may be said to have been devoted to astronomy. A small work that he published when a young man brought him under the notice of the King of Denmark;

The Exchange is a curious ancient building. It is very long and narrow, and surmounted by nine peaks, from the centre of which protrudes a remarkable pointed tower, formed of four crocodiles' tails intertwined.

The hall itself is small, low, and dark; it contains a full-length portrait in oil of Tycho de Brahe. Nearly all the upper part of the building is converted into a kind of bazaar, and the lower portion contains a number of small and dingy booths.

Several canals, having an outlet into the sea, give a peculiar charm to the town. They are, in fact, so many markets; for the craft lying in them are laden with provisions of all kinds, which are here offered for sale.

The Sailors' Town, adjoining Copenhagen, and situated near the harbour, is singularly neat and pretty. It consists of three long, broad, straight streets, built of houses looking so exactly alike, that on a foggy night an accurate knowledge of the locality is requisite to know one from the other. It looks as though, on each side of the way, there were only one long house of a single floor, with a building one story high in the middle. In the latter dwell the commandant and overseers.

The lighting of the streets is managed in Copenhagen in the same way as in our smaller German towns. When "moonlight" is announced in the calendar, not a lamp is lighted. If the lady moon chooses to hide behind dark clouds, that is her fault. It would be insolent to attempt to supply the place of her radiance with miserable lamps—a wise arrangement! (?)

Of the near walks, the garden of the "Rosenburg," within the

with whose assistance he constructed, on the small island of Hulln, a few miles north of Copenhagen, the celebrated Observatory of Uranienburg. Here, seated in "the ancient chair" referred to in the text, and surrounded by numerous assistants, he directed for seventeen years a series of observations, that have been found extremely accurate and useful. On the death of his patron he retired to Prague in Bohemia, where he was employed by Rodolph II. then Emperor of Germany. Here he was assisted by the great Kepler, who, on Tycho's death in 1601, succeeded him.—ED.

town, pleased me much ; as did also the " Long Line," an alley of beautiful trees extending parallel with the sea, and in which one can either walk or ride. A coffee-house, in front of which there is music in fine weather, attracts many of the loungers. The most beautiful place of all is the " Kastell," above the " Long Line," from whence one can enjoy a beautiful view. The town lies displayed below in all its magnificence : the harbour, with its many ships ; the sparkling blue Sound, which spreads its broad expanse between the coasts of Denmark and Sweden, and washes many a beautiful group of islands belonging to one or the other of these countries. The background of the picture alone is uninteresting, as there is no chain of mountains to form a horizon, and the eye wanders over the boundless flats of Denmark.

Among the vessels lying at anchor in the harbour I saw but few three-masters, and still fewer steamers. The ships of the fleet presented a curious appearance ; at the first view they look like great houses with flag-staves, for every ship is provided with a roof, out of which the masts rise into the air ; they are besides very high out of the water, so that all the port-holes and the windows of the cabins appear in two or three stories, one above the other.

A somewhat more distant excursion, which can be very conveniently made in a capital omnibus, takes you to the royal chateau " Friedrichsberg," lying before the water-gate, two miles distant from the town. Splendid avenues lead to this place, where are to be found all the delights that can combine to draw a citizen into the country. There are a tivoli, a railway, cabinets, and booths with wax-figures, and countless other sights, besides coffee-houses, beer-rooms, and music. The gardens are planted at the sides with a number of small arbours, each containing a table and chairs, and all open in front, so as to shew at one view all the visitors of these pretty natural huts. On Sundays, when the gardens are crowded, this is a very animated sight.

On the way to this " Prater" of Copenhagen, we pass many handsome villas, each standing in a fine garden.





COPENHAGEN. From Fredericsbourg.

The royal palace is situated on the summit of a hill, at the end of the avenue, and is surrounded by a beautiful park; it commands a view of a great portion of the town, with the surrounding country and the sea; still I far prefer the prospect from the "Kastell." The Park contains a considerable island, which, during some part of the year, stands in the midst of an extensive lake. This island is appropriated to the Court, but the rest of the park is open to the public.

Immediately outside the water-gate stands an obelisk, remarkable neither for its beauty nor for the skill displayed in its erection, for it consists of various stones, and is not high, but interesting from the circumstance to which it owes its origin. It was erected by his grateful subjects in memory of the late king Christian VII., to commemorate the abolition of feudal service. Surely no feeling person can contemplate without joyful emotion a monument like this.

I have here given a faithful account of what I saw during my short stay at Copenhagen. It only remains for me to describe a few peculiar customs of the people, and so I will begin as it were at the end, with the burial of the dead. In Denmark, as in fact in the whole of Scandinavia, not excepting Iceland, it is customary not to bury the dead until eight or ten days have elapsed. In winter-time this is not of so much consequence, but in summer it is far from healthy for those under the same roof with the corpse. I was present at Copenhagen at the funeral of Dr. Brandis, physician to the king. Two of the king's carriages and a number of private equipages attended. Nearly all these were empty, and the servants walked beside them. Among the mourners I did not notice a single woman; I supposed that this was only the case at the funerals of gentlemen, but on inquiry I found that the same rule is observed at the burial of women. This consideration for the weaker sex is carried so far, that on the day of the funeral no woman may be seen in the house of mourning. The mourners assemble in the house of the deceased, and partake of cold refresh-

ments. At the conclusion of the ceremony they are again regaled. What particularly pleased me in Copenhagen was, that I never on any occasion saw beggars, or even such miserably clad people as are found only too frequently in our great cities. Here there are no doubt poor people, as there are such every where else in the world, but one does not see them beg. I cannot help mentioning an arrangement which certainly deserves to be universally carried out;—I mean, the setting apart of many large houses, partly belonging to the royal family, partly to rich private people or to companies, for the reception of poor people, who are here lodged at a much cheaper rate than is possible in ordinary dwellings.

The costumes of the peasants did not particularly please me. The women wear dresses of green or black woollen stuff, reaching to the ankle, and trimmed at the skirt with broad coloured woollen borders. The seams of the spenser, and the arm-holes, are also trimmed with smaller coloured borders. On their heads they wear a handkerchief, and over this a kind of shade, like a bonnet. On Sundays I saw many of them in small, pretty caps, worked with silk, with a border of lace of more than a hand's breadth, plaited very stiffly; at the back they have large bows of fine riband, the ends of which reach half down to their feet. I found nothing very remarkable in the dress of the peasants. As far as strength and beauty were concerned, I thought these peasants were neither more nor less gifted than those of Austria. As regards the beauty of the fair sex, I should certainly give the preference to the Austrians. Fair hair and blue eyes predominate.

I saw but few soldiers; their uniforms, particularly those worn by the king's life-guards, are very handsome.

I especially noticed the drummers; they were all little lads of ten or twelve years old. One could almost have exclaimed, "Drum, whither art thou carrying that boy?" To march, and to join in fatiguing manœuvres, carrying such a drum, and beating it bravely at the same time, is rather cruel work for such young lads. Many a ruined constitution may be ascribed to this custom.



During my stay in Copenhagen I spent many very delightful hours with Professor Mariboe and his amiable family, and with the kind clergyman of the embassy, Herr Zimmermann. They received me with true politeness and hospitality, and drew me into their circle, where I soon felt myself quite at ease. I shall never forget their friendship, and shall make use of every opportunity to shew them my appreciation of it. Herr Edouard Gottschalk and Herr Knudson have also my best thanks. I applied to the first of these gentlemen to procure me a passage to Iceland, and he was kind enough to use his interest with Herr Knudson on my behalf.

Herr Knudson is one of the first general dealers in Copenhagen, and carries on a larger and more extended commerce with Iceland than any other house trading thither. He is already beginning to retire, as the continual journeys are becoming irksome to him; but he still owns a number of great and small vessels, which are partly employed in the fisheries, and partly in bringing all kinds of articles of consumption and luxury to the different harbours of Iceland.

He himself goes in one of his ships every year, and stays a few months in Iceland to settle his affairs there. On the recommendation of Herr Gottschalk, Herr Knudson was kind enough to give me a passage in the ship in which he made the journey himself; a favour which I knew how to value. It is certainly no small kindness to take a lady passenger on such a journey. Herr Knudson knew neither my fortitude nor my perseverance; he did not know whether I should be able to endure the hardships of a journey to the north, whether I would bear sea-sickness philosophically, or even if I had courage enough, in case of storms or bad weather, to abstain from annoying the captain by my fears or complaints at a time when he would only have too much to harass him. The kind man allowed no such considerations to influence him. He believed me when I promised to behave courageously come what might, and took me with him. Indeed his kindness went so far that it is to him I owe every

comfort I enjoyed in Iceland, and every assistance in furthering the attainment of my journey's object. I could certainly not have commenced a voyage under better auspices.

All ships visiting Iceland leave Copenhagen at the end of April, or at the latest in the middle of May. After this time only one ship is despatched, to carry the mails of the Danish government. This vessel leaves Copenhagen in October, remains in Iceland during the winter months, and returns in March. The gain or loss of this expedition is distributed in shares among the merchants of Copenhagen.

Besides this, a French frigate comes to Iceland every spring, and cruises among the different harbours until the middle of August. She superintends the fishing vessels, which, attracted by the large profits of the fisheries, visit these seas in great numbers during the summer.<sup>f</sup>

Opportunities of returning from Iceland occur during the summer until the end of September, by means of the merchant-ships, which carry freights from the island to Denmark, England, and Spain.

At length, on Sunday the 4th of May, a favourable wind

<sup>f</sup> The fisheries of Iceland have been very valuable, and indeed the chief source of the commerce of the country ever since it was discovered. The fish chiefly caught are cod and the tusk or cat-fish. They are exported in large quantities, cured in various ways. Since the discovery of Newfoundland, however, the fisheries of Iceland have lost much of their importance. So early as 1415, the English sent fishing vessels to the Icelandic coast, and the sailors who were on board, it would appear, behaved so badly to the natives that Henry V. had to make some compensation to the King of Denmark for their conduct. The greatest number of fishing vessels from England that ever visited Iceland was during the reign of James I., whose marriage with the sister of the Danish king might probably make England at the time the most favoured nation. It was in his time that an English pirate, "Gentleman John," as he was called, committed great ravages in Iceland, for which James had afterwards to make compensation. The chief markets for the fish are in the Catholic countries of Europe. In the seventeenth century, a great traffic in fish was carried on between Iceland and Spain.—ED.

sprung up. Herr Knudson sent me word to be ready to embark at noon on board the fine brig *John*.

I immediately proceeded on board. The anchor was weighed, and the sails, unfolding themselves like giant wings, wafted us gently out of the harbour of Copenhagen. No parting from children, relations, or old-cherished friends embittered this hour. With a glad heart I bade adieu to the city, in the joyful hope soon to see the fulfilment of my long-expected journey.

The bright sky smiled above us, and a most favourable wind filled our sails. I sat on deck and revelled in the contemplation of scenes so new to me. Behind us lay spread the majestic town; before us the Sound, an immense natural basin, which I could almost compare to a great Swiss lake; on the right and left were the coasts of Sweden and Denmark, which here approach each other so closely that they seem to oppose a barrier to the further progress of the adventurous voyager.

Soon we passed the little Swedish town of Carlscrona, and the desolate island Hveen, on which Tycho de Brahe passed the greater portion of his life, occupied with stellar observations and calculations. Now came a somewhat dangerous part, and one which called into action all the careful seamanship of the captain to bring us safely through the confined sea and the strong current,—the entrance of the Sound into the Cattegat.

The two coasts here approach to within a mile of each other. On the Swedish side lies the pretty little town of Helsingborg, on the Danish side that of Helsingör, and at the extremity of a projecting neck of land the fortress Kronburg, which demands a toll of every passing ship, and shews a large row of threatening cannon in case of non-compliance. Our toll had already been paid before leaving Copenhagen; we had been accurately signalled, and sailed fearlessly by.‡

‡ The dues charged by the Danish Government on all vessels passing through the Sound have been levied since 1348, and therefore enjoy a prescriptive right of more than five hundred years. They bring to the Danish

The entrance once passed, we entered the Cattegat, which already looked more like the great ocean: the coasts retired on each side, and most of the ships and barques, which till now had hovered around us on all sides, bade us "farewell." Some bent their course towards the east, others towards the west; and we alone, on the broad desert ocean, set sail for the icy north. Twilight did not set in until 9 o'clock at night; and on the coasts the flaming beacons flashed up, to warn the benighted mariner of the proximity of dangerous rocks.

I now offered up my thanksgiving to Heaven for the protection hitherto vouchsafed me, with a humble prayer for its continuance. Then I descended to the cabin, where I found a convenient bunk (a kind of crib fixed to the side of the ship); I laid myself down, and was soon in a deep and refreshing sleep.

I awoke full of health and spirits, which, however, I enjoyed but for a short time. During the night we had left behind us the "Cattegat" and the "Skagerrack," and were driving through the stormy German Ocean. A high wind, which increased almost to a gale, tumbled our poor ship about in such a manner, that none but a good dancer could hope to maintain an upright position. I had unfortunately been from my youth no votary of Terpsichore, and what was I to do? The naiads of this stormy region seized me, and bandied me to and fro, until they threw me into the arms of what was, according to my experience, if not exactly after Schiller's interpretation, "the horrible of horrors,"—sea-sickness.

Government a yearly revenue of about a quarter of a million; and, in consideration of the dues, the Government has to support certain lighthouses, and otherwise to render safe and easy the navigation of this great entrance to the Baltic. Sound-dues were first paid in the palmy commercial days of the Hanseatic League. That powerful combination of merchants had suffered severely from the ravages of Danish pirates, royal and otherwise; but ultimately they became so powerful that the rich merchant could beat the royal buccaneer, and tame his ferocity so effectually as to induce him to build and maintain those beacon-lights on the shores of the Sound, for whose use they and all nations and merchants after them have agreed to pay certain duties.—ED.

At first I took little heed of this, thinking that sea-sickness would soon be overcome by a traveller like myself, who should be inured to every thing. But in vain did I bear up; I became worse and worse, till I was at length obliged to remain in my berth with but one consoling thought, namely, that we were to-day on the open sea, where there was nothing worthy of notice. But the following day the Norwegian coast was in sight, and at all hazards I must see it; so I crawled on deck more dead than alive, looked at a row of mountains of moderate elevation, their tops at this early season still sparkling with their snowy covering, and then hurried back, benumbed by the piercing icy wind, to my good warm feather-bed. Those who have never experienced it can have no conception of the biting, penetrating coldness of a gale of wind in the northern seas. The sun shone high in the heavens; the thermometer (I always calculate according to Reaumur) stood  $3^{\circ}$  above zero; I was dressed much more warmly than I should have thought necessary when, in my fatherland, the thermometer was  $8^{\circ}$  or  $10^{\circ}$  *below* zero, and yet I felt chilled to the heart, and could have fancied that I had no clothes on at all.

On the fourth night we sailed safely past the Shetland Islands; and on the evening of the fifth day we passed so near the majestic rocky group of the Feroe Islands, that we were at one time apprehensive of being cast upon the rocks by the unceasing gale.<sup>h</sup>

Already on the seventh day we descried the coast of Iceland. Our passage had been unprecedentedly quick; the sailors declared that a favourable gale was to be preferred even to steam, and that

<sup>h</sup> The Feroe Islands consist of a great many islets, some of them mere rocks, lying about half-way between the north coast of Scotland and Iceland. At one time they belonged to Norway, but came into the possession of Denmark at the same time as Iceland. They are exceedingly mountainous, some of the mountains attaining an elevation of about 2800 feet. The largest town or village does not contain more than 1500 or 1600 inhabitants. The population live chiefly on the produce of their large flocks of sheep, and on the down procured, often at great risk to human life, from the eider-duck and other birds by which the island is frequented.—ED.

on our present voyage we should certainly have left every steamer in our wake. But I, wretched being that I was, would gladly have dispensed with the services both of gale and steam for the sake of a few hours' rest. My illness increased so much, that on the seventh day I thought I must succumb. My limbs were bathed in a cold perspiration; I was as weak as an infant, and my mouth felt parched and dry. I saw that I must now either make a great effort or give up entirely; so I roused myself, and with the assistance of the cabin-boy gained a seat, and promised to take any and every remedy which should be recommended. They gave me hot-water gruel with wine and sugar; but it was not enough to be obliged to force this down, I was further compelled to swallow small pieces of raw bacon highly peppered, and even a mouthful of rum. I need not say what strong determination was required to make me submit to such a regimen. I had, however, but one choice, either to conquer my repugnance or give myself up a victim to sea-sickness; so with all patience and resignation I received the proffered gifts, and found, after a trial of many hours, that I could manage to retain a small dose. This physicking was continued for two long, long days, and then I began slowly to recover.

I have here circumstantially described both my illness and its cure, because so many people are unfortunately victims to the complaint, and when under its influence cannot summon resolution to take sustenance. I should advise all my friends not to hold out so long as I did, but to take food at once, and continue to do so until the system will receive it.

As I was now convalescent, I tried to recruit my wearied mind by a diligent study of the mode of life and customs of the mariners of the northern seas.

Our ship's company consisted of Herr Knudson, Herr Brüge (a merchant whom we were to land at the Westmann Islands), the captain, the mate, and six or seven sailors. Our mode of life in the cabin was as follows: in the morning, at seven o'clock, we took coffee, but whence this coffee came, heaven knows! I drank

it for eleven days, and could never discover any thing which might serve as a clue in my attempt to discover the country of its growth. At ten o'clock we had a meal consisting of bread and butter and cheese, with cold beef or pork, all excellent dishes for those in health; the second course of this morning meal was "tea-water." In Scandinavia, by the way, they never say, "I drink *tea*," the word "water" is always added: "I drink *tea-water*." Our "tea-water" was, if possible, worse than its predecessor, the incomparable coffee. Thus I was beaten at all points; the eatables were too strong for me, the drinkables too—too—I can find no appropriate epithet—probably too artificial. I consoled myself with the prospect of dinner; but, alas, too soon this sweet vision faded into thin air! On the sixth day I made my first appearance at the covered table, and could not help at once remarking the cloth which had been spread over it. At the commencement of our journey it might perhaps have been white; now it was most certainly no longer of that snowy hue. The continual pitching and rolling of the ship had caused each dish to set its peculiar stamp upon the cloth. A sort of wooden network was now laid upon it, in the interstices of which the plates and glasses were set, and thus secured from falling. But before placing it on the table, our worthy cabin-boy took each plate and glass separately, and polished it on a towel which hung near, and in colour certainly rather resembling the dingy floor of the cabin than the bright-hued rainbow. This could still have been endured, but the article in question really did duty *as a towel* in the morning, before extending its salutary influence over plates and glasses for the remainder of the day.

On making discoveries such as these, I would merely turn away my eyes, and try to think that perhaps *my glass* and *my plate* would be more delicately manipulated, or probably escape altogether; and then I would turn my whole attention to the expected dishes.

First came soup; but instead of gravy-soup, it was water-soup,

with rice and dried plums. This, when mingled with red wine and sugar, formed a most exquisite dish for Danish appetites, but it certainly did not suit mine. The second and concluding course consisted of a large piece of beef, with which I had no fault to find, except that it was too heavy for one in my weak state of health. At supper we had the same dishes as at dinner, and each meal was followed by "tea-water." At first I could not fancy this bill of fare at all; but within a few days after my convalescence, I had accustomed myself to it, and could bear the sea-diet very well.<sup>i</sup>

As the rich owner of the vessel was on board, there was no lack of the best wines, and few evenings passed on which a bowl of punch was not emptied. There was, however, a reason found why every bottle of wine or bowl of punch should be drunk: for instance, at our embarkation, to drink the health of the friends we were leaving, and to hope for a quick and prosperous voyage; then, when the wind was favourable, its health was drunk, with the request that it would remain so; when it was contrary, with the request that it would change; when we saw land, we saluted it with a glass of wine, or perhaps with several, but I was too ill to count; when we lost sight of it, we drank a farewell glass to its health: so that every day brought with it three or four distinct and separate occasions for drinking wine.<sup>k</sup>

<sup>i</sup> I should be truly sorry if, in this description of our "life aboard ship," I had said any thing which could give offence to my kind friend Herr Knudson. I have, however, presumed that every one is aware that the mode of life at sea is different to life in families. I have only to add, that Herr Knudson lived most agreeably not only in Copenhagen, but what is far more remarkable, in Iceland also, and was provided with every comfort procurable in the largest European towns.

<sup>k</sup> It is not only at sea that ingenious excuses for drinking are invented. The lovers of good or bad liquor on land find these reasons as "plenty as blackberries," and apply them with a marvellous want of stint or scruple. In warm climates the liquor is drunk to keep the drinker cool, in cold to keep him warm; in health to prevent him from being sick, in sickness to bring him back to health. Very seldom is the real reason, "because I like



The sailors drank tea-water without sugar every morning and evening, with the addition of a glass of brandy; for dinner they had pease, beans, barley, or potatoes, with salted cod, bacon, or "junk;" good sea-biscuit they could get whenever they chose.

The diet is not the worst part of these poor people's hardships. Their life may be called a continual fight against the elements; for it is precisely during the most dreadful storms, with rain and piercing cold, that they have to be continually upon deck. I could not sufficiently admire the coolness, or rather the cheerfulness and alacrity with which they fulfilled their onerous duties. And what reward have they? Scanty pay, for food the diet I have just described, and for their sleeping-place the smallest and most inconvenient part of the ship, a dark place frequently infested with vermin, and smelling offensively from being likewise used as a receptacle for oil-colours, varnish, tar, salt-fish, &c. &c.

To be cheerful in the midst of all this requires a very quiet and contented mind. That the Danish sailors are contented, I had many opportunities of observing during the voyage of which I am speaking, and on several other occasions.

But after all this long description, it is high time that I should return to the journey itself.

The favourable gale which had thus wafted us to the coast of Iceland within seven days, now unfortunately changed its direction, and drove us back. We drifted about in the storm-tost ocean, and many a Spanish wave<sup>1</sup> broke completely over our ship. Twice we attempted to approach the Westmann Islands<sup>m</sup> (a group belong-

it," given; and all these excuses and reasons must be regarded as implying some lingering sense of shame at the act, and as forming part of "the homage that vice always pays to virtue."—ED.

<sup>1</sup> The sailors call those waves "Spanish" which, coming from the west, distinguish themselves by their size.

<sup>m</sup> These islands form a rocky group, only one of which is inhabited, lying about fifteen miles from the coast. They are said to derive their name from some natives of Ireland, called West-men, who visited Iceland shortly after its discovery by the Norwegians. In this there is nothing im-

ing to Iceland) to watch an opportunity of casting anchor, and setting ashore our fellow-traveller Herr Brüge; but it was in vain, we were driven back each time. At length, at the close of the eleventh day, we reached Havenfiord, a very good harbour, distant nine miles from Reikjavik, the capital of Iceland.

In spite of the very inopportune change in the direction of the wind, we had had an unprecedentedly quick passage. The distance from Copenhagen to Iceland, in a straight line, is reckoned at 1200 geographical miles; for a sailing vessel, which must tack now and then, and must go as much with the wind as possible, 1500 to 1600 miles. Had the strong wind, which was at first so favourable, instead of changing on the seventh day, held on for thirty or forty hours longer, we should have landed in Iceland on the eighth or ninth day—even the steamer could not have accomplished the passage so quickly.

The shores of Iceland appeared to me quite different from what I had supposed them to be from the descriptions I had read. I had fancied them naked, without tree or shrub, dreary and desert; but now I saw green hills, shrubs, and even what appeared to be groups of stunted trees. As we came nearer, however, I was enabled to distinguish objects more clearly, and the green hills became human dwellings with small doors and windows, while the supposed groups of trees proved in reality to be heaps of lava, some ten or twelve feet high, thickly covered with moss and grass. Every thing was new and striking to me; I waited in great impatience till we could land.

At length the anchor descended; but it was not till next morning that the hour of disembarkation and deliverance came.

But one more night, and then, every difficulty overcome, I probable, for we know that during the ninth and tenth centuries the Danes and Normans, called Easterlings, made many descents on the Irish coast; and one Norwegian chief is reported to have assumed sovereign power in Ireland about the year 866, though he was afterwards deposed, and flung into a lough, where he was drowned: rather an ignominious death for a "sea-king."—ED.

should tread the shores of Iceland, the longed-for, and bask as it were in the wonders of this island, so poor in the creations of art, so rich in the phenomena of Nature.

Before I land in Iceland, I must trouble the reader with a few preliminary observations regarding this island. They are drawn from Mackenzie's *Description of Iceland*, a book the sterling value of which is appreciated every where.<sup>n</sup>

The discovery of Iceland, about the year of our Lord 860, is attributed to the spirit of enterprise of some Swedish and Norwegian pirates, who were drifted thither on a voyage to the Feroe Isles. It was not till the year 874 that the island was peopled by a number of voluntary emigrants, who, feeling unhappy under the dominion of Harold Harfraga (fine hair), arrived at the island under the direction of Ingold.<sup>o</sup> As the new-comers are said to have found no traces of dwellings, they are presumed to be the first who took possession of the island.

At this time Iceland was still so completely covered with underwood, that at some points it was necessary to cut a passage. Bringing with them their language, religion, customs, and historical monuments, the Norwegians introduced a kind of feudal system, which, about the year 928, gave place to a somewhat aristocratic government, retaining, however, the name of a republic. The island was divided into four provinces, over each of which was placed an hereditary governor or judge.

The General Assembly of Iceland (called Allthing) was held

<sup>n</sup> This work, which Madame Pfeiffer does not praise too highly, was first published in 1810. After passing through two editions, it was reprinted in 1841, at a cheap price, in the valuable people's editions of standard works published by Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh.—ED.

<sup>o</sup> It is related of Ingold that he carried with him on his voyage the door of his former house in Ireland, and that when he approached the coast he cast it into the sea, watching the point of land which it touched; and on that land he fixed his future home. This land is the same on which the town of Reikjavik now stands. These old sea-kings, like the men of Athens, were "in all things too superstitious."—ED.

annually on the shores of the Lake Thingvalla. The people possessed an excellent code of laws, in which provision had been made for every case which could occur.

This state of things lasted for more than 300 years, a period which may be called the golden age of Iceland. Education, literature, and even refined poetry flourished among the inhabitants, who took part in commerce and in the sea-voyages which the Norwegians undertook for purposes of discovery.

The "Sagas," or histories of this country, contain many tales of personal bravery. Its bards and historians visited other climes, became the favourites of monarchs, and returned to their island covered with honour and loaded with presents. The *Edda*, by Sämund, is one of the most valued poems of the ancient days of Iceland. The second portion of the *Edda*, called *Skalda*, dates from a later period, and is ascribed by many to the celebrated Snorri Sturluson. Isleif, first Bishop of Skalholt, was the earliest Icelandic historian; after him came the noted Snorri Sturluson, born in 1178, who became the richest and mightiest man in Iceland.

Snorri Sturluson was frequently followed to the General Assembly of Iceland by a splendid retinue of 800 armed men. He was a great historian and poet, and possessed an accurate knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues, besides being a powerful orator. He was also the author of the *Heims-kringla*.

The first school was founded at Skalholt, about the middle of the eleventh century, under Isleif, first Bishop of Iceland; four other schools and several convents soon followed. Poetry and music seem to have formed a staple branch of education.

The climate of Iceland appears to have been less inclement than is now the case; corn is said to have grown, and trees and shrubs were larger and thicker than we find them at present. The population of Iceland was also much more numerous than it is now, although there were neither towns nor villages. The people lived scattered throughout the island; and the General Assembly was held at Thingvalla, in the open air.

Fishing constituted the chief employment of the Icelanders. Their clothing was woven from the wool of their sheep. Commerce with neighbouring countries opened to them another field of occupation.

The doctrines of Christianity were first introduced into Iceland, in the year 981, by Friederich, a Saxon bishop. Many churches were built, and tithes established for the maintenance of the clergy. Isleif, first Bishop of Skalholt, was ordained in the year 1057. After the introduction of Christianity, all the Icelanders enjoyed an unostentatious but undisturbed practice of their religion.

Greenland and the most northern part of America are said to have been discovered by Icelanders.

In the middle of the thirteenth century Iceland came into the power of the Norwegian kings. In the year 1380 Norway was united to the crown of Denmark; and Iceland incorporated, without resistance, in the Danish monarchy. Since the cession of the island to Norway, and then to Denmark, peace and security took the place of the internal commotions with which, before this time, Iceland had been frequently disturbed; but this state of quiet brought forth indolence and apathy. The voyages of discovery were interfered with by the new government, and the commerce gradually passed into the hands of other nations. The climate appears also to have changed; and the lessened industry and want of perseverance in the inhabitants have brought agriculture completely into decline.

In the year 1402 the plague broke out upon the island, and carried off two-thirds of the population.

The first printing-press was established at Hoolum, about the year 1530, under the superintendence of the Bishop, John Areson.

The reformation in the Icelandic Church was not brought about without disturbance. It was legally established in the year 1551.

During the fifteenth century the Icelanders suffered much

from the piratical incursions of foreigners. As late as the year 1616 the French and English nations took part in these enormities. The most melancholy occurrence of this kind took place in 1627, in which year a great number of Algerine pirates made a descent upon the Icelandic coast, murdered about fifty of the inhabitants, and carried off nearly 400 others into captivity.<sup>P</sup>

The eighteenth century commenced with a dreadful mortality from the small-pox ; of which disease more than 16,000 of the inhabitants died. In 1757 a famine swept away about 10,000 souls.

The year 1783 was distinguished by most dreadful volcanic outbreaks in the interior of the island. Tremendous streams of lava carried all before them ; great rivers were checked in their course, and formed lakes. For more than a year a thick cloud of smoke and volcanic ashes covered the whole of Iceland, and nearly darkened the sunlight. Horned cattle, sheep, and horses were destroyed ; famine came, with its accompanying illnesses ; and once more appeared the malignant small-pox. In a few years more than 11,000 persons had died ; more than one-fourth of the whole present population of the island.

Iceland lies in the Atlantic ocean ; its greatest breadth is 240 geographical miles, and its extreme length from north to south 140 miles. The number of inhabitants is estimated at 48,000, and the superficial extent of the island at 29,800 square miles.

<sup>P</sup> These sea-rovers, that were to the nations of Europe during the middle ages what the Danes, Norwegians, and other northmen were at an earlier period, enjoyed at this time the full flow of their lawless prosperity. Their insolence and power were so great that many nations, our own included, were glad to purchase, by a yearly payment, exemption from the attacks of these sea-rovers. The Americans paid this tribute so late as 1815. The unfortunate Icelanders who were carried off in the seventeenth century nearly all died as captives in Algiers. At the end of ten years they were liberated ; but of the four hundred only thirty-seven were alive when the joyful intelligence reached the place of their captivity ; and of these twenty-four died before rejoining their native land.—ED.

## CHAPTER III.

## MY ARRIVAL AT HAVENFIORD, AND JOURNEY TO REIKJAVIK.

Landing at Havenfiord—Warehouses—Peasants' cottages—Internal arrangement of the houses—Mahogany furniture—Pianofortes—Dwellings of the peasantry—Scarcity of firewood—Want of cleanliness—Neighbourhood of Havenfiord—Splendid fields of lava—Journey to Reikjavik—Female guide—Bassastädt—Jokuls, or glaciers—Dreary uniformity of scenery—Arrival at Reikjavik—The Bernhöft family—Aristocratic bearing of the ladies—Stiftsamtmann von H———. —Self-interest of the inhabitants of Reikjavik—French frigate—Houses in Reikjavik—The church, with a font by Thorwaldsen—Gardens at Reikjavik—The inhabitants of Iceland—Peasants—Fishermen—Squalid dwellings of the peasantry—Horses, sheep, and cows—Neighbourhood of Reikjavik—Moorlands and swamps—Arduous duties of clergymen and medical men—Poverty of the clergy—The Sysselmann—Hunting and fishery—Commerce—Exports and imports—Temperature—Frequent changes—Long days—Icelandic diet—The ordering of priests—Costumes of the country people—Club at Reikjavik—Balls—Summer equestrian excursions—Remarks for travellers—Influence of heat and cold on the stranger—Expense of travelling—Packhorses and riding-horses.

On the morning of the 16th of May I landed in the harbour of Havenfiord, and for the first time trod the shores of Iceland. Although I was quite bewildered by sea-sickness, and still more by the continual rolling of the ship, so that every object round me seemed to dance, and I could scarcely make a firm step, still I could not rest in the house of Herr Knudson, which he had obligingly placed at my disposal. I must go out at once, to see and investigate every thing. I found that Havenfiord consisted merely of three wooden houses, a few magazines built of the same material, and some peasants' cottages.

The wooden houses are inhabited by merchants or by their

factors, and consist only of a ground-floor, with a front of four or six windows. Two or three steps lead up to the entrance, which is in the centre of the building, and opens upon a hall from which doors lead into the rooms to the right and left. At the back of the house is situated the kitchen, which opens into several back rooms and into the yard. A house of this description consists only of five or six rooms on the ground-floor and a few small attic bedrooms.

The internal arrangements are quite European. The furniture—which is often of mahogany,—the mirrors, the cast-iron stoves, every thing, in short, come from Copenhagen. Beautiful carpets lie spread before the sofas; neat curtains shade the windows; English prints ornament the whitewashed walls; porcelain, plate, cut-glass, &c., are displayed on chests and on tables; and flower-pots with roses, mignonnette, and pinks spread a delicious fragrance around. I even found a grand pianoforte here. If any person could suddenly, and without having made the journey, be transported into one of these houses, he would certainly fancy himself in some continental town, rather than in the distant and barren island of Iceland. And as in Havenfiord, so I found the houses of the more opulent classes in Reikjavik, and in all the places I visited.

From these handsome houses I betook myself to the cottages of the peasants, which have a more indigenous, Icelandic appearance. Small and low, built of lava, with the interstices filled with earth, and the whole covered with large pieces of turf, they would present rather the appearance of natural mounds of earth than of human dwellings, were it not that the projecting wooden chimneys, the low-browed entrances, and the almost imperceptible windows, cause the spectator to conclude that they are inhabited. A dark narrow passage, about four feet high, leads on one side into the common room, and on the other to a few compartments, some of which are used as storehouses for provisions, and the rest as winter stables for the cows and sheep. At the end of this



passage, which is purposely built so low, as an additional defence against the cold, the fireplace is generally situated. The rooms of the poorer class have neither wooden walls nor floors, and are just large enough to admit of the inhabitants sleeping, and perhaps turning round in them. The whole interior accommodation is comprised in bedsteads with very little covering, a small table, and a few drawers. Beds and chests of drawers answer the purpose of benches and chairs. Above the beds are fixed rods, from which depend clothes, shoes, stockings, &c. A small board, on which are arranged a few books, is generally to be observed. Stoves are considered unnecessary; for as the space is very confined, and the house densely populated, the atmosphere is naturally warm.

Rods are also placed round the fireplace, and on these the wet clothes and fishes are hung up in company to dry. The smoke completely fills the room, and slowly finds its way through a few breathing-holes into the open air.

Fire-wood there is none throughout the whole island. The rich inhabitants have it brought from Norway or Denmark; the poor burn turf, to which they frequently add bones and other offal of fish, which naturally engender a most disagreeable smoke.

On entering one of these cottages, the visitor is at a loss to determine which of the two is the more obnoxious—the suffocating smoke in the passage or the poisoned air of the dwelling-room, rendered almost insufferable by the crowding together of so many persons. I could almost venture to assert, that the dreadful eruption called *Lepra*, which is universal throughout Iceland, owes its existence rather to the total want of cleanliness than to the climate of the country or to the food.

Throughout my subsequent journeys into the interior, I found the cottages of the peasants every where alike squalid and filthy. Of course I speak of the majority, and not of the exceptions; for here I found a few rich peasants, whose dwellings looked cleaner and more habitable, in proportion to the superior wealth or sense

of decency of the owners. My idea is, that the traveller's estimate of a country should be formed according to the habits and customs of the generality of its inhabitants, and not according to the doings of a few individuals, as is often the case. Alas, how seldom did I meet with these creditable exceptions!

The neighbourhood of Havenfiord is formed by a most beautiful and picturesque field of lava, at first rising in hills, then sinking into hollows, and at length terminating in a great plain which extends to the base of the neighbouring mountains. Masses of the most varied forms, often black and naked, rise to the height of ten or fifteen feet, forming walls, ruined pillars, small grottoes, and hollow spaces. Over these latter large slabs often extend, and form bridges. Every thing around consists of suddenly cooled heaped-up masses of lava, in some instances covered to their summits with grass and moss; this circumstance gives them, as already stated, the appearance of groups of stunted trees. Horses, sheep, and cows were clambering about, diligently seeking out every green place. I also clambered about diligently; I could not tire of gazing and wondering at this terribly beautiful picture of destruction.

After a few hours I had so completely forgotten the hardships of my passage, and felt myself so much strengthened, that I began my journey to Reikjavik at five o'clock on the evening of the same day. Herr Knudson seemed much concerned for me; he warned me that the roads were bad, and particularly emphasised the dangerous abysses I should be compelled to pass. I comforted him with the assurance that I was a good horsewoman, and could hardly have to encounter worse roads than those with which I had had the honour to become acquainted in Syria. I therefore took leave of the kind gentleman, who intended to stay a week or ten days in Havenfiord, and mounting a small horse, set out in company of a female guide.

In my guide I made the acquaintance of a remarkable antiquity of Iceland, who is well worthy that I should devote a few

words to her description. She is above seventy years of age, but looks scarcely fifty; her head is surrounded by tresses of rich fair hair. She is dressed like a man; undertakes, in the capacity of messenger, the longest and most fatiguing journeys; rows a boat as skilfully as the most practised fisherman; and fulfils all her missions quicker and more exactly than a man, for she does not keep up so good an understanding with the brandy-bottle. She marched on so sturdily before me, that I was obliged to incite my little horse to greater speed with my riding-whip.

At first the road lay between masses of lava, where it certainly was not easy to ride; then over flats and small acclivities, from whence we could descry the immense plain in which are situated Havenfiord, Bassastädt, Reikjavik, and other places. Bassastädt, a town built on a promontory jutting out into the sea, contains one of the principal schools, a church built of masonry, and a few cottages. The town of Reikjavik cannot be seen, as it is hidden behind a hill. The other places consist chiefly of a few cottages, and only meet the eye of the traveller when he approaches them nearly. Several chains of mountains, towering one above the other, and sundry "Jokuls," or glaciers, which lay still sparkling in their wintry garb, surround this interminable plain, which is only open at one end, towards the sea. Some of the plains and hills shone with tender green, and I fancied I beheld beautiful meadows. On a nearer inspection, however, they proved to be swampy places, and hundreds upon hundreds of little acclivities, sometimes resembling mole-hills, at others small graves, and covered with grass and moss.

I could see over an area of at least thirty or forty miles, and yet could not descry a tree or a shrub, a bit of meadow-land or a friendly village. Every thing seemed dead. A few cottages lay scattered here and there; at long intervals a bird would hover in the air, and still more seldom I heard the kindly greeting of a passing inhabitant. Heaps of lava, swamps, and turf-bogs sur-

rounded me on all sides; in all the vast expanse not a spot was to be seen through which a plough could be driven.

After riding more than four miles, I reached a hill, from which I could see Reikjavik, the chief harbour, and, in fact, the only town on the island. But I was deceived in my expectations; the place before me was a mere village.

The distance from Havenfiord to Reikjavik is scarcely nine miles; but as I was unwilling to tire my good old guide, I took three hours to accomplish it. The road was, generally speaking, very good, excepting in some places, where it lay over heaps of lava. Of the much-dreaded dizzy abysses I saw nothing; the startling term must have been used to designate some unimportant declivities, along the brow of which I rode, in sight of the sea; or perhaps the "abysses" were on the lava-fields, where I sometimes noticed small chasms of fifteen or sixteen feet in depth at the most.

Shortly after eight o'clock in the evening I was fortunate enough to reach Reikjavik safe and well. Through the kind forethought of Herr Knudson, a neat little room had been prepared for me in one of his houses occupied by the family of the worthy baker Bernhöft, and truly I could not have been better received any where.

During my protracted stay the whole family of the Bernhöfts shewed me more kindness and cordiality than it has been my lot frequently to find. Many an hour has Herr Bernhöft sacrificed to me, in order to accompany me in my little excursions. He assisted me most diligently in my search for flowers, insects, and shells, and was much rejoiced when he could find me a new specimen. His kind wife and dear children rivalled him in willingness to oblige. I can only say, may Heaven requite them a thousand-fold for their kindness and friendship!

I had even an opportunity of hearing my native language spoken by Herr Bernhöft, who was a Holsteiner by birth, and

had not quite forgotten our dear German tongue, though he had lived for many years partly in Denmark, partly in Iceland.

So behold me now in the only town in Iceland,<sup>a</sup> the seat of the so-called cultivated classes, whose customs and mode of life I will now lay before my honoured readers.

Nothing was more disagreeable to me than a certain air of dignity assumed by the ladies here; an air which, except when it is natural, or has become so from long habit, is apt to degenerate into stiffness and incivility. On meeting an acquaintance, the ladies of Reikjavik would bend their heads with so stately and yet so careless an air as we should scarcely assume towards the humblest stranger. At the conclusion of a visit, the lady of the house only accompanies the guest as far as the chamber-door. If the husband be present, this civility is carried a little further; but when this does not happen to be the case, a stranger who does not know exactly through which door he can make his exit, may chance to feel not a little embarrassed. Excepting in the house of the "Stiftsamtman" (the principal official on the island), one does not find a footman who can shew the way. In Hamburgh I had already noticed the beginning of this dignified coldness; it increased as I journeyed farther north, and at length reached its climax in Iceland.

Good letters of recommendation often fail to render the northern grandees polite towards strangers. As an instance of this fact, I relate the following trait:

Among other kind letters of recommendation, I had received one addressed to Herr von H——, the "Stiftsamtman" of Ice-

<sup>a</sup> This town, the capital of Iceland, and the seat of government, is built on an arm of the sea called the Faxeford, in the south-west part of the island. The resident population does not exceed 500, but this is greatly increased during the annual fairs. It consists mainly of two streets at right angles to each other. It contains a large church built of stone, roofed with tiles; an observatory; the residences of the governor and the bishop, and the prison, which is perhaps the most conspicuous building in the town.—ED.

land. On my arrival at Copenhagen, I heard that Herr von H—— happened to be there. I therefore betook myself to his residence, and was shewn into a room where I found two young ladies and three children. I delivered my letter, and remained quietly standing for some time. Finding at length that no one invited me to be seated, I sat down unasked on the nearest chair, never supposing for an instant that the lady of the house could be present, and neglect the commonest forms of politeness which should be observed towards every stranger. After I had waited for some time, Herr von H—— graciously made his appearance, and expressed his regret that he should have very little time to spare for me, as he intended setting sail for Iceland with his family in a short time, and in the interim had a number of weighty affairs to settle at Copenhagen; in conclusion, he gave me the friendly advice to abandon my intention of visiting Iceland, as the fatigues of travelling in that country were very great; finding, however, that I persevered in my intention, he promised, in case I set sail for Reikjavik earlier than himself, to give me a letter of recommendation. All this was concluded in great haste, and we stood during the interview. I took my leave, and at first determined not to call again for the letter. On reflection, however, I changed my mind, ascribed my unfriendly reception to important and perhaps disagreeable business, and called again two days afterwards. Then the letter was handed to me by a servant; the high people, whom I could hear conversing in the adjoining apartment, probably considered it too much trouble to deliver it to me personally.

On paying my respects to this amiable family in Reikjavik, I was not a little surprised to recognise in Frau von H—— one of those ladies who in Copenhagen had not had the civility to ask me to be seated. Five or six days afterwards, Herr von H—— returned my call, and invited me to an excursion to Vatne. I accepted the invitation with much pleasure, and mentally asked pardon of him for having formed too hasty an opinion. Frau von

H——, however, did not find her way to me until the fourth week of my stay in Reikjavik; she did not even invite me to visit her again, so of course I did not go, and our acquaintance terminated there. As in duty bound, the remaining dignitaries of this little town took their tone from their chief. My visits were unreturned, and I received no invitations, though I heard much during my stay of parties of pleasure, dinners, and evening parties. Had I not fortunately been able to employ myself, I should have been very badly off. Not one of the ladies had kindness and delicacy enough to consider that I was alone here, and that the society of educated people might be necessary for my comfort. I was less annoyed at the want of politeness in the gentlemen; for I am no longer young, and that accounts for every thing. When the women were wanting in kindness, I had no right to expect consideration from the gentlemen.

I tried to discover the reason of this treatment, and soon found that it lay in a national characteristic of these people—their selfishness.

It appears I had scarcely arrived at Reikjavik before diligent inquiries were set on foot as to whether I was *rich*, and should see much company at my house, and, in fact, whether much could be got out of me.

To be well received here it is necessary either to be rich, or else to travel as a naturalist. Persons of the latter class are generally sent by the European courts to investigate the remarkable productions of the country. They make large collections of minerals, birds, &c.; they bring with them numerous presents, sometimes of considerable value, which they distribute among the dignitaries; they are, moreover, the projectors of many an entertainment, and even of many a little ball, &c.; they buy up every thing they can procure for their cabinets, and they always travel in company; they have much baggage with them, and consequently require many horses, which cannot be hired in Iceland, but must be

bought. On such occasions every one here is a dealer : offers of horses and cabinets pour in on all sides.

The most welcome arrival of all is that of the French frigate, which visits Iceland every year ; for sometimes there are *déjeûners à la fourchette* on board, sometimes little evening parties and balls. There is at least something to be got besides the rich presents ; the “*Stiftsamtmann*” even receives 600 florins per annum from the French government to defray the expense of a few return balls which he gives to the naval officers.

With me this was not the case : I gave no parties—I brought no presents—they had nothing to expect from me ; and therefore they left me to myself.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>b</sup> As Madame Pfeiffer had thus no opportunity of attending a ball in Iceland, the following description of one given by Sir George Mackenzie may be interesting to the reader.

“ We gave a ball to the ladies of Reikjavik and the neighbourhood. The company began to assemble about nine o'clock. We were shewn into a small low-roofed room, in which were a number of men, but to my surprise I saw no females. We soon found them, however, in one adjoining, where it is the custom for them to wait till their partners go to hand them out. On entering this apartment, I felt considerable disappointment at not observing a single woman dressed in the Icelandic costume. The dresses had some resemblance to those of English chambermaids, but were not so smart. An old lady, the wife of the man who kept the tavern, was habited like the pictures of our great-grandmothers. Some time after the dancing commenced, the bishop's lady, and two others, appeared in the proper dress of the country.

“ We found ourselves extremely awkward in dancing what the ladies were pleased to call English country dances. The music, which came from a solitary ill-scraped fiddle, accompanied by the rumbling of the same half-rotten drum that had summoned the high court of justice, and by the jingling of a rusty triangle, was to me utterly unintelligible. The extreme rapidity with which it was necessary to go through many complicated evolutions in proper time, completely bewildered us ; and our mistakes, and frequent collisions with our neighbours, afforded much amusement to our fair partners, who found it for a long time impracticable to keep us in the right track. When allowed to breathe a little, we had an opportunity of remarking some singularities in the state of society and manners among



For this reason I affirm that he only can judge of the character of a people who comes among them without claim to their attention, and from whom they have nothing to expect. To such a person only do they appear in their true colours, because they do not find it worth while to dissemble and wear a mask in his presence. In these cases the traveller is certainly apt to make painful discoveries; but when, on the other hand, he meets with good people, he may be certain of their sincerity; and so I must beg my honoured readers to bear with me, when I mention the names of all those who heartily welcomed the undistinguished foreigner; it is the only way in which I can express my gratitude towards them.

As I said before, I had intercourse with very few people, so that ample time remained for solitary walks, during which I minutely noticed every thing around me.

The little town of Reikjavik consists of a single broad street, with houses and cottages scattered around. The number of inhabitants does not amount to 500.

The houses of the wealthier inhabitants are of wood-work, and the Danes of Reikjavik. While unengaged in the dance, the men drink punch, and walk about with tobacco-pipes in their mouths, spitting plentifully on the floor. The unrestrained evacuation of saliva seems to be a fashion all over Iceland; but whether the natives learned it from the Danes, or the Danes from the natives, we did not ascertain. Several ladies whose virtue could not bear a very strict scrutiny were pointed out to us.

“During the dances, tea and coffee were handed about; and negus and punch were ready for those who chose to partake of them. A cold supper was provided, consisting of hams, beef, cheese, &c., and wine. While at table, several of the ladies sang, and acquitted themselves tolerably well. But I could not enjoy the performance, on account of the incessant talking, which was as fashionable a rudeness in Iceland as it is now in Britain. This, however, was not considered as in the least unpolite. One of the songs was in praise of the donors of the entertainment; and, during the chorus, the ceremony of touching each other's glasses was performed. After supper, waltzes were danced, in a style that reminded me of soldiers marching in cadence to the dead march in Saul. Though there was no need of artificial light, a number of candles were placed in the rooms. When the company broke up, about three o'clock, the sun was high above the horizon.”

contain merely a ground-floor, with the exception of a single building of one story, to which the high school, now held at Bassastädt, will be transferred next year. The house of the "Stiftsamtmann" is built of stone. It was originally intended for a prison; but as criminals are rarely to be met with in Iceland, the building was many years ago transformed into the residence of the royal official. A second stone building, discernible from Reikjavik, is situated at Langarnes, half a mile from the town. It lies near the sea, in the midst of meadows, and is the residence of the bishop.

The church is capable of holding only at the most from 100 to 150 persons; it is built of stone, with a wooden roof. In the chambers of this roof the library, consisting of several thousand volumes, is deposited. The church contains a treasure which many a larger and costlier edifice might envy,—a baptismal font by Thorwaldsen, whose parents were of Icelandic extraction. The great sculptor himself was born in Denmark, and probably wished, by this present, to do honour to the birth-place of his ancestors.

To some of the houses in Reikjavik pieces of garden are attached. These gardens are small plots of ground where, with great trouble and expense, salad, spinach, parsley, potatoes, and a few varieties of edible roots, are cultivated. The beds are separated from each other by strips of turf a foot broad, seldom boasting even a few field-flowers.

The inhabitants of Iceland are generally of middle stature, and strongly built, with light hair, frequently inclining to red, and blue eyes. The men are for the most part ugly; the women are better favoured, and among the girls I noticed some very sweet faces. To attain the age of seventy or eighty years is here considered an extraordinary circumstance.<sup>c</sup> The peasants have many children, and yet few; many are born, but few survive the first year. The mothers do not nurse them, and rear them on very bad food. Those who get over the first year look healthy enough; but they have strangely red cheeks, almost as though they had an eruption.

<sup>c</sup> A man of eighty years of age is seldom seen on the island.—*Kerguelen*.

Whether this appearance is to be ascribed to the sharp air, to which the delicate skin is not yet accustomed, or to the food, I know not.

In some places on the coast, when the violent storms prevent the poor fishermen for whole weeks from launching their boats, they live almost entirely on dried fishes' heads.<sup>d</sup> The fishes themselves have been salted down and sold, partly to pay the fishermen's taxes, and partly to liquidate debts for the necessaries of the past season, among which brandy and snuff unfortunately play far too prominent a part.

Another reason why the population does not increase is to be found in the numerous catastrophes attending the fisheries during the stormy season of the year. The fishermen leave the shore with songs and mirth, for a bright sky and a calm sea promise them good fortune. But, alas, tempests and snow-storms too often overtake the unfortunate boatmen! The sea is lashed into foam, and mighty waves overwhelm boats and fishermen together, and they perish inevitably. It is seldom that the father of a family embarks in the same boat with his sons. They divide themselves among different parties, in order that, if one boat founder, the whole family may not be destroyed.

I found the cottages of the peasants at Reikjavik smaller, and in every respect worse provided, than those at Havenford. This seems, however, to be entirely owing to the indolence of the peasants themselves; for stones are to be had in abundance, and every man is his own builder. The cows and sheep live through the winter in a wretched den, built either in the cottage itself or in its immediate neighbourhood. The horses pass the whole year under the canopy of heaven, and must find their own provender. Occasionally only the peasant will shovel away the snow from a little spot, to assist the poor animals in searching for the grass or

<sup>d</sup> Kerguelen (writing in 1768) says: "They live during the summer principally on cod's heads. A common family make a meal of three or four cods' heads boiled in sea-water."—Ed.

moss concealed beneath. It is then left to the horses to finish clearing away the snow with their feet. It may easily be imagined that this mode of treatment tends to render them very hardy; but the wonder is, how the poor creatures manage to exist through the winter on such spare diet, and to be strong and fit for work late in the spring and in summer. These horses are so entirely unused to being fed with oats, that they will refuse them when offered; they are not even fond of hay.

As I arrived in Iceland during the early spring, I had an opportunity of seeing the horses and sheep in their winter garments. The horses seemed to be covered, not with hair, but with a thick woolly coat; their manes and tails are very long, and of surprising thickness. At the end of May or the beginning of June the tail and mane are docked and thinned, their woolly coat falls of itself, and they then look smooth enough. The sheep have also a very thick coat during the winter. It is not the custom to shear them, but at the beginning of June the wool is picked off piece by piece with the hand. A sheep treated in this way sometimes presents a very comical appearance, being perfectly naked on one side, while on the other it is still covered with wool.

The horses and cows are considerably smaller than those of our country. No one need journey so far north, however, to see stunted cattle. Already, in Galicia, the cows and horses of the peasants are not a whit larger or stronger than those in Iceland. The Icelandic cows are further remarkable only for their peculiarly small horns; the sheep are also smaller than ours.

Every peasant keeps horses. The mode of feeding them is, as already shewn, very simple; the distances are long, the roads bad, and large rivers, moorlands, and swamps must frequently be passed; so every one rides, both men, women, and children. The use of carriages is as totally unknown throughout the island as in Syria.

The immediate vicinity of Reikjavik is pretty enough. Some

of the townspeople go to much trouble and expense in sometimes collecting and sometimes breaking the stones around their dwellings. With the little ground thus obtained they mix turf, ashes, and manure, until at length a soil is formed on which something will grow. But this is such a gigantic undertaking, that the little culture bestowed on the spots wholly neglected by nature cannot be wondered at. Herr Bernhöft shewed me a small meadow which he had leased for thirty years, at an annual rent of thirty kreutzers. In order, however, to transform the land he bought into a meadow, which yields winter fodder for only one cow, it was necessary to expend more than 150 florins, besides much personal labour and pains. The rate of wages for peasants is very high when compared with the limited wants of these people: they receive thirty or forty kreutzers per diem, and during the hay-harvest as much as a florin.

For a long distance round the town the ground consists of stones, turf, and swamps. The latter are mostly covered with hundreds upon hundreds of great and small mounds of firm ground. By jumping from one of these mounds to the next, the entire swamp may be crossed, not only without danger, but dry-footed.

In spite of all this, one of these swamps put me in a position of much difficulty and embarrassment during one of my solitary excursions. I was sauntering quietly along, when suddenly a little butterfly fluttered past me. It was the first I had seen in this country, and my eagerness to catch it was proportionately great. I hastened after it; thought neither of swamp nor of danger, and in the heat of the chase did not observe that the mounds became every moment fewer and farther between. Soon I found myself in the middle of the swamp, and could neither advance nor retreat. Not a human being could I descry; the very animals were far from me; and this circumstance confirmed me as to the dangerous nature of the ground. Nothing remained for me but to fix my eyes upon one point of the landscape, and to step out boldly towards it. I was often obliged to hazard two or

three steps into the swamp itself, in order to gain the next acclivity, upon which I would then stand triumphantly, to determine my farther progress. So long as I could distinguish traces of horses' hoofs, I had no fear; but even these soon disappeared, and I stood there alone in the morass. I could not remain for ever on my tower of observation, and had no resource but to take to the swamp once more. I must confess that I experienced a very uncomfortable feeling of apprehension when my foot sank suddenly into the soft mud; but when I found that it did not rise higher than the ankles, my courage returned; I stepped out boldly, and was fortunate enough to escape with the fright and a thorough wetting.

The most arduous posts in the country are those of the medical men and clergymen. Their sphere of action is very enlarged, particularly that of the medical man, whose practice sometimes extends over a distance of eighty to a hundred miles. When we add to this the severity of the winter, which lasts for seven or eight months, it seems marvellous that any one can be found to fill such a situation.

In winter the peasants often come with shovels, pickaxes, and horses to fetch the doctor. They then go before him, and hastily repair the worst part of the road; while the doctor rides sometimes on one horse, sometimes on another, that they may not sink under the fatigue. And thus the procession travels for many, many miles, through night and fog, through storm and snow, for on the doctor's promptitude life and death often hang. When he then returns, quite benumbed, and half dead with cold, to the bosom of his family, in the expectation of rest and refreshment, and to rejoice with his friends over the dangers and hardships he has escaped, the poor doctor is frequently compelled to set off at once on a new and important journey, before he has even had time to greet the dear ones at home.

Sometimes he is sent for by sea, where the danger is still greater on the storm-tost element.

Though the salary of the medical men is not at all proportionate to the hardships they are called upon to undergo, it is still far better than that of the priests.

The smallest livings bring in six to eight florins annually, the richest 200 florins. Besides this, the government supplies for each priest a house, often not much better than a peasant's cottage, a few meadows, and some cattle. The peasants are also required to give certain small contributions in the way of hay, wool, fish, &c. The greater number of priests are so poor, that they and their families dress exactly like the peasants, from whom they can scarcely be distinguished. The clergyman's wife looks after the cattle, and milks cows and ewes like a maid-servant; while her husband proceeds to the meadow, and mows the grass with the labourer. The intercourse of the pastor is wholly confined to the society of peasants; and this constitutes the chief element of that "patriarchal life" which so many travellers describe as charming. I should like to know which of them would wish to lead such a life!

The poor priest has, besides, frequently to officiate in two, three, or even four districts, distant from four to twelve miles from his residence. Every Sunday he must do duty at one or other of these districts, taking them in turn, so that divine service is only performed at each place once in every three or four weeks. The journeys of the priest, however, are not considered quite so necessary as those of the doctor; for if the weather is very bad on Sundays, particularly during the winter, he can omit visiting the most distant places. This is done the more readily, as but few of the peasants would be at church; all who lived at a distance remaining at home.

The Sysselmann (an officer similar to that of the sheriff of a county) is the best off. He has a good salary with little to do, and in some places enjoys in addition the "strand-right," which is at times no inconsiderable privilege, from the quantity of drift timber washed ashore from the American continent.

Fishing and the chase are open to all, with the exception of the salmon-fisheries in the rivers; these are farmed by the government. Eider-ducks may not be shot, under penalty of a fine. There is no military service, for throughout the whole island no soldiers are required. Even Reikjavik itself boasts only two police-officers.

Commerce is also free; but the islanders possess so little commercial spirit, that even if they had the necessary capital, they would never embark in speculation.

The whole commerce of Iceland thus lies in the hands of Danish merchants, who send their ships to the island every year, and have established factories in the different ports where the retail trade is carried on.

These ships bring every thing to Iceland, corn, wood, wines, manufactured goods, and colonial produce, &c. The imports are free, for it would not pay the government to establish offices, and give servants salaries to collect duties upon the small amount of produce required for the island. Wine, and in fact all colonial produce, are therefore much cheaper than in other countries.

The exports consist of fish, particularly salted cod, fish-roe, tallow, train-oil, eider-down, and feathers of other birds, almost equal to eider-down in softness, sheep's wool, and pickled or salted lamb. With the exception of the articles just enumerated, the Icelanders possess nothing; thirteen years ago, when Herr Knudson established a bakehouse,<sup>e</sup> he was compelled to bring from Copenhagen, not only the builder, but even the materials for building, stones, lime, &c.; for although the island abounds with masses of stone, there are none which can be used for building an oven, or which can be burnt into lime: every thing is of lava.

<sup>e</sup> This bakehouse is the only one in Iceland, and produces as good bread and biscuit as any that can be procured in Denmark. [In Kerguelen's time (1768) bread was very uncommon in Iceland. It was brought from Copenhagen, and consisted of broad thin cakes, or sea-biscuits, made of rye-flour, and extremely black.—ED.]



Two or three cottages situated near each other are here dignified by the name of a "place." These places, as well as the separate cottages, are mostly built on little acclivities, surrounded by meadows. The meadows are often fenced in with walls of stone or earth, two or three feet in height, to prevent the cows, sheep, and horses from trespassing upon them to graze. The grass of these meadows is made into hay, and laid up as a winter provision for the cows.

I did not hear many complaints of the severity of the cold in winter; the temperature seldom sinks to twenty degrees below zero; the sea is sometimes frozen, but only a few feet from the shore. The snow-storms and tempests, however, are often so violent, that it is almost impossible to leave the house. Daylight lasts only for five or six hours, and to supply its place the poor Icelanders have only the northern light, which is said to illumine the long nights with a brilliancy truly marvellous.

The summer I passed in Iceland was one of the finest the inhabitants had known for years. During the month of June the thermometer often rose at noon to twenty degrees. The inhabitants found this heat so insupportable, that they complained of being unable to work or to go on messages during the day-time. On such warm days they would only begin their hay-making in the evening, and continued their work half the night.

The changes in the weather are very remarkable. Twenty degrees of heat on one day would be followed by rain on the next, with a temperature of only five degrees; and on the 5th of June, at eight o'clock in the morning, the thermometer stood at one degree below zero. It is also curious that thunder-storms happen in Iceland in winter, and are said never to occur during the summer.

From the 16th or 18th of June to the end of the month there is no night. The sun appears only to retire for a short time behind a mountain, and forms sunset and morning-dawn at the same time. As on one side the last beam fades away, the orb of day re-appears at the opposite one with redoubled splendour.

During my stay in Iceland, from the 15th of May to the 29th of July, I never retired to rest before eleven o'clock at night, and never required a candle. In May, and also in the latter portion of the month of July, there was twilight for an hour or two, but it never became quite dark. Even during the last days of my stay, I could read until half-past ten o'clock. At first it appeared strange to me to go to bed in broad daylight; but I soon accustomed myself to it, and when eleven o'clock came, no sunlight was powerful enough to cheat me of my sleep. I found much pleasure in walking at night, at past ten o'clock, not in the pale moonshine, but in the broad blaze of the sun.

It was a much more difficult task to accustom myself to the diet. The baker's wife was fully competent to superintend the cooking according to the Danish and Icelandic schools of the art; but unfortunately these modes of cookery differ widely from ours. One thing only was good, the morning cup of coffee with cream, with which the most accomplished *gourmand* could have found no fault: since my departure from Iceland I have not found such coffee. I could have wished for some of my dear Viennese friends to breakfast with me. The cream was so thick, that I at first thought my hostess had misunderstood me, and brought me curds. The butter made from the milk of Icelandic cows and ewes did not look very inviting, and was as white as lard, but the taste was good. The Icelanders, however, find the taste not sufficiently "piquant," and generally qualify it with train-oil. Altogether, train-oil plays a very prominent part in the Icelandic kitchen; the peasant considers it a most delicious article, and thinks nothing of devouring a quantity of it without bread, or indeed any thing else.<sup>f</sup>

<sup>f</sup> In all high latitudes fat oily substances are consumed to a vast extent by the natives. The desire seems to be instinctive, not acquired. A different mode of living would undoubtedly render them more susceptible to the cold of these inclement regions. Many interesting anecdotes are related of the fondness of these hyperborean races for a kind of food from

I did not at all relish the diet at dinner ; this meal consisted of two dishes, namely, boiled fish, with vinegar and melted butter instead of oil, and boiled potatoes. Unfortunately I am no admirer of fish, and now this was my daily food. Ah, how I longed for beef-soup, a piece of meat, and vegetables, in vain ! As long as I remained in Iceland, I was compelled quite to give up my German system of diet.

After a time I got on well enough with the boiled fish and potatoes, but I could not manage the delicacies of the island. Worthy Madame Bernhöft, it was so kindly meant on her part ; and it was surely not her fault that the system of cookery in Iceland is different from ours ; but I could not bring myself to like the Icelandic delicacies. They were of different kinds, consisting sometimes of fishes, hard-boiled eggs, and potatoes chopped up together, covered with a thick brown sauce, and seasoned with pepper, sugar, and vinegar ; at others, of potatoes baked in butter and sugar. Another delicacy was cabbage chopped very small, rendered very thin by the addition of water, and sweetened with sugar ; the accompanying dish was a piece of cured lamb, which had a very unpleasant "pickled" flavour.

On Sundays we sometimes had "Prothe Grütze," properly a Scandinavian dish, composed of fine sago boiled to a jelly, with currant-juice or red wine, and eaten with cream or sugar. Tapfen, a kind of soft cheese, is also sometimes eaten with cream and sugar.

which we would turn in disgust. Before gas was introduced into Edinburgh, and the city was lighted by oil-lamps, several Russian noblemen visited that metropolis ; and it is said that their longing for the luxury of train-oil became one evening so intense, that, unable to procure the delicacy in any other way, they emptied the oil-lamps. Parry relates that when he was wintering in the Arctic regions, one of the seamen, who had been smitten with the charms of an Esquimaux lady, wished to make her a present, and knowing the taste peculiar to those regions, he gave her with all due honours a pound of candles, six to the pound ! The present was so acceptable to the lady, that she eagerly devoured the lot in the presence of her wondering admirer.—ED.

In the months of June and July the diet improved materially. We could often procure splendid salmon, sometimes roast lamb, and now and then birds, among which latter dainties the snipes were particularly good. In the evening came butter, cheese, cold fish, smoked lamb, and eggs of eider-ducks, which are coarser than hen's eggs. In time I became so accustomed to this kind of food, that I no longer missed either soup or beef, and felt uncommonly well.

My drink was always clear fresh water; the gentlemen began their dinner with a small glass of brandy, and during the meal all drank beer of Herr Bernhöft's own brewing, which was very good. On Sundays, a bottle of port or Bordeaux sometimes made its appearance at our table; and as we fared at Herr Bernhöft's, so it was the custom in the houses of all the merchants and officials.

At Reikjavik I had an opportunity of witnessing a great religious ceremony. Three candidates of theology were raised to the ministerial office. Though the whole community here is Lutheran, the ceremonies differ in many respects from those of the continent of Europe, and I will therefore give a short sketch of what I saw. The solemnity began at noon, and lasted till four o'clock. I noticed at once that all the people covered their faces for a moment on entering the church, the men with their hats, and the women with their handkerchiefs. Most of the congregation sat with their faces turned towards the altar; but this rule had its exceptions. The vestments of the priests were the same as those worn by our clergymen, and the commencement of the service also closely resembled the ritual of our own Church; but soon this resemblance ceased. The bishop stepped up to the altar with the candidates, and performed certain ceremonies; then one would mount the pulpit and read part of a sermon, or sing a psalm, while the other clergymen sat round on chairs, and appeared to listen; then a second and a third ascended the pulpit, and afterwards another sermon was preached from the altar, and another psalm sung; then a sermon

was again read from the pulpit. While ceremonies were performed at the altar, the sacerdotal garments were often put on and taken off again. I frequently thought the service was coming to a close, but it always began afresh, and lasted, as I said before, until four o'clock. The number of forms surprised me greatly, as the ritual of the Lutheran Church is in general exceedingly simple.

On this occasion a considerable number of the country people were assembled, and I had thus a good opportunity of noticing their costumes. The dresses worn by the women and girls are all made of coarse black woollen stuffs. The dress consists of a long skirt, a spencer, and a coloured apron. On their heads they wear a man's nightcap of black cloth, the point turned downwards, and terminating in a large tassel of wool or silk, which hangs down to the shoulder. Their hair is unbound, and reaches only to the shoulder: some of the women wear it slightly curled. I involuntarily thought of the poetical descriptions of the northern romancers, who grow enthusiastic in praise of ideal "angels' heads with golden tresses." The hair is certainly worn in this manner here, and our poets may have borrowed their descriptions from the Scandinavians. But the beautiful faces which are said to beam forth from among those golden locks exist only in the poet's vivid imagination.

Ornamental additions to the costume are very rare. In the whole assembly I only noticed four women who were dressed differently from the others. The cords which fastened their spencers, and also their girdles, were ornamented with a garland worked in silver thread. Their skirts were of fine black cloth, and decorated with a border of coloured silk a few inches broad. Round their necks they wore a kind of stiff collar of black velvet with a border of silver thread, and on their heads a black silk handkerchief with a very strange addition. This appendage consisted of a half-moon fastened to the back of the head, and extending five or six inches above the forehead. It was covered with white lawn arranged in folds; its breadth at the back of the head did not exceed an inch and a half, but in front it widened to five or six inches.

The men, I found, were clothed almost like our peasants. They wore small-clothes of dark cloth, jackets and waistcoats, felt hats, or fur caps; and instead of boots a kind of shoe of ox-hide, sheep, or seal-skin, bound to the feet by a leather strap. The women, and even the children of the officials, all wear shoes of this description.

It was very seldom that I met people so wretchedly and poorly clad as we find them but too often in the large continental towns. I never saw any one without good warm shoes and stockings.

The better classes, such as merchants, officials, &c. are dressed in the French style, and rather fashionably. There is no lack of silk and other costly stuffs. Some of these are brought from England, but the greater part come from Denmark.

On the king's birthday, which is kept every year at the house of the *Stiftsamtman*, the festivities are said to be very grand; on this occasion the matrons appear arrayed in silk, and the maidens in white *jaconet*; the rooms are lighted with wax tapers.

Some speculative genius or other has also established a sort of club in *Reikjavik*. He has, namely, hired a couple of rooms, where the townspeople meet of an evening to discuss "tea-water," bread and butter, and sometimes even a bottle of wine or a bowl of punch. In winter the proprietor gives balls in these apartments, charging 20 kr. for each ticket of admission. Here the town *grandees* and the handicraftsmen, in fact all who choose to come, assemble; and the ball is said to be conducted in a very republican spirit. The shoemaker leads forth the wife of the *Stiftsamtman* to the dance, while that official himself has perhaps chosen the wife or daughter of the shoemaker or baker for his partner. The refreshments consist of "tea-water" and bread and butter, and the room is lighted with tallow candles. The music, consisting of a kind of three-stringed violin and a pipe, is said to be exquisitely horrible.

In summer the dignitaries make frequent excursions on horse-back; and on these occasions great care is taken that there be no

lack of provisions. Commonly each person contributes a share : some bring wine, others cake; others, again, coffee, and so on. The ladies use fine English side-saddles, and wear elegant riding-habits, and pretty felt hats with green veils. These jaunts, however, are confined to Reikjavik; for, as I have already observed, there is, with the exception of this town, no place in Iceland containing more than two or three stores and some half-dozen cottages.

To my great surprise, I found no less than six square pianofortes belonging to different families in Reikjavik, and heard waltzes by our favourite composers, besides variations of Herz, and some pieces of Liszt, Wilmers, and Thalberg. But such playing! I do not think that these talented composers would have recognised their own works.

In conclusion, I must offer a few remarks relative to the travelling in this country.

The best time to choose for this purpose is from the middle of June to the end of August at latest. Until June the rivers are so swollen and turbulent, by reason of the melting snows, as to render it very dangerous to ride through them. The traveller must also pass over many a field of snow not yet melted by the sun, and frequently concealing chasms and masses of lava; and this is attended with danger almost as great. At every footstep the traveller sinks into the snow; and he may thank his lucky stars if the whole rotten surface does not give way. In September the violent storms of wind and rain commence, and heavy falls of snow may be expected from day to day.

A tent, provisions, cooking utensils, pillows, bed-clothes, and warm garments, are highly necessary for the wayfarer's comfort. This paraphernalia would have been too expensive for me to buy, and I was unprovided with any thing of the kind; consequently I was forced to endure the most dreadful hardships and toil, and was frequently obliged to ride an immense distance to reach a little church or a cottage, which would afford me shelter for the night. My sole food for eight or ten days together was often bread and

cheese ; and I generally passed the night upon a chest or a bench, where the cold would often prevent my closing my eyes all night.

It is advisable to be provided with a waterproof cloak and a sailor's tarpaulin hat, as a defence against the rain, which frequently falls. An umbrella would be totally useless, as the rain is generally accompanied by a storm, or, at any rate, by a strong wind ; when we add to this, that it is necessary in some places to ride quickly, it will easily be seen that holding an umbrella open is a thing not to be thought of.

Altogether I found the travelling in this country attended with far more hardship than in the East. For my part, I found the dreadful storms of wind, the piercing air, the frequent rain, and the cold, much less endurable than the Oriental heat, which never gave me either cracked lips or caused scales to appear on my face. In Iceland my lips began to bleed on the fifth day ; and afterwards the skin came off my face in scales, as if I had had the scrofula. Another source of great discomfort is to be found in the long riding-habit. It is requisite to be very warmly clad ; and the heavy skirts, often dripping with rain, coil themselves round the feet of the wearer in such a manner, as to render her exceedingly awkward either in mounting or dismounting. The worst hardship of all, however, is the being obliged to halt to rest the horses in a meadow during the rain. The long skirts suck up the water from the damp grass, and the wearer has often literally not a dry stitch in all her garments.

Heat and cold appear in this country to affect strangers in a remarkable degree. The cold seemed to me more piercing, and the heat more oppressive in Iceland, than when the thermometer stood at the same points in my native land.

In summer the roads are marvellously good, so that one can generally ride at a pretty quick pace. They are, however, impracticable for vehicles, partly because they are too narrow, and partly also on account of some very bad places which must occasionally



be encountered. On the whole island not a single carriage is to be found.

The road is only dangerous when it leads through swamps and moors, or over fields of lava. Among these fields, such as are covered with white moss are peculiarly to be feared, for the moss frequently conceals very dangerous holes, into which the horse can easily stumble. In ascending and descending the hills very formidable spots sometimes oppose the traveller's progress. The road is at times so hidden among swamps and bogs, that not a trace of it is to be distinguished, and I could only wonder how my guide always succeeded in regaining the right path. One could almost suppose that on these dangerous paths both horse and man are guided by a kind of instinct.

Travelling is more expensive in Iceland than any where else, particularly when one person travels alone, and must bear all the expense of the baggage, the guide, ferries, &c. Horses are not let out on hire, they must be bought. They are, however, very cheap; a pack-horse costs from eighteen to twenty-four florins, and a riding-horse from forty to fifty florins. To travel with any idea of comfort it is necessary to have several pack-horses, for they must not be heavily laden; and an additional servant must likewise be hired, as the guide only looks after the saddle-horses, and, at most, one or two of the pack-horses. If the traveller, at the conclusion of the journey, wishes to sell the horses, such a wretchedly low price is offered, that it is just as well to give them away at once. This is a proof of the fact that men are every where alike ready to follow up their advantage. These people are well aware that the horses must be left behind at any rate, and therefore they will not bid for them. I must confess that I found the character of the Icelanders in every respect below the estimate I had previously formed of it, and still further below the standard given in books.

In spite of their scanty food, the Icelandic horses have a marvellous power of endurance; they can often travel from

thirty-five to forty miles per diem for several consecutive days. But the only difficulty is to keep the horse moving. The Icelanders have a habit of continually kicking their heels against the poor beast's sides; and the horse at last gets so accustomed to this mode of treatment, that it will hardly go if the stimulus be discontinued. In passing the bad pieces of road it is necessary to keep the bridle tight in hand, or the horse will stumble frequently. This and the continual urging forward of the horse render riding very fatiguing.<sup>g</sup>

Not a little consideration is certainly required before undertaking a journey into the far north; but nothing frightened me,—and even in the midst of the greatest dangers and hardships I did not for one moment regret my undertaking, and would not have relinquished it under any consideration.

I made excursions to every part of Iceland, and am thus enabled to place before my readers, in regular order, the chief curiosities of this remarkable country. I will commence with the immediate neighbourhood of Reikjavik.

<sup>g</sup> An American travelling in Iceland in 1852 thus describes, in a letter to the *Boston Post*, the mode of travelling:—"All travel is on horseback. Immense numbers of horses are raised in the country, and they are exceedingly cheap. As for travelling on foot, even short journeys, no one ever thinks of it. The roads are so bad for walking, and generally so good for riding, that shoe-leather, to say nothing of fatigue, would cost nearly as much as horse-flesh. Their horses are small, compact, hardy little animals, a size larger than Shetland ponies, but rarely exceeding from 12 or 13½ hands high. A stranger in travelling must always have a 'guide,' and if he does go equipped for a good journey and intends to make good speed, he wants as many as six horses; one for himself, one for the guide, one for the luggage, and three relay horses. Then when one set of horses are tired the saddles are exchanged to the others. The relay horses are tied together, and are either led or driven before the others. A tent is often carried, unless a traveller chooses to chance it for his lodgings. Such an article as an hotel is not kept in Iceland out of the capital. You must also carry your provisions with you, as you will be able to get but little on your route. Plenty of milk can be had, and some fresh-water fish. The luggage is carried in trunks that are hung on each side of the horse, on a rude frame that serves as a pack-saddle. Under this, broad pieces of turf are placed to prevent galling the horse's back."

## CHAPTER IV.

SHORT EXCURSIONS TO VATNE, TO THE ISLAND OF VIDÖE, AND  
TO LAXSELV TO THE SALMON-FISHERY.

Excursion to Vatne—Want of punctuality—Snow-clad jokuls or glaciers—Good roads—English side-saddles—The lake Vatne—Farm-house—Flowers and herbs—The “stone guest”—Icelandic song—Icelandic mode of greeting—Short nights—Excursion to Vidöe—The haunt of the eider-duck—Tameness of the eider-duck during the period of incubation—Eggs of the eider-duck—Eider-down—Danger in collecting it—Salmon-fishery in the Laxselv—Mode of erecting dams and of taking the salmon—Strength and agility of the salmon—High wages of the fishermen—Their indolence—Feast in honour of the day’s fishing—Hot spring near Reikjavik—Hut erected for washing—Indolence of the servants—Sulphur-springs and sulphur-mountains at Krisuvik—My guide—Scenery between Reikjavik and Havenfiord—Greater luxuriance of vegetation—Stunted grove of birch-trees—Manifold forms of lava—Lava streams—Lake of Kleinfarvatne—Difficult paths—Dangers of the road—Prospect from the hills—Boiling mud—Return to Krisuvik—The “lepra”—Churches used as inns—Church at Krisuvik—Curiosity of the inhabitants—Storm—Return to Reikjavik by way of Grundivik and Keblevik—Masses of lava—Grundivik—Stad—Keblevik—Summary of distances.

May 25th.

STIFTSAMTMANN VON H—— was to-day kind enough to pay me a visit, and to invite me to join his party for a ride to the great lake Vatne. I gladly accepted the invitation, for, according to the description given by the Stiftsamtmann, I hoped to behold a very Eden, and rejoiced at the prospect of observing the recreations of the higher classes, and at the same time gaining many acquisitions in specimens of plants, butterflies, and beetles. I resolved also to test the capabilities of the Icelandic horses more thoroughly than I had been able to do during my first ride from

Havenfiord to Reikjavik, as I had been obliged on that occasion to ride at a foot-pace, on account of my old guide.

The hour of starting was fixed for two o'clock. Accustomed as I am to strict punctuality, I was ready long before the appointed time, and at two o'clock was about to hasten to the place of rendezvous, when my hostess informed me I had plenty of time, for Herr von H—— was still at dinner. Instead of meeting at two o'clock, we did not assemble until three, and even then another quarter of an hour elapsed before the cavalcade started. Oh, Syrian notions of punctuality and dispatch! Here, almost at the very antipodes, did I once more greet ye.

The party consisted of the nobility and the town dignitaries. Among the former class may be reckoned Stiftsamtmann von H—— and his lady; a privy councillor, Herr von B——, who had been sent from Copenhagen to attend the "Allthing" (political assembly); and a Danish baron, who had accompanied the councillor. I noticed among the town dignitaries the daughter and wife of the apothecary, and the daughters of some merchants resident here.

Our road lay through fields of lava, swamps, and very poor grassy patches, in a great valley, swelling here and there into gentle acclivities, and shut in on three sides by several rows of mountains, towering upwards in the most diversified shapes. In the far distance rose several jokuls or glaciers, seeming to look proudly down upon the mountains, as though they asked, "Why would ye draw men's eyes upon you, where we glisten in our silver sheen?" In the season of the year at which I beheld them, the glaciers were still very beautiful; not only their summits, but their entire surface, as far as visible, being covered with snow. The fourth side of the valley through which we travelled was washed by the ocean, which melted as it were into the horizon in immeasurable distance. The coast was dotted with small bays, having the appearance of so many lakes.

As the road was good, we could generally ride forward at a

brisk pace. Occasionally, however, we met with small tracts on which the Icelandic horse could exercise its sagacity and address. My horse was careful and free from vice; it carried me securely over masses of stone and chasms in the rocks, but I cannot describe the suffering its trot caused me. It is said that riding is most beneficial to those who suffer from liver-complaints. This may be the case; but I should suppose that any one who rode upon an Icelandic horse, with an Icelandic side-saddle, every day for the space of four weeks, would find, at the expiration of that time, her liver shaken to a pulp, and no part of it remaining.

All the rest of the party had good English saddles, mine alone was of Icelandic origin. It consisted of a chair, with a board for the back. The rider was obliged to sit crooked upon the horse, and it was impossible to keep a firm seat. With much difficulty I trotted after the others, for my horse would not be induced to break into a gallop.

At length, after a ride of an hour and a half, we reached a valley. In the midst of a tolerably green meadow I descried what was, for Iceland, a farm of considerable dimensions, and not far from this farm was a very small lake. I did not dare to ask if this was the *great* lake Vatne, or if this was the delicious prospect I had been promised, for my question would have been taken for irony. I could not refrain from wonder when Herr von H—— began praising the landscape as exquisite, and further declaring the effect of the lake to be bewitching. I was obliged, for politeness' sake, to acquiesce, and leave them in the supposition that I had never seen a larger lake nor a finer prospect.

We now made a halt, and the whole party encamped in the meadow. While the preparations for a social meal were going on, I proceeded to satisfy my curiosity.

The peasant's house first attracted my attention. I found it to consist of one large chamber, and two of smaller size, besides a storeroom and extensive stables, from which I judged that the proprietor was rich in cattle. I afterwards learnt that he owned

fifty sheep, eight cows, and five horses, and was looked upon as one of the richest farmers in the neighbourhood. The kitchen was situated at the extreme end of the building, and was furnished with a chimney that seemed intended only as a protection against rain and snow, for the smoke dispersed itself throughout the whole kitchen, drying the fish which hung from the ceiling, and slowly making its exit through an air-hole.

The large apartment boasted a wooden bookshelf, containing about forty volumes. Some of these I turned over, and in spite of my limited knowledge of the Danish language, could make out enough to discover that they were chiefly on religious subjects. But the farmer seemed also to love poetry; among the works of this class in his library, I noticed Kleist, Müller, and even Homer's *Odyssey*. I could make nothing of the Icelandic books; but on inquiring their contents, I was told that they all treated of religious matters.

After inspecting these, I walked out into the meadow to search for flowers and herbs. Flowers I found but few, as it was not the right time of the year for them; my search for herbs was more successful, and I even found some wild clover. I saw neither beetles nor butterflies; but, to my no small surprise, heard the humming of two wild bees, one of which I was fortunate enough to catch, and took home to preserve in spirits of wine.

On rejoining my party, I found them encamped in the meadow around a table, which had in the meantime been spread with butter, cheese, bread, cake, roast lamb, raisins and almonds, a few oranges, and wine. Neither chairs nor benches were to be had, for even wealthy peasants only possess planks nailed to the walls of their rooms; so we all sat down upon the grass, and did ample justice to the capital coffee which made the commencement of the meal. Laughter and jokes predominated to such an extent, that I could have fancied myself among impulsive Italians instead of cold Northmen.

There was no lack of wit; but to-day I was unfortunately its

butt. And what was my fault?—only my stupid modesty. The conversation was carried on in the Danish language; some members of our party spoke French and others German, but I purposely abstained from availing myself of their acquirements, in order not to disturb the hilarity of the conversation. I sat silently among them, and was perfectly contented in listening to their merriment. But my behaviour was set down as proceeding from stupidity, and I soon gathered from their discourse that they were comparing me to the “stone guest” in Mozart’s *Don Giovanni*. If these kind people had only surmised the true reason of my keeping silence, they would perhaps have thanked me for doing so.

As we sat at our meal, I heard a voice in the farm-house singing an Icelandic song. At a distance it resembled the humming of bees; on a nearer approach it sounded monotonous, drawling, and melancholy.

While we were preparing for our departure, the farmer, his wife, and the servants approached, and shook each of us by the hand. This is the usual mode of saluting such *high* people as we numbered among our party. The true national salutation is a hearty kiss.

On my arrival at home the effect of the strong coffee soon began to manifest itself. I could not sleep at all, and had thus ample leisure to make accurate observations as to the length of the day and of the twilight. Until eleven o’clock at night I could read ordinary print in my room. From eleven till one o’clock it was dusk, but never so dark as to prevent my reading in the open air. In my room, too, I could distinguish the smallest objects, and even tell the time by my watch. At one o’clock I could again read in my room.

#### EXCURSION TO VIDÖE.

The little island of Vidöe, four miles distant from Reikjavik, is described by most travellers as the chief resort of the eider-duck. I visited the island on the 8th of June, but was disappointed in my

expectations. I certainly saw many of these birds on the declivities and in the chasms of the rocks, sitting quietly on their nests, but nothing approaching the thousands I had been led to expect. On the whole, I may perhaps have seen from one hundred to a hundred and fifty nests.

The most remarkable circumstance connected with the eider-ducks is their tameness during the period of incubation. I had always regarded as myths the stories told about them in this respect, and should do so still had I not convinced myself of the truth of these assertions by laying hands upon the ducks myself. I could go quite up to them and caress them, and even then they would not often leave their nests. Some few birds, indeed, did so when I wished to touch them; but they did not fly up, but contented themselves with coolly walking a few paces away from the nest, and there sitting quietly down until I had departed. But those which already had live young, beat out boldly with their wings when I approached, struck at me with their bills, and allowed themselves to be taken up bodily rather than leave the nest. They are about the size of our ducks; their eggs are of a greenish grey, rather larger than hen's eggs, and taste very well. Altogether they lay about eleven eggs. The finest down is that with which they line their nests at first; it is of a dark grey colour. The Icelanders take away this down, and the first nest of eggs. The poor bird now robs herself once more of a quantity of down (which is, however, not of so fine a quality as the first), and again lays eggs. For the second time every thing is taken from her; and not until she has a third time lined the nest with her down is the eider-duck left in peace. The down of the second, and that of the third quality especially, are much lighter than that of the first. I also was sufficiently cruel to take a few eggs and some down out of several of the nests.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> The down of the eider-duck forms a most important and valuable article of Icelandic commerce. It is said that the weight of down procurable from each nest is about half a pound, which is reduced one-half by



I did not witness the dangerous operation of collecting this down from between the clefts of rocks and from unapproachable precipices, where people are let down, or to which they are drawn up, by ropes, at peril of their lives. There are, however, none of these break-neck places in the neighbourhood of Reikjavik.

#### SALMON FISHERY.

I made another excursion to a very short distance (two miles) from Reikjavik, in the company of Herr Bernhöft and his daughter, to the Laxselv (salmon river), to witness the salmon-fishing, which takes place every week from the middle of June to the middle of August. It is conducted in a very simple manner. The fish come up the river in the spawning season; the stream is then dammed up with several walls of stone loosely piled to the height of some three feet; and the retreat of the fish to the sea is thus cut off. When the day arrives on which the salmon are to be caught, a net is spread behind each of these walls. Three or four such dams are erected at intervals, of from eighty to a hundred paces, so that even if the fishes escape one barrier, they are generally caught at the next. The water is now made to run off as much as possible; the poor salmon dart to and fro, becoming every moment more and more aware of the sinking of the water, and crowd to the weirs, cutting themselves by contact with the sharp stones of which they are built. This is the deepest part of the water; and it is soon so thronged with fish, that men, stationed in readiness, can seize them in their hands and fling them ashore.

The salmon possess remarkable swiftness and strength. The fisherman is obliged to take them quickly by the head and tail, and to throw them ashore, when they are immediately caught by other men, who fling them still farther from the water. If this is

cleansing. The down is sold at about twelve shillings per pound, so that the produce of each nest is about three shillings. The eider-duck is nearly as large as the common goose; and some have been found on the Fern Islands, off the coast of Northumberland.—ED.

not done with great quickness and care, many of the fishes escape. It is wonderful how these creatures can struggle themselves free, and leap into the air. The fishermen are obliged to wear woollen mittens, or they would be quite unable to hold the smooth salmon. At every day's fishing, from five hundred to a thousand fish are taken, each weighing from five to fifteen pounds. On the day when I was present eight hundred were killed. This salmon-stream is farmed by a merchant of Reikjavik.

The fishermen receive very liberal pay,—in fact, one-half of the fish taken. And yet they are dissatisfied, and shew so little gratitude, as seldom to finish their work properly. So, for instance, they only brought the share of the merchant to the harbour of Reikjavik, and were far too lazy to carry the salmon from the boat to the warehouse, a distance certainly not more than sixty or seventy paces from the shore. They sent a message to their employer, bidding him “send some fresh hands, for they were much too tired.” Of course, in a case like this, all remonstrance is unavailing.

As in the rest of the world, so also in Iceland, every occasion that offers is seized upon for a feast or a merry-making. The day on which I witnessed the salmon-fishing happened to be one of the few fine days that occur during a summer in Iceland. It was therefore unanimously concluded by several merchants, that the day and the salmon-fishing should be celebrated by a *déjeuner à la fourchette*. Every one contributed something, and a plentiful and elegant breakfast was soon arranged, which quite resembled an entertainment of the kind in our country; this one circumstance excepted, that we were obliged to seat ourselves on the ground, by reason of a scarcity of tables and benches. Spanish and French wines, as well as cold punch, were there in plenty, and the greatest hilarity prevailed.

I made a fourth excursion, but to a very inconsiderable distance,—in fact, only a mile and a half from Reikjavik. It was to see a hot and slightly sulphurous spring, which falls into a river

of cold water. By this lucky meeting of extremes, water can be obtained at any temperature, from the boiling almost to the freezing point. The townspeople take advantage of this good opportunity in two ways, for bathing and for washing clothes. The latter is undoubtedly the more important purpose of application, and a hut has been erected, in order to shield the poor people from wind and rain while they are at work. Formerly this hut was furnished with a good door and with glazed windows, and the key was kept at an appointed place in the town, whence any one might fetch it. But the servants and peasant girls were soon too lazy to go for the key; they burst open the lock, and smashed the windows, so that now the hut has a very ruinous appearance, and affords but little protection against the weather. How much alike mankind are every where, and how seldom they do right, except when it gives them no trouble, and then, unfortunately, there is not much merit to be ascribed to them, as their doing right is merely the result of a lucky chance! Many people also bring fish and potatoes, which they have only to lay in the hot water, and in a short time both are completely cooked.

This spring is but little used for the purpose of bathing; at most perhaps by a few children and peasants. Its medicinal virtues, if it possesses any, are completely unknown.

#### THE SULPHUR-SPRINGS AND SULPHUR-MOUNTAINS OF KRISUVIK.

The 4th of June was fixed for my departure. I had only to pack up some bread and cheese, sugar and coffee, then the horses were saddled, and at seven o'clock the journey was happily commenced. I was alone with my guide, who, like the rest of his class, could not be considered as a very favourable specimen of humanity. He was very lazy, exceedingly self-interested, and singularly loath to devote any part of his attention either to me or to the horses, preferring to concentrate it upon brandy, an article which can unfortunately be procured throughout the whole country.

I had already seen the district between Reikjavik and Havenfiord at my first arrival in Iceland. At the present advanced season of the year it wore a less gloomy aspect: strawberry-plants and violets,—the former, however, without blossoms, and the latter inodorous,—were springing up between the blocks of lava, together with beautiful ferns eight or ten inches high. In spite of the trifling distance, I noticed, as a rule, that vegetation was here more luxuriant than at Reikjavik; for at the latter place I had found no strawberry-plants, and the violets were not yet in blossom. This difference in the vegetation is, I think, to be ascribed to the high walls of lava existing in great abundance round Havenfiord; they protect the tender plants and ferns from the piercing winds. I noticed that both the grass and the plants before mentioned thrived capitally in the little hollows formed by masses of lava.

A couple of miles beyond Havenfiord I saw the first birch-trees, which, however, did not exceed two or three feet in height, also some bilberry-plants. A number of little butterflies, all of one colour, and, as it seemed to me, of the same species, fluttered among the shrubs and plants.

The manifold forms and varied outline of the lava-fields present a remarkable and really a marvellous appearance. Short as this journey is—for ten hours are amply sufficient for the trip to Krisuvik,—it presents innumerable features for contemplation. I could only gaze and wonder. I forgot every thing around me, felt neither cold nor storm, and let my horse pick his way as slowly as he chose, so that I had once almost become separated from my guide.

One of the most considerable of the streams of lava lay in a spacious broad valley. The lava-stream itself, about two miles long, and of a considerable breadth, traversing the whole of the plain, seemed to have been called into existence by magic, as there was no mountain to be seen in the neighbourhood from which it could have emerged. It appeared to be the covering of an immense crater, formed, not of separate stones and blocks, but of a single and

slightly porous mass of rock ten or twelve feet thick, broken here and there by clefts about a foot in breadth.

Another, and a still larger valley, many miles in circumference, was filled with masses of lava shaped like waves, reminding the beholder of a petrified sea. From the midst rose a high black mountain, contrasting beautifully with the surrounding masses of light-grey lava. At first I supposed the lava must have streamed forth from this mountain, but soon found that the latter was perfectly smooth on all sides, and terminated in a sharp peak. The remaining mountains which shut in the valley were also perfectly closed, and I looked in vain for any trace of a crater.

We now reached a small lake, and soon afterwards arrived at a larger one, called Kleinfarvatne. Both were hemmed in by mountains, which frequently rose abruptly from the waters, leaving no room for the passage of the horses. We were obliged sometimes to climb the mountains by fearfully dizzy paths; at others to scramble downwards, almost clinging to the face of the rock. At some points we were even compelled to dismount from our horses, and scramble forward on our hands and knees. In a word, these dangerous points, which extended over a space of about seven miles, were certainly quite as bad as any I had encountered in Syria; if any thing, they were even more formidable.

I was, however, assured that I should have no more such places to encounter during all my further journeys in Iceland, and this information quite reconciled me to the roads in this country. For the rest, the path was generally tolerably safe even during this tour, which continually led me across fields of lava.

A journey of some eight-and-twenty miles brought us at length into a friendly valley; clouds of smoke, both small and great, were soon discovered rising from the surrounding heights, and also from the valley itself; these were the sulphur-springs and sulphur-mountains.

I could hardly restrain my impatience while we traversed the last couple of miles which separated us from Krisuvik. A few

small lakes were still to be crossed ; and at length, at six o'clock in the evening, we reached our destination.

With the exception of a morsel of bread and cheese, I had eaten nothing since the morning ; still I could not spare time to make coffee, but at once dismounted, summoned my guide, and commenced my pilgrimage to the smoking mountains. At the outset our way lay across swampy places and meadow lands ; but soon we had to climb the mountains themselves, a task rendered extremely difficult by the elastic, yielding soil, in which every foot-step imprinted itself deeply, suggesting to the traveller the unpleasant possibility of his sinking through,—a contingency rendered any thing but agreeable by the neighbourhood of the boiling springs. At length I gained the summit, and saw around me numerous basins filled with boiling water, while on all sides, from hill and valley, columns of vapour rose out of numberless clefts in the rocks. From a cleft in one rock in particular a mighty column of vapour whirled into the air. On the windward side I could approach this place very closely. The ground was only lukewarm in some places, and I could hold my hand for several moments to the gaps from which steam issued. No trace of a crater was to be seen. The bubbling and hissing of the steam, added to the noise of the wind, occasioned such a deafening clamour, that I was very glad to feel firmer ground beneath my feet, and to leave the place in haste. It really seemed as if the interior of the mountain had been a boiling caldron. The prospect from these mountains is very fine. Numerous valleys and mountains innumerable offered themselves to my view, and I could even discern the isolated black rock past which I had ridden five or six hours previously.

I now commenced my descent into the valley ; at a few hundred paces the bubbling and hissing were already inaudible. I supposed that I had seen every thing worthy of notice ; but much that was remarkable still remained. I particularly noticed a basin some five or six feet in diameter, filled with boiling mud. This

mud has quite the appearance of fine clay dissolved in water ; its colour was a light grey.

From another basin, hardly two feet in diameter, a mighty column of steam shot continually into the air with so much force and noise that I started back half stunned, and could have fancied the vault of heaven would burst. This basin is situated in a corner of the valley, closely shut in on three sides by hills. In the neighbourhood many hot springs gushed forth ; but I saw no columns of water, and my guide assured me that such a phenomenon was never witnessed here.

There is more danger in passing these spots than even in traversing the mountains. In spite of the greatest precautions, I frequently sank in above the ankles, and would then draw back with a start, and find my foot covered with hot mud. From the place where I had broken through, steam and hot mud, or boiling water, rose into the air.

Though my guide, who walked before me, carefully probed the ground with his stick, he several times sank through half-way to the knee. These men are, however, so much accustomed to contingencies of this kind that they take little account of them. My guide would quietly repair to the next spring and cleanse his clothes from mud. As I was covered with it to above the ankles, I thought it best to follow his example.

For excursions like these it is best to come provided with a few boards, five or six feet in length, with which to cover the most dangerous places.

At nine o'clock in the evening, but yet in the full glare of the sun, we arrived at Krisuvik. I now took time to look at this place, which I found to consist of a small church and a few miserable huts.

I crept into one of these dens ; it was so dark that a considerable time elapsed before I could distinguish objects, the light was only admitted through a very small aperture. I found in this hut a few persons who were suffering from the eruption called "lepra,"

a disease but too commonly met with in Iceland. Their hands and faces were completely covered with this eruption; if it spreads over the whole body the patient languishes slowly away, and is lost without remedy.

Churches are in this country not only used for purposes of public worship, but also serve as magazines for provisions, clothes, &c., and as inns for travellers. I do not suppose that a parallel instance of desecration could be met with even among the most uncivilised nations. I was assured, indeed, that these abuses were about to be remedied. A reform of this kind ought to have been carried out long ago; and even now the matter seems to remain an open point; for wherever I came the church was placed at my disposal for the night, and every where I found a store of fish, tallow, and other equally odoriferous substances.

The little chapel at Krisuvik is only twenty-two feet long by ten broad; on my arrival it was hastily prepared for my reception. Saddles, ropes, clothes, hats, and other articles which lay scattered about, were hastily flung into a corner; mattresses and some nice soft pillows soon appeared, and a very tolerable bed was prepared for me on a large chest in which the vestments of the priest, the coverings of the altar, &c., were deposited. I would willingly have locked myself in, eaten my frugal supper, and afterwards written a few pages of my diary before retiring to rest; but this was out of the question. The entire population of the village turned out to see me, old and young hastened to the church, and stood round in a circle and gazed at me.

Irksome as this curiosity was, I was obliged to endure it patiently, for I could not have sent these good people away without seriously offending them; so I began quietly to unpack my little portmanteau, and proceeded to boil my coffee over a spirit-lamp. A whispering consultation immediately began; they seemed particularly struck by my mode of preparing coffee, and followed every one of my movements with eager eyes. My frugal meal dispatched, I resolved to try the patience of my audience, and, taking out my



journal, began to write. For a few minutes they remained quiet, then they began to whisper one to another, "She writes, she writes," and this was repeated numberless times. There was no sign of any disposition to depart; I believe I could have sat there till doomsday, and failed to tire my audience out. At length, after this scene had lasted a full hour, I could stand it no longer, and was fain to request my amiable visitors to retire, as I wished to go to bed.

My sleep that night was none of the sweetest. A certain feeling of discomfort always attaches to the fact of sleeping in a church alone, in the midst of a grave-yard. Besides this, on the night in question such a dreadful storm arose that the wooden walls creaked and groaned as though their foundations were giving way. The cold was also rather severe, my thermometer inside the church shewing only two degrees above zero. I was truly thankful when approaching day brought with it the welcome hour of departure.

June 5th.

The heavy sleepiness and extreme indolence of an Icelandic guide render departure before seven o'clock in the morning a thing not to be thought of. This is, however, of little consequence, as there is no night in Iceland at this time of year.

Although the distance was materially increased by returning to Reikjavik by way of Grundivik and Keblevik, I chose this route in order to pass through the wildest of the inhabited tracts in Iceland.

The first stage, from Krisuvik to Grundivik, a distance of twelve to fourteen miles, lay through fields of lava, consisting mostly of small blocks of stone and fragments, filling the valley so completely that not a single green spot remained. I here met with masses of lava which presented an appearance of singular beauty. They were black mounds, ten or twelve feet in height, piled upon each other in the most varied forms, their bases covered with a broad band of whitish-coloured moss, while the tops were broken into

peaks and cones of the most fantastic shapes. These lava-streams seem to date from a recent period, as the masses are somewhat scaly and glazed.

Grundivik, a little village of a few wretched cottages, lies like an oasis in this desert of lava.

My guide wished to remain here, asserting that there was no place between this and Keblevik where I could pass the night, and that it would be impossible for our horses, exhausted as they were with yesterday's march, to carry us to Keblevik that night. The true reason of this suggestion was that he wished to prolong the journey for another day.

Luckily I had a good map with me, and by dint of consulting it could calculate distances with tolerable accuracy; it was also my custom before starting on a journey to make particular inquiries as to how I should arrange the daily stages.

So I insisted upon proceeding at once; and soon we were wending our way through fields of lava towards Stad, a small village six or seven miles distant from Grundivik.

On the way I noticed a mountain of most singular appearance. In colour it closely resembled iron; its sides were perfectly smooth and shining, and streaks of the colour of yellow ochre traversed it here and there.

Stad is the residence of a priest. Contrary to the assertions of my guide, I found this place far more cheerful and habitable than Grundivik. Whilst our horses were resting, the priest paid me a visit, and conducted me, not, as I anticipated, into his house, but into the church. Chairs and stools were quickly brought there, and my host introduced his wife and children to me, after which we partook of coffee, bread and cheese, &c. On the rail surrounding the altar hung the clothes of the priest and his family, differing little in texture and make from those of the peasants.

The priest appeared to be a very intelligent, well-read man. I could speak the Danish language pretty fluently, and was therefore able to converse with him on various subjects. On hearing that I

had already been in Palestine, he put a number of questions to me, from which I could plainly see that he was alike well acquainted with geography, history, natural science, &c. He accompanied me several miles on my road, and we chatted away the time very pleasantly.

The distance between Krisuvik and Keblevik is about forty-two miles. The road lies through a most dreary landscape, among vast desert plains, frequently twenty-five to thirty miles in circumference, entirely divested of all traces of vegetation, and covered throughout their extreme area by masses of lava—gloomy monuments of volcanic agency. And yet here, at the very heart of the subterranean fire, I saw only a single mountain, the summit of which had fallen in, and presented the appearance of a crater. The rest were all completely closed, terminating sometimes in a beautiful round top, and sometimes in sharp peaks; in other instances they formed long narrow chains.

Who can tell whence these all-destroying masses of lava have poured forth, or how many hundred years they have lain in these petrified valleys?

Keblevik lies on the sea-coast; but the harbour is insecure, so that ships remain here at anchor only so long as is absolutely necessary; there are frequently only two or three ships in the harbour.

A few wooden houses, two of which belong to Herr Knudson, and some peasants' cottages, are the only buildings in this little village. I was hospitably received, and rested from the toils of the day at the house of Herr Siverson, Herr Knudson's manager.

On the following day (June 6th) I had a long ride to Reikjavik, thirty-six good miles, mostly through fields of lava.

The whole tract of country from Grundivik almost to Havenfiord is called "The lava-fields of Reikianes."

Tired and almost benumbed with cold, I arrived in the evening at Reikjavik, with no other wish than to retire to rest as fast as possible.

In these three days I had ridden 114 miles, besides enduring much from cold, storms, and rain. To my great surprise, the roads had generally been good; there were, however, many places highly dangerous and difficult.

But what mattered these fatigues, forgotten, as they were, after a single night's rest? what were they in comparison to the unutterably beautiful and marvellous phenomena of the north, which will remain ever present to my imagination so long as memory shall be spared me?

The distances of this excursion were: From Reikjavik to Krisuvik, 37 miles; from Krisuvik to Keblevik, 39 miles; from Keblevik to Reikjavik, 38 miles: total, 114 miles.

## CHAPTER V.

JOURNEY TO REIKHOLT (REIKIADAL) AND TO THE GROTTO OF  
SURTHELLIR.

Preparations for the journey—Difficulty of procuring a guide—Method of loading the pack-horses—Cumbersome chests—Laxselv—Views of the sea—Dreary solitude—Fine soil near Thingvalla—Lake of Thingvalla—Islands of Sandey and Nesey—Awful abyss—Dangerous path—Echo—Ravine of Almanagiau—Fruitful valley of Thingvalla—River Oxe—The Allthing—Clouds—Pastor Beck—Journey to Reikholt—Stunted appearance of the trees—Large slabs of lava—Moorland—Gnats—Flock of swans—Indolence of the Icelanders—Sagacity of the horses—Beautiful sunset—Night in a peasant's cottage—Churches used as storehouses—Reikiadal and its church—Herr Jonas Jonason—The hot springs—The rock Tunga Stuer—Vapour-bath—Wool-bath founded by Snorri Sturluson—Churchyard at Reikholt—Wooden coverings for the tombstones—Grave of Snorri Sturluson—Visit to the cavern of Surthellir—Kalmannstunga—Traces of volcanic action—The cavern—Collection of bones—Immense basins or craters—Beautiful sun effect in the cavern—Lodging in a farmhouse—Unwelcome visitors—Beautiful Icelandic girl—Journey from Kalmannstunga to Thingvalla—Dangerous passage through fields of snow—Uncomfortable lodgings—The kvef or croup—Return to Reikjavik—Bad weather—Arrival at Reikjavik—Summary of distances.

As the weather continued fine, I wished to lose no time in continuing my wanderings. I had next to make a tour of some 560 miles; it was therefore necessary that I should take an extra horse, partly that it might carry my few packages, consisting of a pillow, some rye-bread, cheese, coffee, and sugar, but chiefly that I might be enabled to change horses every day, as one horse would not have been equal to the fatigue of so long a journey.

My former guide could not accompany me on my present journey, as he was unacquainted with most of the roads. My kind protectors, Herr Knudson and Herr Bernhöft, were obliging enough

to provide another guide for me; a difficult task, as it is a rare occurrence to find an Icelander who understands the Danish language, and who happens to be sober when his services are required. At length a peasant was found who suited our purpose; but he considered two florins per diem too little pay, so I was obliged to give an additional zwanziger. On the other hand, it was arranged that the guide should also take two horses, in order that he might change every day.

The 16th of June was fixed for the commencement of our journey. From the very first day my guide did not shew himself in an amiable point of view. On the morning of our departure his saddle had to be patched together, and instead of coming with two horses, he appeared with only one. He certainly promised to buy a second when we should have proceeded some miles, adding that it would be cheaper to buy one at a little distance from the "capital." I at once suspected this was merely an excuse of the guide's, and that he wished thereby to avoid having the care of four horses. The event proved I was right; not a single horse could be found that suited, and so my poor little animal had to carry the guide's baggage in addition to my own.

Loading the pack-horses is a business of some difficulty, and is conducted in the following manner: sundry large pieces of dried turf are laid upon the horse's back, but not fastened; over these is buckled a round piece of wood, furnished with two or three pegs. To these pegs the chests and packages are suspended. If the weight is not quite equally balanced, it is necessary to stop and repack frequently, for the whole load at once gets askew.

The trunks used in this country are massively constructed of wood, covered with a rough hide, and strengthened on all sides with nails, as though they were intended to last an eternity. The poor horses have a considerable weight to bear in empty boxes alone, so that very little real luggage can be taken. The weight which a horse has to carry during a long journey should never exceed 150 lbs.

It is impossible to remember how many times our baggage had to be repacked during a day's journey. The great pieces of turf would never stay in their places, and every moment something was wrong. Nothing less than a miracle, however, can prevail on an Icelander to depart from his regular routine. His ancestors packed in such and such a manner, and so he must pack also.<sup>a</sup>

We had a journey of above forty miles before us the first day, and yet, on account of the damaged saddle, we could not start before eight o'clock in the morning.

The first twelve or fourteen miles of our journey lay through the great valley in which Reikjavik is situated; the valley contains many low hills, some of which we had to climb. Several rivers, chief among which was the Laxselv, opposed our progress, but at this season of the year they could be crossed on horseback without danger. Nearly all the valleys through which we passed to-day were covered with lava, but nevertheless offered many beautiful spots.

Many of the hills we passed seemed to me to be extinct volcanoes; the whole upper portion was covered with colossal slabs of lava, as though the crater had been choked up with them. Lava of the same description and colour, but in smaller pieces, lay strewed around.

For the first twelve or fourteen miles the sea is visible from the brow of every successive hill. The country is also pretty generally inhabited; but afterwards a distance of nearly thirty miles is passed, on which there is not a human habitation. The traveller journeys from one valley into another, and in the midst of

<sup>a</sup> The same remark applies with equal force to many people who are not Icelanders. It was once the habit among a portion of the population of Lancashire, on returning from market, to carry their goods in a bag attached to one end of a string slung over their shoulders, which was balanced by a bag containing a stone at the other. Some time ago, it was pointed out to a worthy man thus returning from market, that it would be easier for him to throw away the stone, and make half of his load balance the other half, but the advice was rejected with disdain; the plan he had adopted was that of his forefathers, and he would on no account depart from it.—ED.

these hill-girt deserts sees a single small hut, erected for the convenience of those who, in the winter, cannot accomplish the long distance in one day, and must take up their quarters for the night in the valley. No one must, however, rashly hope to find here a human being in the shape of a host. The little house is quite uninhabited, and consists only of a single apartment with four naked walls. The visitor must depend on the accommodation he carries with him.

The plains through which we travelled to-day were covered throughout with one and the same kind of lava. It occurs in masses, and also in smaller stones, is not very porous, of a light grey colour, and mixed, in many instances, with sand or earth.

Some miles from Thingvalla we entered a valley, the soil of which is fine, but nevertheless only sparingly covered with grass, and full of little acclivities, mostly clothed with delicate moss. I have no doubt that the indolence of the inhabitants alone prevents them from materially improving many a piece of ground. The worst soil is that in the neighbourhood of Reikjavik; yet there we see many a garden, and many a piece of meadow-land, wrung, as it were, from the barren earth by labour and pains. Why should not the same thing be done here—the more so as nature has already accomplished the preliminary work?

Thingvalla, our resting-place for to-night, is situate on a lake of the same name, and only becomes visible when the traveller is close upon it. The lake is rather considerable, being almost three miles in length, and at some parts certainly more than two miles in breadth; it contains two small islands,—Sandey and Nesey.

My whole attention was still riveted by the lake and its naked and gloomy circle of mountains, when suddenly, as if by magic, I found myself standing on the brink of a chasm, into which I could scarcely look without a shudder; involuntarily I thought of Weber's *Freyschütz* and the "Wolf's Hollow."<sup>b</sup>

<sup>b</sup> The description of the Wolf's Hollow occurs in the second act of *Der Freyschütz*, when Rodolph sings:



The scene is the more startling from the circumstance that the traveller approaching Thingvalla in a certain direction sees only the plains beyond this chasm, and has no idea of its existence. It was a fissure some five or six fathoms broad, but several hundred feet in depth; and we were forced to descend by a small, steep, dangerous path, across large fragments of lava. Colossal blocks of stone, threatening the unhappy wanderer with death and destruction, hang loosely, in the form of pyramids and of broken columns, from the lofty walls of lava, which encircle the whole long ravine in the form of a gallery. Speechless, and in anxious suspense, we descend a part of this chasm, hardly daring to look up, much less to give utterance to a single sound, lest the vibration should bring down one of these avalanches of stone, to the terrific force of which the rocky fragments scattered around bear ample testimony. The distinctness with which echo repeats the softest sound and the lightest footfall is truly wonderful.

The appearance presented by the horses, which are allowed to come down the ravine after their masters have descended, is most peculiar. One could fancy they were clinging to the walls of rock.

This ravine is known by the name of Almanagiau. Its entire length is about a mile, but a small portion only can be traversed; the rest is blocked up by masses of lava heaped one upon the other. On the right hand, the rocky wall opens, and forms an

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“ How horrid, dark, and wild, and drear,  
 Doth this gaping gulf appear !  
 It seems the hue of hell to wear.  
 The bellowing thunder bursts yon clouds,  
 The moon with blood has stained her light !  
 What forms are those in misty shrouds,  
 That stalk before my sight ?  
 And now, hush ! hush !  
 The owl is hooting in yon bush ;  
 How yonder oak-tree’s blasted arms  
 Upon me seem to frown !  
 My heart recoils, but all alarms  
 Are vain : fate calls, I must down, down.”

outlet, over formidable masses of lava, into the beautiful valley of Thingvalla. I could have fancied I wandered through the depths of a crater, which had piled around itself these stupendous barriers during a mighty eruption in times long gone by.

The valley of Thingvalla is considered one of the most beautiful in Iceland. It contains many meadows, forming, as it were, a place of refuge for the inhabitants, and enabling them to keep many head of cattle. The Icelanders consider this little green valley the finest spot in the world. Not far from the opening of the ravine, on the farther bank of the river Oxer, lies the little village of Thingvalla, consisting of three or four cottages and a small chapel. A few scattered farms and cottages are situated in the neighbourhood.

Thingvalla was once one of the most important places in Iceland; the stranger is still shewn the meadow, not far from the village, on which the Allthing (general assembly) was held annually in the open air. Here the people and their leaders met, pitching their tents after the manner of nomads. Here it was also that many an opinion and many a decree were enforced by the weight of steel.

The chiefs appeared, ostensibly for peace, at the head of their tribe; yet many of them returned not again, but beneath the sword-stroke of their enemies obtained that peace which no man seeketh, but which all men find.

On one side the valley is skirted by the lake, on the other it is bounded by lofty mountains, some of them still partly covered with snow. Not far from the entrance of the ravine, the river Oxer rushes over a wall of rock of considerable height, forming a beautiful waterfall.

It was still fine clear daylight when I reached Thingvalla, and the sky rose pure and cloudless over the far distance. It seemed therefore the more singular to me to see a few clouds skimming over the surface of the mountains, now shrouding a part of them in vapour, now wreathing themselves round their summits, now vanishing entirely, to reappear again at a different point.

This is a phenomenon frequently observed in Iceland during the finest days, and one I had often noticed in the neighbourhood of Reikjavik. Under a clear and cloudless sky, a light mist would appear on the brow of a mountain,—in a moment it would increase to a large cloud, and after remaining stationary for a time, it frequently vanished suddenly, or soared slowly away. However often it may be repeated, this appearance cannot fail to interest the observer.

Herr Beck, the clergyman at Thingvalla, offered me the shelter of his hut for the night; as the building, however, did not look much more promising than the peasants' cottages by which it was surrounded, I preferred quartering myself in the church, permission to do so being but too easily obtained on all occasions. This chapel is not much larger than that at Krisuvik, and stands at some distance from the few surrounding cottages. This was perhaps the reason why I was not incommoded by visitors. I had already conquered any superstitious fears derived from the proximity of my silent neighbours in the churchyard, and passed the night quietly on one of the wooden chests of which I found several scattered about. Habit is certainly every thing; after a few nights of gloomy solitude one thinks no more about the matter.

June 17th.

Our journey of to-day was more formidable than that of yesterday. I was assured that Reikholt (also called Reikiadal) was almost fifty miles distant. Distances cannot always be accurately measured by the map; impassable barriers, only to be avoided by circuitous routes, often oppose the traveller's progress. This was the case with us to-day. To judge from the map, the distance from Thingvalla to Reikholt seemed less by a great deal than that from Reikjavik to Thingvalla, and yet we were full fourteen hours accomplishing it—two hours longer than on our yesterday's journey.

So long as our way lay through the valley of Thingvalla there was no lack of variety. At one time there was an arm of the

river Oxer to cross, at another we traversed a cheerful meadow ; sometimes we even passed through little shrubberies,—that is to say, according to the Icelandic acceptance of the term. In my country these lovely shrubberies would have been cleared away as useless underwood. The trees trail along the ground, seldom attaining a height of more than two feet. When one of these puny stems reaches four feet in height, it is considered a gigantic tree. The greater portion of these miniature forests grow on the lava with which the valley is covered.

The formation of the lava here assumes a new character. Up to this point it has mostly appeared either in large masses or in streams lying in strata one above the other ; but here the lava covered the greater portion of the ground in the form of immense flat slabs or blocks of rock, often split in a vertical direction. I saw long fissures of eight or ten feet in breadth, and from ten to fifteen feet in depth. In these clefts the flowers blossom earlier, and the fern grows taller and more luxuriantly, than in the boisterous upper world.

After the valley of Thingvalla has been passed the journey becomes very monotonous. The district beyond is wholly uninhabited, and we travelled many miles without seeing a single cottage. From one desert valley we passed into another ; all were alike covered with light-grey or yellowish lava, and at intervals also with fine sand, in which the horses sunk deeply at every step. The mountains surrounding these valleys were none of the highest, and it was seldom that a jokul or glacier shone forth from among them. The mountains had a certain polished appearance, their sides being perfectly smooth and shining. In some instances, however, masses of lava formed beautiful groups, bearing a great resemblance to ruins of ancient buildings, and standing out in peculiarly fine relief from the smooth walls.

These mountains are of different colours ; they are black or brown, grey or yellow, &c. ; and the different shades of these colours are displayed with marvellous effect in the brilliant sunshine.

Nine hours of uninterrupted riding brought us into a large tract of moorland, very scantily covered with moss. Yet this was the first and only grazing-place to be met with in all the long distance from Thingvalla. We therefore made a halt of two hours, to let our poor horses pick a scanty meal. Large swarms of minute gnats, which seemed to fly into our eyes, nose, and mouth, annoyed us dreadfully during our stay in this place.

On this moor there was also a small lake; and here I saw for the first time a small flock of swans. Unfortunately these creatures are so very timid, that the most cautious approach of a human being causes them to rise with the speed of lightning into the air. I was therefore obliged perforce to be content with a distant view of these proud birds. They always keep in pairs, and the largest flock I saw did not consist of more than four such pairs.

Since my first arrival in Iceland I had considered the inhabitants an indolent race of people; to-day I was strengthened in my opinion by the following slight circumstance. The moorland on which we halted to rest was separated from the adjoining fields of lava by a narrow ditch filled with water. Across this ditch a few stones and slabs had been laid, to form a kind of bridge. Now this bridge was so full of holes that the horses could not tell where to plant their feet, and refused obstinately to cross it, so that in the end we were obliged to dismount and lead them across. We had scarcely passed this place, and sat down to rest, when a caravan of fifteen horses, laden with planks, dried fish, &c. arrived at the bridge. Of course the poor creatures observed the dangerous ground, and could only be driven by hard blows to advance. Hardly twenty paces off there were stones in abundance; but rather than devote a few minutes to filling up the holes, these lazy people beat their horses cruelly, and exposed them to the risk of breaking their legs. I pitied the poor animals, which would be compelled to recross the bridge, so heartily, that, after they were gone, I devoted a part of my resting-time to collecting stones

and filling up the holes,—a business which scarcely occupied me a quarter of an hour.

It is interesting to notice how the horses know by instinct the dangerous spots in the stony wastes, and in the moors and swamps. On approaching these places they bend their heads towards the earth, and look sharply round on all sides. If they cannot discover a firm resting-place for the feet, they stop at once, and cannot be urged forward without many blows.

After a halt of two hours we continued our journey, which again led us across fields of lava. At past nine o'clock in the evening we reached an elevated plain, after traversing which for half an hour we saw stretched at our feet the valley of Reikholt or Reikiadal; it is fourteen to seventeen miles long, of a good breadth, and girt round by a row of mountains, among which several jokuls sparkle in their icy garments.

A sunset seen in the sublime wildness of Icelandic scenery has a peculiarly beautiful effect. Over these vast plains, divested of trees or shrubs, covered with dark lava, and shut in by mountains almost of a sable hue, the parting sun sheds an almost magical radiance. The peaks of the mountains shine in the bright parting rays, the jokuls are shrouded in the most delicate roseate hue, while the lower parts of the mountains lie in deep shadow, and frown darkly on the valleys, which resemble a sheet of dark blue water, with an atmosphere of a bluish-red colour floating above it. The most impressive feature of all is the profound silence and solitude; not a sound can be heard, not a living creature is to be seen; every thing appears dead. Throughout the broad valleys not a town nor a village, no, not even a solitary house or a tree or shrub, varies the prospect. The eye wanders over the vast desert, and finds not one familiar object on which it can rest.

To-night, as at past eleven o'clock we reached the elevated plain, I saw a sunset which I shall never forget. The sun disappeared behind the mountains, and in its stead a gorgeous ruddy

gleam lighted up hill and valley and glacier. It was long ere I could turn away my eyes from the glittering heights, and yet the valley also offered much that was striking and beautiful.

Throughout almost its entire length this valley formed a meadow, from the extremities of which columns of smoke and boiling springs burst forth. The mists had almost evaporated, and the atmosphere was bright and clear, more transparent even than I had seen it in any other country. I now for the first time noticed, that in the valley itself the radiance was almost as clear as the light of day, so that the most minute objects could be plainly distinguished. This was, however, extremely necessary, for steep and dangerous paths lead over masses of lava into the valley. On one side ran a little river, forming many picturesque waterfalls, some of them above thirty feet in height.

I strained my eyes in vain to discover any where, in this great valley, a little church, which, if it only offered me a hard bench for a couch, would at any rate afford me a shelter from the sharp night-wind; for it is really no joke to ride for fifteen hours, with nothing to eat but bread and cheese, and then not even to have the pleasant prospect of a hotel *à la ville de Londres* or *de Paris*. Alas, my wishes were far more modest. I expected no porter at the gate to give the signal of my arrival, no waiter, and no chambermaid; I only desired a little spot in the neighbourhood of the dear departed Icelanders. I was suddenly recalled from these happy delusions by the voice of the guide, who cried out: "Here we are at our destination for to-night." I looked joyfully round; alas! I could only see a few of those cottages which are never observed until you almost hit your nose against one of them, as the grass-covered walls can hardly be distinguished from the surrounding meadow.

It was already midnight. We stopped, and turned our horses loose, to seek supper and rest in the nearest meadow. Our lot was a less fortunate one. The inhabitants were already buried in deep slumbers, from which even the barking set up by the dogs at

our approach failed to arouse them. A cup of coffee would certainly have been very acceptable to me; yet I was loath to rouse any one merely for this. A piece of bread satisfied my hunger, and a draught of water from the nearest spring tasted most deliciously with it. After concluding my frugal meal, I sought out a corner beside a cottage, where I was partially sheltered from the too-familiar wind; and wrapping my cloak around me, lay down on the ground, having wished myself, with all my heart, a good night's rest and pleasant dreams, in the broad daylight,<sup>c</sup> under the canopy of heaven. Just dropping off to sleep, I was surprised by a mild rain, which, of course, at once put to flight every idea of repose. Thus, after all, I was obliged to wake some one up, to obtain the shelter of a roof.

The best room, *i. e.* the store-room, was thrown open for my accommodation, and a small wooden bedstead placed at my disposal. Chambers of this kind are luckily found wherever two or three cottages lie contiguous to each other; they are certainly far from inviting, as dried fish, train-oil, tallow, and many other articles of the same description combine to produce a most unsavoury atmosphere. Yet they are infinitely preferable to the dwellings of the peasants, which, by the by, are the most filthy dens that can be imagined. Besides being redolent of every description of bad odour, these cottages are infested with vermin to a degree which can certainly not be surpassed, except in the dwellings of the Greenlanders and Laplanders.

June 18th.

Yesterday we had been forced to put upon our poor horses a wearisome distance of more than fifty miles, as the last forty miles led us through desert and uninhabited places, boasting not even a single cottage. To-day, however, our steeds had a light duty to perform, for we only proceeded seven miles to the little village of

<sup>c</sup> The reader must bear in mind that, during the season of which I speak, there is no twilight, much less night, in Iceland.



Reikiadal, where I halted to-day, in order to visit the celebrated springs.

The inconsiderable village called Reikiadal, consisting only of a church and a few cottages, is situated amidst pleasant meadows. Altogether this valley is rich in beautiful meadow-lands; consequently one sees many scattered homesteads and cottages, with fine herds of sheep, and a tolerable number of horses; cows are less plentiful.

The church at Reikiadal is among the neatest and most roomy of those which came under my observation. The dwelling of the priest too, though only a turf-covered cottage, is large enough for the comfort of the occupants. This parish extends over a considerable area, and is not thinly inhabited.

My first care on my arrival was to beg the clergyman, Herr Jonas Jonason, to procure for me, as expeditiously as possible, fresh horses and a guide, in order that I might visit the springs. He promised to provide me with both within half an hour; and yet it was not until three hours had been wasted, that, with infinite pains, I saw my wish fulfilled. Throughout my stay in Iceland, nothing annoyed me more than the slowness and unconcern displayed by the inhabitants in all their undertakings. Every wish and every request occupies a long time in its fulfilment. Had I not been continually at the good pastor's side, I believe I should scarcely have attained my object. At length every thing was ready, and the pastor himself was kind enough to be my guide.

We rode about four miles through this beautiful vale, and in this short distance were compelled at least six times to cross the river Sidumule, which rolls its most tortuous course through the entire valley. At length the first spring was reached; it emerges from a rock about six feet in height, standing in the midst of a moor. The upper cavity of the natural reservoir, in which the water continually boils and seethes, is between two and three feet in diameter. This spring never stops; the jet of water rises two, and sometimes even four feet high, and is about eighteen inches

thick. It is possible to increase the volume of the jet for a few seconds, by throwing large stones or lumps of earth into the opening, and thus stirring up the spring. The stones are cast forcibly forth, and the lumps of earth, dissolved by the action of the water, impart to the latter a dingy colour.

Whoever has seen the jet of water at Carlsbad, in Bohemia, can well imagine the appearance of this spring, which closely resembles that of Carlsbad.<sup>d</sup>

In the immediate neighbourhood of the spring is an abyss, in which water is continually seething, but never rises into the air. At a little distance, on a high rock, rising out of the river Sidumule, not far from the shore, are other springs. They are three in number, each at a short distance from the next, and occupy nearly the entire upper surface of the rock. Lower down we find a reservoir of boiling water; and at the foot of the rock, and on the nearest shore, are many more hot springs; but most of these are inconsiderable. Many of these hot springs emerge almost from the cold river itself.

The chief group, however, lies still farther off, on a rock which may be about twenty feet in height, and fifty in length. It is called Tunga Huer, and rises from the midst of a moor. On this rock there are no less than sixteen springs, some emerging from its base, others rather above the middle, but none from the top of the rock.

The construction of the basins and the height and diameter of the jets were precisely similar to those I have already described. All these sixteen springs are so near each other that they do not even occupy two sides of the rock. It is impossible to form an idea of the magnificence of this singular spectacle, which becomes really fairy-like, if the beholder have the courage to climb the rock

<sup>d</sup> The springs of Carlsbad are said to have been unknown until about five hundred years ago, when a hunting-dog belonging to one of the emperors of Germany fell in, and by his howling attracted the hunters to the spot. The temperature of the chief spring is 165°.—ED.

itself, a proceeding of some danger, though of little difficulty. The upper stratum of the rock is soft and warm, presenting almost the appearance of mud thickened with sand and small stones. Every footstep leaves a trace behind it, and the visitor has continually before his eyes the fear of breaking through, and falling into a hot spring hidden from view by a thin covering. The good pastor walked in advance of me, with a stick, and probed the dangerous surface as much as possible. I was loath to stay behind, and suddenly we found ourselves at the summit of the rock. Here we could take in, at one view, the sixteen springs gushing from both its sides. If the view from below had been most interesting and singular, how shall I describe its appearance as seen from above? Sixteen jets of water seen at one glance, sixteen reservoirs, in all their diversity of form and construction, opening at once beneath the feet of the beholder, seemed almost too wonderful a sight. Forgetting all pusillanimous feelings, I stood and honoured the Creator in these his marvellous works. For a long time I stood, and could not tire of gazing into the abysses from whose darkness the masses of white and foaming water sprung hissing into the air, to fall again, and hasten in quiet union towards the neighbouring river. The good pastor found it necessary to remind me several times that our position here was neither of the safest nor of the most comfortable, and that it was therefore high time to abandon it. I had ceased to think of the insecurity of the ground we trod, and scarcely noticed the mighty clouds of hot vapour which frequently surrounded and threatened to suffocate us, obliging us to step suddenly back with wetted faces. It was fortunate that these waters contain but a very small quantity of brimstone, otherwise we could scarcely have long maintained our elevated position.

The rock from which these springs rise is formed of a reddish mass, and the bed of the river into which the water flows is also completely covered with little stones of the same colour.

On our way back we noticed, near a cottage, another remarkable phenomenon. It was a basin, in whose depths the water boils

and bubbles violently; and near this basin are two unsightly holes, from which columns of smoke periodically rise with a great noise. Whilst this is going on, the basin fills itself more and more with water, but never so much as to overflow, or to force a jet of water into the air; then the steam and the noise cease in both cavities, and the water in the reservoir sinks several feet.

This strange phenomenon generally lasts about a minute, and is repeated so regularly, that a bet could almost be made, that the rising and falling of the water, and the increased and lessened noise of the steam, shall be seen and heard sixty or sixty-five times within an hour.

In communication with this basin is another, situate at a distance of about a hundred paces in a small hollow, and filled like the former with boiling water. As the water in the upper basin gradually sinks, and ceases to seethe, it begins to rise in the lower one, and is at length forced two or three feet into the air; then it falls again, and thus the phenomenon is continually repeated in the upper and the lower basin alternately.

At the upper spring there is also a vapour-bath. This is formed by a small chamber situate hard by the basin, built of stones and roofed with turf. It is further provided with a small and narrow entrance, which cannot be passed in an upright position. The floor is composed of stone slabs, probably covering a hot spring, for they are very warm. The person wishing to use this bath betakes himself to this room, and carefully closes every cranny; a suffocating heat, which induces violent perspiration over the whole frame, is thus generated. The people, however, seldom avail themselves of this bath.

On my return I had still to visit a basin with a jet of water, in a fine meadow near the church; a low wall of stone has been erected round this spring to prevent the cattle from scalding themselves if they should approach too near in the ardour of grazing. Some eighty paces off is to be seen the wool-bath erected by Snorri Sturluson. It consists of a stone basin three or four feet in depth,

and eighteen or twenty in diameter. The approach is by a few steps leading to a low stone bench, which runs round the basin. The water is obtained from the neighbouring spring, but is of so high a temperature that it is impossible to bathe without previously cooling it. The bath stands in the open air, and no traces are left of the building which once covered it. It is now used for washing clothes and sheep's wool.

I had now seen all the interesting springs on this side of the valley. Some columns of vapour, which may be observed from the opposite end of the valley, proceed from thermal springs, that offer no remarkable feature save their heat.

On our return the priest took me to the churchyard, which lay at some distance from his dwelling, and shewed me the principal graves. Though I thought the sight very impressive, it was not calculated to invigorate me, when I considered that I must pass the approaching night alone in the church, amidst these resting-places of the departed.

The mound above each grave is very high, and the greater part of them are surmounted by a kind of wooden coffin, which at first sight conveys the impression that the dead person is above ground. I could not shake off a feeling of discomfort; and such is the power of prejudice, that—I acknowledge my weakness—I was even induced to beg that the priest would remove one of the covers. Though I knew full well that the dead man was slumbering deep in the earth, and not in this coffin, I felt a shudder pass over me as the lid was removed, and I saw—as the priest had assured me I should do—merely a tombstone with the usual inscription, which this coffin-like covering is intended to protect against the rude storms of the winter.

Close beside the entrance to the church is the mound beneath which rest the bones of Snorri Sturluson, the celebrated poet;<sup>c</sup>

<sup>c</sup> History tells of this great Icelandic poet, that owing to his treachery the free island of Iceland came beneath the Norwegian sceptre. For this reason he could never appear in Iceland without a strong guard, and there-

over his grave stands a small runic stone of the length of the mound itself. This stone is said to have once been completely covered with runic characters ; but all trace of these has been swept away by the storms of five hundred winters, against which the tomb had no protecting coffin. The stone, too, is split throughout its entire length into two pieces. The mound above the grave is often renewed, so that the beholder could often fancy he saw a new-made grave. I picked all the buttercups I could find growing on the grave, and preserved them carefully in a book. Perhaps I may be able to give pleasure to several of my countrywomen by offering them a floweret from the grave of the greatest of Icelandic poets.

June 19th.

In order to pursue my journey without interruption, I hired fore visited the Allthing under the protection of a small army of 600 men. Being at length surprised by his enemies in his house at Reikiadal, he fell beneath their blows, after a short and ineffectual resistance. [Snorri Sturluson, the most distinguished name of which Iceland can boast, was born, in 1178, at Hoam. In his early years he was remarkably fortunate in his worldly affairs. The fortune he derived from his father was small, but by means of a rich marriage, and by inheritance, he soon became proprietor of large estates in Iceland. Some writers say that his guard of 600 men, during his visit to the Allthing, was intended not as a defence, as indicated in Madame Pfeiffer's note, but for the purposes of display, and to impress the inhabitants with forcible ideas of his influence and power. He was invited to the court of the Norwegian king, and there he either promised or was bribed to bring Iceland under the Norwegian power. For this he has been greatly blamed, and stigmatised as a traitor ; though it would appear from some historians that he only undertook to do by peaceable means what otherwise the Norwegian kings would have effected by force, and thus saved his country from a foreign invasion. But be this as it may, it is quite clear that he sunk in the estimation of his countrymen, and the feeling against him became so strong, that he was obliged to fly to Norway. He returned, however, in 1239, and in two years afterwards he was assassinated by his own son-in-law. The work by which he is chiefly known is the *Heimskringla*, or Chronicle of the Sea-Kings of Norway, one of the most valuable pieces of northern history, which has been admirably translated into English by Mr. Samuel Laing. This curious name of *Heimskringla* was given to the work because it contains the words with which it begins, and means literally *the circle of the world*.—ED.]

fresh horses, and allowed my own, which were rather fatigued, to accompany us unloaded. My object in this further excursion was to visit the very remarkable cavern of Surthellir, distant a good thirty-three miles from this place. The clergyman was again kind enough to make the necessary arrangements for me, and even to act as my Mentor on the journey.

Though we were only three strong, we departed with a retinue of seven horses, and for nearly ten miles rode back the same way by which I had come from Reikholt on the preceding morning; then we turned off to the left, and crossing hills and acclivities, reached other valleys, which were partly traversed by beautiful streams of lava, and partly interspersed with forests—*forests*, as I have already said, according to Icelandic notions. The separate stems were certainly slightly higher than those in the valley of Thingvalla.

At Kalmannstunga we left the spare horses, and took with us a man to serve as guide in the cavern, from which we were now still some seven miles distant. The great valley in which this cavern lies is reckoned among the most remarkable in Iceland. It is a most perfect picture of volcanic devastation. The most beautiful masses of lava, in the most varied and picturesque forms, occupy the whole immeasurable valley. Lava is to be seen there in a rough glassy state, forming exquisite figures and arabesques; and in immense slabs, lying sometimes scattered, sometimes piled in strata one above the other, as though they had been cast there by a flood. Among these, again, lie mighty isolated streams, which must have been frozen in the midst of their course. From the different colours of the lava, and their transitions from light grey to black, we can judge of the eruptions which have taken place at different periods. The mountains surrounding this valley are mostly of a sombre hue; some are even black, forming a striking contrast to the neighbouring jokuls, which, in their large expanse, present the appearance almost of a sea of ice. I found one of these jokuls of a remarkable size; its shining expanse

extended far down into the valley, and its upper surface was almost immeasurable.

The other mountains were all smooth, as though polished by art; in the foreground I only noticed one which was covered with wonderful forms of dried lava. A deathlike silence weighed on the whole country round, on hill and on valley alike. Every thing seemed dead, all round was barren and desert, so that the effect was truly Icelandic. The greater portion of Iceland might be with justice designated the "Northern Desert."

The cavern of Surthellir lies on a slightly elevated extended plain, where it would certainly not be sought for, as we are accustomed to see natural phenomena of this description only in the bowels of rocks. It is, therefore, with no little surprise that the traveller sees suddenly opening before him a large round basin about fifteen fathoms in diameter, and four in depth. It was with a feeling of awe that I looked downwards on the countless blocks of rock piled one upon the other, extending on one side to the edge of the hollow, across which the road led to the dark ravines farther on.

We were compelled to scramble forward on our hands and knees, until we reached a long broad passage, which led us at first imperceptibly downwards, and then ran underneath the plain, which formed a rocky cavern above our heads. I estimated the different heights of this roof at not less than from eighteen to sixty feet; but it seldom reached a greater elevation than the latter. Both roof and walls are in some places very pointed and rough: a circumstance to be ascribed to the stalactites which adhere to them, without, however, forming figures or long sharp points.

From this principal path several smaller ones lead far into the interior of this stony region; but they do not communicate with each other, and one is compelled to return from each side-path into the main road. Some of these by-paths are short, narrow, and low; others, on the contrary, are long, broad, and lofty.

In one of the most retired of these by-paths I was shewn a



great number of bones, which, I was told, were those of slaughtered sheep and other animals. I could gather, from the account given by the priest of the legend concerning them, that, in days of yore, this cave was the resort of a mighty band of robbers. This must have been a long, long time ago, as this is related as a legend or a fable.

For my part, I could not tell what robbers had to do in Iceland. Pirates had often come to the island; but for these gentry this cavern was too far from the sea. I cannot even imagine beasts of prey to have been there; for the whole country round about is desert and uninhabited, so that they could have found nothing to prey upon. In fact, I turned over in my mind every probability, and can only say that it appeared to me a most remarkable circumstance to find in this desert place, so far from any living thing, a number of bones, which, moreover, looked as fresh as if the poor animals to whom they once belonged had been eaten but a short time ago. Unfortunately I could obtain no satisfactory information on this point.

It is difficult to imagine any thing more laborious than to wander about in this cavern. As the road had shewed itself at the entrance of the cavern, so it continued throughout its whole extent. The path consisted entirely of loose fragments of lava heaped one upon the other, over which we had to clamber with great labour. None of us could afford to help the others; each one was fully occupied with himself. There was not a single spot to be seen on which we could have stood without holding fast at the same time with our hands. We were sometimes obliged to seat ourselves on a stone, and so to slide down; at others, to take hands and pull one another to the top of high blocks of stone.

We came to several immense basins, or craters, which opened above our heads, but were inaccessible, the sides being too steep for us to climb. The light which entered through these openings was scarcely enough to illumine the principal path, much less the numerous by-paths.

At Kalmannstunga I had endeavoured to procure torches, but was obliged to consider myself fortunate in getting a few tapers. It is necessary to provide oneself with torches at Reikjavik.

The parts of the cavern beneath the open craters were still covered with a considerable quantity of snow, by which our progress was rendered very dangerous. We frequently sunk in, and at other times caught our feet between the stones, so that we could scarcely maintain our balance. In the by-paths situated near these openings an icy rind had formed itself, which was now covered with water. Farther on, the ice had melted; but it was generally very dirty, as a stratum of sand mixed with water lay there in place of the stones. The chief path alone was covered with blocks of lava; in the smaller paths I found only strata of sand and small pieces of lava.

The magical illumination produced by the sun's rays shining through one of these craters into the cavern produced a splendid effect. The sun shone perpendicularly through the opening, spread a dazzling radiance over the snow, and diffused a pale delicate light around us. The effect of this point of dazzling light was the more remarkable from its contrasting strongly with the two dark chasms, from the first of which we had emerged to continue our journey through the obscurity of the second.

This subterranean labyrinth is said to extend in different directions for many miles. We explored a portion of the chief path and several by-paths, and after a march of two hours returned heartily tired to the upper world. We then rested a quarter of an hour, and afterwards returned at a good round pace to Kalmannstunga.

Unfortunately I do not possess sufficient geognostic knowledge to be able to set this cavern down as an extinct volcano. But in travelling in a country where every hill and mountain, every thing around, in fact, consists of lava, even the uninitiated in science seeks to discover the openings whence these immense masses have poured. The stranger curiously regards the top of each mountain, thinking every where to behold a crater, but both hill and dale

appear smooth and closed. With what joy then does he hail the thought of having discovered, in this cavern, something to throw light upon the sources of these things! I, at least, fancied myself walking on the hearth of an extinct volcano; for all I saw, from the masses of stone piled beneath my feet and the immense basin above my head, were both of lava. If I am right in my conjecture, I do not know; I only speak according to my notions and my views.

I was obliged to pass this night in a cottage. Kalmannstunga contains three such cottages, but no chapel. Luckily I found one of these houses somewhat larger and more cleanly than its neighbours; it could almost come under the denomination of a farm. The occupants, too, had been employed during my ride to the cavern in cleansing the best chamber, and preparing it, as far as possible, for my reception. The room in question was eleven feet long by seven broad; the window was so small and so covered with dirt that, although the sun was shining in its full glory, I could scarcely see to write. The walls, and even the floor, were boarded—a great piece of luxury in a country where wood is so scarce. The furniture consisted of a broad bedstead, two chests of drawers, and a small table. Chairs and benches are a kind of *terra incognita* in the dwellings of the Icelandic peasantry; besides, I do not know where such articles could be stowed in a room of such dimensions as that which I occupied.

My hostess, the widow of a wealthy peasant, introduced to me her four children, who were very handsome, and very neatly dressed. I begged the good mother to tell me the names of the young ones, so that I might at least know a few Icelandic names. She appeared much flattered at my request, and gave me the names as follows: Sigrudur, Gudrun, Ingebör, and Lars.

I should have felt tolerably comfortable in my present quarters, accustomed as I am to bear privations of all kinds with indifference, if they would but have left me in peace. But the reader may fancy my horror when the whole population, not only of the

cottage itself, but also of the neighbouring dwellings, made their appearance, and, planting themselves partly in my chamber and partly at the door, held me in a far closer state of siege than even at Krisuvik. I was, it appeared, quite a novel phenomenon in the eyes of these good people, and so they came one and all and stared at me; the women and children were, in particular, most unpleasantly familiar; they felt my dress, and the little ones laid their dirty little countenances in my lap. Added to this, the confined atmosphere from the number of persons present, their lamentable want of cleanliness, and their filthy habit of spitting, &c., all combined to form a most dreadful whole. During these visits I did more penance than by the longest fasts; and fasting, too, was an exercise I seldom escaped, as I could touch few Icelandic dishes. The cookery of the Icelandic peasants is wholly confined to the preparation of dried fish, with which they eat fermented milk that has often been kept for months; on very rare occasions they have a preparation of barley-meal, which is eaten with flat bread baked from Icelandic moss ground fine.

I could not but wonder at the fact that most of these people expected to find me acquainted with a number of things generally studied only by men; they seemed to have a notion that in foreign parts women should be as learned as men. So, for instance, the priests always inquired if I spoke Latin, and seemed much surprised on finding that I was unacquainted with the language. The common people requested my advice as to the mode of treating divers complaints; and once, in the course of one of my solitary wanderings about Reikjavik, on my entering a cottage, they brought before me a being whom I should scarcely have recognised as belonging to the same species as myself, so fearfully was he disfigured by the eruption called "lepra." Not only the face, but the whole body also was covered with it; the patient was quite emaciated, and some parts of his body were covered with sores. For a surgeon this might have been an interesting sight, but I turned away in disgust.

But let us turn from this picture. I would rather tell of the angel's face I saw in Kalmannstunga. It was a girl, ten or twelve years of age, beautiful and lovely beyond description, so that I wished I had been a painter. How gladly would I have taken home with me to my own land, if only on canvass, the delicate face, with its roguish dimples and speaking eyes! But perhaps it is better as it is; the picture might by some unlucky chance have fallen into the hands of some too-susceptible youth, who, like Don Sylvio de Rosalva, in Wieland's *Comical Romance*, would immediately have proceeded to travel through half the world to find the original of this enchanting portrait. His spirit of inquiry would scarcely have carried him to Iceland, as such an apparition would never be suspected to exist in such a country, and thus the unhappy youth would be doomed to endless wandering.

June 20th.

The distance from Kalmannstunga to Thingvalla is fifty-two miles, and the journey is certainly one of the most dreary and fatiguing of all that can be made in Iceland. The traveller passes from one desert valley into another; he is always surrounded by high mountains and still higher glaciers, and wherever he turns his eyes, nature seems torpid and dead. A feeling of anxious discomfort seizes upon the wanderer, he hastens with redoubled speed through the far-stretched deserts, and eagerly ascends the mountains piled up before him, in the hope that better things lie beyond. It is in vain; he only sees the same solitudes, the same deserts, the same mountains.

On the elevated plateaux several places were still covered with snow; these we were obliged to cross, though we could frequently hear the rushing of the water beneath its snowy covering. We were compelled also to pass over coatings of ice spread lightly over rivers, and presenting that blue colour which is a certain sign of danger.

Our poor horses were sometimes very restive; but it was of no use; they were beaten without mercy until they carried us over

the dangerous places. The pack-horse was always driven on in front with many blows ; it had to serve as pioneer, and try if the road was practicable. Next came my guide, and I brought up the rear. Our poor horses frequently sank up to their knees in the snow, and twice up to the saddle-girths. This was one of the most dangerous rides I have ever had. I could not help continually thinking what I should do if my guide were to sink in so deeply that he could not extricate himself ; my strength would not have been sufficient to rescue him, and whither should I turn to seek for help ? All around us was nothing but a desert and snow. Perhaps my lot might have been to die of hunger. I should have wandered about seeking dwellings and human beings, and have entangled myself so completely among these wastes that I could never have found my way.

When at a distance I descried a new field of snow (and unfortunately we came upon them but too frequently), I felt very uncomfortable ; those alone who have themselves been in a similar situation can estimate the whole extent of my anxiety.

If I had been travelling in company with others, these fears would not have disturbed me ; for there reciprocal assistance can be rendered, and the consciousness of this fact seems materially to diminish the danger.

During the season in which the snow ceases to form a secure covering, this road is but little travelled. We saw nowhere a trace of footsteps, either of men or animals ; we were the only living beings in this dreadful region. I certainly scolded my guide roundly for bringing me by such a road. But what did I gain by this ? It would have been as dangerous to turn back as to go on.

A change in the weather, which till now had been rather favourable, increased the difficulties of this journey. Already when we left Kalmannstunga, the sky began to be overcast, and the sun enlivened us with its rays only for a few minutes at a time. On our reaching the higher mountains the weather became worse ; for here we encountered clouds and fog, which wreaked their ven-

geance upon us, and which only careered by to make room for others. An icy storm from the neighbouring glaciers was their constant companion, and made me shiver so much that I could scarcely keep my saddle. We had now ridden above thirteen hours. The rain poured down incessantly, and we were half dead with cold and wet; so I at length determined to halt for the night at the first cottage: at last we found one between two or three miles from Thingvalla. I had now a roof above my head; but beyond this I had gained nothing. The cottage consisted of a single room, and was almost completely filled by four broad bedsteads. I counted seven adults and three children, who had all to be accommodated in these four beds. In addition to this, the *kvef*, a kind of croup, prevailed this spring to such an extent that scarcely any one escaped it. Wherever I went, I found the people afflicted with this complaint; and here this was also the case; the noise of groaning and coughing on all sides was quite deplorable. The floor, moreover, was revoltingly dirty.

The good people were so kind as immediately to place one of their beds at my disposal; but I would rather have passed the night on the threshold of the door than in this disgusting hole. I chose for my lodging-place the narrow passage which separated the kitchen from the room; I found there a couple of blocks, across which a few boards had been laid, and this constituted the milk-room: it might have been more properly called the smoke-room; for in the roof were a few air-holes, through which the smoke escaped. In this smoke or milk-room—whichever it may be called—I prepared to pass the night as best I could. My cloak being wet through, I had been compelled to hang it on a stick to dry; and thus found myself under the necessity of borrowing a mattress from these unhealthy people. I laid myself down boldly, and pretended sleepiness, in order to deliver myself from the curiosity of my entertainers. They retired to their room, and so I was alone and undisturbed. But yet I could not sleep; the cold wind, blowing in upon me through the air-holes, chilled and

wetted as I already was, kept me awake against my will. I had also another misfortune to endure. As often as I attempted to sit upright on my luxurious couch, my head would receive a severe concussion. I had forgotten the poles which are fixed across each of these antechambers, for the purpose of hanging up fish to dry, &c. Unfortunately I could not bear this arrangement in mind until after I had received half a dozen salutations of this description.

June 21st.

At length the morning so long sighed for came; the rain had indeed ceased; but the clouds still hung about the mountains, and promised a speedy fall; I nevertheless resolved rather to submit myself to the fury of the elements than to remain longer in my present quarters, and so ordered the horses to be saddled.

Before my departure roast lamb and butter were offered me. I thanked my entertainers; but refrained from tasting any thing, excusing myself on the plea of not feeling hungry, which was in reality the case; for if I only looked at the dirty people who surrounded me, my appetite vanished instantly. So long as my stock of bread and cheese lasted, I kept to it, and ate nothing else.

Taking leave of my good hosts, we continued our journey to Reikjavik, by the same road on which I had travelled on my journey hither. This had not been my original plan on starting from Reikjavik; I had intended to proceed from Thingvalla directly to the Geyser, to Hecla, &c.; but the horses were already exhausted, and the weather so dreadfully bad, without prospect of speedy amendment, that I preferred returning to Reikjavik, and waiting for better times in my pleasant little room at the house of the good baker.

We rode on as well as we could amidst ceaseless storms of wind and rain. The most disagreeable circumstance of all was our being obliged to spend the hours devoted to rest in the open air, under a by no means cloudless sky, as during our whole day's journey we saw not a single hut, save the solitary one in the lava



desert, which serves as a resting-place for travellers during the winter. So we continued our journey until we reached a scanty meadow. Here I had my choice either to walk about for two hours, or to sit down upon the wet grass. I could find nothing better to do than to turn my back upon the wind and rain, to remain standing on one spot, to have patience, and for amusement to observe the direction in which the clouds scudded by. At the same time I discussed my frugal meal, more for want of something to do than from hunger; if I felt thirsty, I had only to turn round and open my mouth.

If there are natures peculiarly fitted for travelling, I am fortunate in being blessed with such an one. No rain or wind was powerful enough to give me even a cold. During this whole excursion I had tasted no warm or nourishing food; I had slept every night upon a bench or a chest; had ridden nearly 255 miles in six days; and had besides scrambled about bravely in the cavern of Surthellir; and, in spite of all this privation and fatigue, I arrived at Reikjavik in good health and spirits.

Short summary of this journey:

	Miles.
First day, from Reikjavik to Thingvalla . . . . .	46
Second day, from Thingvalla to Reikholt . . . . .	51
Third day, from Reikholt to the different springs, and back again . . . . .	19
Fourth day, from Reikholt to Surthellir, and back to Kalmannstunga . . . . .	40
Fifth day, from Kalmannstunga to Thingvalla . . . . .	51
Sixth day, from Thingvalla to Reikjavik . . . . .	46
<b>Total . . . . .</b>	<b>253</b>

## CHAPTER VI.

## JOURNEY TO THE GEYSER, TO MOUNT HECLA, ETC.

Departure from Reikjavik—Atmospheric phenomenon—Grottoes—Fruitful valleys—Remarkable mountains—Dangerous and rapid stream—The Geysers—Danger of approaching them—Rules to be observed—Suspense—The Strokker—Transparency and clearness of the water—Beautiful diversity of colours—Eruption of the Geyser—Great height of the pillars of water—Overflowing of the basin—Propensity of travellers to exaggerate—Drunkenness and filthy habits of the Icelanders—Journey to Skalholt—Beautiful but uncultivated valleys—Indolence of the inhabitants—Burial at Thorfastädir—Skalholt, the seat of the earliest Icelandic bishopric—Relics—Curiosity of the natives—The river Thiorsa—Waterfalls of the Huitha—Struvellir—Mode of salutation in Iceland—Village of Sälsun—Ascent of Mount Hecla—Rapacity of the guide—Danger and difficulties of the ascent—Absence of a crater—Hjalmholm—Family of the Sysseleinn—The river Elvas—The valley of Reikum—The little Geyser and the Boyensprung—Scenery between Reikum and Reikjavik—Distances.

THE weather soon cleared up, and I continued my journey to the Geyser and to Mount Hecla on the 24th June. On the first day, when we rode to Thingvalla, we passed no new scenery, but saw instead an extremely beautiful atmospheric phenomenon.

As we approached the lake, some thin mist-clouds lowered over it and over the earth, so that it seemed as if it would rain. One portion of the firmament glowed with the brightest blue; while the other part was obscured by thick clouds, through which the sun was just breaking. Some of its rays reached the clouds of mist, and illuminated them in a wonderfully beautiful manner. The most delicate shades of colour seemed breathed, as it were, over them like a dissolving rainbow, whose glowing colours were intermingled and yet singly perceptible. This play of colours continued for half an hour, then faded gradually till it vanished

entirely, and the ordinary atmosphere took its place. It was one of the most beautiful appearances I had ever witnessed.

June 25th.

The roads separate about a mile behind the little town of Thingvalla ; the one to the left goes to Reikholt, the right-hand one leads to the Geyser. We rode for some time along the shores of the lake, and found at the end of the valley an awful chasm in the rock, similar to the one of Almanagiau, which we had passed on such a wretched road.

The contiguous valley bore a great resemblance to that of Thingvalla ; but the third one was again fearful. Lava covered it, and was quite overgrown with that whitish moss, which has a beautiful appearance when it only covers a portion of the lava, and when black masses rise above it, but which here presented a most monotonous aspect.

We also passed two grottoes which opened at our feet. At the entrance of one stood a pillar of rock supporting an immense slab of lava, which formed an awe-inspiring portal. I had unfortunately not known of the existence of these caves, and was consequently unprepared to visit them. Torches, at least, would have been requisite. But I subsequently heard that they were not at all deep, and contained nothing of interest.

In the course of the day we passed through valleys such as I had seen nowhere else in Iceland. Beautiful meadow-lawns, perfectly level, covered the country for miles. These rich valleys were, of course, tolerably well populated ; we frequently passed three or four contiguous cottages, and saw horses, cows, and sheep grazing on these fields in considerable numbers.

The mountains which bounded these valleys on the left seemed to me very remarkable ; they were partly brown, black, or dark blue, like the others ; but the bulk of which they were composed I considered to be fine loam-soil layers, if I may trust my imperfect mineralogical knowledge. Some of these mountains were

topped by large isolated lava rocks, real giants; and it seemed inexplicable to me how they could stand on the soft soil beneath.

In one of these valleys we passed a considerable lake, on and around which rose circling clouds of steam proceeding from hot springs, but of no great size. But after we had already travelled about twenty-five miles, we came to the most remarkable object I had ever met with; this was a river with a most peculiar bed.

This river-bed is broad and somewhat steep; it consists of lava strata, and is divided lengthwise in the middle by a cleft eighteen to twenty feet deep, and fifteen to eighteen feet broad, towards which the bubbling and surging waters rush, so that the sound is heard at some distance. A little wooden bridge, which stands in the middle of the stream, and over which the high waves constantly play, leads over the chasm. Any one not aware of the fact can hardly explain this appearance to himself, nor understand the noise and surging of the stream. The little bridge in the centre would be taken for the ruins of a fallen bridge, and the chasm is not seen from the shore, because the foaming waves overtop it. An indescribable fear would seize upon the traveller when he beheld the venturous guide ride into the stream, and was obliged to follow without pity or mercy.

The priest of Thingvalla had prepared me for the scene, and had advised me to *walk* over the bridge; but as the water at this season stood so high that the waves from both sides dashed two feet above the bridge, I could not descend from my horse, and was obliged to ride across.

The whole passage through the stream is so peculiar, that it must be seen, and can scarcely be described. The water gushes and plays on all sides with fearful force; it rushes into the chasm with impetuous violence, forms waterfalls on both sides, and breaks itself on the projecting rocks. Not far from the bridge the cleft terminates; and the whole breadth of the waters falls over rocks thirty to forty feet high. The nearer we approached the centre, the deeper, more violent, and impetuous grew the stream, and the

more deafening was the noise. The horses became restless and shy; and when we came to the bridge, they began to tremble, they reared, they turned to all sides but the right one, and refused to obey the bridle. With infinite trouble we at last succeeded in bringing them across this dangerous place.

The valley which is traversed by this peculiar river is narrow, and quite enclosed by lava mountains and hills; the inanimate, silent nature around is perfectly adapted to imprint this scene for ever on the traveller's memory.

This remarkable stream had been the last difficulty; and now we proceeded quietly and safely through the beautiful valleys till we approached the Geyser, which a projecting hillock enviously concealed from my anxiously curious gaze. At last this hillock was passed; and I saw the Geyser with its surrounding scenery, with its immense steam pillars, and the clouds and cloudlets rising from it. The hill was about two miles distant from the Geyser and the other hot springs. There they were, boiling and bubbling all around, and through the midst lay the road to the basin. Eighty paces from it we halted.

And now I stood before the chief object of my journey; I saw it, it was so near me, and yet I did not venture to approach it. But a peasant who had followed us from one of the neighbouring cottages, and had probably guessed my anxiety and my fear, took me by the hand and constituted himself my cicerone. He had unfortunately, it being Sunday, paid too great a devotion to the brandy-bottle, so that he staggered rather than walked, and I hesitated to trust myself to the guidance of this man, not knowing whether he had reason enough left to distinguish how far we might with safety venture. My guide, who had accompanied me from Reikjavik, assured me indeed that I might trust him in spite of his intoxication, and that he would himself go with us to translate the peasant's Icelandic jargon into Danish; but nevertheless I followed with great trepidation.

He led me to the margin of the basin of the great Geyser,

which lies on the top of a gentle elevation of about ten feet, and contains the outer and the inner basins. The diameter of the outer basin may be about thirty feet; that of the inner one six to seven feet. Both were filled to the brim, the water was pure as crystal, but boiled and bubbled only slightly. We soon left this spot; for when the basins are quite filled with water it is very dangerous to approach them, as they may empty themselves any moment by an eruption. We therefore went to inspect the other springs.

My unsteady guide pointed those out which we might unhesitatingly approach, and warned me from the others. Then we returned to the great Geyser, where he gave me some precautionary rules, in case of an intervening eruption, and then left me to prepare some accommodation for my stay. I will briefly enumerate the rules he gave me.

“The pillar of water always rises perpendicularly, and the overflowing water has its chief outlets on one and the same side. The water does indeed escape on the other side, but only in considerable quantities, and in shapeless little ducts, which one may easily evade. On this side one may therefore approach within forty paces even during the most violent eruptions. The eruption announces itself by a dull roaring; and as soon as this is heard, the traveller must hastily retire to the above-named distance, as the eruption always follows very quickly after the noise. The water, however, does not rise high every time, often only very inconsiderably, so that, to see a very fine explosion, it is often necessary to stay some days here.”

The French scholar, M. P. Geimard, has provided for the accommodation of travellers with a truly noble disinterestedness. He traversed the whole of Iceland some years ago, and left two large tents behind him; one here, and the other in Thingvalla. The one here is particularly appropriate, as travellers are frequently obliged, as stated above, to wait several days for a fine eruption. Every traveller certainly owes M. Geimard the warmest thanks for this convenience. A peasant, the same who guides tra-

vellers to the springs, has the charge of it, and is bound to pitch it for any one for a fee of one or two florins.

When my tent was ready it was nearly eleven o'clock. My companions retired, and I remained alone.

It is usual to watch through the night in order not to miss an eruption. Now, although an alternate watching is no very arduous matter for several travellers, it became a very hard task for me alone, and an Icelandic peasant cannot be trusted; an eruption of Mount Hecla would scarcely arouse him.

I sat sometimes before and sometimes in my tent, and listened with anxious expectation for the coming events; at last, after midnight—the witching hour—I heard some hollow sounds, as if a cannon were being fired at a great distance, and its echoing sounds were borne by the breeze. I rushed from my tent and expected subterranean noises, violent cracking and trembling of the earth, according to the descriptions I had read. I could scarcely repress a slight sensation of fear. To be alone at midnight in such a scene is certainly no joke.

Many of my friends may remember my telling them, before my departure, that I expected I should need the most courage on my Icelandic journey during the nights at the Geysers.

These hollow sounds were repeated, at very short intervals, thirteen times; and each time the basin overflowed and ejected a considerable quantity of water. The sounds did not seem to proceed from subterranean ragings, but from the violent agitation of the waters. In a minute and a half all was over; the water no longer overflowed, the caldron and basin remained filled, and I returned to my tent disappointed in every way. This phenomenon was repeated every two hours and a half, or, at the latest, every three hours and a half. I saw and heard nothing else all night, the next day, or the second night. I waited in vain for an eruption.

When I had accustomed myself to these temporary effusions of my neighbour, I either indulged in a gentle slumber in the intermediate time, or I visited the other springs and explored. I wished

to discover the boiling vapour and the coloured springs which many travellers assert they have seen here.

All the hot-springs are united within a circumference of 800 to 900 paces: several of them are very remarkable, but the majority insignificant.

They are situated in the angle of an immense valley at the foot of a hill, behind which extends a chain of mountains. The valley is entirely covered with grass, and the vegetation only decreases a little in the immediate vicinity of the springs. Cottages are built every where in the neighbourhood; the nearest to the springs are only about 700 to 800 paces distant.

I counted twelve large basins with boiling and gushing springs; of smaller ones there were many more.

Among the gushing springs the Strokker is the most remarkable. It boils and bubbles with most extraordinary violence at a depth of about twenty feet, shoots up suddenly, and projects its waters into the air. Its eruptions sometimes last half an hour, and the column occasionally ascends to a height of forty feet. I witnessed several of its eruptions; but unfortunately not one of the largest. The highest I saw could not have been above thirty feet, and did not last more than a quarter of an hour. The Strokker is the only spring, except the Geysir, which has to be approached with great caution. The eruptions sometimes succeed each other quickly, and sometimes cease for a few hours, and are not preceded by any sign. Another spring spouts constantly, but never higher than three to four feet. A third one lies about four or five feet deep, in a rather broad basin, and produces only a few little bubbles. But this calmness is deceptive: it seldom lasts more than half a minute, rarely two or three minutes; then the spring begins to bubble, to boil, and to wave and spout to a height of two or three feet; without, however, reaching the level of the basin. In some springs I heard boiling and foaming like a gentle bellowing; but saw no water, sometimes not even steam, rising.

Two of the most remarkable springs which can perhaps be



found in the world are situated immediately above the Geysir, in two openings, which are separated by a wall of rock scarcely a foot wide. This partition does not rise above the surface of the soil, but descends into the earth; the water boils slowly, and has an equable, moderate discharge. The beauty of these springs consists in their remarkable transparency. All the varied forms and caves, the projecting peaks and edges of rock, are visible far down, until the eye is lost in the depths of darkness. But the greatest beauty of the spring is the splendid colouring proceeding from the rock; it is of the tenderest, most transparent, pale blue and green, and resembles the reflection of a Bengal flame. But what is most strange is, that this play of colour proceeds from the rock, and only extends eight to ten inches from it, while the other water is colourless as common water, only more transparent, and purer.

I could not believe it at first, and thought it must be occasioned by the sun; I therefore visited the springs at different times, sometimes when the sun shone brightly, sometimes when it was obscured by clouds, once even after its setting; but the colouring always remained the same.

One may fearlessly approach the brink of these springs. The platform which projects directly from them, and under which one can see in all directions, is indeed only a thin ledge of rock, but strong enough to prevent any accident. The beauty consists, as I have said, in the magical illumination, and in the transparency, by which all the caves and grottoes to the greatest depths become visible to the eye. Involuntarily I thought of Schiller's *Diver*.<sup>a</sup> I seemed to see the goblet hang on the peaks and jags of the rock; I could fancy I saw the monsters rise from the bottom. It must be a peculiar pleasure to read this splendid poem in such an appropriate spot.

I found scarcely any basins of Brodem or coloured waters. The only one of the kind which I saw was a small basin, in which a brownish-red substance, rather denser than water, was boiling.

<sup>a</sup> A translation of this poem will be found in the Appendix.

Another smaller spring, with dirty brown water, I should have quite overlooked, if I had not so industriously searched for these curiosities.

At last, after long waiting, on the second day of my stay, on the 27th June, at half-past eight in the morning, I was destined to see an eruption of the Geyser in its greatest perfection. The peasant, who came daily in the morning and in the evening to inquire whether I had already seen an eruption, was with me when the hollow sounds which precede it were again heard. We hastened out, and I again despaired of seeing any thing; the water only overflowed as usual, and the sound was already ceasing. But all at once, when the last sounds had scarcely died away, the explosion began. Words fail me when I try to describe it: such a magnificent and overpowering sight can only be seen once in a lifetime.

All my expectations and suppositions were far surpassed. The water spouted upwards with indescribable force and bulk; one pillar rose higher than the other; each seemed to emulate the other. When I had in some measure recovered from the surprise, and regained composure, I looked at the tent. How little, how dwarfish it seemed as compared to the height of these pillars of water! And yet it was about twenty feet high. It did, indeed, lie ten feet lower than the basin of the Geyser; but if tent had been raised above tent, these ten feet could only be deducted once, and I calculated, though my calculation may not be correct, that one would need to pile up five or six tents to have the height of one of the pillars. Without exaggeration, I think the largest spout rose above one hundred feet high, and was three to four feet in diameter.

Fortunately I had looked at my watch at the beginning of the hollow sounds, the forerunners of the eruption, for during its continuance I should probably have forgotten to do so. The whole lasted four minutes, of which the greater half must have been taken up by the eruption itself.

When this wonderful scene was over, the peasant accompanied me to the basin. We could now approach it and the boiler without danger, and examine both at leisure. There was now nothing to fear; the water had entirely disappeared from the outer basin. We entered it and approached the inner basin, in which the water had sunk seven or eight feet, where it boiled and bubbled fiercely.

With a hammer I broke some crust out of the outer as well as out of the inner basin; the former was white, the latter brown. I also tasted the water; it had not an unpleasant taste, and can only contain an inconsiderable proportion of sulphur, as the steam does not even smell of it.

I went to the basin of the Geyser every half hour to observe how much time was required to fill it again. After an hour I could still descend into the outer basin; but half an hour later the inner basin was already full, and commenced to overflow. As long as the water only filled the inner basin it boiled violently; but the higher it rose in the outer one, the less it boiled, and nearly ceased when the basin was filled: it only threw little bubbles here and there.

After a lapse of two hours—it was just noon—the basin was filled nearly to the brim; and while I stood beside it the water began again to bubble violently, and to emit the hollow sounds. I had scarcely time to retreat, for the pillars of water rose immediately. This time they spouted during the noise, and were more bulky than those of the first explosion, which might proceed from their not rising so high, and therefore remaining more compact. Their height may have been from forty to fifty feet. The basins this time remained nearly as full after the eruption as before.

I had now seen two eruptions of the Geyser, and felt amply compensated for my persevering patience and watchfulness. But I was destined to be more fortunate, and to experience its explosions in all their variety. The spring spouted again at seven o'clock in the evening, ascended higher than at noon, and brought up some stones, which looked like black spots and points in the white frothy

water-column. And during the third night it presented itself under another phase: the water rose in dreadful, quickly-succeeding waves, without throwing rays; the basin overflowed violently, and generated such a mass of steam as is rarely seen. The wind accidentally blew it to the spot where I stood, and it enveloped me so closely that I could scarcely see a few feet off. But I perceived neither smell nor oppression, merely a slight degree of warmth.

June 28th.

As I had now seen the Geyser play so often and so beautifully, I ordered my horses for nine o'clock this morning, to continue my journey. I made the more haste to leave, as a Dutch prince was expected, who had lately arrived at Reikjavik, with a large retinue, in a splendid man-of-war.

I had the luck to see another eruption before my departure at half-past eight o'clock; and this one was nearly as beautiful as the first. This time also the outer basin was entirely emptied, and the inner one to a depth of six or seven feet. I could therefore again descend into the basin, and bid farewell to the Geyser at the very brink of the crater, which, of course, I did.

I had now been three nights and two days in the immediate vicinity of the Geyser, and had witnessed five eruptions, of which two were of the most considerable that had ever been known. But I can assure my readers that I did not find every thing as I had anticipated it according to the descriptions and accounts I had read. I never heard a greater noise than I have mentioned, and never felt any trembling of the earth, although I paid the greatest attention to every little circumstance, and held my head to the ground during an eruption.

It is singular how many people repeat every thing they hear, from others—how some, with an over-excited imagination, seem to see, hear, and feel things which do not exist; and how others, again, tell the most unblushing falsehoods. I met an example of this in Reikjavik, in the house of the apothecary Möller, in the

person of an officer of a French frigate, who asserted that he had "ridden to the very edge of the crater of Mount Vesuvius." He probably did not anticipate meeting any one in Reikjavik who had also been to the crater of Vesuvius. Nothing irritates me so much as such falsehoods and boastings; and I could not therefore resist asking him how he had managed that feat. I told him that I had been there, and feared danger as little as he could do; but that I had been compelled to descend from my donkey near the top of the mountain, and let my feet carry me the remainder of the journey. He seemed rather embarrassed, and pretended he had meant to say *nearly* to the crater; but I feel convinced he will tell this story so often that he will at last believe it himself.

I hope I do not weary my readers by dwelling so long on the subject of the Geysir. I will now vary the subject by relating a few circumstances that came under my notice, which, though trifling in themselves, were yet very significant. The most unimportant facts of an almost unknown country are often interesting, and are often most conclusive evidences of the general character of the nation.

I have already spoken of my intoxicated guide. It is yet inexplicable to me how he could have conducted me so safely in such a semi-conscious state; and had he not been the only one, I should certainly not have trusted myself to his guidance.

Of the want of cleanliness of the Icelanders, no one who has not witnessed it can have any idea; and if I attempted to describe some of their nauseous habits, I might fill volumes. They seem to have no feeling of propriety, and I must, in this respect, rank them as far inferior to the Bedouins and Arabs—even to the Greenlanders. I can, therefore, not conceive how this nation could once have been distinguished for wealth, bravery, and civilisation.

On this day I proceeded on my journey about twenty-eight miles farther to Skalholt.

For the first five miles we retraced our former road; then we

turned to the left and traversed the beautiful long valley in which the Geyser is situated. For many miles we could see its clouds of steam rising to the sky. The roads were tolerable only when they passed along the sides of hills and mountains; in the plains they were generally marshy and full of water. We sometimes lost all traces of a road, and only pushed on towards the quarter in which the place of our destination was situated; and feared withal to sink at every pace into the soft and unresisting soil.

I found the indolence of the Icelandic peasants quite unpardonable. All the valleys through which we passed were large morasses richly overgrown with grass. If the single parishes would unite to dig trenches and drain the soil, they would have the finest meadows. This is proved near the many precipices where the water has an outlet; in these spots the grass grows most luxuriantly, and daisies and herbs flourish there, and even wild clover. A few cottages are generally congregated on these oases.

Before arriving at the village of Thorfastädir, we already perceived Hecla surrounded by the beautiful jokuls.

I arrived at Thorfastädir while a funeral was going on. As I entered the church the mourners were busily seeking courage and consolation in the brandy-bottle. The law commands, indeed, that this be not done in the church; but if every one obeyed the law, what need would there be of judges? The Icelanders must think so, else they would discontinue the unseemly practice.

When the priest came, a psalm or a prayer—I could not tell which it was, being Icelandic—was so earnestly shouted by peasants under the leadership of the priest and elders, that the good people waxed quite warm and out of breath. Then the priest placed himself before the coffin, which, for want of room, had been laid on the backs of the seats, and with a very loud voice read a prayer which lasted more than half an hour. With this the ceremony within the church was concluded, and the coffin was carried round the church to the grave, followed by the priest and the rest of the company. This grave was deeper than any I had

ever seen. When the coffin had been lowered, the priest threw three handfuls of earth upon it, but none of the mourners followed his example. Among the earth which had been dug out of the grave I noticed four skulls, several human bones, and a board of a former coffin. These were all thrown in again upon the coffin, and the grave filled in presence of the priest and the people. One man trod the soil firm, then a little mound was made and covered with grass-plots which were lying ready. The whole business was completed with miraculous speed.

The little town of Skalholt, my station this night, was once as celebrated in religious matters as Thingvalla had been politically famous. Here, soon after the introduction of Christianity, the first bishopric was founded in 1098, and the church is said to have been one of the largest and richest. Now Skalholt is a miserable place, and consists of three or four cottages, and a wretched wooden church, which may perhaps contain a hundred persons; it has not even its own priest, but belongs to Thorfastädir.

My first business on arriving was to inspect the yet remaining relics of past ages. First I was shewn an oil-picture which hangs in the church, and is said to represent the first bishop of Skalholt, Thorlakur, who was worshipped almost as a saint for his strict and pious life.

After this, preparations were made to clear away the steps of the altar and several boards of the flooring. I stood expectantly looking on, thinking that I should now have to descend into a vault to inspect the embalmed body of the bishop. I must confess this prospect was not the most agreeable, when I thought of the approaching night which I should have to spend in this church, perhaps immediately over the grave of the old skeleton. I had besides already had too much to do with the dead for one day, and could not rid myself of the unpleasant grave-odour which I had imbibed in Thorfastädir, and which seemed to cling to my dress and my nose.<sup>b</sup> I was therefore not a little pleased when, instead

<sup>b</sup> In Iceland, as in Denmark, it is the custom to keep the dead a week

of the dreaded vault and mummy, I was only shewn a marble slab, on which were inscribed the usual notifications of the birth, death, &c. of this great bishop. Besides this, I saw an old embroidered stole and a simple golden chalice, both of which are said to be relics of the age of Thorlakar.

Then we ascended into the so-called store-room, which is only separated from the lower portion of the church by a few boards, and which extends to the altar. Here are kept the bells and the organ, if the church possesses one, the provisions, and a variety of tools. They opened an immense chest for me there, which seemed to contain only large pieces of tallow made in the form of cheeses; but under this tallow I found the library, where I discovered an interesting treasure. This was, besides several very old books in the Icelandic tongue, three thick folio volumes, which I could read very easily; they were German, and contained Luther's doctrines, letters, epistles, &c.

I had now seen all there was to be seen, and began to satisfy my physical wants by calling for some hot water to make coffee, &c. As usual, all the inhabitants of the place ranged themselves in and before the church, probably to increase their knowledge of the human race by studying my peculiarities. I soon, however, closed the door, and prepared a splendid couch for myself. At my first entrance into the church, I had noticed a long box, quite filled with sheep's wool. I threw my rugs over this, and slept as comfortably as in the softest bed. In the morning I carefully teased the wool up again, and no one could then have imagined where I had passed the night.

Nothing amused me more, when I had lodgings of this description, than the curiosity of the people, who would rush in every morning, as soon as I opened the door. The first thing they said

above ground. It may be readily imagined that to a non-Icelandic sense of smell, it is an irksome task to be present at a burial from beginning to end, and especially in summer. But I will not deny that the continued sensation may have partly proceeded from imagination.



to each other was always, "Krar hefur hun sovid" (Where can she have slept?). The good people could not conceive how it was possible to spend a night *alone* in a church surrounded by a churchyard; they perhaps considered me an evil spirit or a witch, and would too gladly have ascertained how such a creature slept. When I saw their disappointed faces, I had to turn away not to laugh at them.

June 29th.

Early the next morning I continued my journey. Not far from Skalholt we came to the river Thiorsa, which is deep and rapid. We crossed in a boat; but the horses had to swim after us. It is often very troublesome to make the horses enter these streams; they see at once that they will have to swim. The guide and boatmen cannot leave the shore till the horses have been forced into the stream; and even then they have to throw stones, to threaten them with the whip, and to frighten them by shouts and cries, to prevent them from returning.

When we had made nearly twelve miles on marshy roads, we came to the beautiful waterfall of the Huitha. This fall is not so remarkable for its height, which is scarcely more than fifteen to twenty feet, as for its breadth, and for its quantity of water. Some beautiful rocks are so placed at the ledge of the fall, that they divide it into three parts; but it unites again immediately beneath them. The bed of the river, as well as its shores, is of lava.

The colour of the water is also a remarkable feature in this river; it inclines so much to milky white, that, when the sun shines on it, it requires no very strong imaginative power to take the whole for milk.

Nearly a mile above the fall we had to cross the Huitha, one of the largest rivers in Iceland. Thence the road lies through meadows, which are less marshy than the former ones, till it comes to a broad stream of lava, which announces the vicinity of the fearful volcano of Hecla.

I had hitherto not passed over such an expanse of country in Iceland as that from the Geyser to this place without coming upon streams of lava. And this lava-stream seemed to have felt some pity for the beautiful meadows, for it frequently separated into two branches, and thus enclosed the verdant plain. But it could not withstand the violence of the succeeding masses ; it had been carried on, and had spread death and destruction every where. The road to it, through plains covered with dark sand, and over steep hills intervening, was very fatiguing and laborious.

We proceeded to the little village of Struvellir, where we stopped to give our horses a few hours' rest. Here we found a large assembly of men and animals.<sup>c</sup> It happened to be Sunday, and a warm sunny day, and so a very full service was held in the pretty little church. When it was over, I witnessed an amusing rural scene. The people poured out of the church,—I counted ninety-six, which is an extraordinarily numerous assemblage for Iceland,—formed into little groups, chatting and joking, not forgetting, however, to moisten their throats with brandy, of which they had taken care to bring an ample supply. Then they bridled their horses and prepared for departure ; now the kisses poured in from all sides, and there was no end of leave-taking, for the poor people do not know whether they shall ever meet again, and when.

In all Iceland welcome and farewell is expressed by a loud kiss,—a practice not very delightful for a non-Icelander, when one considers their ugly, dirty faces, the snuffy noses of the old people, and the filthy little children. But the Icelanders do not mind this. They all kissed the priest, and the priest kissed them ; and then they kissed each other, till the kissing seemed to have no end. Rank is not considered in this ceremony ; and I was not a little surprised to see how my guide, a common farm-labourer, kissed the six daughters of a judge, or the wife and children of a priest, or a judge and the priest themselves, and how they returned

<sup>c</sup> Every one in Iceland rides.

the compliment without reserve. Every country has its peculiar customs!

The religious ceremonies generally begin about noon, and last two or three hours. There being no public inn in which to assemble, and no stable in which the horses can be fastened, all flock to the open space in front of the church, which thus becomes a very animated spot. All have to remain in the open air.

When the service was over, I visited the priest, Herr Horfuson; he was kind enough to conduct me to the Sälsun, nine miles distant, principally to engage a guide to Hecla for me.

I was doubly rejoiced to have this good man at my side, as we had to cross a dangerous stream, which was very rapid, and so deep that the water rose to the horses' breasts. Although we raised our feet as high as possible, we were yet thoroughly wet. This wading across rivers is one of the most unpleasant modes of travelling. The horse swims more than it walks, and this creates a most disagreeable sensation; one does not know whither to direct one's eyes; to look into the stream would excite giddiness, and the sight of the shore is not much better, for that seems to move and to recede, because the horse, by the current, is forced a little way down the river. To my great comfort, the priest rode by my side to hold me, in case I should not be able to keep my seat. I passed fortunately through this probation; and when we reached the other shore, Herr Horfuson pointed out to me how far the current had carried us down the river.

The valley in which Sälsun and the Hecla are situated is one of those which are found only in Iceland. It contains the greatest contrasts. Here are charming fields covered with a rich green carpet of softest grass, and there again hills of black, shining lava; even the fertile plains are traversed by streams of lava and spots of sand. Mount Hecla notoriously has the blackest lava and the blackest sand; and it may be imagined how the country looks in its immediate neighbourhood. One hill only to the left of Hecla is reddish brown, and covered with sand and stones of a similar

colour. The centre is much depressed, and seems to form a large crater. Mount Hecla is directly united with the lava-mountains piled round it, and seems from the plain only as a higher point. It is surrounded by several glaciers, whose dazzling fields of snow descend far down, and whose brilliant plains have probably never been trod by human feet; several of its sides were also covered with snow. To the left of the valley near Salsun, and at the foot of a lava-hill, lies a lovely lake, on whose shores a numerous flock of sheep were grazing. Near it rises another beautiful hill, so solitary and isolated, that it looks as if it had been cast out by its neighbours and banished hither. Indeed, the whole landscape here is so peculiarly Icelandic, so strange and remarkable, that it will ever remain impressed on my memory.

Salsun lies at the foot of Mount Hecla, but is not seen before one reaches it.

Arrived at Salsun, our first care was to seek a guide, and to bargain for every thing requisite for the ascension of the mountain. The guide was to procure a horse for me, and to take me and my former guide to the summit of Hecla. He demanded five thaler and two marks (about fifteen shillings), a most exorbitant sum, on which he could live for a month. But what could we do? He knew very well that there was no other guide to be had, and so I was forced to acquiesce. When all was arranged, my kind companion left me, wishing me success on my arduous expedition.

I now looked out for a place in which I could spend the night, and a filthy hole fell to my lot. A bench, rather shorter than my body, was put into it, to serve as my bed; beside it hung a decayed fish, which had infected the whole room with its smell. I could scarcely breathe; and as there was no other outlet, I was obliged to open the door, and thus receive the visits of the numerous and amiable inhabitants. What a strengthening and invigorating preparation for the morrow's expedition!

At the foot of Mount Hecla, and especially in this village,

every thing seems to be undermined. Nowhere, not even on Mount Vesuvius, had I heard such hollow, droning sounds as here, —the echoes of the heavy footsteps of the peasants. These sounds made a very awful impression on me as I lay all night alone in that dark hole.

My Hecla guide, as I shall call him to distinguish him from my other guide, advised me to start at two o'clock in the morning, to which I assented, well knowing, however, that we should not have mounted our horses before five o'clock.

As I had anticipated, so it happened. At half-past five we were quite prepared and ready for departure. Besides bread and cheese, a bottle of water for myself, and one of brandy for my guides, we were also provided with long sticks, tipped with iron points to sound the depth of the snow, and to lean upon.

We were favoured by a fine warm sunny morning, and galloped briskly over the fields and the adjoining plains of sand. My guide considered the fine weather a very lucky omen, and told me that M. Geimard, the before-mentioned French scholar, had been compelled to wait three days for fine weather. Nine years had elapsed, and no one had ascended the mountain since then. A prince of Denmark, who travelled through Iceland some years before, had been there, but had returned without effecting his purpose.

Our road at first led us through beautiful fields, and then over plains of black sand enclosed on all sides by streams, hillocks, and mountains of piled-up lava. Closer and closer these fearful masses approach, and scarcely permit a passage through a narrow cleft; we had to climb over blocks and hills of lava, where it is difficult to find a firm resting-place for the foot. The lava rolled beside and behind us, and we had to proceed carefully not to fall or be hit by the rolling lava. But most dangerous were the chasms filled with snow over which we had to pass; the snow had been softened by the warmth of the season, so that we sank into it nearly every step, or, what was worse, slipped back more than we had ad-

vanced. I scarcely think there can be another mountain whose ascent offers so many difficulties.

After a labour of about three hours and a half we neared the summit of the mountain, where we were obliged to leave our horses. I should, indeed, have preferred to do so long before, as I was apprehensive of the poor animals falling as they climbed over these precipices—one might almost call them rolling mountains—but my guide would not permit it. Sometimes we came to spots where they were useful, and then he maintained that I must ride as far as possible to reserve my strength for the remaining difficulties. And he was right; I scarcely believe I should have been able to go through it on foot, for when I thought we were near the top, hills of lava again rose between us, and we seemed farther from our journey's end than before.

My guide told me that he had never taken any one so far on horseback, and I can believe it. Walking was bad enough—riding was fearful.

At every fresh declivity new scenes of deserted, melancholy districts were revealed to us; every thing was cold and dead, every where there was black burnt lava. It was a painful feeling to see so much, and behold nothing but a stony desert, an immeasurable chaos.

There were still two declivities before us,—the last, but the worst. We had to climb steep masses of lava, sharp and pointed, which covered the whole side of the mountain. I do not know how often I fell and cut my hands on the jagged points of the lava. It was a fearful journey!

The dazzling whiteness of the snow contrasted with the bright black lava beside it had an almost blinding effect. When crossing fields of snow I did not look at the lava; for having tried to do so once or twice, I could not see my way afterwards, and had nearly grown snow-blind.

After two hours' more labour we reached the summit of the mountain. I stood now on Mount Hecla, and eagerly sought the







crater on the snowless top, but did not find it. I was the more surprised, as I had read detailed accounts of it in several descriptions of travel.

I traversed the whole summit of the mountain and climbed to the adjoining jokul, but did not perceive an opening, a fissure, a depressed space, nor any sign of a crater. Lower down in the sides of the mountain, but not in the real cone, I saw some clefts and fissures from which the streams of lava probably poured. The height of the mountain is said to be 4300 feet.

During the last hour of our ascent the sun had grown dim. Clouds of mist blown from the neighbouring glaciers enshrouded the hill-tops, and soon enveloped us so closely that we could scarcely see ten paces before us. At last they dissolved, fortunately not in rain but in snow, which profusely covered the black uneven lava. The snow remained on the ground, and the thermometer stood at one degree of cold.

In a little while the clear blue sky once more was visible, and the sun again shone over us. I remained on the top till the clouds had separated beneath us, and afforded me a better distant view over the country.

My pen is unfortunately too feeble to bring vividly before my readers the picture such as I beheld it here, and to describe to them the desolation, the extent and height of these lava-masses. I seemed to stand in a crater, and the whole country appeared only a burnt-out fire. Here lava was piled up in steep inaccessible mountains; there stony rivers, whose length and breadth seemed immeasurable, filled the once-verdant fields. Every thing was jumbled together, and yet the course of the last eruption could be distinctly traced.

I stood there, in the centre of horrible precipices, caves, streams, valleys, and mountains, and scarcely comprehended how it was possible to penetrate so far, and was overcome with terror at the thought which involuntarily obtruded itself—the possibility of never finding my way again out of these terrible labyrinths.

Here, from the top of Mount Hecla, I could see far into the uninhabited country, the picture of a petrified creation, dead and motionless, and yet magnificent,—a picture which once seen can never again fade from the memory, and which alone amply compensates for all the previous troubles and dangers. A whole world of glaciers, lava-mountains, snow and ice-fields, rivers and lakes, into which no human foot has ever ventured to penetrate. How nature must have laboured and raged till these forms were created! And is it over now? Has the destroying element exhausted itself; or does it only rest, like the hundred-headed Hydra, to break forth with renewed strength, and desolate those regions which, pushed to the verge of the sea-shore, encircle the sterile interior as a modest wreath? I thank God that he has permitted me to behold this chaos in his creation; but I thank him more heartily that he has placed me to dwell in regions where the sun does more than merely give light; where it inspires and fertilises animals and plants, and fills the human heart with joy and thankfulness towards its Creator.<sup>d</sup>

The Westmann Isles, which are said to be visible from the top of Hecla, I could not see; they were probably covered by clouds.

During the ascent of the Hecla I had frequently touched lava,—sometimes involuntarily, when I fell; sometimes voluntarily, to find a hot or at least a warm place. I was unfortunate enough only to find cold ones. The falling snow was therefore most welcome, and I looked anxiously around to see a place where the subter-

<sup>d</sup> I cannot forbear mentioning a curious circumstance here. When I was at the foot of Mount Etna in 1842, the fiery element was calmed; some months after my departure it flamed with renewed force. When, on my return from Hecla, I came to Reikjavik, I said jocularly that it would be most strange if this Etna of the north should also have an eruption now. Scarcely had I left Iceland more than five weeks when an eruption, more violent than the former one, really took place. This circumstance is the more remarkable, as it had been in repose for eighty years, and was already looked upon as a burnt-out volcano. If I were to return to Iceland now, I should be looked upon as a prophetess of evil, and my life would scarcely be safe.

ranean heat would melt it. I should then have hastened thither and found what I sought. But unfortunately the snow remained unmelted every where. I could neither see any clouds of smoke, although I gazed steadily at the mountain for hours, and could from my post survey it far down the sides.

As we descended we found the snow melting at a depth of 500 to 600 feet ; lower down, the whole mountain smoked, which I thought was the consequence of the returning warmth of the sun, for my thermometer now stood at nine degrees of heat. I have noticed the same circumstance often on unvolcanic mountains. The spots from which the smoke rose were also cold.

The smooth jet-black, bright, and dense lava is only found on the mountain itself and in its immediate vicinity. But all lava is not the same : there is jagged, glassy, and porous lava ; the former is black, and so is the sand which covers one side of Hecla. The farther the lava and sand are from the mountain, the more they lose this blackness, and their colour plays into iron-colour and even into light-grey ; but the lighter-coloured lava generally retains the brightness and smoothness of the black lava.

After a troublesome descent, having spent twelve hours on this excursion, we arrived safely at Sälsun ; and I was on the point of returning to my lodging, somewhat annoyed at the prospect of spending another night in such a hole, when my guide surprised me agreeably by the proposition to return to Struvellir at once. The horses, he said, were sufficiently rested, and I could get a good room there in the priest's house. I soon packed, and in a short time we were again on horseback. The second time I came to the deep Rangaa, I rode across fearlessly, and needed no protection at any side. Such is man : danger only alarms him the first time ; when he has safely surmounted it once, he scarcely thinks of it the second time, and wonders how he can have felt any fear.

I saw five little trees standing in a field near the stream. The stems of these, which, considering the scarcity of trees in

Iceland, may be called remarkable phenomena, were crooked and knotty, but yet six or seven feet high, and about four or five inches in diameter.

As my guide had foretold, I found a very comfortable room and a good bed in the priest's house. Herr Horfuson is one of the best men I have ever met with. He eagerly sought opportunities for giving me pleasure, and to him I owe several fine minerals and an Icelandic book of the year 1601. May God reward his kindness and benevolence !

July 1st.

We retraced our steps as far as the river Huitha, over which we rowed, and then turned in another direction. Our journey led us through beautiful valleys, many of them producing abundance of grass ; but unfortunately so much moss grew among it, that these large plains were not available for pastures, and only afforded comfort to travellers by their aspect of cheerfulness. They were quite dry.

The valley in which Hjalmholm, our resting-place for this night, was situated, is traversed by a stream of lava, which had, however, been modest enough not to fill up the whole valley, but to leave a space for the pretty stream Elvas, and for some fields and hillocks, on which many cottages stood. It was one of the most populous valleys I had seen in Iceland.

Hjalmholm is situated on a hill. In it lives the Sysselmann of the Rangaar district, in a large and beautiful house such as I saw no where in Iceland except in Reikjavik. He had gone to the capital of the island as member of the Allthing ; but his daughters received me very hospitably and kindly.

We talked and chatted much ; I tried to display my knowledge of the Danish language before them, and must often have made use of curious phrases, for the girls could not contain their laughter. But that did not abash me ; I laughed with them, applied to my dictionary, which I carried with me, and chatted on. They seemed to gather no very high idea of the beauty of my

countrywomen from my personal appearance ; for which I humbly crave the forgiveness of my countrywomen, assuring them that no one regrets the fact more than I do. But dame Nature always treats people of my years very harshly, and sets a bad example to youth of the respect due to age. Instead of honouring us and giving us the preference, she patronises the young folks, and every maiden of sixteen can turn up her nose at us venerable matrons. Besides my natural disqualifications, the sharp air and the violent storms to which I had been subjected had disfigured my face very much. They had affected me more than the burning heat of the East. I was very brown, my lips were cracked, and my nose, alas, even began to rebel against its ugly colour. It seemed anxious to possess a new, dazzling white, tender skin, and was casting off the old one in little bits.

The only circumstance which reinstated me in the good opinion of the young girls was, that having brushed my hair unusually far out of my face, a white space became visible. The girls all cried out simultaneously, quite surprised and delighted : “ Hun er quit ” (she is white). I could not refrain from laughing, and bared my arm to prove to them that I did not belong to the Arab race.

A great surprise was destined me in this house ; for, as I was ransacking the Sysselmann’s book-case, I found Rotteck’s Universal History, a German Lexicon, and several poems and writings of German poets.

July 2d.

The way from Kalmannstunga to Thingvalla leads over nothing but lava, and the one to-day went entirely through marshes. As soon as we had crossed one, another was before us. Lava seemed to form the soil here, for little portions of this mineral rose like islands out of the marshes.

The country already grew more open, and we gradually lost sight of the glaciers. The high mountains on the left seemed like hills in the distance, and the nearer ones were really hills. After riding about nine miles we crossed the large stream of Elvas in a

boat, and then had to tread carefully across a very long, narrow bank, over a meadow which was quite under water. If a traveller had met us on this bank, I do not know what we should have done; to turn round would have been as dangerous as to sink into the morass. Fortunately one never meets any travellers in Iceland.

Beyond the dyke the road runs for some miles along the mountains and hills, which all consist of lava, and are of a very dark, nearly black colour. The stones on these hills were very loose; in the plain below many colossal pieces were lying, which must have fallen down; and many others threatened to fall every moment. We passed the dangerous spot safely, without having had to witness such a scene.

I often heard a hollow sound among these hills; I at first took it for distant thunder, and examined the horizon to discover the approaching storm. But when I saw neither clouds nor lightning, I perceived that I must seek the origin of the sounds nearer, and that they proceeded from the falling portions of rock.

The higher mountains to the left fade gradually more and more from view; but the river Elvas spreads in such a manner, and divides into so many branches, that one might mistake it for a lake with many islands. It flows into the neighbouring sea, whose expanse becomes visible after surmounting a few more small hills.

The vale of Reikum, which we now entered, is, like that of Reikholt, rich in hot springs, which are congregated partly in the plain, partly on or behind the hills, in a circumference of between two and three miles.

When we had reached the village of Reikum I sent my effects at once to the little church, took a guide, and proceeded to the boiling springs. I found very many, but only two remarkable ones; these, however, belong to the most noteworthy of their kind. The one is called the little Geyser, the other the Bogen-sprung.

The little Geyser has an inner basin of about three feet

diameter. The water boils violently at a depth of from two to three feet, and remains within its bounds till it begins to spout, when it projects a beautiful voluminous stream of from 20 to 30 feet high.

At half-past eight in the evening I had the good fortune to see one of these eruptions, and needed not, as I had done at the great Geyser, to bivouac near it for days and nights. The eruption lasted some time, and was tolerably equable; only sometimes the column of water sank a little, to rise to its former height with renewed force. After forty minutes it fell quite down into the basin again. The stones we threw in, it rejected at once, or in a few seconds, shivered into pieces, to a height of about 12 to 15 feet. Its bulk must have been 1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  feet in diameter. My guide assured me that this spring generally plays only twice, rarely thrice, in twenty-four hours, and not, as I have seen it stated, every six minutes. I remained near it till midnight, but saw no other eruption.

This spring very much resembles the Strucker near the great Geyser, the only difference being that the water sinks much lower in the latter.

The second of the two remarkable springs, the arched spring, is situated near the little Geyser, on the declivity of a hill. I had never seen such a curious formation for the bed of a spring as this is. It has no basin, but lies half open at your feet, in a little grotto, which is separated into various cavities and holes, and which is half-surrounded by a wall of rock bending over it slightly at a height of about 2 feet, and then rises 10 to 12 feet higher. This spring never is at rest more than a minute; then it begins to rise and boil quickly, and emits a voluminous column, which, striking against the projecting rock, is flattened by it, and rises thence like an arched fan. The height of this peculiarly-spread jet of water may be about 12 feet, the arch it describes 15 to 20 feet, and its breadth 3 to 8 feet. The time of eruption is often longer than that of repose. After an eruption the water always

sinks a few feet into the cave, and for 15 or 20 seconds admits of a glance into this wonderful grotto. But it rises again immediately, fills the grotto and the basin, which is only a continuation of the grotto, and springs again.

I watched this miraculous play of nature for more than an hour, and could not tear myself from it. This spring, which is certainly the only one of its kind, gratified me much more than the little Geyser.

There is another spring called the roaring Geyser; but it is nothing more than a misshapen hole, in which one hears the water boil, but cannot see it. The noise is, also, not at all considerable.

July 3d.

Near Reikum we crossed a brook into which all the hot springs flow, and which has a pretty fall. We then ascended the adjoining mountain, and rode full two hours on the high plain. The plain itself was monotonous, as it was only covered with lavastones and moss, but the prospect into the valley was varied and beautiful. Vale and sea were spread before me, and I saw the Westmann Islands, with their beautiful hills, which the envious clouds had concealed from me on the Hecla, lying in the distance. Below me stood some houses in the port-town, Eierbach, and near them the waters of the Elvas flow into the sea.

At the end of this mountain-level a valley was situated, which was also filled with lava, but with that jagged black lava which presents such a beautiful appearance. Immense streams crossed it from all sides, so that it almost resembled a black lake separated from the sea by a chain of equally black mountains.

We descended into this sombre vale through piles of lava and fields of snow, and went on through valleys and chasms, over fields of lava, plains of meadow-land, past dark mountains and hills, till we reached the chief station of my Icelandic journey, the town of Reikjavik.

The whole country between Reikum and Reikjavik, a distance of 45 to 50 miles, is, for the most part, uninhabited. Here and



there, in the fields of lava, stand little pyramids of the same substance, which serve as landmarks ; and there are two houses built for such persons as are obliged to travel during the winter. But we found much traffic on the road, and often overtook caravans of 15 to 20 horses. Being the beginning of August, it was the time of trade and traffic in Iceland. Then the country people travel to Reikjavik from considerable distances, to change their produce and manufactures, partly for money, partly for necessaries and luxuries. At this period the merchants and factors have not hands enough to barter the goods or close the accounts which the peasants wish to settle for the whole year.

At this season an unusual commotion reigns in Reikjavik. Numerous groups of men and horses fill the streets ; goods are loaded and unloaded ; friends who have not met for a year or more welcome each other, others take leave. On one spot curious tents<sup>e</sup> are erected, before which children play ; on another drunken men stagger along, or gallop on horseback, so that one is terrified, and fears every moment to see them fall.

This unusual traffic unfortunately only lasts six or eight days. The peasant hastens home to his hay-harvest ; the merchant must quickly regulate the produce and manufactures he has purchased, and load his ships with them, so that they may sail and reach their destination before the storms of the autumnal equinox.

	Miles.
From Reikjavik to Thingvalla is . . . .	45
From Thingvalla to the Geyser . . . .	36
From the Geyser to Skalholt . . . .	28
From Skalholt to Sälsun . . . .	36
From Sälsun to Struvellir . . . .	9
From Struvellir to Hjalmholm . . . .	28
From Hjalmholm to Reikum . . . .	32
From Reikum to Reikjavik . . . .	45
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<sup>e</sup> Every peasant in tolerably good circumstances carries a little tent with him when he leaves home for a few days. These tents are, at the utmost, three feet high, five or six feet long, and three broad.

## CHAPTER VII.

FURTHER REMARKS ABOUT ICELAND AND ITS INHABITANTS—  
FROM ICELAND TO CHRISTIANIA.

Heartlessness and want of politeness among the higher classes—Cupidity of the working classes—Favourable points—Honesty of the peasants—Great crimes seldom committed—State of education among the Icelanders—Their quickness of comprehension—School at Reikjavik—Fishing the chief occupation of the Icelanders—Want of hospitality—Drunkenness and devotion to tobacco—Laziness—Rumours of robbers—Departure from Iceland—The sloop *Haabet*—Wretched accommodations—Hard fare—Flying-fish—The Skager Rock and the Cattegat—Splendid moonlight nights in the North—Helsingör—Arrival at Copenhagen—The steamer *Christiania*—Iron mines near Gottenburg—Gottenburg—The river Ham—Fish-market—The Christiansund—Sandesund—Walloe—Moss—Arrival at Christiania.

DURING my travels in Iceland I had of course the opportunity of becoming acquainted with its inhabitants, their manners and customs. I must confess that I had formed a higher estimate of the peasants. When we read in the history of that country that the first inhabitants had emigrated thither from civilised states; that they had brought knowledge and religion with them; when we hear of the simple good-hearted people, and their patriarchal mode of life in the accounts of former travellers, and when we know that nearly every peasant in Iceland can read and write, and that at least a Bible, but generally other religious books also, are found in every cot,—one feels inclined to consider this nation the best and most civilised in Europe. I deemed their morality sufficiently secured by the absence of foreign intercourse, by their isolated position, and the poverty of the country. No large town there affords opportunity for pomp or gaiety, or for the commission of

smaller or greater sins. Rarely does a foreigner enter the island, whose remoteness, severe climate, inhospitality, and poverty, are uninviting. The grandeur and peculiarity of its natural formation alone makes it interesting, and that does not suffice for the masses.

I therefore expected to find Iceland a real Arcadia in regard to its inhabitants, and rejoiced at the anticipation of seeing such an Idyllic life realised. I felt so happy when I set foot on the island that I could have embraced humanity. But I was soon undeceived.

I have often been impatient at my want of enthusiasm, which must be great, as I see every thing in a more prosaic form than other travellers. I do not maintain that my view is *right*, but I at least possess the virtue of describing facts as I see them, and do not repeat them from the accounts of others.

I have already described the impoliteness and heartlessness of the so-called higher classes, and soon lost the good opinion I had formed of them. I now came to the working classes in the vicinity of Reikjavik. The saying often applied to the Swiss people, "No money, no Swiss," one may also apply to the Icelanders. And of this fact I can cite several examples.

Scarcely had they heard that I, a foreigner, had arrived, than they frequently came to me, and brought quite common objects, such as can be found any where in Iceland, and expected me to pay dearly for them. At first I purchased from charity, or to be rid of their importunities, and threw the things away again; but I was soon obliged to give this up, as I should else have been besieged from morning to night. Their anxiety to gain money without labour annoyed me less than the extortionate prices with which they tried to impose on a stranger. For a beetle, such as could be found under every stone, they asked 5 kr. (about 2*d.*); as much for a caterpillar, of which thousands were lying on the beach; and for a common bird's egg, 10 to 20 kr. (4*d.* to 8*d.*) Of course, when I declined buying, they reduced their demand, sometimes to less than half the original sum; but

this was certainly not in consequence of their honesty. The baker in whose house I lodged also experienced the selfishness of these people. He had engaged a poor labourer to tar his house, who, when he had half finished his task, heard of other employment. He did not even take the trouble to ask the baker to excuse him for a few days; he went away, and did not return to finish the interrupted work for a whole week. This conduct was the more inexcusable as his children received bread, and even butter, twice a week from the baker.

I was fortunate enough to experience similar treatment. Herr Knudson had engaged a guide for me, with whom I was to take my departure in a few days. But it happened that the magistrate wished also to take a trip, and sent for my guide. The latter expected to be better paid by him, and went; he did not come to me to discharge himself, but merely sent me word on the eve of my departure, that he was ill, and could therefore not go with me. I could enumerate many more such examples, which do not much tend to give a high estimate of Icelandic morality.

I consoled myself with the hope of finding simplicity and honesty in the more retired districts, and therefore anticipated a twofold pleasure from my journey into the interior. I found many virtues, but unfortunately so many faults, that I am no longer inclined to exalt the Icelandic peasants as examples.

The best of their virtues is their honesty. I could leave my baggage unguarded any where for hours, and never missed the least article, for they did not even permit their children to touch any thing. In this point they are so conscientious, that if a peasant comes from a distance, and wishes to rest in a cottage, he never fails to knock at the door, even if it is open. If no one calls "come in," he does not enter. One might fearlessly sleep with open doors.

Crimes are of such rare occurrence here, that the prison of Reikjavik was changed into a dwelling-house for the chief warden many years since. Small crimes are punished summarily, either

in Reikjavik or at the seat of the Sysselmann. Criminals of a deeper dye are sent to Copenhagen, and are sentenced and punished there.

My landlord at Reikjavik, the master-baker Bernhöft, told me that only one crime had been committed in Iceland during the thirteen years that he had resided there. This was the murder of an illegitimate child immediately after its birth. The most frequently occurring crime is cow-stealing.

I was much surprised to find that nearly all the Icelanders can read and write. The latter quality only was somewhat rarer with the women. Youths and men often wrote a firm, good hand. I also found books in every cottage, the Bible always, and frequently poems and stories, sometimes even in the Danish language.

They also comprehend very quickly; when I opened my map before them, they soon understood its use and application. Their quickness is doubly surprising, if we consider that every father instructs his own children, and sometimes the neighbouring orphans. This is of course only done in the winter; but as winter lasts eight months in Iceland, it is long enough.

There is only one school in the whole island, which originally was in Bessestadt, but has been removed to Reikjavik since 1846. In this school only youths who can read and write are received, and they are either educated for priests, and may complete their studies here, or for doctors, apothecaries, or judges, when they must complete their studies in Copenhagen.

Besides theology, geometry, geography, history, and several languages, such as Latin, Danish, and, since 1846, German and also French, are taught in the school of Reikjavik.

The chief occupation of the Icelandic peasants consists in fishing, which is most industriously pursued in February, March, and April. Then the inhabitants of the interior come to the coasting villages and hire themselves to the dwellers on the beach, the real fishermen, as assistants, taking a portion of the fish as their wages. Fishing is attended to at other times also, but then exclusively by

the real fishermen. In the months of July and August many of the latter go into the interior and assist in the hay-harvest, for which they receive butter, sheep's wool, and salt lamb. Others ascend the mountains and gather the Iceland moss, of which they make a decoction, which they drink mixed with milk, or they grind it to flour, and bake flat cakes of it, which serve them in place of bread.

The work of the women consists in the preparation of the fish for drying, smoking, or salting; in tending the cattle, in knitting, sometimes in gathering moss. In winter both men and women knit and weave.

As regards the hospitality of the Icelanders,<sup>a</sup> I do not think one can give them so very much credit for it. It is true that priests and peasants gladly receive any European traveller, and treat him to every thing in their power; but they know well that the traveller who comes to their island is neither an adventurer nor a beggar, and will therefore pay them well. I did not meet one peasant or priest who did not accept the proffered gift without hesitation. But I must say of the priests that they were every where obliging and ready to serve me, and satisfied with the smallest gift; and their charges, when I required horses for my excursions, were always moderate. I only found the peasant less interested in districts where a traveller scarcely ever appeared; but in such places as were more visited, their charges were often exorbitant. For example, I had to pay 20 to 30 kr. (8*d.* to 1*s.*) for being ferried over a river; and then my guide and I only were rowed in the boat, and the horses had to swim. The guide who accompanied me on the Hecla also overcharged me; but he knew that I was forced to take him, as there is no choice of guides, and one does not give up the ascent for the sake of a little money.

<sup>a</sup> "Though their poverty disables them from imitating the hospitality of their ancestors in all respects, yet the desire of doing it still exists: they cheerfully give away the little they have to spare, and express the utmost joy and satisfaction if you are pleased with the gift." *Uno von Troil*, 1772.  
—Ed.

This conduct shews that the character of the Icelanders does not belong to the best; and that they take advantage of travellers with as much shrewdness as the landlords and guides on the continent.

A besetting sin of the Icelanders is their drunkenness. Their poverty would probably not be so great if they were less devoted to brandy, and worked more industriously. It is dreadful to see what deep root this vice has taken. Not only on Sundays, but also on week-days, I met peasants who were so intoxicated that I was surprised how they could keep in their saddle. I am, however, happy to say that I never saw a woman in this degrading condition.

Another of their passions is snuff. They chew and snuff tobacco with the same infatuation as it is smoked in other countries. But their mode of taking it is very peculiar. Most of the peasants, and even many of the priests, have no proper snuff-box, but only a box turned of bone, shaped like a powder-flask. When they take snuff, they throw back their head, insert the point of the flask in their nose, and shake a dose of tobacco into it. They then, with the greatest amiability, offer it to their neighbour, he to his, and so it goes round till it reaches the owner again.

I think, indeed, that the Icelanders are second to no nation in uncleanness; not even to the Greenlanders, Esquimaux, or Laplanders. If I were to describe a portion only of what I experienced, my readers would think me guilty of gross exaggeration; I prefer, therefore, to leave it to their imagination; merely saying that they cannot conceive any thing too dirty for Iceland delicacy.

Beside this very estimable quality, they are also insuperably lazy. Not far from the coast are immense meadows, so marshy that it is dangerous to cross them. The fault lies less in the soil than the people. If they would only make ditches, and thus dry the ground, they would have the most splendid grass. That this would grow abundantly is proved by the little elevations which rise from above the marshes, and which are thickly covered with grass, herbage, and wild clover. I also passed large districts

covered with good soil, and some where the soil was mixed with sand.

I frequently debated with Herr Boge, who has lived in Iceland for forty years, and is well versed in farming matters, whether it would not be possible to produce important pasture-grounds and hay-fields with industry and perseverance. He agreed with me, and thought that even potato-fields might be reclaimed, if only the people were not so lazy, preferring to suffer hunger and resign all the comforts of cleanliness rather than to work. What nature voluntarily gives, they are satisfied with, and it never occurs to them to force more from her. If a few German peasants were transported hither, what a different appearance the country would soon have!

The best soil in Iceland is on the Norderland. There are a few potato-grounds there, and some little trees, which, without any cultivation, have reached a height of seven to eight feet. Herr Boge, established here for thirty years, had planted some mountain-ash and birch-trees, which had grown to a height of sixteen feet.

In the Norderland, and every where except on the coast, the people live by breeding cattle. Many a peasant there possesses from two to four hundred sheep, ten to fifteen cows, and ten to twelve horses. There are not many who are so rich, but at all events they are better off than the inhabitants of the sea-coast. The soil there is for the most part bad, and they are therefore nearly all compelled to have recourse to fishing.

Before quitting Iceland, I must relate a tradition told me by many Icelanders, not only by peasants, but also by people of the so-called higher classes, and who all implicitly believe it.

It is asserted that the inhospitable interior is likewise populated, but by a peculiar race of men, to whom alone the paths through these deserts are known. These savages have no intercourse with their fellow-countrymen during the whole year, and only come to one of the ports in the beginning of July, for one



day at the utmost, to buy several necessaries, for which they pay in money. They then vanish suddenly, and no one knows in which direction they are gone. No one knows them; they never bring their wives or children with them, and never reply to the question whence they come. Their language, also, is said to be more difficult than that of the other inhabitants of Iceland.

One gentleman, whom I do not wish to name, expressed a wish to have the command of twenty to twenty-five well-armed soldiers, to search for these wild men.

The people who maintain that they have seen these children of nature, assert that they are taller and stronger than other Icelanders; that their horses' hoofs, instead of being shod with iron, have shoes of horn; and that they have much money, which they can only have acquired by pillage. When I inquired what respectable inhabitants of Iceland had been robbed by these savages, and when and where, no one could give me an answer. For my part, I scarcely think that one man, certainly not a whole race, could live by pillage in Iceland.

#### DEPARTURE FROM ICELAND.—JOURNEY TO COPENHAGEN.

I had seen all there was to be seen in Iceland, had finished all my excursions, and awaited with inexpressible impatience the sailing of the vessel which was destined to bring me nearer my beloved home. But I had to stay four very long weeks in Reikjavik, my patience being more exhausted from day to day, and had after this long delay to be satisfied with the most wretched accommodation.

The delay was the more tantalising, as several ships left the port in the mean time, and Herr Knudson, with whom I had crossed over from Copenhagen, invited me to accompany him on his return; but all the vessels went to England or to Spain, and I did not wish to visit either of these countries. I was waiting for an opportunity to go to Scandinavia, to have at least a glance at these picturesque districts.

At last there were two sloops which intended to sail towards the end of July. The better of the two went to Altona; the destination of the other was Copenhagen. I had intended to travel in the former; but a merchant of Reikjavik had already engaged the only berth,—for there rarely is more than one in such a small vessel,—and I deemed myself lucky to obtain the one in the other ship. Herr Bernhöft thought, indeed, that the vessel might be too bad for such a long journey, and proposed to examine it, and report on its condition. But as I had quite determined to go to Denmark, I requested him to waive the examination, and agree with the captain about my passage. If, as I anticipated, he found the vessel too wretched, his warnings might have shaken my resolution, and I wished to avoid that contingency.

We heard, soon, that a young Danish girl, who had been in service in Iceland, wished to return by the same vessel. She had been suffering so much from home-sickness, that she was determined, under any circumstances, to see her beloved fatherland again. If, thought I to myself, the home-sickness is powerful enough to make this girl indifferent to the danger, longing must take its place in my breast and effect the same result.

Our sloop bore the consolatory name of Haabet (hope), and belonged to the merchant Fromm, in Copenhagen.

Our departure had been fixed for the 26th of July, and after that day I scarcely dared to leave my house, being in constant expectation of a summons on board. Violent storms unfortunately prevented our departure, and I was not called till the 29th of July, when I had to bid farewell to Iceland.

This was comparatively easy. Although I had seen many wonderful views, many new and interesting natural phenomena, I yet longed for my accustomed fields, in which we do not find magnificent and overpowering scenes, but lovelier and more cheerful ones. The separation from Herr Knudson and the family of Bernhöft was more difficult. I owed all the kindness I had experienced in the island, every good advice and useful assistance in

my travels, only to them. My gratitude to these kind and good people will not easily fade from my heart.

At noon I was already on board, and had leisure to admire all the gay flags and streamers with which the French frigate anchoring here had been decked, to celebrate the anniversary of the July revolution.

I endeavoured to turn my attention as much as possible to exterior objects, and not to look at our ship, for all that I had involuntarily seen had not impressed me very favourably. I determined also not to enter the cabin till we were in the open sea and the pilots had left our sloop, so that all possibility of return would be gone.

Our crew consisted of captain, steersman, two sailors, and a cabin-boy, who bore the title of cook; we added that of valet, as he was appointed to wait on us.

When the pilots had left us, I sought the entrance of the cabin,—the only, and therefore the common apartment. It consisted of a hole two feet broad, which gaped at my feet, and in which a perpendicular ladder of five steps was inserted. I stood before it puzzled to know which would be the best mode of descent, but knew no other way than to ask our host the captain. He shewed it me at once, by sitting at the entrance and letting his feet down. Let the reader imagine such a proceeding with our long dresses, and, above all, in bad weather, when the ship was pitched about by storms. But the thought that many other people are worse off, and can get on, was always the anchor of consolation to which I held; I argued with myself that I was made of the same stuff as other human beings, only spoiled and pampered, but that I could bear what they bore. In consequence of this self-arguing, I sat down at once, tried the new sliding-ladder, and arrived below in safety.

I had first to accustom my eyes to the darkness which reigned here, the hatches being constructed to admit the light very sparingly. I soon, however, saw too much; for all was raggedness,

dirt, and disorder. But I will describe matters in the order in which they occurred to me; for, as I flatter myself that many of my countrywomen will in spirit make this journey with me, and as many of them probably never had the opportunity of being in such a vessel, I wish to describe it to them very accurately. All who are accustomed to the sea will testify that I have adhered strictly to the truth. But to return to the sloop. Its age emulated mine, she being a relic of the last century. At that time little regard was paid to the convenience of passengers, and the space was all made available for freight; a fact which cannot surprise us, as the seaman's life is passed on deck, and the ship was not built for travellers. The entire length of the cabin from one berth to the other was ten feet; the breadth was six feet. The latter space was made still narrower by a box on one side, and by a little table and two little seats on the other, so that only sufficient space remained to pass through.

At dinner or supper, the ladies—the Danish girl and myself—sat on the little benches, where we were so squeezed, that we could scarcely move; the two cavaliers—the captain and the steersman—were obliged to stand before the table, and eat their meals in that position. The table was so small that they were obliged to hold their plates in their hands. In short, every thing shewed the cabin was made only for the crew, not for the passengers.

The air in this enclosure was also not of the purest; for, besides that it formed our bed-room, dining-room, and drawing-room, it was also used as store-room, for in the side cupboards provisions of various kinds were stored, also oil-colours, and a variety of other matter. I preferred to sit on the deck, exposed to the cold and the storm, or to be bathed by a wave, than to be half stifled below. Sometimes, however, I was obliged to descend, either when rain and storms were too violent, or when the ship was so tossed by contrary winds that the deck was not safe. The rolling and pitching of our little vessel was often so terrible, that we ladies could neither sit nor stand, and were therefore obliged to lie down

in the miserable berths for many a weary day. How I envied my companion! she could sleep day and night, which I could not. I was nearly always awake, much to my discomfort; for the hatches and the entrance were closed during the storm, and an Egyptian darkness, as well as a stifling atmosphere, filled the cabin.

In regard to food, all passengers, captain and crew, ate of the same dish. The morning meal consisted of miserable tea, or rather of nauseous water having the colour of tea. The sailors imbibed theirs without sugar, but the captain and the steersman took a small piece of candied sugar, which does not melt so quickly as the refined sugar, in their mouth, and poured down cup after cup of tea, and ate ship's biscuit and butter to it.

The dinner fare varied. The first day we had salt meat, which is soaked the evening before, and boiled the next day in sea-water. It was so salt, so hard, and so tough, that only a sailor's palate can possibly enjoy it. Instead of soup, vegetables, and pudding, we had pearl-barley boiled in water, without salt or butter; to which treacle and vinegar was added at the dinner-table. All the others considered this a delicacy, and marvelled at my depraved taste when I declared it to be unpalatable.

The second day brought a piece of bacon, boiled in sea-water, with the barley repeated. On the third we had cod-fish with peas. Although the latter were boiled hard and without butter, they were the most eatable of all the dishes. On the fourth day the bill of fare of the first was repeated, and the same course followed again. At the end of every dinner we had black coffee. The supper was like the breakfast,—tea-water, ship's biscuit and butter.

I wished to have provided myself with some chickens, eggs, and potatoes in Reikjavik, but I could not obtain any of these luxuries. Very few chickens are kept—only the higher officials or merchants have them; eggs of eider-ducks and other birds may often be had, but more are never collected than are wanted for the daily supply, and then only in spring; for potatoes the season was not advanced enough. My readers have now a picture of the luxu-

rious life I led on board the ship. Had I been fortunate enough to voyage in a better vessel, where the passengers are more commodiously lodged and better fed, the sea-sickness would certainly not have attacked me; but in consequence of the stifling atmosphere of the cabin and the bad food, I suffered from it the first day. But on the second I was well again, regained my appetite, and ate salt meat, bacon, and peas as well as a sailor; the stockfish, the barley, and the coffee and tea, I left untouched.

A real sailor never drinks water; and this observation of mine was confirmed by our captain and steersman: instead of beer or wine, they took tea, and, except at meals, cold tea.

On Sunday evenings we had a grand supper, for the captain had eight eggs, which he had brought from Denmark, boiled for us four people. The crew had a few glasses of punch-essence mixed in their tea.

As my readers are now acquainted with the varied bill of fare in such a ship, I will say a few words of the table-linen. This consisted only of an old sailcloth, which was spread over the table, and looked so dirty and greasy that I thought it would be much better and more agreeable to leave the table uncovered. But I soon repented the unwise thought, and discovered how important this cloth was. One morning I saw our valet treating a piece of sailcloth quite outrageously: he had spread it upon the deck, stood upon it, and brushed it clean with the ship's broom. I recognised our tablecloth by the many spots of dirt and grease, and in the evening found the table bare. But what was the consequence? Scarcely had the tea-pot been placed on the table than it began to slip off; had not the watchful captain quickly caught it, it would have fallen to the ground and bathed our feet with its contents. Nothing could stand on the polished table, and I sincerely pitied the captain that he had not another tablecloth.

My readers will imagine that what I have described would have been quite sufficient to make my stay in the vessel any thing but agreeable; but I discovered another circumstance, which even

made it alarming. This was nothing less than that our little vessel was constantly letting in a considerable quantity of water, which had to be pumped out every few hours. The captain tried to allay my uneasiness by asserting that every ship admitted water, and ours only leaked a little more because it was so old. I was obliged to be content with his explanation, as it was now too late to think of a change. Fortunately we did not meet with any storms, and therefore incurred less danger.

Our journey lasted twenty days, during twelve of which we saw no land; the wind drove us too far east to see the Feroe or the Shetland Isles. I should have cared less for this, had I seen some of the monsters of the deep instead, but we met with scarcely any of these amiable animals. I saw the ray of water which a whale emitted from his nostrils, and which exactly resembled a fountain; the animal itself was unfortunately too far from our ship for us to see its body. A shark came a little nearer; it swam round our vessel for a few moments, so that I could easily look at him: it must have been from sixteen to eighteen feet long.

The so-called flying-fish afforded a pretty sight. The sea was as calm as a mirror, the evening mild and moonlight; and so we remained on deck till late, watching the gambols of these animals. As far as we could see, the water was covered with them. We could recognise the younger fishes by their higher springs; they seemed to be three to four feet long, and rose five to six feet above the surface of the sea. Their leaping looked like an attempt at flying, but their gills did not do them good service in the trial, and they fell back immediately. The old fish did not seem to have the same elasticity; they only described a small arch like the dolphins, and only rose so far above the water that we could see the middle part of their body.

These fish are not caught; they have little oil, and an unpleasant taste.

On the thirteenth day we again saw land. We had entered the Skagerrak, and saw the peninsula of Jütland, with the town of

Skaggen. The peninsula looks very dreary from this side ; it is flat and covered with sand.

On the sixteenth day we entered the Cattegat. For some time past we had always either been becalmed or had had contrary winds, and had been tossed about in the Skagerrak, the Cattegat, and the Sound for nearly a week. On some days we scarcely made fifteen to twenty leagues a day. On such calm days I passed the time with fishing ; but the fish were wise enough not to bite my hook. I was daily anticipating a dinner of mackerel, but caught only one.

The multitude of vessels sailing into the Cattegat afforded me more amusement ; I counted above seventy. The nearer we approached the entrance of the Sound, the more imposing was the sight, and the more closely were the vessels crowded together. Fortunately we were favoured by a bright moonlight ; in a dark or stormy night we should not with the greatest precaution and skill have been able to avoid a collision.

The inhabitants of more southern regions have no idea of the extraordinary clearness and brilliancy of a northern moonlight night ; it seems almost as if the moon had borrowed a portion of the sun's lustre. I have seen splendid nights on the coast of Asia, on the Mediterranean ; but here, on the shores of Scandinavia, they were lighter and brighter.

I remained on deck all night ; for it pleased me to watch the forests of masts crowded together here, and endeavouring simultaneously to gain the entrance to the Sound. I should now be able to form a tolerable idea of a fleet, for this number of ships must surely resemble a merchant-fleet.

On the twentieth day of our journey we entered the port of Helsingör. The Sound dues have to be paid here, or, as the sailor calls it, the ship must be cleared. This is a very tedious interruption, and the stopping and restarting of the ship very incommodious. The sails have to be furled, the anchor cast, the boat lowered, and the captain proceeds on shore ; hours sometimes



elapse before he has finished. When he returns to the ship, the boat has to be hoisted again, the anchor raised, and the sails unfurled. Sometimes the wind has changed in the mean time; and in consequence of these formalities, the port of Copenhagen cannot be reached at the expected time.

If a ship is unfortunate enough to reach Helsingör on a dark night, she may not enter at all for fear of a collision. She has to anchor in the Cattetat, and thus suffer two interruptions. If she arrives at Helsingör in the night before four o'clock, she has to wait, as the custom-house is not opened till that time.

The skipper is, however, at liberty to proceed direct to Copenhagen, but this liberty costs five thalers (fifteen shillings). If, however, the toll may thus be paid in Copenhagen just as easily, the obligation to stop at Helsingör is only a trick to gain the higher toll; for if a captain is in haste, or the wind is too favourable to be lost, he forfeits the five thalers, and sails on to Copenhagen.

Our captain cared neither for time nor trouble; he cleared the ship here, and so we did not reach Copenhagen until two o'clock in the afternoon. After my long absence, it seemed so familiar, so beautiful and grand, as if I had seen nothing so beautiful in my whole life. My readers must bear in mind, however, where I came from, and how long I had been imprisoned in a vessel in which I scarcely had space to move. When I put foot on shore again, I could have imitated Columbus, and prostrated myself to kiss the earth.

#### DEPARTURE FROM COPENHAGEN.—CHRISTIANIA.

On the 19th August, the day after my arrival from Iceland, at two o'clock in the afternoon, I had already embarked again; this time in the fine royal Norwegian steamer *Christiania*, of 170 horse-power, bound for the town of Christiania, distant 304 sea-miles from Copenhagen. We had soon passed through the Sound and arrived safely in the Cattetat, in which we steered more to the

right than on the journey to Iceland ; for we not only intended to see Norway and Sweden, but to cast anchor on the coast.

We could plainly see the fine chain of mountains which bound the Cattegat on the right, and whose extreme point, the Kulm, runs into the sea like a long promontory. Lighthouses are erected here, and on the other numerous dangerous spots of the coast, and their lights shine all around in the dark night. Some of the lights are movable, and some stationary, and point out to the sailor which places to avoid.

August 20th.

Bad weather is one of the greatest torments of a traveller, and is more disagreeable when one passes through districts remarkable for beauty and originality. Both grievances were united to-day ; it rained almost incessantly ; and yet the passage of the Swedish coast and of the little fiord to the port of Gottenburg was of peculiar interest. The sea here was more like a broad stream which is bounded by noble rocks, and interspersed by small and large rocks and shoals, over which the waters dashed finely. Near the harbour, some buildings lie partly on and partly between the rocks ; these contain the celebrated royal Swedish iron-foundry, called the new foundry. Even numerous American ships were lying here to load this metal.<sup>a</sup>

The steamer remains more than four hours in the port of Gottenburg, and we had therefore time to go into the town, distant about two miles, and whose suburbs extend as far as the port. On the landing-quay a captain lives who has always a carriage and two horses ready to drive travellers into the town. There are also one-horse vehicles, and even an omnibus. The former were already engaged ; the latter, we were told, drives so slowly, that nearly the whole time is lost on the road ; so I and two travelling companions hired the captain's carriage. The rain

<sup>a</sup> The presence of American ships in the port of Gottenburg is not to be wondered at, seeing that nearly three-fourths of all the iron exported from Gottenburg is to America. — ED.

poured in torrents on our heads ; but this did not disturb us much. My two companions had business to transact, and curiosity attracted me. I did not at that time know that I should have occasion to visit this pretty little town again, and would not leave without seeing it.

The suburbs are built entirely of wood, and contain many pretty one-story houses, surrounded, for the most part, by little gardens. The situation of the suburbs is very peculiar. Rocks, or little fields and meadows, often lie between the houses ; the rocks even now and then cross the streets, and had to be blasted to form a road. The view from one of the hills over which the road to the town lies is truly beautiful.

The town has two large squares : on the smaller one stands the large church ; on the larger one the town-hall, the post-office, and many pretty houses. In the town every thing is built of bricks. The river Ham flows through the large square, and increases the traffic by the many ships and barks running into it from the sea, and bringing provisions, but principally fuel, to market. Several bridges cross it. A visit to the well-stocked fish-market is also an interesting feature in a short visit to this town.

I entered a Swedish house for the first time here. I remarked that the floor was strewed over with the fine points of the fir-trees, which had an agreeable odour, a more healthy one probably than any artificial perfume. I found this custom prevalent all over Sweden and Norway, but only in hotels and in the dwellings of the poorer classes.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon we continued our journey. We steered safely through the many rocks and shoals, and soon reached the open sea again. We did not stand out far from the shore, and saw several telegraphs erected on the rocks. We soon lost sight of Denmark on the left, and arrived at the fortress Friedrichsver towards evening, but could not see much of it. Here the so-called Scheren begin, which extend sixty leagues, and form the Christian's Sound. By what I could see in the dim

twilight, the scene was beautiful. Numerous islands, some merely consisting of bare rocks, others overgrown with slender pines, surrounded us on all sides. But our pilot understood his business perfectly, and steered us safely through to Sandesund, spite of the dark night. Here we anchored, for it would have been too dangerous to proceed. We had to wait here for the steamer from Bergen, which exchanged passengers with us. The sea was very rough, and this exchange was therefore extremely difficult to effect. Neither of the steamers would lower a boat; at last our steamer gave way, after midnight, and the terrified and wailing passengers were lowered into it. I pitied them from my heart, but fortunately no accident happened.

August 21st.

I could see the situation of Sandesund better by day; and found it to consist only of a few houses. The water is so hemmed in here that it scarcely attains the breadth of a stream; but it soon widens again, and increases in beauty and variety with every yard. We seemed to ride on a beautiful lake; for the islands lie so close to the mountains in the background, that they look like a continent, and the bays they form like the mouths of rivers. The next moment the scene changes to a succession of lakes, one coming close on the other; and when the ship appears to be hemmed in, a new opening is suddenly presented to the eye behind another island. The islands themselves are of a most varied character: some only consist of bare rocks, with now and then a pine; some are richly covered with fields and groves; and the shore presents so many fine scenes, that one hardly knows where to look in order not to miss any of the beauties of the scenery. Here are high mountains overgrown from the bottom to the summit with dark pine-groves; there again lovely hills, with verdant meadows, fertile fields, pretty farmsteads and yards; and on another side the mountains separate and form a beautiful perspective of precipices and valleys. Sometimes I could follow the bend of a bay till it mingled with the distant clouds; at others we passed the most

beautiful valleys, dotted with little villages and towns. I cannot describe the beauties of the scenery in adequate terms: my words are too weak, and my knowledge too insignificant; and I can only give an idea of my emotions, but not describe them.

Near Walloe the country grows less beautiful; the mountains decrease into hills, and the water is not studded with islands. The little town itself is almost concealed behind the hills. A remarkable feature is the long row of wooden huts and houses adjoining, which all belong to a salt-work established there.

We entered one of the many little arms of the sea to reach the town of Moss. Its situation is beautiful, being built amphitheatrically on a hillock which leans against a high mountain. A fine building on the sea-shore, whose portico rests upon pillars, is used for a bathing institution.

A dock-yard, in which men-of-war are built at the expense of the state, is situated near the town of Horten, which is also picturesquely placed. There does not seem to be much work doing here, for I only saw one ship lying at anchor, and none on the stocks. About eight leagues beyond Horten a mountain rises in the middle of the sea, and divides it into two streams, uniting again beyond it, and forming a pretty view.

We did not see Christiania till we were only ten leagues from it. The town, the suburbs, the fortress, the newly-erected royal palace, the freemasons' lodge, &c., lie in a semicircle round the port, and are bounded by fields, meadows, woods, and hills, forming a delightful *coup-d'œil*. It seems as if the sea could not part from such a lovely view, and runs in narrow streams, through hills and plains, to a great distance beyond the town.

Towards eleven o'clock in the forenoon we reached the port of Christiania. We had come from Sandesund in seven hours, and had stopped four times on the way; but the boats with newcomers, with merchandise and letters, had always been ready, had been received, and we had proceeded without any considerable delay.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## STAY IN CHRISTIANIA.

General description of the town—The palace—The parliament-house—The theatre—The university—Names of streets—Canals—Quays—Stores—Meeting of the Storting or Parliament—Inconvenient carriages—Beer-carts—Ladegardoen—Journey to Delemarken—Difficulty of travelling—Drammen—Beautiful scenery—Nature of the roads—Costume of the peasants—Kongsberg—Its silver-mine—Waterfall of Labrafoss—Bolkesoe—Inconveniences of travelling in this district—Lindosoe—Lake Foelsoe—Waterfall of Rykanfoss—Haukaness—Mael—Overcharges in travelling—Mode of redress—Muni—Arrival at Christiania.

My first care on arriving in this town was to find a countrywoman of mine who had been married to a lawyer here. It is said of the Viennese that they cannot live away from their Stephen's steeple; but here was a proof of the contrary, for there are few couples living so happily as these friends, and yet they were nearly one thousand miles from St. Stephen's steeple.<sup>a</sup>

I passed through the whole town on the way from the quay to the hotel, and thence to my friend. The town is not large, and not very pretty. The newly-built portion is the best, for it at least has broad, tolerably long streets, in which the houses are of brick, and sometimes large. In the by-streets I frequently found wooden

<sup>a</sup> "St. Stephen's steeple" is 450 feet high, being about 40 feet higher than St. Paul's, and forms part of St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna, a magnificent Gothic building, that dates as far back as the twelfth century. It has a great bell, that weighs about eighteen tons, being more than double the weight of the bell in St. Peter's at Rome, and four times the weight of the "Great Tom of Lincoln." The metal used consisted of cannons taken from the Turks during their memorable sieges of Vienna. The cathedral is 350 feet long and 200 wide, being less than St. Paul's in London, which is 510 feet long and 282 wide.—ED.





CHRISTIANIA



barracks ready to fall. The square is large, but irregular; and as it is used as a general market-place, it is also very dirty.

In the suburbs the houses are mostly built of wood. There are some rather pretty public buildings; the finest among them are the royal castle and the fortress. They are built on little elevations, and afford a beautiful view. The old royal palace is in the town, but not at all distinguishable from a common private house. The house in which the *Storthing*<sup>b</sup> assembles is large, and its portico rests on pillars; but the steps are of wood, as in all stone houses in Scandinavia. The theatre seemed large enough for the population; but I did not enter it. The freemasons' lodge is one of the most beautiful buildings in the town; it contains two large saloons, which are used for assemblies or festivities of various kinds, besides serving as the meeting-place of the freemasons. The university seemed almost too richly built; it is not finished yet, but is so beautiful that it would be an ornament to the largest capital. The butchers' market is also very pretty. It is of a semi-circular shape, and is surrounded by arched passages, in which the buyers stand, sheltered from the weather. The whole edifice is built of bricks, left in their natural state, neither stuccoed with mortar nor whitewashed. There are not many other

<sup>b</sup> The *Storthing* is the name given to the Norwegian parliament, which assembles once every three years at Christiania. The time and place of meeting are fixed by law, and the king has no power to prevent or postpone its assembly. It consists of about a hundred members, who divide themselves into two houses. The members must not be under thirty years of age, and must have lived for ten years in Norway. The electors are required to be twenty-five years of age, and to be either burgesses of a town, or to possess property of the annual value of 30*l*. The members must possess the same qualification. The members of the *Storthing* are usually plain-spoken, sensible men, who have no desire to shine as orators, but who despatch with great native sagacity the business brought before them. This *Storthing* is the most independent legislative assembly in Europe; for not only has the king no power to prevent its meeting at the appointed time, but should he refuse to assent to any laws that are passed, these laws come into force without his assent, provided they are passed by three successive parliaments. — ED.

palaces or fine public buildings, and most of the houses are one-storied.

One of the features of the place—a custom which is of great use to the traveller, and prevails in all Scandinavian towns—is, that the names of the streets are affixed at every corner, so that the passer-by always knows where he is, without the necessity of asking his way.

Open canals run through the town; and on such nights as the almanac announces a full or bright moon the streets are not lighted.

Wooden quays surround the harbour, on which several large warehouses, likewise built of wood, are situated; but, like most of the houses, they are roofed with tiles.

The arrangement and display of the stores are simple, and the wares very beautiful, though not of home manufacture. Very few factories exist here, and every thing has to be imported.

I was much shocked at the raggedly-clad people I met every where in the streets; the young men especially looked very ragged. They rarely begged; but I should not have been pleased to meet them alone in a retired street.

I was fortunate enough to be in Christiania at the time when the *Storthing* was sitting. This takes place every three years; the sessions commence in January or February, and usually last three months; but so much business had this time accumulated, that the king proposed to extend the length of the session. To this fortunate accident I owed the pleasure of witnessing some of the meetings. The king was expected to close the proceedings in September.<sup>c</sup>

<sup>c</sup> The present king of Sweden and Norway is Oscar, one of the few fortunate scions of those lowly families that were raised to royal power and dignity by Napoleon. His father, Bernadotte, was the son of an advocate, and entered the French army as a common soldier; in that service he rose to the rank of marshal, and then became crown-prince, and ultimately king of Sweden. He died in 1844. The mother of Oscar was Désirée Clary, a sister of Julie Clary, wife of Joseph Bonaparte, the elder brother of Napo-

The hall of meeting is long and large. Four rows of tapestried seats, one rising above the other, run lengthways along the hall, and afford room for eighty legislators. Opposite the benches a table stands on a raised platform, and at this table the president and secretary sit. A gallery, which is open to the public, runs round the upper portion of the hall.

Although I understood but little of the Norwegian language, I attended the meetings daily for an hour. I could at least distinguish whether long or short speeches were made, or whether the orator spoke fluently. Unfortunately, the speakers I heard spoke the few words they mustered courage to deliver so slowly and hesitatingly, that I could not form a very favourable idea of Norwegian eloquence. I was told that the Storting only contained three or four good speakers, and they did not display their talents during my stay.

I have never seen such a variety of carriages as I met with here. The commonest and most incommodious are called Carriols. A carriol consists of a narrow, long, open box, resting between two immensely high wheels, and provided with a very small seat. You are squeezed into this contrivance, and have to stretch your feet forward. You are then buckled in with a leather apron as high as the hips, and must remain in this position, without moving a limb, from the beginning to the end of your ride. A board is hung on behind the box for the coachman; and from this perch he, in a kneeling or standing position, directs the horses,

leon. This lady was asked in marriage by Napoleon himself, but her father refused his assent; and instead of becoming an unfortunate empress of France, she became a fortunate queen of Sweden and Norway. Oscar was born at Paris in 1799, and received his education chiefly in Hanover. He accompanied his father to Sweden in 1810, and ascended the throne on his father's death in 1844. In 1824 he married Josephine Beauharnois, daughter of Prince Eugene, and grand-daughter of the brilliant and fascinating Josephine, the first and best wife of Napoleon. Oscar is much beloved by his subjects; his administration is mild, just, and equable; and his personal abilities and acquirements are far beyond the average of crowned heads. — ED.

unless the temporary resident of the box should prefer to take the reins himself. As it is very unpleasant to hear the quivering of the reins on one side and the smacking of the whip on the other, every one, men and women, can drive. Besides these carriols, there are phaetons, droschkas, but no closed vehicles.

The carts which are used for the transport of beer are of a very peculiar construction. The consumption of beer in Christiania is very great, and it is at once bottled when made, and not sold in casks. The carts for the transport of these bottles consist of roomy covered boxes about a foot and a half high, which are divided into partitions like a cellaret, and in which many bottles can be easily and safely transported from one part to another.

Another species of basket, which the servants use to carry such articles as are damp or dirty, and which my readers will excuse my describing, is made of fine white tin, and provided with a handle. Straw baskets are only used for bread, and for dry and clean provisions.

There are no public gardens or assemblies in Christiania, but numerous promenades ; indeed, every road from the town leads to the most beautiful scenery, and every hill in the neighbourhood affords the most delightful prospects.

Ladegardoen is the only spot which is often resorted to by the citizens by carriage or on foot. It affords many and splendid views of the sea and its islands, of the surrounding mountains, valleys, and pine and fir groves. The majority of the country-houses are built here. They are generally small, but pretty, and surrounded by flower-gardens and orchards. While there, I seemed to be far in the south, so green and verdant was the scenery. The corn-fields alone betrayed the north. Not that the corn was poor ; on the contrary, I found many ears bending to the ground under their weight ; but now, towards the end of August, most of it was standing uncut in the fields.

Near the town stands a pine-grove, from which one has splendid views ; two monuments are raised in it, but neither of them

are of importance: one is raised to the memory of a crown-prince of Sweden, Christian Augustus; the other to Count Hermann Wenel Jarlsberg.

## JOURNEY TO DELEMARKEN.

All I had hitherto seen in Norway had gratified me so much, that I could not resist the temptation of a journey to the wildly romantic regions of Delemarken. I was indeed told that it would be a difficult undertaking for a female, alone and almost entirely ignorant of the language, to make her way through the peasantry. But I found no one to accompany me, and was determined to go; so I trusted to fate, and went alone.

According to the inquiries I had instituted in respect to this journey, I anticipated that my greatest difficulties would arise from the absence of all institutions for the speedy and comfortable progress of travellers. One is forced to possess a carriage, and to hire horses at every station. It is sometimes possible to hire a vehicle, but this generally consists only of a miserable peasant's cart. I hired, therefore, a carriol for the whole journey, and a horse to the next station, the townlet of Drammen, distant about twenty-four miles.

On the 25th August, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I left Christiania, squeezed myself into my carriage, and, following the example of Norwegian dames, I seized the reins. I drove as if I had been used to it from infancy. I turned right and left, and my horse galloped and trotted gaily on.

The road to Drammen is exquisite, and would afford rich subjects for an artist. All the beauties of nature are here combined in most perfect harmony. The richness and variety of the scenery are almost oppressive, and would be an inexhaustible subject for the painter. The vegetation is much richer than I had hoped to find it so far north; every hill, every rock, is shaded by verdant foliage; the green of the meadows was of incomparable

freshness ; the grass was intermingled with flowers and herbs, and the corn-fields bent under their golden weight.

I have been in many countries, and have seen beautiful districts ; I have been in Switzerland, in Tyrol, in Italy, and in Salzburg ; but I never saw such peculiarly beautiful scenery as I found here : the sea every where intruding and following us to Drammen ; here forming a lovely lake on which boats were rocking, there a stream rushing through hills and meadows ; and then again, the splendid expanse dotted with proud three-masters and with countless islets. After a five hours' ride through rich valleys and splendid groves, I reached the town of Drammen, which lies on the shores of the sea and the river Storri Elf, and whose vicinity was announced by the beautiful country-houses ornamenting the approach to it.

A long, well-built wooden bridge, furnished with beautiful iron palisadings, leads over the river. The town of Drammen has pretty streets and houses, and above 6000 inhabitants. The hotel where I lodged was pretty and clean. My bedroom was a large room, with which the most fastidious might have been contented. The supper which they provided for me was, however, most frugal, consisting only of soft-boiled eggs. They gave me neither salt nor bread with them, nor a spoon ; nothing but a knife and fork. And it is a mystery to me how soft eggs can be eaten without bread, and with a knife and fork.

August 25th.

I hired a fresh horse here, with which I proceeded to Kongsberg, eighteen miles farther. The first seven miles afforded a repetition of the romantic scenery of the previous day, with the exception of the sea. But instead I had the beautiful river, until I had ascended a hill, from whose summit I overlooked a large and apparently populous valley, filled with groups of houses and single farms. It is strange that there are very few large towns in Norway ; every peasant builds his house in the midst of his fields.

Beyond this hill the scenery grows more monotonous. The mountains are lower, the valley narrower, and the road is enclosed by wood or rocks. One peculiarity of Norwegian rocks is their humidity. The water penetrates through countless fissures, but only in such small quantities as to cover the stones with a kind of veil. When the sun shines on these wet surfaces of rock, of which there are many and large ones, they shine like mirrors.

Delemarken seems to be tolerably populous. I often met with solitary peasant-huts in the large gloomy forests, and they gave some life to the monotonous landscape. The industry of the Norwegian peasant is very great; for every spot of earth, even on the steepest precipices, bore potatoes, barley, or oats; their houses also look cheerful, and were painted for the most part of a brick-red colour.

I found the roads very good, especially the one from Christiania to Drammen; and the one from Drammen to Kongsberg was not very objectionable. There is such an abundance of wood in Norway, that the streets on each side are fenced by wooden enclosures; and every field and meadow is similarly protected against the intrusion of cattle, and the miserable roads through the woods are even covered with round trunks of trees.

The peasantry in this district have no peculiar costume; only the head-covering of the females is curious. They wear a lady's hat, such as was fashionable in the last century, ornamented with a bunch behind, and with an immense shade in front. They are made of any material, generally of the remains of old garments; and only on Sundays better ones, and sometimes even silk ones, make their appearance.

In the neighbourhood of Kongsberg this head-dress is no longer worn. There they wear little caps like the Suabian peasantry, petticoats commencing under the shoulders, and very short spencers: a very ugly costume, the whole figure being spoilt by the short waist.

The town of Kongsberg is rather extended, and is beautifully

situated on a hill in the centre of a splendid wooded valley. It is, like all the towns in Norway except Christiania, built of wood ; but it has many pretty, neat houses and some broad streets.

The stream Storri Elf flows past the town, and forms a small but very picturesque waterfall a little below the bridge. What pleased me most was the colour of the water as it surged over the rock. It was about noon as I drove across the bridge ; the sun illuminated the whole country around, and the waves breaking against the rocks seemed by this light of a beautiful pale-yellow colour, so that they resembled fluid masses of pure transparent amber.

Two remarkable sights claimed my attention at Kongsberg,— a rich silver-mine, and a splendid waterfall called the Labrafoss. But as my time was limited, and I could only remain a few hours in Kongsberg, I preferred to see the waterfall and believe the accounts of the silver-mine ; which were, that the deepest shaft was eight hundred feet below the surface, and that it was most difficult to remain there, as the cold, the smoke, and the powder-smell had a very noxious effect on the traveller accustomed to light and air.

I therefore hired a horse and drove to the fall, which is situated in a narrow pass about four miles from Kongsberg. The river collects in a quiet calm basin a little distance above the fall, and then rushes over the steep precipice with a sudden bound. The considerable depth of the fall and the quantity of water make it a very imposing sight. This is increased by a gigantic rock planted like a wall in the lower basin, and opposing its body to the progress of the hurrying waters. The waves rebound from the rock, and, collecting in mighty masses, rush over it, forming several smaller waterfalls in their course.

I watched it from a high rock, and was nevertheless covered by the spray to such a degree, that I sometimes could scarcely open my eyes. My guide then took me to the lower part of the fall, so that I might have a view of it from all sides ; and each view seemed



different and more splendid. I perceived the same yellow transparent colour which I had remarked in the fall at Kongsberg in the waters which dashed over the rock and were illuminated by the sun. I imagine it arises from the rock, which is every where of a brownish-red colour, for the water itself was clear and pure.

At four o'clock in the afternoon I left Kongsberg, and drove to Bolkesoe, a distance of eighteen miles. It was by no means a beautiful or an agreeable drive; for the road was very bad, and took me through passes and valleys, across woods and over steep mountains, while the night was dark and unilluminated by the moon. The thought involuntarily entered my mind, how easily my guide, who sat close behind me on the vehicle, could put me out of the world by a gentle blow, and take possession of my effects. But I had confidence in the upright character of the Norwegians, and drove on quietly, devoting my attention entirely to the reins of my little steed, which I had to lead with a sure hand over hill and valley, over ruts and stones, and along precipices. I heard no sound but the rushing of the mountain-river, which leaped, close beside us, over the rocks, and was heard rushing in the far distance.

We did not arrive at Bolkesoe until ten o'clock at night. When we stopped before an insignificant-looking peasant's cot, and I remembered my Icelandic night-accommodations, whose exterior this resembled, my courage failed me; but I was agreeably disappointed when the peasant's wife led me up a broad staircase into a large clean chamber furnished with several good beds, some benches, a table, a box, and an iron stove. I found equal comforts on all the stations of my journey.

There are no proper hotels or posthouses on the little-frequented Norwegian roads; but the wealthy peasants undertake the duties of both. I would, however, advise every traveller to provide himself with bread and other provisions for the trip; for his peasant-host rarely can furnish him with these. His cows are on the hills during the summer; fowls are far too great a luxury for

him; and his bread is scarcely eatable: it consists of large round cakes, scarcely half an inch thick, and very hard; or of equally large cakes scarcely as thick as a knife, and quite dry. The only eatables I found were fish and potatoes; and whenever I could stay for several hours, they fetched milk for me from the hills.

The travelling conveniences are still more unattainable; but these I will mention in a future chapter, when my experience will be a little more extensive.

August 26th.

I could not see the situation of the town of Bolkesoe till daylight to-day, for when I arrived the darkness of night concealed it. It is situated in a pretty wooded vale, on a little hill at whose foot lies a beautiful lake of the same name.

The road from here to Tindosoe, about sixteen miles, is not practicable for vehicles, and I therefore left my carriol here and proceeded on horseback. The country grows more quiet and uninhabited, and the valleys become real chasms. Two lakes of considerable size form an agreeable variety to the wildness of the scenery. The larger one, called the Foelsoe, is of a regular form, and above two miles in diameter; it is encircled by picturesque mountains. The effect of the shadows which the pine-covered mountain-tops throw on the lakes is particularly attractive. I rode along its shores for more than an hour, and had leisure to see and examine every thing very accurately, for the horses here travel at a very slow pace. The reason of this is partly that the guide has no horse, and walks beside you in a very sleepy manner; the horse knows its master's peculiarities by long experience, and is only too willing to encourage him in his slow, dull pace. I spent more than five hours in reaching Tindosoe. My next object of interest was the celebrated waterfall of Rykanfoss, to reach which we had to cross a large lake. Although it had rained incessantly for an hour, and the sky looked threatening, I at once hired a boat with two rowers to continue my journey without interruption; for

I anticipated a storm, and then I should not have found a boatman who would have ventured a voyage of four or five hours on this dangerous lake. In two hours my boat was ready, and I started in the pouring rain, but rejoiced at least at the absence of fog, which would have concealed the beauties of nature which surrounded me. The lake is eighteen miles long, but in many parts only from two to three miles wide. It is surrounded by mountains, which rise in terraces without the least gap to admit a distant view. As the mountains are nearly all covered with dark fir-groves, and overshadow the whole breadth of the narrow lake, the water seems quite dark, and almost black. This lake is dangerous to navigate on account of the many rocks rising perpendicularly out of the water, which, in a storm, shatter a boat dashed against them to pieces, and the passengers would find an inevitable grave in the deep waters. We had a fresh and a favourable breeze, which blew us quickly to our destination. One of the rocks on the coast has a very loud echo.

An island about a mile long divides the lake into equal parts; and when we had passed it, the landscape became quite peculiar. The mountains seemed to push before each other, and try whose foot should extend farthest into the sea. This forms numerous lovely bays; but few of them are adapted for landing, as the dangerous rocks seem to project every where.

The little dots of field and meadow which seem to hang against the rock, and the modest cottages of the peasants, which are built on the points of the most dangerous precipices, and over which rocks and stones tower as mountains, present a very curious appearance. The most fearful rocks hang over the huts, and threaten to crush them by falling, which would inevitably carry cottage and field with them into the sea. It is difficult to say whether the boldness or the stupidity of the peasants induces them to choose such localities for their dwellings.

From the mountains many rivers flow into the lake, and form beautiful falls. This might only have been the case at that time,

because it was raining incessantly, and the water poured down from all sides, so that the mountains seemed embroidered with silver threads. It was a beautiful sight; but I would willingly have relinquished it for a day of sunshine. It is no trifle to be exposed to such a shower-bath from morning till night; I was wet through, and had no hope for better weather, as the sky was clouded all round. My perseverance was nearly exhausted; and I was on the point of relinquishing the purpose of my journey,—the sight of the highest Norwegian waterfall,—when it occurred to me that the bad weather was most favourable for my plan, as each drop of water would increase the splendour of the waterfall.

After three hours and a half's rowing we reached Haukaness-am-See, where it is usual to stop a night, as there is a pretty farm here, and the distance from the fall is still considerable.

August 27th.

My first care in the morning was the weather; it was unchanged, and the experienced peasants prophesied that it would remain wet. As I would not return nor wait for better weather, I could only take to my boat again, put on my half-dried cloak, and row on boldly.

The termination of the lake, which we soon reached, was already sufficient to compensate for my perseverance. A high mountain advances into the lake, and divides it into two beautiful bays. We entered the left bay, and landed at Mael, which lies at the mouth of the river Rykaness. The distance from Haukaness is a little more than two miles. I had to mount a horse to reach the waterfall, which was yet eleven miles distant. The road runs through a narrow valley, which gradually narrows still more until it can only contain the river; and the traveller is obliged to ascend the heights and grope on along the sides of the mountains. Below in the vale he sees the foam of the waves surging against the rocks; they flow like a narrow band of silver in the deep chasm. Sometimes the path is so high that one neither sees nor hears the river.

The last half mile has to be journeyed on foot, and goes past spots which are really dangerous ; numerous waterfalls rush from the mountain-sides, and have to be crossed on paths of tree-trunks laid alongside each other ; and roads scarcely a foot wide lead along giddy precipices. But the traveller may trust unhesitatingly to his guide's arm, who has hitherto led every one in safety to his destination.

The road from Haukaness to the waterfall must be the finest that can be imagined on a bright sunny day ; for I was enchanted with the wildly-romantic scenery in spite of the incessant rain and my wet clothes, and would on no consideration have missed this sight. Unfortunately the bad weather increased, and thick fogs rolled down into the valleys. The water flowed down from the mountains, and transformed our narrow path into a brook, through which we had to wade ankle-deep in water. At last we reached the spot which afforded the best view of the fall. It was yet free from mist, and I could still admire the extraordinary beauty of the fall and its quantity of water. I saw the immense mountain-rock which closes the valley, the tremendous pillar of water which dashes over it, and rebounds from the rock projecting in the centre of the fall, filling the whole valley with clouds of spray, and concealing the depth to which it descends. I saw this, one of the rarest and of the most magnificent of natural beauties ; but alas, I saw it only for a moment, and had scarcely time to recover from the surprise of the first view when I lost it for ever ! I was not destined to see the single grandeurs of the fall and of the surrounding scenery, and was fain to be content with one look, one glance. Impenetrable mists rolled from all sides into the wild glen, and shrouded every thing in complete darkness ; I sat on a piece of rock, and gazed for two hours stedfastly at the spot where a faint outline of the fall was scarcely distinguishable through the mist ; sometimes this faint trace even was lost, and I could perceive its vicinity only by the dreadful sounds of the fall, and by the trembling of the rock beneath my feet.

After I had gazed, and hoped, and raised my eyes entreatingly to heaven for a single ray of sunshine, all in vain, I had at last to determine on my return. I left my post almost with tears in my eyes, and turned my head more backwards than forwards as we left the spot. At the least indication of a clearing away of the fog I should have returned.

But I retired farther and farther from it till I reached Mael again, where I sadly entered my boat, and proceeded uninterruptedly to Tindosoe. I arrived there towards ten o'clock at night. The wet, the cold, the want of food, and, above all, the depressed and disappointed state of my mind, had so affected me, that I went to bed with a slight attack of fever, and feared that I should not be able to continue my journey on the following day. But my strong constitution triumphed over every thing, and at five o'clock in the morning I was ready to continue my journey to Bolkesoe on horseback.

I was obliged to hurry for fear of missing the departure of the steamer from Christiania. The journey to Delemarken had been represented to me as much shorter than I found it in reality ; for the constant waiting for horses, boats, guides, &c. takes up very much time.

August 28th.

I had ordered my horse to be ready at five o'clock, but was obliged to wait for it until seven o'clock.

Although I made only a short trip into the interior, I had sufficient opportunities for experiencing the extortions and inconveniences to which a traveller is liable in Norway. No country in Europe is so much in its infancy as regards all conveniences for locomotion. It is true that horses, carriages, boats, &c. can be had at every station, and the law has fixed the price of these commodities ; but every thing is in the hands of the peasants and the publicans, and they are so skilled in tormenting the traveller by their intentional slowness, that he is compelled to pay the two-

fold tax, in order to proceed a little more quickly. The stations are short, being rarely above five or six miles, and one is therefore constantly changing horses. Arrived at a station, it either happens that there is really no horse to be had, or that this is an ostensible excuse. The traveller is told that the horse has to be fetched from the mountain, and that he can be served in one and a half or two hours. Thus he rides one hour, and waits two. It is also necessary to keep the tariff, as every trifle, the saddle, the carriage, the harness, fetching the horse, the boat, &c., has to be paid for extra; and when the traveller does not know the fixed prices, he is certain to be dreadfully imposed upon. At every station a book lies, containing the legal prices; but it is written in the language of the district, and utterly unintelligible to the stranger. Into this book, which is examined by the judge of the district every month, one may enter complaints against the peasant or publican; but they do not seem to fear it, for the guide who accompanied me to the fall of Rykanfoss endeavoured to cheat me twice in the most barefaced manner, by charging me six-fold for the use of the saddles and the fetching of the horse. When I threatened to inscribe my complaint in the book, he seemed not to care, and insisted on his demand, till I was obliged to pay him. On my return to Mael, I kept my word, asked for the book, and entered my complaint, although I was alone with all the peasants. It was not so much the money which annoyed me, as the shameless imposition. I am of opinion that every one should complain when he is wronged; if it does not benefit him, it will make the matter more easy for his successor.

I must confess, in justice to the peasants, that they were very indignant when I told them of the dishonesty of their countryman, and did not attempt to prevent my complaint.

To conclude my journey, I need only remark that, although the rain had ceased, the sky was still covered with clouds, and the country shrouded in mist. I therefore took the shorter road to Christiania, by which I had come, although I thereby missed a

beautiful district, where I should, as I was told, have seen the most splendid perspective views in Norway. This would have been on the road from Kongsberg over Kroxleben to Christiania. The finest part is near Kroxleben.

But the time was too short to take this round, and I returned by way of Drammen. In the village of Muni, about five miles from Kongsberg, where I arrived at seven o'clock in the evening, the amiable host wished to keep me waiting again two hours for a horse; and as this would probably have happened at every station, I was obliged to hire a horse for the whole distance to Christiania, at a threefold price. I slept here for a few hours, left in the night at one o'clock, and arrived at Christiania the following afternoon at two.

On this journey I found all those people very kind and obliging with whom I came into no sort of pecuniary relation; but the hosts, the boatmen, the drivers, the guides, were as selfish and grasping as in any other country. I believe that kindness and disinterestedness would only be found in any district by him who has the good fortune to be the first traveller.

This little excursion was very dear; and yet I think I could now travel cheaply even in this country, universally acknowledged to be dear. I would go with the steamer along the coast to Hammerfest, buy a little vehicle and a good horse there, and then travel pleasantly, and without annoyance, through the whole country. But for a family who wished to travel in a comfortable covered carriage, it would be incalculably dear, and in many parts impossible, on account of the bad roads.

The Norwegian peasantry are strong and robust, but their features are not the most comely, and they seemed neither wealthy nor cleanly. They were generally very poorly clad, and always barefooted. Their cottages, built of wood and covered with tiles, are more roomy than those of the Icelanders; but they are nevertheless dirty and wretched. A weakness of the Norwegians is their fondness for coffee, which they drink without



milk or sugar. The old women, as well as the men, smoke their pipes morning and night.

	Miles.
From Christiania to Kongsberg is about . . .	41
From Kongsberg to the waterfall Labrafoss . . .	5
From Kongsberg to Bolkosoe . . . . .	14
From Bolkosoe to Tindosoe . . . . .	16
From Tindosoe across the lake to Mael . . . .	16
From Mael to the waterfall Rykanfoss . . . .	11
	<hr style="width: 10%; margin-left: auto; margin-right: 0;"/> 103

days here on his way to Christiania to prorogue the Storting. I arrived on a Sunday, and the king, with his son, were in the church. The streets swarmed with human beings, all crowding towards the cathedral to catch a glimpse of his majesty on his departure. I, of course, mingled with the crowd, and was fortunate enough to see the king and prince come out of the church, enter their carriage, and drive away very near to me. Both were handsome, amiable-looking men. The people rushed after the carriage, and eagerly caught the friendly bows of the intelligent father and his hopeful son; they followed him to his palace, and stationed themselves in front of it, impatiently longing for the moment when the royal pair would appear at a window.

I could not have arrived at a more favourable time; for every one was in holiday attire, and the military, the clergy, the officials, citizens and people, were all exerting themselves to the utmost to do honour to their king.

I noticed two peasant-girls among the crowd who were peculiarly dressed. They wore black petticoats reaching half way down the calf of the leg, red stockings, red spencers, and white chemises, with long white sleeves; a kerchief was tied round the head. Some of the citizens' wives wore caps like the Suabian caps, covered by a little black, embroidered veil, which, however, left the face free.

Here, as in Copenhagen, I noticed boys of ten to twelve years of age among the drummers, and in the bands of the military.

The king remained this day and the next in Gottenburg, and continued his journey on the Tuesday. On the two evenings of his stay the windows in the town were ornamented with wreaths of fresh flowers, interspersed with lighted tapers. Some houses displayed transparencies, which, however, did not place the inventive powers of the amiable Gottenburgers in a very favourable light. They were all alike, consisting of a tremendous O (Oscar), surmounted by a royal crown.

I was detained four days in Gottenburg; and small considera-

tion seems to be paid to the speedy transport of travellers in Sweden. The steamer for Stockholm started on the day I arrived from Christiania, but unfortunately at five o'clock in the morning; and as in the month of September only two steamers go in the week to Stockholm, I was compelled to wait till Thursday. The time hung heavily on my hands; for I had seen the town itself, and the splendid views on the hills between the suburbs, during my former visit to the town, and the other portions only consisted of bare rocks and cliffs, which were of no interest.

September 4th.

The press of travellers was so great this time, that two days before the departure the cabins were all engaged; several ladies and gentlemen who would not wait for the next steamer were compelled to be satisfied with the deck, and I was among them; for the probability of such a crowd of passengers had not occurred to me, and I applied for a place only two days before our departure. During the journey fresh passengers were taken in at every station, and the reader may conceive the misery of the poor citizens unused to such hardships. Every one sought a shelter for the night, and the little cabins of the engineer and steersman were given up to some, while others crept into the passages, or squatted down on the steps of the stairs leading to the cabins. A place was offered to me in the engineer's cabin; but as three or four other persons were to share the apartment calculated only for one person, I preferred to bivouac night and day upon deck. One of the gentlemen was kind enough to lend me a thick cloak, in which I could wrap myself; and so I slept much more comfortably under the high canopy of heaven than my companions did in their sweating-room.

The arrangements in the vessels navigating the Götha canal are by no means the best. The first class is very comfortable, and the cabin-place is divided into pretty light divisions for two persons; but the second class is all the more uncomfortable: it

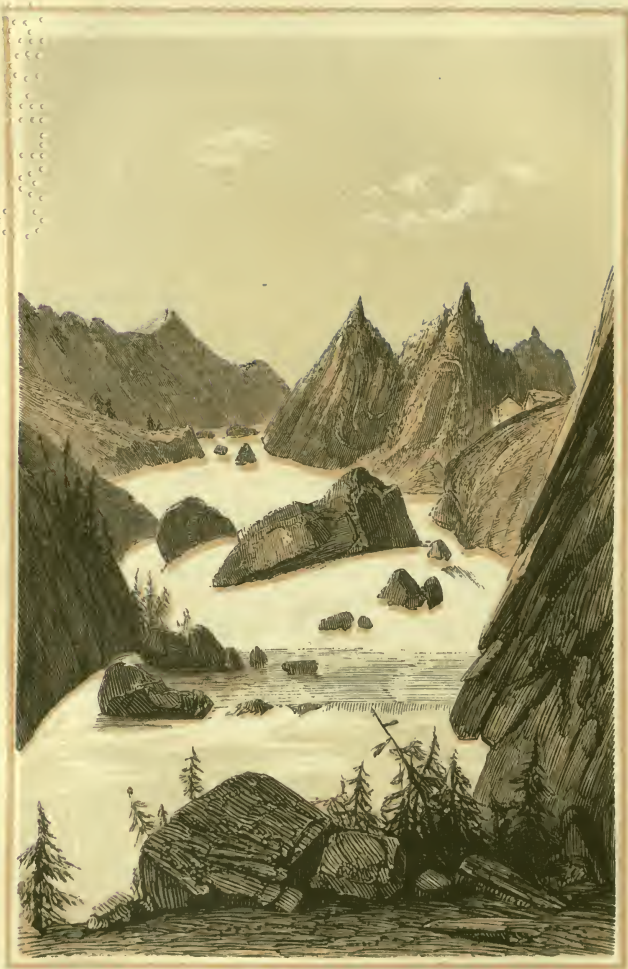
cabin is used for a common dining-room by day, and by night hammocks are slung up in it for sleeping accommodation. The arrangements for the luggage are worse still. The canal-boats, having only a very small hold, trunks, boxes, portmanteaus, &c. are heaped up on the deck, not fastened at all, and very insufficiently protected against rain. The consequence of this carelessness on a journey of five or six days was, that the rain and the high waves of the lakes frequently put the after-deck several inches under water, and then the luggage was wetted through. It was worse still in a squall on the Wenner lake; for while the ship was rather roughly tossed about, many a trunk lost its equilibrium and fell from its high position, frequently endangering the safety of the passengers' heads. The fares are, however, very cheap, which seemed doubly strange, as the many locks must cause considerable expense.

And now for the journey itself. We started at five o'clock in the morning, and soon arrived in the river Götha, whose shores for the first few miles are flat and bare. The valley itself is bounded by bare, rocky hills. After about nine miles we came to the town of Kongelf, which is said to have 1000 inhabitants. It is so situated among rocks, that it is almost hidden from view. On a rock opposite the town are the ruins of the fortress Bogus. Now the scenery begins to be a little more diversified, and forests are mingled with the bleak rocks; little valleys appear on both the shores; and the river itself, here divided by an islet, frequently expands to a considerable breadth. The peasants' cottages were larger and better than those in Norway; they are generally painted brick-red, and are often built in groups.

The first lock is at Lilla Edet: there are five here; and while the ship passes through them, the passengers have leisure to admire the contiguous low, but broad and voluminous fall of the Götha.

This first batch of locks in the canal extends over some distance past the fall, and they are partly blasted out of the rock, or built of stone. The river past Akestron flows as through a beau-





FALLS OF TROLLHATTA.

tiful park ; the valley is hemmed in by fertile hills, and leaves space only for the stream and some picturesque paths winding along its shores, and through the pine-groves descending to its banks.

In the afternoon we arrived at the celebrated locks near Trollhätta. They are of gigantic construction, which the largest states would be honoured in completing, and which occasion surprise when found in a country ranking high neither in extent nor in influence. There are eleven locks here, which rise 112 feet in a space of 3500 feet. They are broad, deep, blasted out of the rock, and walled round with fine freestone. They resemble the single steps of a giant's staircase ; and by this name they might fitly rank as one of the wonders of the world. Lock succeeds lock, mighty gates close them, and the large vessel rises miraculously to the giddy heights in a wildly romantic country.

Scarcely arrived at the locks, the traveller is surrounded by a crowd of boys, who offer their services as guides to the waterfalls near Trollhätta. There is abundance of time for this excursion ; for the passage of the ship through the many locks occupies three to four hours, and the excursion can be made in half the time. Before starting, it is, however, advisable to climb the rock to which the locks ascend. A pavilion is erected on its summit, and the view from it down over all the locks is exceedingly fine.

Pretty paths hewn out of the wood lead to Trollhätta, which is charmingly situated in a lovely valley, surrounded by woods and hills, on the shore of a river, whose white foaming waves contrast strongly with the dark foliage of the overshadowing groves. The canal, which describes a large semicircle round the chief stream, glitters in the distance ; but the highest locks are quite concealed behind rocks ; we could neither observe the opening of the gates nor the rising of the water in them, and were therefore surprised when suddenly the masts and then the ship itself rose from the depth. An invisible hand seemed to raise it up between the rocks.

The falls of the river are less distinguished for their height than for their diversity and their volumes of water. The principal arm of the river is divided at the point of decline into two equal falls by a little island of rock. A long narrow suspension-bridge leads to this island, and hangs over the fall; but it is such a weak, frail construction, that one person only can cross it at a time. The owner of this dangerous path keeps it private, and imposes a toll of about  $3\frac{1}{2}d.$  on all passengers.

A peculiar sensation oppresses the traveller crossing the slender path. He sees the stream tearing onwards, breaking itself on the projecting rock, and fall surging into the abyss; he sees the boiling waves beneath, and feels the bridge vibrate at every footstep, and timidly hastens to reach the island, not taking breath to look around until he has found footing on the firm island. A solid rock projects a little over the fall, and affords him a safe position, whence he sees not only the two falls on either side, but also several others formed above and below his point of view. The scene is so enchanting, that it is difficult to tear oneself away.

Beyond Trollhätta the river expands almost to a lake, and is separated into many arms by the numerous islands. The shores lose their beauty, being flat and uninteresting.

We unfortunately did not reach the splendid Wennersee, which is from forty-five to sixty-five miles long, and proportionally broad, until evening, when it was already too dark to admire the scenery. Our ship remained some hours before the insignificant village Wenersborg.

We had met six or seven steamers on our journey, which all belonged to Swedish or Norwegian merchants; and it afforded us a peculiarly interesting sight to see these ships ascend and descend in the high locks.

September 5th.

As we were leaving Wenersborg late on the previous night, and were cruising about the sea, a contrary wind, or rather a



squall, arose, which would have signified little to a good vessel, but to which our small ship was not equal. The poor captain tried in vain to navigate the steamer across the lake; he was at last compelled to give up the attempt, to return and to cast anchor. We lost our boat during this storm; a high wave dashed over the deck and swept it away: it had probably been as well fastened as our boxes and trunks.

Though it was but nine o'clock in the morning, our captain declared that he could not proceed during the day, but that if the weather became more favourable, he would start again about midnight. Fortunately a fishing-boat ventured to come alongside, and some of the passengers landed. I was among them, and made use of this opportunity to visit some cottages lying at the edge of a wood near the lake. They were very small, but consisted of two chambers, which contained several beds and other furniture; the people were also somewhat better clad than the Norwegians. Their food too was not so unpalatable; they boiled a thick mess of coarse black flour, which was eaten with sweet milk.

September 6th.

We raised anchor at one o'clock in the morning, and in about five hours arrived at the island Eken, which consists entirely of rock, and is surrounded by a multitude of smaller islets and cliffs. This is one of the most important stations in the lake. A large wooden warehouse stands on the shore, and in it is stored the merchandise of the vicinity intended for export; and in return it receives the cargo from the ships. There are always several vessels lying at anchor here.

We had now to wind through a cluster of islands, till we again reached the open lake, which, however, was only remarkable for its size. Its shores are bare and monotonous, and only dotted here and there with woods or low hills; the distant view even is not at all noteworthy. One of the finest views is the

tolerably large castle of Leko, which lies on a rock, and is surrounded by fertile groves.

Further off rises the Kinne Kulle,<sup>b</sup> to which the traveller's attention is directed, because it is said to afford an extended view, not only over the lake, but far into the country. A curious grotto is said to exist in this hill; but unfortunately one loses these sights since the establishment of steamers, for we fly past every object of interest, and the longest journey will soon be described in a few words.

A large glass-factory is established at Bromoe, which fabricates window-glass exclusively. We stopped a short time, and took a considerable cargo of the brittle material on board.

The factory and the little dwellings attached to it are prettily situated on the undulating ground.

Near Sjotorp we entered the river again through several locks. The passage of the Wennersee is calculated at about ten or eleven hours.

The river at first winds through woods; and while the ship slowly passes through the locks, it is pleasanter to walk a portion of the distance in their shade. Farther on it flows through broad valleys, which, however, present no very attractive features.

September 7th.

Early in the morning we crossed the pretty Vikensee, which distinguishes itself, like all Swedish lakes, by the multitude of its islands, cliffs, and rocks. These islands are frequently covered with trees, which make the view more interesting.

The lake is 306 feet above the level of the North Sea, and is the highest point of the journey; from thence the locks begin to descend. The number of ascending and descending locks amounts to seventy-two.

A short canal leads into the Boltensee, which is comparatively free from islands. The passage across this little lake is very

<sup>b</sup> *Kulle* is the Swedish for hill.

charming; the shores are diversified by hills, woods, meadows, and fields. After it comes the Weltersee, which can be easily defended by the beautiful fortress of Karlsborg. This lake has two peculiarities: one being the extraordinary purity and transparency of its waters; the other, the number of storms which prevail in it. I was told that it frequently raged and stormed on the lake while the surrounding country remained calm and free. The storm sometimes overtakes the ship so suddenly and violently, that escape is impossible; and the sagas and fables told of the deceitful tricks of these waves are innumerable.

We fortunately escaped, and crossed its surface cheerfully and merrily. On its shores are situated the beautiful ladies' pensionary, Wadstena, and the celebrated mountain Omberg, at whose foot a battle was fought.

The next canal is short, and leads through a lovely wood into the little lake of Norbysee. It is customary to walk this distance, and inspect the simple monument of Count Platen, who made the plans for the locks and canals,—a lasting, colossal undertaking. The monument is surrounded by an iron railing, and consists of a slab bearing an inscription, simply stating in Swedish his name, the date of his death, &c. Nearly opposite the monument, on the other side of the canal, is the town of Motala, distinguished principally for its large iron factories, in which the spacious work-rooms are especially remarkable.

Fifteen locks lead from the Norbysee into the Roxersee, which is a descent of 116 feet. The canal winds gracefully through woods and meadows, crossed by pretty roads, and studded with elegant little houses and larger edifices. Distant church-steeple point out the village of Norby, which sometimes peeps forth behind little forests, and then vanishes again from the view of the traveller. When the sun shines on the waters of this canal, it has a beautiful, transparent, pea-green colour, like the purest chrysolite.

The view from the hill which rises immediately before the

lake of Roxen is exceedingly fine. It looks down upon an immense valley, covered with the most beautiful woods and rocks, and upon the broad lake, whose arm flows far inland. The evening sun shed its last rays over a little town on the lake-shore, and its newly-painted tiles shone brightly in its light beams.

While the ship descended through the many locks, we visited the neighbouring church of the village of Vretakloster, which contains the skeletons of several kings in beautifully-made metal coffins.

We then crossed the lake, which is from four to five miles broad, and remained all night before the entrance of the canal leading into a bay of the Baltic.

September 8th.

This canal is one of the longest; its environs are very pretty, and the valley through which it runs is one of the largest we had passed. The town of Söderköping is situated at the foot of high, picturesque groups of rocks, which extend to a considerable distance.

Every valley and every spot of soil in Sweden are carefully cultivated.

The people in general are well dressed, and inhabit small but very pretty houses, whose windows are frequently decorated with clean white draperies. I visited several of these houses, as we had abundance of time for such excursions while the ship was going through the locks. I think one might walk the whole distance from Gottenburg to Stockholm in the same time that the ship takes for the journey. We lose some hours daily with the locks, and are obliged to lie still at night on their account. The distance is calculated at from 180 to 250 miles, and the journey takes five days.

In the evening we approached the Baltic, which has the same character as the Scheren of the North Sea. The ship threads its way through a shoal of islands and islets, of rocks and cliffs; and

it is as difficult to imagine here as there how it is possible to avoid all the projecting cliffs, and guide the ship so safely through them. The sea divides itself into innumerable arms and bays, into small and large lakes, which are formed between the islands and rocks, and are hemmed in by beautiful hills. But nothing can exceed the beauty of the view of the castle Storry Husby, which lies on a high mountain, in a bay. In front of the mountain a beautiful meadow-lawn reaches to the shores of the sea, while the back is surrounded in the distance by a splendid pine-forest. Near this picturesque castle a steeple rises on a neighbouring island, which is all that remains of the ancient castle of Stegeborg. Nothing can be more romantic than the scenery here, and on the whole journey over the fiord; for it presents itself in ever-varying pictures to the traveller's notice.

But gradually the hills become lower, the islands more rare; the sea supersedes every thing, and seems jealously anxious to exclude other objects from the traveller's attention, as if it wished to monopolise it. Now we were in the open sea, and saw only water and sky; and then again we were so hemmed in by the rocks and cliffs, that it would be impossible to extricate the ship without the assistance of an experienced pilot.

September 9th.

We left the sea, and entered another lake, the Mälarsee, celebrated for its numerous islands, by a short canal. The town of Sotulje lies at its entrance, charmingly situated in a narrow valley at the foot of a rather steep hill. This lake at first resembles a broad river, but widens at every step, and soon shews itself in its whole expanse. The passage of the Mälarsee takes four hours, and is one of the most charming excursions that can be made. It is said to contain about a thousand islets of various sizes; and it may be imagined how varied in form and feature the scenery must be, and, like the fiord of the Baltic, what a constant succession of new scenes it must present.

The shores also are very beautiful : in some spots hills descend sharply to the water's edge, the steep rocks forming dangerous points ; on others dark, sombre pine-forests grow ; and again there are gay valleys and meadows, with villages or single cottages. Many travellers assert that this lake is, after all, very monotonous ; but I cannot agree with their opinion : I found it so attractive, that I could repeat the journey many times without wearying of this lovely sameness. It certainly has not the majestic backgrounds of the Swiss lakes ; but this profusion of small islands is a pleasing peculiarity which can be found on no other lake.

On the summit of a steep precipice of the shore the hat of the unfortunate Eric is hoisted, fastened to a long pole. History tells that this king fled from the enemy in a battle ; that one of his soldiers pursued him, and reproached him for his cowardice, whereupon Eric, filled with shame and despair, gave spurs to his horse and leaped into the fearful abyss. At his fall his hat was blown from his head, and was left on this spot.

Not far from this point the suburbs of Stockholm make their appearance, being spread round one of the broad arms of the lake. With increasing curiosity we gazed towards the town as we gradually approached it. Many of the pretty villas, which are situated in the valleys or on the sides of the hills as forerunners of the town, come into view, and the suburbs rise amphitheatrically on the steep shores. The town itself closes the prospect by occupying the whole upper shore of the lake, and is flanked by the suburbs at either side. The Ritterholm church, with its cast-iron perforated towers, and the truly grand royal palace, which is built entirely in the Italian style, can be seen and admired from this distance.

We had scarcely cast anchor in the port of Stockholm, when a number of Herculean women came and offered us their services as porters. They were Delekarliers,<sup>c</sup> who frequently come to Stock-

<sup>c</sup> Delekarlien is a Swedish province, situated ninety or one hundred miles north of Stockholm.

holm to earn a livelihood as porters, water-carriers, boatwomen, &c. They easily find employment, because they possess two excellent qualities: they are said to be exceedingly honest and hard-working, and, at the same time, have the strength and perseverance of men.

Their dress consists of black petticoats, which come half way over the calf of the leg, red bodices, white chemises with long sleeves, short narrow aprons of two colours, red stockings, and shoes with wooden soles an inch thick. They twist a handkerchief round their head, or put on a little close black cap, which fits close on the back part of the head.

In Stockholm there are entire houses, as well as single rooms, which, as in a hotel, are let by the day. They are much cheaper than hotels, and are therefore more in demand. I at once hired one of these rooms, which was very clean and bright, and for which, with breakfast, I only paid one riksdaler, which is about one shilling.

## CHAPTER X.

## STOCKHOLM.

Description of Stockholm and its public buildings— Incident at the theatre— The royal park, and Vale of Roses— Interview with the Queen of Sweden— Royal Castle of Gripholm— Account of some of its prisoners— Portraits in it— Journey to Upsala— The Cathedral— The University— Journey to Danemora— The mines— Characteristics of travelling— Costume of the peasants— Return to Stockholm— Departure from Stockholm— Swedish steamers— Calmar— Lubeck— Voyage to Copenhagen.

As my journey was ostensibly only to Iceland, and as I only paid a flying visit to this portion of Scandinavia, my readers will pardon me if I treat it briefly. This portion of Europe has been so frequently and so excellently described by other travellers, that my observations would be of little importance.

I remained in Stockholm six days, and made as good use of my time as I could. The town is situated on the shores of the Baltic Sea and the Mälars lake. These two waters are connected by a short canal, on whose shores the most delightful houses are erected.

My first visit was to the beautiful church of Ritterholm, which is used more for a cemetery and an armory than for a place of worship. The vaults serve as burial-places for the kings, and their monuments are erected in the side-chapels. On each side of the nave of the church are placed effigies of armed knights on horseback, whose armour belonged to the former kings of Sweden. The walls and angles of the church are profusely decorated with flags and standards, said to number five thousand. In addition to this, the keys of conquered towns and fortresses hang along the







STOCKHOLM

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side-walls, and drums are piled upon the floor; trophies taken from different nations with which Sweden has been at war.

Besides these curiosities, several coats of armour and garments of Swedish regents are displayed behind glass-cases in the side-chapels. Among them, the dress which Charles XII. wore on the day of his death, and his hat perforated by a ball, interested me most. His riding-boots stand on the ground beside it. The modern dress and hat, embroidered with gold and ornamented with feathers, of the last king, the founder of the new dynasty, is not less interesting, partly perhaps from the great contrast.

The church of St. Nicholas stands on the same side of the canal, and is one of the finest Protestant churches I had seen; it is very evident that it was built in Catholic times, and that its former decorations have been allowed to remain. It contains several large and small oil-paintings, some ancient and some modern monuments, and a profusion of gilding. The organ is fine and large; flanking the entrance of the church are beautiful reliefs, hewn in stone; and above it, carved in wood, a statue of the archangel Michael, larger than life, sitting on horseback on a bridge, in the act of killing the dragon.

Near the church is situated the royal palace, which needs a more fluent pen than mine to describe it. It would fill a volume were I to enumerate and describe the treasures, curiosities, and beauties of its construction, or its interior arrangement; I can only say that I never saw any thing to equal it, except the royal palace of Naples. Such an edifice is the more surprising in the north, and in a country which has never been overstocked with wealth.

The church of Shifferholm is remarkable only for its position and its temple-like form; it stands on the ledge of a rock facing the royal palace, on the opposite shore of the same indentation of the Baltic. A long bridge of boats leads from the one to the other.

The church of St. Catharine is large and beautiful. In an

outer angle of the church is shewn the stone on which one of the brothers Sturre was beheaded.<sup>a</sup>

On the Ritterplatz stands the Ritterhouse, a very fine palace; also the old royal palace, and several other royal and private mansions; but they are not nearly so numerous nor so fine as in Copenhagen, and the streets and squares also cannot be compared with those of the capital of Denmark.

The finest prospect is from a hill in one of the suburbs called the Great Mosbecken; it affords a magnificent view of the sea and the lake, of the town and its suburbs, as far as the points of the mountains, and of the lovely country-houses which border the shores of lake and sea. The town and its environs are so interspersed with islets and rocks, that these seem to be part of the town; and this gives Stockholm such a curious appearance, that I can compare it to no other city I have seen. Wooded hills and naked rocks prolong the view, and their ridges extend into the far distance; while level fields and lawns take up but a very small proportion of the magnificent scenery.

On descending from this hill the traveller should not fail to go to Södermalm, and to inspect the immense iron-stores, where iron is heaped up in countless bars. The corn-market of Stockholm is insignificant. The principal buildings besides those already enumerated are, the bank, the mint, the guard-house, the palace of the crown-prince, the theatre, &c. The latter is interesting, partly because Gustavus III. was shot in it. He fell on the stage, while a grand masquerade was taking place, for which the theatre had been changed into a ball-room. The king was shot by a mask, and died in a few hours.

<sup>a</sup> The family of Sturre was one of the most distinguished in Sweden. Sten Sturre introduced printing into Sweden, founded the University of Upsala, and induced many learned men to come over. He was mortally wounded in a battle against the Danes, and died in 1520.

His successors as governors, Suante, Nilson Sturro, and his son, Sten Sturre the younger, still live in the memory of the Swedish nation, and are honoured for their patriotism and valour.

There is not a representation in the theatre every night ; and on the one evening of performance during my visit a festival was to be celebrated in the hall of antiquities. The esteemed artist Vogelberg, a native of Sweden, had beautifully sculptured the three heathen gods, Thor, Balder, and Odin, in colossal size, and brought them over from Rome. The statues had only been lately placed, and a large company had been invited to meet in the illuminated saloon, and do honour to the artist. Solemn hymns were to be sung at the uncovering of the statues, beside other festivities. I was fortunate enough to receive an invitation to this festival, which was to commence a little past seven. Before that I went to the theatre, which, I was told, would open at half-past six. I intended to remain there half an hour, and then drive to the palace, where my friends would meet me to accompany me to the festival. I went to the theatre at six, and anxiously waited half an hour for the commencement of the overture ; it was after half-past six, and no signs of the commencement. I looked again at the bill, and saw, to my annoyance, that the opera did not begin till seven. But as I would not leave until I had seen the stage, I spent the time in looking at the theatre itself. It is tolerably large, and has five tiers of boxes, but is neither tastefully nor richly decorated. I was most surprised at the exorbitant prices and the variety of seats. I counted twenty-six different kinds ; it seems that every row has a different price, else I don't understand how they could make such a variety.

At last the overture began ; I listened to it, saw the curtain rise, looked at the fatal spot, and left after the first air. The door-keeper followed me, took my arm, and wished to give me a return-ticket ; and when I told him that I did not require one, as I did not intend to return, he said that it had only just commenced, and that I ought to stop, and not have spent all the money for nothing. I was unfortunately too little acquainted with the Swedish language to explain the reason of my departure, so I could give him no answer, but went away. I, however,

heard him say to some one, "I never met with such a woman before; she sat an hour looking at the curtain, and goes away as soon as it rises." I looked round and saw how he shook his head thoughtfully, and pointed with his forefinger to his forehead. I could not refrain from smiling, and enjoyed the scene as much as I should have done the second act of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*.

I called for my friends at the royal palace, and spent the evening very agreeably in the brilliantly-illuminated galleries of antiquities and of pictures. I had the pleasure also of being introduced to Herr Vogelberg. His modest, unpretending manners must inspire every one with respect, even if one does not know what distinguished talent he possesses.

The royal park is one of the finest sights in the neighbourhood of Stockholm, and is one of the best of its kind. It is a fine large natural park, with an infinity of groves, meadows, hills, and rocks; here and there lies a country-house with its fragrant flower-garden, or tasteful coffee and refreshment houses, which on fine Sundays are filled with visitors from the town. Good roads are made through the park, and commodious paths lead to the finest points of view over sea and land.

The bust of the popular poet Bellmann stands on an open sunny spot, and an annual festival is given here in his honour.

Deeper in the park lies the so-called Rosenthal (Rose valley), a real Eden. The late king was so partial to this spot, that he spent many hours in the little royal country-house here, which is built on a retired spot in the midst of groves and flower-beds. In front of the palace stands a splendid vase made of a single piece of porphyry. I was told that it was the largest in Europe, but I consider the one in the Museum of Naples much larger.

I spent the last hours of my visit to Stockholm in this spot, with the amiable family of Herr Boje from Finland, whose acquaintance I had made on the journey from Gottenburg to Stockholm. I shall therefore never forget this beautiful park and the agreeable associations connected with it.

I made a very agreeable excursion also to the royal palace of Haga, to the large cemetery, and to the military school Kariberg.

The royal castle of Haga is surrounded by a magnificent park, which owes little to art ; it contains some of the finest trees, with here and there a hill, and is crossed by majestic alleys and well-kept roads for driving and walking. The palace itself is so small, that I could not but admire the moderation of the royal family ; but I was informed that this is the smallest of their summer palaces.

Nearly opposite to this park is the great cemetery ; but as it has only existed for about seventeen years, the trees in it are yet rather young. This would be of little consequence in other countries, but in Sweden the cemeteries serve as promenades, and are crossed by alleys, ornamented with groves, and provided with seats for the accommodation of visitors. This cemetery is surrounded by a dark pine-forest, and really seems quite shut off from the outer world. It is the only burial-place out of the town ; the others all lie between the churches and the neighbouring houses, whose fronts often form the immediate boundary. Burials take place there constantly, so that the inhabitants are quite familiar with the aspect of death.

From the great cemetery a road leads to the neighbouring Kariberg, which is the academy for military and naval cadets. The extensive buildings attached to this seminary are built on the slope of a mountain, which is washed on one side by the waters of the lake, and surrounded on the other by the beautiful park-plantations.

Before leaving Stockholm I had the honour of being introduced to her majesty the Queen of Sweden. She had heard of my travels, and took a particular interest in my account of Palestine. In consequence of this favour, I received the special permission to inspect the whole interior of the palace. Although it was inhabited, I was conducted, not only through the state-rooms, but through all the private rooms of the court. It would be impossible

to describe the splendour which reigns here, the treasures of art, the magnificent appointments, and the evident taste every where displayed. I was delighted with all the treasures and splendour, but still more with the warm interest with which her majesty conversed with me about Palestine. This interview will ever dwell on my memory as the bright salient point of my northern expedition.

EXCURSION TO THE OLD ROYAL CASTLE OF GRIPTHOLM ON  
THE MALARSEE.

Every Sunday morning, at eight o'clock, a little steamer leaves Stockholm for this castle; the distance is about forty-five miles, and is passed in four hours; four hours more are allowed for the stay, and in the evening the steamer returns to Stockholm. This excursion is very interesting, although we pass the greater part of the time on that portion of the lake which we had seen on our arrival, but for the last few miles the ship turned into a pretty bay, at whose apex the castle is situated. It is distinguished for its size, its architecture, and its colossal turrets. It is unfortunately, however, painted with the favourite brick-red colour of the Swedes.

Two immense cannons, which the Swedes once gained in battle from the Russians, stand in the courtyard. The apartments in the castle, which are kept in good condition, display neither splendour nor profusion of appointments, indeed almost the contrary. The pretty theatre is, however, an exception: for its walls are inlaid from top to bottom with mirrors, its pillars are gilt, and the royal box tapestried with rich red velvet. There has been no performance here since the death of Gustavus III.

The immensely massive walls are a remarkable feature of this palace, and must measure about three yards in thickness in the lower stories.

The upper apartments are all large and high, and afford a



splendid view of the lake from their windows. But it is impossible to enjoy these beautiful scenes when one thinks of the sad events which have taken place here.

Two kings, John III. and Eric XIV., the latter with four of his ministers, who were subsequently beheaded, were imprisoned here for many years. The captivity of John III. would not have been so bad, if captivity were not bad enough in itself. He was confined in a large splendid saloon, but which he was not permitted to quit, and which he would therefore probably have gladly exchanged for the poorest hut and liberty. His wife inhabited two smaller apartments adjoining; she was not treated as a prisoner, and could leave the castle at will. His son Sigismund was born here in the year 1566, and the room and bed in which he was born are still shewn as curiosities.

Eric's fate was much more unfortunate, for he was kept in narrow and dark confinement. A small rudely-furnished apartment, with narrow, iron-barred windows, in one of the little turrets was his prison. The entrance was closed by a solid oaken door, in which a small opening had been made, through which his food was given him. For greater security this oaken door was covered by an iron one. Round the outside of the apartment a narrow gallery had been made, on which the guards were posted, and could at all times see their prisoner through the barred windows. The spot is still shewn at one of the windows where the king sat for hours looking into the distance, his head leaning on his hand. What must have been his feelings as he gazed on the bright sky, the verdant turf, and the smiling lake! How many sighs must have been echoed from these walls, how many sleepless nights must he have passed during those two long years in anxious expectation of the future!

The guide who took us round the castle maintained that the floor was more worn on this spot than any where else, and that the window-sash had been hollowed by the elbow of the miserable king; but I could not perceive any difference. Eric was kept im-

prisoned here for two years, and was then taken to another prison.

There is a large picture-gallery in this castle ; but it contains principally portraits of kings, not only of Sweden, but of other countries, from the Middle Ages down to the present time ; also portraits of ministers, generals, painters, poets, and learned men ; of celebrated Swedish females, who have sacrificed themselves for their country, and of the most celebrated female beauties. The name and date of birth of each person are affixed to his or her portrait, so that each visitor may find his favourite without guide or catalogue. In many of them the colouring and drawing are wretched enough, but we will hope that the resemblance is all the more striking.

On our return several gentlemen were kind enough to direct my attention to the most interesting points of the lake. Among these I must mention Kakeholm, its broadest point ; the island of Esmoi, on which a Swedish female gained a battle ; Norsberg, also celebrated for a battle which took place there ; and Sturrehof, the property of a great Swedish family. Near Bjarkesoe a simple cross is erected, ostensibly on the spot where Christianity was first introduced. Indeed the Mälarsee has so many historical associations, in addition to the attractions of its scenery, that it is one of the most interesting seas not only of Sweden but of Europe.

#### JOURNEY FROM STOCKHOLM TO UPSALA AND TO THE IRON-MINES OF DANEMORA.

September 12th.

The intercourse between Stockholm and Upsala is very considerable. A steamer leaves both places every day except Sunday, and traverses the distance in six hours.

Tempted by this convenient opportunity of easily and quickly reaching the celebrated town of Upsala, and by the unusually fine weather, I took my passage one evening, and was greatly dis-

appointed when, on the following morning, the rain poured down in torrents. But if travellers paid much attention to the weather, they would not go far; so I nevertheless embarked at half-past seven, and arrived safely in Upsala. I remained in the cabin during the passage, and could not even enjoy the prospect from the cabin-windows, for the rain beat on them from the outside, while inside they were obscured by the heat. But I did not venture on deck, hoping to be favoured by better weather on my return.

At last, about three o'clock, when I had been in Upsala more than an hour, the weather cleared up, and I sallied out to see the sights.

First I visited the cathedral. I entered, and stood still with astonishment at the chief portal, on looking up at the high roof resting on two rows of pillars, and covering the whole church. It is formed in one beautiful straight line, unbroken by a single arch. The church itself is simple: behind the grand altar a handsome chapel is erected, the ceiling of which is painted azure blue, embossed with golden stars. In this chapel Gustavus I. is interred between his two wives. The monument which covers the grave is large, and made of marble, but clumsy and void of taste. It represents a sarcophagus, on which three bodies, the size of life, are laid; a marble canopy is raised over them. The walls of the chapel are covered with pretty frescoes, representing the most remarkable scenes in the life of this monarch. The most interesting among them are, one in which he enters a peasant's hut in peasant's attire, at the same moment that his pursuers are eagerly inquiring after him in front of the hut; the other, when he stands on a barrel, also dressed as a peasant, and harangues his people. Two large tablets in a broad gold frame contain in Swedish, and not in the Latin language, the explanation of the different pictures, so that every Swede may easily learn the monarch's history.

Several other monuments are erected in the side-chapels;

those of Catharine Magelone, John III., Gustavus Erichson, who was beheaded, and of the two brothers Sturre, who were murdered. The monument of Archbishop Menander, in white marble, is a tasteful and artistic modern production. The great Linnæus is buried under a simple marble slab in this church; but his monument is in one of the side-chapels, and not over his grave, and consists of a beautiful dark-brown porphyry slab, on which his portrait is sculptured in relief.

The splendid organ, which reaches nearly to the roof of the church, also deserves special attention. The treasure-chamber does not contain great treasures; the blood-stained and dagger-torn garments of the unfortunate brothers Sturre are kept in a glass case here; and here also stands a wooden statue of the heathen god Thor. This wooden affair seems to have originally been an *Ecce Homo*, which was perhaps the ornament of some village church, then carried off by some unbeliever, and made more shapeless than its creator, no proficient in art, had made it. It has a greater resemblance now to a frightful scarecrow than to any thing else.

The churchyard near the church is distinguished for its size and beauty. It is surrounded by a wall of stone two feet high, surmounted by an iron palisading of equal height, broken by stone pillars. On several sides, steps are made into the burying-ground over this partition. In this cemetery, as in the one of Stockholm, one seems to be in a lovely garden, laid out with alleys, arbours, lawns, &c.; but it is more beautiful than the other, because it is older. The graves are half concealed by arbours; many were ornamented with flowers and wreaths, or hedged by rose-bushes. The whole aspect of this cemetery, or rather of this garden, seems equally adapted for the amusement of the living or the repose of the dead.

The monuments are in no way distinguished; only two are rather remarkable, for they consist of tremendous pieces of rock in their natural condition, standing upright on the graves. One

of these monuments resembles a mountain ; it covers the ashes of a general, and is large enough to have covered his whole army ; his relatives probably took the graves of Troy as a specimen for their monument. It is moreover inscribed by very peculiar signs, which seemed to me to be runic characters. The good people have united in this monument two characteristics of the ancients of two entirely distinct empires.

The university or library building in Upsala is large and beautiful ; it is situated on a little hill, with a fine front facing the town. The park, which is, however, still somewhat young, forms the background.<sup>b</sup>

Near this building, on the same hill, stands a royal palace, conspicuous for its brick-red colour. It is very large, and the two wings are finished by massive round towers.

In the centre of the courtyard, behind the castle, is placed a colossal bust of Gustavus I., and a few paces from it two artificial hills serve as bastions, on which cannons are planted. This being the highest point of the town, affords the best view over it, and over the surrounding country.

The town itself is built half of wood and half of stone, and is very pretty, being crossed by broad streets, and ornamented with tastefully laid-out gardens. It has one disadvantage, which is the dark brownish-red colour of the houses, which has a peculiarly sombre appearance in the setting sun.

An immense and fertile plain, diversified by dark forests contrasting with the bright green meadows and the yellow stubble-fields, surrounds the town, and in the distance the silvery river

<sup>b</sup> The University of Upsala is the most celebrated in the north. It owes its origin to Sten Sturre, the regent of the kingdom, by whom it was founded in 1476, on the same plan as the University of Paris. Through the influence of the Jesuits, who wished to establish a new academy in Stockholm, it was dissolved in 1583, but re-established in 1598. Gustavus Vasa, who was educated at Upsala, gave it many privileges, and much encouragement ; and Gustavus Adolphus reconstituted it, and gave it very liberal endowments. There are twenty-four professors, and the number of students is between four and five hundred.—ED.

Fyris flows towards the sea. Forests close the distant view with their dark shadows. I saw but few villages; they may, however, have been hidden by the trees, for that they exist seems to be indicated by the well-kept high roads crossing the plain in all directions.

Before quitting my position on the bastions of the royal palace I cast a glance on the castle-gardens, which were lying lower down the hill, and are separated from the castle by a road; they do not seem to be large, but are very pretty.

I should have wished to be able to visit the botanic garden near the town, which was the favourite resort of Linnæus, whose splendidly-sculptured bust is said to be its chief ornament; but the sun was setting behind the mountains, and I repaired to my chamber, to prepare for my journey to Danemora.

September 13th.

I left Upsala at four o'clock in the morning, to proceed to the far-famed iron-mines of Danemora, upwards of thirty miles distant, and where I wished to arrive before twelve, as the blasting takes place at that hour, after which the pits are closed. As I had been informed how slowly travelling is done in this country, and how tedious the delays are when the horses are changed, I determined to allow time enough for all interruptions, and yet arrive at the appointed hour.

A few miles behind Upsala lies Old Upsala (Gamla Upsala). I saw the old church and the grave-hills in passing; three of the latter are remarkably large, the others smaller. It is presumed that the higher ones cover the graves of kings. I saw similar tumuli during my journey to Greece, on the spot where Troy is said to have stood. The church is not honoured as a ruin; it has yet to do service; and it grieved me to see the venerable building propped up and covered with fresh mortar on many a time-worn spot.

Half way between Upsala and Danemora we passed a large





MINES OF DANEMORA.



castle, not distinguished for its architecture, its situation, or any thing else. Then we neared the river Fyris, and the long lake of Danemora; both are quite overgrown with reeds and grass, and have flat uninteresting shores; indeed the whole journey offers little variety, as the road lies through a plain, only diversified by woods, fields, and pieces of rock. These are interesting features, because one cannot imagine how they came there, the mountains being at a great distance, and the soil by no means rocky.

The little town of Danemora lies in the midst of a wood, and only consists of a church and a few large and small detached houses. The vicinity of the mines is indicated before arriving at the place by immense heaps of stones, which are brought by horse-gins from the pits, and which cover a considerable space.

I had fortunately arrived in time to see the blastings. Those in the great pit are the most interesting; for its mouth is so very large, that it is not necessary to descend in order to see the pitmen work; all is visible from above. This is a very peculiar and interesting sight. The pit, 480 feet deep, with its colossal doors and entrances leading into the galleries, looks like a picture of the lower world, from which bridges of rocks, projections, arches and caverns formed in the walls, ascend to the upper world. The men look like pigmies, and one cannot follow their movements until the eye has accustomed itself to the depth and to the darkness prevailing below. But the darkness is not very dense; I could distinguish most of the ladders, which seemed to me like children's toys.

It was nearly twelve, and the workmen left the pits, with the exception of those in charge of the mines. They ascended by means of little tubs hanging by ropes, and were raised by a windlass. It is a terrible sight to see the men soaring up on the little machine, especially when two or three ascend at once; for then one man stands in the centre, while the other two ride on the edge of the tub.

I should have liked to descend into the great pit, but it was too late on this day, and I would not wait another. I should not have feared the descent, as I was familiar with such adventures, having explored the salt-mines of Wieliczka and Bochnia, in Galicia, some years before, in which I had had to let myself down by a rope, which is a much more dangerous method than the tub.

With the stroke of twelve, four blasting trains in the large pit were fired. The man whose business it was to apply the match ran away in great haste, and sheltered himself behind a wall of rock. In a few moments the powder flashed, some stones fell, and then a fearful crash was heard all around, followed by the rolling and falling of the blasted masses. Repeated echoes announced the fearful explosion in the interior of the pits: the whole left a terrible impression on me. Scarcely had one mine ceased to rage, when the second began, then the third, and so on. These blastings take place daily in different mines.

The other pits are deeper, the deepest being 600 feet; but the mouths are smaller, and the shafts not perpendicular, so that the eye is lost in darkness, which is a still more unpleasant sensation. I gazed with oppressed chest into the dark space, vainly endeavouring to distinguish something. I should not like to be a miner; I could not endure life without the light of day; and when I turned from the dark pits, I cast my eyes thankfully on the cheerful landscape basking in the sun.

I returned to Upsala on the same day, having made this little journey by post. I can merely narrate the facts, without giving an opinion on the good or bad conveniences for locomotion, as this was more a pleasure-trip than a journey.

As I had hired no carriage, I had a different vehicle at every station, and these vehicles consisted of ordinary two-wheeled wooden carts. My seat was a truss of hay covered with the horse-cloth. If the roads had not been so extremely good, these carts would have shaken terribly; but as it was, I must say that

I rode more comfortably than in the carriols of the Norwegians, although they were painted and varnished; for in them I had to be squeezed in with my feet stretched out, and could not change my position.

The stations are unequal,—sometimes long, sometimes short. The post-horses are provided here, as in Norway, by wealthy peasants, called *Dschns-peasants*. These have to collect a certain number of horses every evening for forwarding the travellers the next morning. At every post-house a book is kept, in which the traveller can see how many horses the peasant has, how many have already been hired, and how many are left in the stable. He must then inscribe his name, the hour of his departure, and the number of horses he requires. By this arrangement deception and extortion are prevented, as every thing is open, and the prices fixed.<sup>c</sup>

Patience is also required here, though not so much as in Norway. I had always to wait from fifteen to twenty minutes before the carriage was brought and the horses and harness prepared, but never longer; and I must admit that the Swedish post-masters hurried as much as possible, and never demanded double fare, although they must have known that I was in haste. The pace of the horse depends on the will of the coachman and the powers of his steed; but in no other country did I see such consideration paid to the strength of the horses. It is quite ridiculous to see what small loads of corn, bricks, or wood, are allotted to two horses, and how slowly and sleepily they draw their burdens.

The number of wooden gates, which divide the roads into as many parts as there are common grounds on it, are a terrible nuisance to travellers. The coachman has often to dismount six or eight times in an hour to open and close these gates. I was told that these delectable gates even exist on the great high road, only not quite in such profusion as on the by-roads.

Wood must be as abundant here as in Norway, for every

<sup>c</sup> See novel of *Ivar, the Skjuts Boy*, by Miss Emilie Carlon.

thing is enclosed; even fields which seem so barren as not to be worth the labour or the wood.

The villages through which I passed were generally pretty and cheerful, and I found the cottages, which I entered while the horses were changed, neatly and comfortably furnished.

The peasants of this district wear a peculiar costume. The men, and frequently also the boys, wear long dark-blue cloth surtouts, and cloth caps on their heads; so that, at a distance, they look like gentlemen in travelling dress. It seems curious to a foreigner to see these apparent gentlemen following the plough or cutting grass. At a nearer view, of course the aspect changes, and the rents and dirt appear, or the leathern apron worn beneath the coat, like carpenters in Austria, becomes visible. The female costume was peculiar only in so far that it was poor and ragged. In dress and shoes the Norwegians and Swedes are behind the Icelanders, but they surpass them in the comfort of their dwellings.

September 14th.

To-day I returned to Stockholm on the Mälarsee, and the weather being more favourable than on my former passage, I could remain on deck the whole time. I saw now that we sailed for several miles on the river Fyris, which flows through woods and fields into the lake.

The large plain on which old and new Upsala lie was soon out of sight, and after passing two bridges, we turned into the Mälar. At first there are no islands on its flat expanse, and its shores are studded with low tree-covered hills; but we soon, however, arrived at the region of islands, where the passage becomes more interesting, and the beauty of the shores increases. The first fine view we saw was the pretty estate Krusenbergs, whose castle is romantically situated on a fertile hill. But much more beautiful and surprising is the splendid castle of Skukloster, a large, beautiful, and regular pile, ornamented with four immense round turrets at the four corners, and with gardens stretching down to the water's edge.

From this place the scenery is full of beauty and variety; every moment presents another and a more lovely view. Sometimes the waters expand, sometimes they are hemmed in by islands, and become as narrow as canals. I was most charmed with those spots where the islands lie so close together that no outlet seems possible, till another turn shews an opening between them, with a glimpse of the lake beyond. The hills on the shores are higher, and the promontories larger, the farther the ship advances; and the islands appear to be merely projections of the continent, till a nearer approach dispels the illusion.

The village of Sixtunä lies in a picturesque and charming little valley, filled with ruins, principally of round towers, which are said to be the remains of the Roman town of Sixtum; the name being retained by the new town with a slight modification.

After this follow cliffs and rocks rising perpendicularly from the sea, and whose vicinity would be by no means desirable in a storm. Of the castle of Rouse only three beautiful domes rise above the trees; a frowning bleak hill conceals the rest from the eye. Then comes a palace, the property of a private individual, only remarkable for its size. The last of the notabilities is the Rokeby bridge, said to be one of the longest in Sweden. It unites the firm land with the island on which the royal castle of Drottingholm stands. The town of Stockholm now becomes visible; we turn into the portion of the lake on which it lies, and arrive there again at two o'clock in the afternoon.

#### FROM STOCKHOLM TO TRAVEMÜNDE AND HAMBURGH.

I bade farewell to Stockholm on the 18th September, and embarked in the steamer *Svithold*, of 100-horse power, at twelve o'clock at noon, to go to Travemünde.

Few passages can be more expensive than this one is. The distance is five hundred leagues, and the journey generally occupies two and a half to three days; for this the fare, without food, is

four pounds. The food is also exorbitantly dear ; in addition to which the captain is the purveyor ; so that there is no appeal for the grossest extortion or insufficiency.

It pained me much when one of the poorer travellers, who suffered greatly from sea-sickness, having applied for some soup to the steward, who referred him to the amiable captain, to hear him declare he would make no exception, and that a basin of soup would be charged the whole price of a complete dinner. The poor man was to do without the soup, of which he stood so much in need, or scrape every farthing together to pay a few shillings daily for his dinner. Fortunately for him some benevolent persons on deck paid for his meals. Some of the gentlemen brought their own wine with them, for which they had to pay as much duty to the captain as the wine was worth.

To these pleasures of travelling must be added the fact, that a Swedish vessel does not advance at all if the weather is unfavourable. Most of the passengers considered that the engines were inefficient. However this may be, we were delayed twenty-four hours at the first half of our journey, from Stockholm to Calmar, although we had only a slight breeze against us and a rather high sea, but no storm. In Calmar we cast anchor, and waited for more favourable wind. Several gentlemen, whose business in Lubeck was pressing, left the steamer, and continued their journey by land.

At first the Baltic very much resembles the Mälarsee ; for islands, rocks, and a variety of scenery make it interesting. To the right we saw the immensely long wooden bridge of Lindenberg, which unites one of the larger islands with the continent.

At the end of one of the turns of the sea lies the town of Wachsholm ; and opposite to it, upon a little rocky island, a splendid fortress with a colossal round tower. Judging by the number of cannons planted along the walls, this fortress must be of great importance. A few hours later we passed a similar fortress, Friedrichsborg ; it is not in such an open situation as the

other, but is more surrounded by forests. We passed at a considerable distance, and could not see much of it, nor of the castle lying on the opposite side, which seems to be very magnificent, and is also surrounded by woods.

The boundaries of the right shore now disappear, but then again appear as a terrible heap of naked rocks, at whose extreme edge is situated the fine fortress Dolero. Near it groups of houses are built on the bare rocks projecting into the sea, and form an extensive town.

September 19th.

To-day we were on the open, somewhat stormy sea. Towards noon we arrived at the Calmar Sound, formed by the flat, uniform shores of the long island Oland on the left, and on the right by Schmoland. In front rose the mountain-island the Jungfrau, to which every Swede points with self-satisfied pride. Its height is only remarkable compared with the flatness around; beside the proud giant-mountain of the same name in Switzerland it would seem like a little hill.

September 20th.

On account of the contrary wind, we had cast anchor here last night, and this morning continued the journey to Calmar, where we arrived about two in the forenoon. The town is situated on an immense plain, and is not very interesting. A few hours may be agreeably spent here in visiting the beautiful church and the antiquated castle, and we had more than enough leisure for it. Wind and weather seemed to have conspired against us, and the captain announced an indefinite stay at this place. At first we could not land, as the waves were too high; but at last one of the larger boats came alongside, and the more curious among us ventured to row to the land in the unsteady vessel.

The exterior of the church resembles a fine antiquated castle from its four corner towers and the lowness of its dome, which

rises very little above the building, and also because the other turrets here and there erected for ornament are scarcely perceptible. The interior of the church is remarkable for its size, its height, and a particularly fine echo. The tones of the organ are said to produce a most striking effect. We sent for the organist, but he was nowhere to be found; so we had to content ourselves with the echo of our own voices. We went from this place to the old royal castle built by Queen Margaret in the sixteenth century. The castle is so dilapidated inside that a tarrying in the upper chambers is scarcely advisable. The lower rooms of the castle have been repaired, and are used as prisons; and as we passed, arms were stretched forth from some of the barred windows, and plaintive voices entreated the passers-by to bestow some trifle upon the poor inmates. Upwards of 140 prisoners are said to be confined here.<sup>d</sup>

About three o'clock in the afternoon the wind abated, and we continued our journey. The passage is very uniform, and we saw only flat, bare shores; a group of trees even was a rarity.

September 21st.

When I came on deck this morning the Sound was far behind us. To the left we had the open sea; on the right, instead of the bleak Schmoland, we had the bleaker Schonen, which was so barren, that we hardly saw a paltry fishing-village between the low sterile hills.

At nine o'clock in the morning we anchored in the port of Ystadt. The town is pretty, and has a large square, in which stand the house of the governor, the theatre, and the town-hall. The streets are broad, and the houses partly of wood and partly of stone. The most interesting feature is the ancient church, and

<sup>d</sup> At Calmar was concluded, in 1397, the famous treaty which bears its name, by which Denmark, Sweden, and Norway were united under one crown, that crown placed nominally on the head of Eric Duke of Pomerania, but virtually on that of his aunt Margaret, who has received the name of "the Semiramis of the North."—Ed.



in it a much-damaged wooden altar-piece, which is kept in the vestry. Though the figures are coarse and disproportionate, one must admire the composition and the carving. The reliefs on the pulpit, and a beautiful monument to the right of the altar, also deserve admiration. These are all carved in wood.

In the afternoon we passed the Danish island Malmö.

At last, after having been nearly four days on the sea instead of two days and a half, we arrived safely in the harbour of Travemünde on the 22d September at two o'clock in the morning. And now my sea-journeys were over; I parted sorrowfully from the salt waters, for it is so delightful to see the water's expanse all around, and traverse its mirror-like surface. The sea presents a beautiful picture, even when it storms and rages, when waves tower upon waves, and threaten to dash the vessel to pieces or to engulf it—when the ship alternately dances on their points, or shoots into the abyss; and I frequently crept for hours in a corner, or held fast to the sides of the ship, and let the waves dash over me. I had overcome the terrible sea-sickness during my numerous journeys, and could therefore freely admire these fearfully beautiful scenes of excited nature, and adore God in His grandest works.

We had scarcely cast anchor in the port when a whole army of coachmen surrounded us, volunteering to drive us overland to Hamburgh, a journey of thirty-six miles, which it takes eight hours to accomplish.

Travemünde is a pretty spot, which really consists of only one street, in which the majority of the houses are hotels. The country from here to Lubeck, a distance of ten miles, is very pretty. A splendid road, on which the carriages roll smoothly along, runs through a charming wood past a cemetery, whose beauty exceeds that of Upsala; but for the monuments, one might take it for one of the most splendid parks or gardens.

I regretted nothing so much as being unable to spend a day in Lubeck, for I felt very much attracted by this old Hanse town, with its pyramidically-built houses, its venerable dome, and other

beautiful churches, its spacious squares, &c. ; but I was obliged to proceed, and could only gaze at and admire it as I hurried through. The pavement of the streets is better than I had seen it in any northern town ; and on the streets, in front of the houses, I saw many wooden benches, on which the inhabitants probably spend their summer evenings. I saw here for the first time again the gay-looking street-mirrors used in Hamburgh. The Trave, which flows between Travemünde and Lubeck, has to be crossed by boat. Near Oldesloe are the salt-factories, with large buildings and immensely high chimneys ; an old romantic castle, entirely surrounded by water, lies near Arensburg.

Past Arensburg the country begins to be uninteresting, and remains so as far as Hamburgh ; but it seems to be very fertile, as there is an abundance of green fields and fine meadows.

The little journey from Lubeck to Hamburgh is rather dear, on account of the almost incredible number of tolls and dues the poor coachmen have to pay. They have first to procure a license to drive from Lubeck into Hamburgh territory, which costs about 1s. 3d. ; then mine had to pay twice a double toll of 8d., because we passed through before five o'clock in the morning, and the gates, which are not opened till five o'clock, were unfastened especially for us ; besides these, there was a penny toll on nearly every mile.

This dreadful annoyance of the constant stopping and the toll-bars is unknown in Norway and in Sweden. There, an annual tax is paid for every horse, and the owner can then drive freely through the whole country, as no toll-bars are erected.

The farm-houses here are very large and far-spread, but the reason is, that stable, barn, and shuppen are under the same roof : the walls of the houses are of wood filled in with bricks.

After passing Arensburg, we saw the steeples of Wandsbeck and Hamburgh in the distance ; the two towns seem to be one, and are, in fact, only separated by pretty country-houses. But Wandsbeck compared to Hamburgh is a village, not a town.

I arrived in Hamburgh about two o'clock in the afternoon ; and my relatives were so astonished at my arrival, that they almost took me for a ghost. I was at first startled by their reception, but soon understood the reason of it.

At the time I left Iceland another vessel went to Altona, by which I sent a box of minerals and curiosities to my cousin in Hamburgh. The sailor who brought the box gave such a description of the wretched vessel in which I had gone to Copenhagen, that, after having heard nothing of me for two months, he thought I must have gone to the bottom of the sea with the ship. I had indeed written from Copenhagen, but the letter had been lost ; and hence their surprise and delight at my arrival.

## CHAPTER XI.

## FROM HAMBURGH TO BERLIN.

Town of Brunswick—Journey to Berlin—Frequent change of carriages—Passports—Berlin—The royal palace—The Dome church—The Opera-house—The Linden alley—The telegraph—Berlin shops—Kroll's Casino—Charlottenburg—Potsdam—Palace of Sans Souci—Other palaces—Cab-fares in Berlin—Departure from Berlin—Annoyance with passports—Anxiety of a fellow-passenger for the publication of his name—Arrival at Vienna.

I HAD not much time to spare, so that I could only stay a few days with my relatives in Hamburg; on the 26th September, I went in a little steamer from Hamburg to Harburg, where we arrived in three quarters of an hour. From thence I proceeded in a stage-carriage to Celle, about sixty-five miles.

The country is not very interesting; it consists for the most part of plains, which degenerate into heaths and marshes; but there are a few fertile spots peeping out here and there.

September 27th.

We arrived at Celle in the night. From here to Lehrte, a distance of about seven miles, I had to hire a private conveyance, but from Lehrte the railway goes direct to Berlin.<sup>a</sup> Many larger and smaller towns are passed on this road; but we saw little of them, as the stations all lie at some distance, and the railway-train only stops a few minutes.

The first town we passed was Brunswick. Immediately beyond the town lies the pretty ducal palace, built in the Gothic

<sup>a</sup> There is now a railway direct from Hamburg to Berlin.—ED.

style, in the centre of a fine park. Wolfenbüttel seems to be a considerable town, judging by the quantity of houses and church-steeple. A pretty wooden bridge, with an elegantly-made iron balustrade, is built here across the Ocker. From the town, a beautiful lane leads to a gentle hill, on whose top stands a lovely building, used as a coffee-house.

As soon as one has passed the Hanoverian domains the country, though it is not richer in natural curiosities, is less abundant in marshes and heaths, and is very well-cultivated land. Many villages are spread around, and many a charming town excites the wish to travel through at a slower pace.

We passed Schepenstadt, Jersheim, and Wegersleben, which latter town already belongs to Prussia. In Ashersleben and in Magdeburg we changed carriages. Near Salze we saw some fine buildings which belong to the extensive saltworks existing here. Jernaudau is a colony of Moravians. I should have wished to visit the town of Kötten,—for nothing can be more charming than the situation of the town in the midst of fragrant gardens,—but we unfortunately only stopped there a few minutes. The town of Dessau is also surrounded by pretty scenery: several bridges cross the various arms of the Elbe; that over the river itself rests on solid stone columns. Of Wittenberg we only saw house-tops and church-steeple; the same of Jüterbog, which looks as if it were newly built. Near Lukewalde the regions of sand begin, and the uniformity is only broken by a little ridge of wooded hills near Trebbin; but when these are past, the railway passes on to Berlin through a melancholy, unmitigated desert of sand.

I had travelled from six o'clock this morning until seven in the evening, over a distance of about two hundred and twenty miles, during which time we had frequently changed carriages.

The number of passengers we had taken up on the road was very great, on account of the Leipzig fairs; sometimes the train had thirty-five to forty carriages, three locomotives, and seven to eight hundred passengers; and yet the greatest order had prevailed,

It is a great convenience that one can take a ticket from Lehrte to Berlin, although the railway passes through so many different states, because then one needs not look after the luggage or any thing else. The officials on the railway are all very civil. As soon as the train stopped, the guards announced with a loud voice the time allowed, however long or short it might be; so that the passengers could act accordingly, and take refreshments in the neighbouring hotels. The arrangements for alighting are very convenient: the carriages run into deep rails at the stations, so that the ground is level with the carriages, and the entrance and exit easy. The carriages are like broad coaches; two seats run breadthwise across them, with a large door at each side. The first and second class contain eight persons in each division, the third class ten. The carriages are all numbered, so that every passenger can easily find his seat.

By these simple arrangements the traveller may descend and walk about a little, even though the train should only stop two minutes, or even purchase some refreshments, without any confusion or crowding.

These conveniences are, of course, impossible when the carriages have the length of a house, and contain sixty or seventy persons within locked doors, and where the doors are opened by the guards, who only call out the name of the station without announcing how long the stay is. In such railways it is not advisable for travellers to leave their seats; for before they can pass from one end of the carriage to the other, through the narrow door and down the steep steps, the horn is sounded, and at the same time the train moves on; the sound being the signal for the engine-driver, the passengers having none.

In these states there was also not the least trouble with the passport and the intolerable pass-tickets. No officious police-soldier comes to the carriage, and prevents the passengers alighting before they have answered all his questions. If passports had to be inspected on this journey, it would take a few days, for they

must always be taken to the passport-office, as they are never examined on the spot.

Such annoying interruptions often occur several times in the same state. And one need not even come from abroad to experience them, as a journey from a provincial to a capital town affords enough scope for annoyance.

I had no reason to complain of such annoyances in any of the countries through which I had hitherto passed. My passport was only demanded in my hotel in the capitals of the countries, if I intended to remain several days. In Stockholm, however, I found a curious arrangement; every foreigner there is obliged to procure a Swedish passport, and pay half-a-crown for it, if he only remains a few hours in the town. This is, in reality, only a polite way of taking half-a-crown from the strangers, as they probably do not like to charge so much for a simple *visé*!

#### STAY IN BERLIN—RETURN TO VIENNA.

I have never seen a town more beautifully or regularly built than Berlin,—I mean, the town of Berlin itself,—only the finest streets, palaces, and squares of Copenhagen would bear a comparison with it.

I spent but a few days here, and had therefore scarcely time to see the most remarkable and interesting sights.

The splendid royal palace, the extensive buildings for the picture-gallery and museums, the great dome—all these are situated very near each other.

The Dome church is large and regularly built; a chapel, surrounded by an iron enclosure, stands at each side of the entrance. Several kings are buried here, and antiquated sarcophagi cover their remains, known as the kings' graves. Near them stands a fine cast-iron monument, beneath which Count Brandenburg lies.

The Catholic church is built in the style of the Rotunda in Rome; but, unlike it, the light falls from windows made around

the walls, and not from above. Beautiful statues and a simple but tasteful altar are the only ornaments of this church. The portico is ornamented by beautiful reliefs.

The Werder church is a modern erection, built in the Gothic style, and its turrets are ornamented by beautiful bronze reliefs. The walls inside are inlaid with coloured wood up to the galleries, where they terminate in Gothic scroll-work. The organ has a full, clear tone; in front of it stands a painting which, at first sight, resembles a scene from heathen mythology more than a sacred subject. A number of cupids soar among wreaths of flowers, and surround three beautiful female figures.

The mint and the architectural college stand near this church. The former is covered with fine sculptures; the latter is square, of a brick-red colour, without any architectural embellishment, and perfectly resembling an unusually large private house. The ground-floor is turned into fine shops.

Near the palace lies the Opera Square, in which stand the celebrated opera-house, the arsenal, the university, the library, the academy, the guard-house, and several royal palaces. Three statues ornament the square: those of General Count Bülov, General Count Scharnhorst, and General Prince Blücher. They are all three beautifully sculptured, but the drapery did not please me; it consisted of the long military cloth cloak, which, opening in front, afforded a glimpse of the splendid uniforms.

The arsenal is one of the finest buildings in Berlin, and forms a square; at the time of my stay some repairs were being made, so that it was closed. I had to be content with glimpses through the windows of the first floor, which shewed me immense saloons filled by tremendous cannons, ranged in rows.

The guard-house is contiguous, and resembles a pretty temple, with its portico of columns.

The opera-house forms a long detached square. It would have a much better effect if the entrances were not so wretched. The one at the grand portal looks like a narrow, miserable church-



door, low and gloomy. The other entrances are worse still, and one would not suppose that they could lead to such a splendid interior, whose appointments are indescribably luxurious and commodious. The pit is filled by rows of comfortably-cushioned chairs with cushioned backs, numbered, but not barred. The boxes are divided by very low partitions, so that the aristocratic world seems to sit on a tribune. The seats in the pit and the first and second tiers are covered with dark-red silk damask; the royal box is a splendid saloon, the floor of which is covered with the finest carpets. Beautiful oil-paintings, in tasteful gold frames, ornament the plafond; but the magnificent chandelier is the greatest curiosity. It looks so massively worked in bronze, that it is painful to see the heavy mass hang so loosely over the heads of the spectators. But it is only a delusion; for it is made of paste-board, and bronzed over. Innumerable lamps light the place; but one thing which I miss in such elegant modern theatres is a clock, which has a place in nearly every Italian theatre.

The other buildings on this square are also distinguished for their size and the beauty of their architecture.

An unusually broad stone bridge, with a finely-made iron balustrade, is built over a little arm of the Spree, and unites the square of the opera with that on which the palace stands.

The royal museum is one of the finest architectural piles, and its high portal is covered with beautiful frescoes. The picture-gallery contains many *chefs-d'œuvre*; and I regretted that I had not more time to examine it and the hall of antiquities, having only three hours for the two.

From the academy runs a long street lined with lime-trees, and which is therefore called Under-the-limes (*unter den Linden*). This alley forms a cheerful walk to the Brandenburg-gate, beyond which the pleasure-gardens are situated. The longest and finest streets which run into the lime-alley are the Friedrichs Street and the Wilhelms Street. The Leipziger Street also belongs to the finest, but does not run into this promenade.

The Gens-d'arme Square is distinguished by the French and German churches, at least by their exterior,—by their high domes, columns, and porticoes. The interiors are small and insignificant. On this square stands also the royal theatre, a tasteful pile of great beauty, with many pillars, and statues of muses and deities.

I ascended the tower on which the telegraph works, on account of the view over the town and the flat neighbourhood. A very civil official was polite enough to explain the signs of the telegraph to me, and to permit me to look at the other telegraphs through his telescope.

The Königstadt, situated on the opposite shore of the Spree, not far from the royal palace, contains nothing remarkable. Its chief street, the Königsstrasse, is long, but narrow and dirty. Indeed it forms a great contrast to the town of Berlin in every thing; the streets are narrow, short, and winding. The post-office and the theatres are the most remarkable buildings.

The luxury displayed in the shop-windows is very great. Many a mirror and many a plate-glass window reminded me of Hamburg's splendour, which surpasses that of Berlin considerably.

There are not many excursions round Berlin, as the country is flat and sandy. The most interesting are to the pleasure-gardens, Charlottenburg, and, since the opening of the railway, to Pötsdam.

The park or pleasure-garden is outside the Brandenburg-gate; it is divided into several parts, one of which reminded me of our fine Prater in Vienna. The beautiful alleys were filled with carriages, riders, and pedestrians; pretty coffee-houses enlivened the woody portions, and merry children gambolled on the green lawns. I felt so much reminded of my beloved Prater, that I expected every moment to see a well-known face, or receive a friendly greeting. Kroll's Casino, sometimes called the Winter-garden, is built on this side of the park. I do not know how to describe this building; it is quite a fairy palace. All the splendour which fancy can invent in furniture, gilding, painting, or tapestry,

is here united in the splendid halls, saloons, temples, galleries, and boxes. The dining-room, which will dine 1800 persons, is not lighted by windows, but by a glass roof vaulted over it. Rows of pillars support the galleries, or separate the larger and smaller saloons. In the niches, and in the corners, round the pillars, abound fragrant flowers, and plants in chaste vases or pots, which transform this place into a magical garden in winter. Concerts and *réunions* take place here every Sunday, and the press of visitors is extraordinary, although smoking is prohibited. This place will accommodate 5000 persons.

That side of the park which lies in the direction of the Potsdam-gate resembles an ornamental garden, with its well-kept alleys, flower-beds, terraces, islets, and gold-fish ponds. A handsome monument to the memory of Queen Louise is erected on the Louise island here.

On this side, the coffee-house Odeon is the best, but cannot be compared to Kroll's casino. Here also are rows of very elegant country-houses, most of which are built in the Italian style.

#### CHARLOTTENBURG.

This place is about half an hour's distance from the Brandenburg-gate, where the omnibuses that depart every minute are stationed. The road leads through the park, beyond which lies a pretty village, and adjoining it is the royal country-palace of Charlottenburg. The palace is built in two stories, of which the upper one is very low, and is probably only used for the domestics. The palace is more broad than deep; the roof is terrace-shaped, and in its centre rises a pretty dome. The garden is simple, and not very large, but contains a considerable orangery. In a dark grove stands a little building, the mausoleum in which the image of Queen Louise has been excellently executed by the famed artist Rauch. Here also rest the ashes of the late king. There is also an island with statues in the midst of a large pond, on which some swans float proudly. It is a pity that dirt does not stick to

these white-feathered animals, else they would soon be black swans ; for the pond or river surrounding the island is one of the dirtiest ditches I have ever seen.

Fatigue would be very intolerable in this park, for there are very few benches, but an immense quantity of gnats.

#### POTSDAM.

The distance from Berlin to Potsdam is eighteen miles, which is passed by the railroad in three-quarters of an hour. The railway is very conveniently arranged ; the carriages are marked with the names of the station, and the traveller enters the carriage on which the place of his destination is marked. Thus, the passengers are never annoyed by the entrance or exit of passengers, as all occupying the same carriage descend at the same time.

The road is very uninteresting ; but this is compensated for by Potsdam itself, for which a day is scarcely sufficient.

Immediately in front of the town flows the river Havel, crossed by a long, beautiful bridge, whose pillars are of stone, and the rest of the bridge of iron. The large royal palace lies on the opposite shore, and is surrounded by a garden. The garden is not very extensive, but large enough for the town, and is open to the public. The palace is built in a splendid style, but is unfortunately quite useless, as the court has beautiful summer-palaces in the neighbourhood of Potsdam, and spends the winter in Berlin.

The castle square is not very good ; it is neither large nor regular, and not even level. On it stands the large church, which is not yet completed, but promises to be a fine structure. The town is tolerably large, and has many fine houses. The streets, especially the Nauner Street, are wide and long, but badly paved ; the stones are laid with the pointed side upwards, and for foot-passengers there is a stone pavement two feet broad on one side of the street only. The promenade of the towns-

people is called Am Kanal (beside the canal), and is a fine square, through which the canal flows, and is ornamented with trees.

Of the royal pleasure-palaces I visited that of Sans Souci first. It is surrounded by a pretty park, and lies on a hill, which is divided into six terraces. Large conservatories stand on each side of these; and in front of them are long alleys of orange and lemon-trees.

The palace has only a ground floor, and is surrounded by arbours, trees, and vines, so that it is almost concealed from view. I could not inspect the interior, as the royal family was living there.

A side-path leads from here to the Ruinenberg, on which the ruins of a larger and a smaller temple, raised by the hand of art, are tastefully disposed. The top of the hill is taken up by a reservoir of water. From this point one can see the back of the palace of Sans Souci, and the so-called new palace, separated from the former by a small park, and distant only about a quarter of an hour.

The new palace, built by Frederick the Great, is as splendid as one can imagine. It forms a lengthened square, with arabesques and flat columns, and has a flat roof, which is surrounded by a stone balustrade, and ornamented by statues.

The apartments are high and large, and splendidly painted, tapestried, and furnished. Oil-paintings, many of them very good, cover the walls. One might fill a volume with the description of all the wonders of this place, which is, however, not inhabited.

Behind the palace, and separated from it by a large court, are two beautiful little palaces, connected by a crescent-shaped hall of pillars; broad stone steps lead to the balconies surrounding the first story of the edifices. They are used as barracks, and are, as such, the most beautiful I have ever seen.

From here a pleasant walk leads to the lovely palace of Charlottenburg. Coming from the large new palace it seemed too small for the dwelling even of the crown-prince. I should have

taken it for a splendid pavilion attached to the new palace, to which the royal family sometimes walked, and perhaps remained there to take refreshment. But when I had inspected it more closely, and seen all the comfortable little rooms, furnished with such tasteful luxury, I felt that the crown-prince could not have made a better choice.

Beautiful fountains play on the terraces; the walls of the corridors and anterooms are covered with splendid frescoes, in imitation of those found in Pompeii. The rooms abound in excellent engravings, paintings, and other works of art; and the greatest taste and splendour is displayed even in the minor arrangements.

A pretty Chinese chiosque, filled with good statues, which have been unfortunately much damaged and broken, stands near the palace.

These three beautiful royal residences are situated in parks, which are so united that they seem only as one. The parks are filled with fine trees, and verdant fields crossed by well-kept paths and drives; but I saw very few flower-beds in them.

When I had contemplated every thing at leisure, I returned to the palace of Sans Souci, to see the beautiful fountains, which play twice a week, on Tuesday and Friday, from noon till evening. The columns projected from the basin in front of the castle are so voluminous, and rise with such force, that I gazed in amazement at the artifice. It is real pleasure to be near the basin when the sun shines in its full splendour, forming the most beautiful rainbows in the falling shower of drops. Equally beautiful is a fountain rising from a high vase, enwreathed by living flowers, and falling over it, so that it forms a quick, brisk fountain, transparent and pure as the finest crystal. The lid of the vase, also enwreathed with growing flowers, rises above the fountain. The Neptune's grotto is of no great beauty; the water falls from an urn placed over it, and forms little waterfalls as it flows over nautilus-shells.

The marble palace lies on the other side of Potsdam, and is half an hour's distance from these palaces ; but I had time enough to visit it.

Entering the park belonging to this palace, a row of neat peasants' cottages is seen on the left ; they are all alike, but separated by fruit, flower, or kitchen-gardens. The palace lies at the extreme end of the park, on a pretty lake formed by the river Havel. It certainly has some right to the name of marble palace ; but it seems presumption to call it so when compared to the marble palaces of Venice, or the marble mosques of Constantinople.

The walls of the building are of brick left in its natural colour. The lower and upper frame-work, the window-sashes, and the portals, are all of marble. The palace is partly surrounded by a gallery supported on marble columns. The stairs are of fine white marble, and many of the apartments are laid with this mineral. The interior is not nearly so luxurious as the other palaces.

This was the last of the sights I saw in Potsdam or the environs of Berlin ; for I continued my journey to Vienna on the following day.

Before quitting Berlin, I must mention an arrangement which is particularly convenient for strangers — namely, the fares for hackney-carriages. One need ask no questions, but merely enter the carriage, tell the coachman where to drive, and pay him sixpence. This moderate fare is for the whole town, which is somewhat extensive. At all the railway stations there are numbers of these vehicles, which will drive to any hotel, however far it may be from the station, for the same moderate fare. If only all cab-drivers were so accommodating !

October 1st.

The railway goes through Leipzig to Dresden, where I took the mail-coach for Prague at eight o'clock the same evening, and arrived there in eighteen hours.

As it was night when we passed, we did not enjoy the beautiful views of the Nollendorf mountain. In the morning we passed two handsome monuments, one of them, a pyramid fifty-four feet high, to the memory of Count Colloredo, the other to the memory of the Russian troops who had fallen here; both have been erected since the wars of Napoleon.

On we went through charming districts to the famed bathing-place Teplitz, which is surrounded by the most beautiful scenery, and can bear comparison with the finest bathing-places of the world.

Further on we passed a solitary basaltic rock, Boren, which deserves attention for its beauty and as a natural curiosity. We unfortunately hurried past it, as we wished to reach Prague before six o'clock, so that we might not miss the train to Vienna.

My readers may imagine our disappointment on arriving at the gates of Prague, when our passports were taken from us and not returned. In vain we referred to the *visé* of the boundary-town Peterswalde; in vain we spoke of our haste. The answer always was, "That is nothing to us; you can have your papers back to-morrow at the police-office." Thus we were put off, and lost twenty-four hours.

I must mention a little joke I had on the ride from Dresden to Prague. Two gentlemen and a lady beside myself occupied the mail-coach; the lady happened to have read my diary of Palestine, and asked me, when she heard my name, if I were that traveller. When I had acknowledged I was that same person, our conversation turned on that and on my present journey. One of the gentlemen, Herr Katze, was very intelligent, and conversed in a most interesting manner on countries, nationalities, and scientific subjects. The other gentleman was probably equally well informed, but he made less use of his acquirements. Herr Katze remained in Teplitz, and the other gentleman proceeded with us to Vienna. Before arriving at our destination, he asked me if Herr Katze had not requested me to mention his name in my next book,



and added, that if I would promise to do the same, he would tell me his name. I could not refrain from smiling, but assured him that Herr Katze had not thought of such a thing, and begged him not to communicate his name to me, so that he might see that we females were not so curious as we are said to be. But the poor man could not refrain from giving me his name—Nicholas B.—before we parted. I do not insert it for two reasons: first, because I did not promise to name him; and secondly, because I do not think it would do him any service.

The railway from Prague to Vienna goes over Olmütz, and makes such a considerable round, that the distance is now nearly 320 miles, and the arrangements on the railway are very imperfect.

There were no hotels erected on the road, and we had to be content with fruit, beer, bread, and butter, &c. the whole time. And these provisions were not easily obtained, as we could not venture to leave the carriages. The conductor called out at every station that we should go on directly, although the train frequently stood upwards of half an hour; but as we did not know that before, we were obliged to remain on our seats. The conductors were not of the most amiable character, which may perhaps be ascribed to the climate; for when we approached the boundary of the Austrian states at Peterswalde, the inspector received us very gruffly. We wished him good evening twice, but he took no notice of it, and demanded our papers in a loud and peremptory tone; he probably thought us as deaf as we thought him. At Gänserndorf, twenty-five miles from Vienna, they took our papers from us in a very uncivil, uncourteous manner.

On the 4th of October, 1845, after an absence of six months, I arrived again in sight of the dear Stephen's steeple, as most of my countrywomen would say.

I had suffered many hardships; but my love of travelling would not have been abated, nor would my courage have failed me, had they been ten times greater. I had been amply compensated for

all. I had seen things which never occur in our common life, and had met with people as they are rarely met with—in their natural state. And I brought back with me the recollections of my travels, which will always remain, and which will afford me renewed pleasure for years.

And now I take leave of my dear readers, requesting them to accept with indulgence my descriptions, which are always true, though they may not be amusing. If I have, as I can scarcely hope, afforded them some amusement, I trust they will in return grant me a small corner in their memories.

In conclusion, I beg to add an Appendix, which may not be uninteresting to many of my readers, namely :

1. A document which I procured in Reikjavik, giving the salaries of the royal Danish officials, and the sources from whence they are paid.

2. A list of Icelandic insects, butterflies, flowers, and plants, which I collected and brought home with me.

## APPENDIX A.

*Salaries of the Royal Danish Officials in Iceland, which they receive from the Icelandic land-revenues.*

	Florins. <sup>a</sup>
The Governor of Iceland . . . . .	2000
Office expenses . . . . .	600
The deputy for the western district . . . . .	1586
Office expenses . . . . .	400
Rent . . . . .	200
The deputy for the northern and eastern districts . . . . .	1286
Office expenses . . . . .	400
The bishop of Iceland, who draws his salary from the school-revenues, has paid him from this treasury	800
The members of the Supreme Court :	
One judge . . . . .	1184
First assessor . . . . .	890
Second assessor . . . . .	740
The land-bailiff of Iceland . . . . .	600
Office expenses . . . . .	200
Rent . . . . .	150
The town-bailiff of Reikjavik . . . . .	300
The first police-officer of Reikjavik, who is at the same time gaoler, and therefore has 50% more than the second officer . . . . .	200
The second police-officer . . . . .	150
The mayor of Reikjavik only draws from this treasury his house-rent, which is . . . . .	150
The sysselman of the Westmanns Islands . . . . .	296
The other sysselmen, each . . . . .	230

<sup>a</sup> A florin is about two shillings sterling.—*Tr.*

	Florins.
Medical department and midwifery :	
The physician . . . . .	900
House-rent . . . . .	150
Apothecary of Reikjavik . . . . .	185
House-rent . . . . .	150
The second apothecary at Sikkisholm . . . . .	90
Six surgeons in the country, each . . . . .	300
House-rent for some . . . . .	30
"      others . . . . .	25
A medical practitioner on the Northland . . . . .	100
Reikjavik has two midwives, each receives . . . . .	50
The other midwives in Iceland, amounting to thirty, each receives . . . . .	100
These midwives are instructed and examined by the land physician, who has the charge of paying them annually. . . . .	
Organist of Reikjavik . . . . .	100
From the school-revenues :	
The bishop receives . . . . .	1200
The teachers at the high school :	
The teacher of theology . . . . .	800
The head assistant, besides free lodging . . . . .	500
The second assistant . . . . .	500
House-rent . . . . .	50
The third assistant . . . . .	500
House-rent . . . . .	50
The resident at the school . . . . .	170

LIST OF INVERTEBRATED ANIMALS collected in Iceland.

I. CRUSTACEA.

Pagarus Bernhardus, *Linnæus*.

II. INSECTA.

a *Coleoptera*. *Nebria rubripes*, *Dejean*. *Patrobus hyperboreus*. *Calathus melanocephalus*, *Fabr*. *Notiophilus aquaticus*. *Amara*

- vulgaris, *Duftsikm.* Ptinus fur, *Linn.* Aphodius Lapponum, *Schh.* Otorhynchus lævigatus, *Dhl.* Otorhynchus Pinastri, *Fabr.* Otorhynchus ovatus. Staphylinus maxillosus. Byrrhus pillula.
- b *Neuroptera.* Limnophilus lineola, *Schrank.*
- c *Hymenoptera.* Pimpla instigator, *Gravh.* Bombus subterraneus, *Linn.*
- d *Lepidoptera.* Geometra russata, *Hüb.* Geom. alche millata. Geom. spec. nov.
- e *Diptera.* Tipula lunata, *Meig.* Scatophaga stercoraria. Musca vomitaria. Musca mortuorum. Helomyza serrata. Lecogaster islandicus, *Scheff.*<sup>b</sup> Anthomyia decolor, *Fallin.*

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LIST OF ICELANDIC PLANTS collected by *Ida Pfeiffer* in the  
Summer of the year 1845.

- Felices.* Cystopteris fragilis.
- Equisetaceæ.* Equisetum Teltamegra.
- Graminæ.* Festuca uniglumis.
- Cyperaceæ.* Carea filiformis. Carea cæspitosa. Eriophorum cæspitosum.
- Juncaceæ.* Luzula spicata. Luzula campestris.
- Salicinæ.* Salix polaris.
- Polygonææ.* Rumex arifolus. Oxyria reniformes.
- Plumbaginææ.* Armeria alpina (in the interior mountainous districts).
- Compositæ.* Chrysanthemum maritimum (on the sea-shore, and on marshy fields). Hieracium alpinum (on grassy plains).

<sup>b</sup> Herr T. Scheffer of Müdling, near Vienna, gives the following characteristic of this new dipterous animal, which belongs to the family muscidae, and resembles the species borborus :

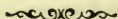
*Antennæ* flexæ, breves, triarticulatæ, articulo ultimo phæreco ; seda nuda.

*Hypocoma* subprominulum, fronte lata, setosa. *Oculi* rotundi, remoti. *Aldomen* quinque annulatum, dorso nudo. *Tarsi* simplices. *Alæ* incumbentes, abdomine longiores, nervo primo simplici.

*Niger*, abdomine nitido, antennis pedibusque rufopiceis.

- Taraxacum alpinum*. *Erigeron uniflorum* (west of Havenfiord, on rocky soil).
- Rubiaceæ*. *Gallium pusillum*. *Gallium verum*.
- Labiataæ*. *Thynus serpyllum*.
- Asperifoliaæ*. *Myosotis alpestris*. *Myosotis scorpioides*.
- Scrophularinææ*. *Bartsia alpina* (in the interior north-western valleys). *Rhinanthus alpestris*.
- Utriculariææ*. *Pinguicula alpina*. *Pinguicula vulgaris*.
- Umbelliferææ*. *Archangelica officinalis* (Havenfiord).
- Saxifrageææ*. *Saxifraga cæspitosa* (the real Linnæan plant: on rocks round Hecla).
- Ranunculaceææ*. *Ranunculus auricomus*. *Ranunculus nivalis*. *Thalictrum alpinum* (growing between lava, near Reikjavik). *Caltha palustris*.
- Cruciferææ*. *Draba verna*. *Cardamine pratensis*.
- Violariææ*. *Viola hirta*.
- Caryophylleææ*. *Sagina stricta*. *Cerastium semidecandrum*. *Lepigonum rubrum*. *Silene maritima*. *Lychnis alpina* (on the mountain-fields round Reikjavik).
- Empetreaæ*. *Empetrum nigrum*.
- Geraniaceææ*. *Geranium sylvaticum* (in pits near Thingvalla).
- Troseeææ*. *Parnassia palustris*.
- Ænothereææ*. *Epilobium latifolium* (in clefts of the mountain at the foot of Hecla). *Epilobium alpinum* (in Reiker valley, west of Havenfiord).
- Rosaceææ*. *Rubus arcticus*. *Potentilla anserina*. *Potentilla gronlandica* (on rocks near Kallmanstunga and Kollismola). *Alchemilla montana*. *Sanguisorba officinalis*. *Geum rivale*. *Dryas octopela* (near Havenfiord).
- Papilionaceææ*. *Trifolium repens*.

## APPENDIX B.



## ESSAY ON ICELANDIC POETRY:

WITH

A TRANSLATION OF THE POEM VOLUSPA, IN THE EDDA  
OF SÆMUND.*(From the French of M. Bergmann.)*<sup>a</sup>

## CHAPTER I.

OF THE ORIGIN OF THE SCANDINAVIAN IDIOMS.

I. *Of the ancient Danish Language.*

ALL the warlike tribes that, in the first ages of the Christian era, established themselves in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, belonged to the Gothic or Germanic race. Descended from the same stock, and having emigrated from the same country, doubtless from the regions near the Black and Caspian Seas, all these tribes had the same manners, the same religion, and spoke also one and the same language.

If we call the ancient Gothic people who established them-

<sup>a</sup> The translation which follows, from a work published by M. Bergmann at Paris in 1838, is inserted here as giving a learned as well as clear idea of the origin of the Icelandic language, and the nature of Icelandic poetry, subjects not alluded to by Madame Pfeiffer. It has been thought unnecessary to give a translation of more than one of the poems contained in Bergmann's work; and his critical researches into the form of the letters, orthography, &c. of Icelandic literature, have been omitted, as too abstruse for a work like the present.—ED.

selves in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden *Scandinavians*, we ought also to give to the idiom which they spoke the name of *Scandinavian language*.

The Danes, favoured by various circumstances, became the dominant nation in Scandinavia; they were the first to found a monarchical state. Denmark, from whence came the tribes that peopled Norway and Sweden, was regarded as the mother country of these great colonies, and as the cradle of the religion, the poetry, and the traditions of the Scandinavians. This preponderance of the Danes in the first ages was the reason that the most ancient name given to the Scandinavian idiom was *dönsk tunga*—Danish tongue.<sup>b</sup>

## II. *Of the ancient Norwegian Language.*

In proportion as the Danes made greater progress in civilisation, a more decided difference of manners must naturally have been established between them and their neighbours of Norway and Sweden. These latter, inhabiting a country situated to the north of Denmark, were commonly called *Nordmenn*—Normands—men of the north. This name designated more particularly the Norwegians only,<sup>c</sup> with whom the Danes had more frequent intercourse than with the inhabitants of Sweden.

The difference between the Scandinavians of the north and those of the south was felt, not only in the manners, but also in the language of these nations. The language of the Danes departed first from the ancient Scandinavian idiom. This idiom

<sup>b</sup> The superiority of the Danish was so generally acknowledged in the north, that the Icelandic writers seem sometimes to boast of the name *dönsk tunga*, which they give to their language. *Snorri*, who wrote at the commencement of the thirteenth century, designates by this name the Scandinavian language. (See *Konunga Lögur*, *Formálinn*, *Ynglinga Saga*, chap. xx.) The Icelandic poet *Eysteinn*, in the middle of the fourteenth century, calls the *Danish* his maternal language (see *Lilia*). The Icelandic grammarians make use of the name of *dönsk tunga* to distinguish the Scandinavian, in opposition to the Latin language (see *Snorra-Edda*, ed. of Stockholm, pp. 277 and 300).

<sup>c</sup> See *Saga Haralds hins Narfagra*, chap. xxii.; *Saga Hakonar Goda*, chap. iv. and xiv. *Snorri* distinguishes the *Nordmenn* from the Swedes, *Heimskringla*, *Formálinn*.



could then no longer be distinguished by the name of *dönsk tunga*; it was termed *norræna tunga*, or *norrcænt mál* (northern language), because in the countries of the north, in Norway and Sweden, the ancient language, from which the Danish dialect had just detached itself, had experienced scarcely any perceptible change. But as the name of *Nordmenn* was applied more particularly to the Norwegians, so did *norræna tunga* designate more especially the *Norwegian* language.<sup>d</sup> It was also principally in Norway that the ancient idiom remained pure during a long time, whilst in Sweden it very soon experienced changes analogous to those which had already been accomplished in the Danish language.

### III. *Of the ancient Icelandic Language.*

In the second half of the ninth century, Norwegian colonists established themselves in Iceland. As the idiom which was translated into this island was the Norwegian, the Icelanders would naturally continue during a long time to call their language *norræna tunga*.<sup>e</sup>

In a poor country separated from the world, like Iceland, where nothing that modifies, enriches, or strongly changes a language existed, the Norwegian idiom must long have preserved its purity. Thus we see that, with the exception of some slight changes in the grammatical forms, this idiom has remained the same during the course of several centuries. But the alterations become more sensible, and go on augmenting, from the thirteenth to about the sixteenth century,—the epoch at which the ancient language and the ancient Icelandic literature had expanded all their strength, and when the period of the modern language and literature commenced.

As to the ancient idiom which was spoken in Norway, it was subjected by degrees, in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, to notable changes, caused, above all, by the continually increasing influence which Denmark exercised over Norway, principally from the union of the two countries under the same sceptre in 1380. Towards the commencement of the sixteenth century,

<sup>d</sup> See *Saga Hakonar Goda*, chap. iii.

<sup>e</sup> See *Snorra-Edda*, p. 301.

the Norwegian and Danish languages so closely approached each other, that they very soon formed only one and the same language. From that time the name of *norrænt mál* could no longer be used to signify at once the Norwegian amalgamated with the Danish, and the ancient Norwegian still spoken in Iceland. In order to distinguish this latter idiom, the more convenient and more precise term of *Icelandic* language, *islenska tunga*, was introduced. The Icelanders had so much the greater right to name their language after their country, as they possessed a rich and original literature, to which Norway could oppose no literary monument of any importance.

#### IV. *A general Table of the Teuto-Gothic Idioms.*

We have just seen how the ancient Danish, the ancient Swedish, and the ancient Norwegian, or Icelandic, are successively derived from the ancient Scandinavian language.<sup>f</sup> Let us now cast a glance upon the contemporaneous Germanic idioms, in order to see the kindred relations which exist between the Teutonic idioms and the Scandinavian idioms.

The great stock of the *Teuto-Gothic* is divided into two principal branches,—the *Teutonic branch* and the *Scandinavian branch*.

First, the Teutonic branch is subdivided into the *High Teutonic*, in the middle of Germany; and into the *Low Teutonic*, in the northern parts of Germany. The *High Teutonic* comprehends: 1st, the *Gothic* properly so called; 2d, the old *High German*, of which the principal dialects are the *Franc*, the *Allemannic*, and the *Bavarian*; 3d, the *Middle High German*, which is the continuation of the old *High German*, from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, and which has given rise to the modern High German. The *Low Teutonic* comprehends: 1st, the *Old Saxon*; 2d, the *Frisic*; 3d, the *Anglo-Saxon*.

Second, the Scandinavian branch includes, as we have seen, 1st, the ancient *Danish*; 2d, the ancient *Swedish*; 3d, the ancient *Norwegian*, or *Icelandic*.

<sup>f</sup> For further information on the history of these languages, consult the excellent work of M. Petersen: *Det Danske Norske og Svenske Sprogs Historie*, Kjöbenhavn, 1829-1830, 2d vol.

It is the latter idiom of the Scandinavian branch, the Icelandic, which will here fix our attention; for it is in this idiom that the poem we publish is composed. But before entering upon a grammatical examination of the Icelandic, it will be necessary to say what are the literary monuments in which that language may be studied.

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## CHAPTER II.

### OF THE ANCIENT ICELANDIC LITERATURE.

#### *I. Of the Origin of the Icelandic Literature of the Edda.*

THE Norwegians who, in the ninth century, established themselves in Iceland, carried thither not only their language, their manners, and their religion, but also their poetry, or national songs. These songs included some historical and mythological traditions, which, called, as well as the runic writing, by the name of *mysteries* (rûnar), or *antiquities* (xornir stapir), composed nearly all the knowledge of the ancient Scandinavians. Iceland collected together then, from the commencement, the germs and the elements of her poetic and historic literature; and these germs were rapidly developed in her bosom. Far from being extinguished in this desert isle cast in the middle of the ocean, poetry diffused very soon a splendour so lively, that the skalds, or Icelandic poets, became the most renowned throughout the north of Europe.

Although the art of writing was known to the Scandinavians, their songs were not written; they were transmitted from memory, like the epic rhapsodies and the lyric songs of the Hindoos, of the Greeks, and of the ancient Arabs. To this mode of transmission must be attributed the loss of many of these songs. Later, another cause did not contribute less to the disappearance of a great number of these literary monuments. Christianity, introduced by degrees into the north, naturally proscribed the ancient poetry, which was so intimately connected with the religion of Odin. From that time the people no longer learned by heart the

national songs; and the poets dared no longer celebrate in their poems the gods of paganism, nor sing the mythological traditions of antiquity. This is why we should perhaps have been entirely ignorant of what the ancient Scandinavian poetry was, if it had not found a new country and a safe asylum in Iceland. The religion of Christ, it is true, was not slow in extending its empire as far as this distant island; the Gospel was adopted by the Icelandic people, at the general assembly (allthing), in the year 1000 of our era. But the new faith could not entirely destroy the remembrance of paganism, nor cause the national poems, inspired by the religion of Odin, to be completely forgotten. Thus, a part of the Scandinavian literature was saved. On the other hand, Christianity itself furnished the means of preserving the ancient literary monuments; for the civilising spirit of the Gospel, at the same time that it destroyed among the northern nations the taste for their ancient poetry, spread among them literary talent and the knowledge of writing, by which the productions of pagan genius have been in a great measure preserved to us. Also, it is to the use of Latin writing, generally adopted in Iceland in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, that we are principally indebted for the composition and the preservation of the *Edda of Sæmund*, that precious collection of the ancient Scandinavian songs.

Unfortunately for us, whether the author of this collection had not leisure to write all the poems extant in his time, or that a great proportion of them was already lost, we have only a very small number of the songs that must have formerly existed in Iceland. As a proof of this, in the *Sögur*, or historic traditions, we find verses taken from poems which are not included in our collection; a number of verses belonging to songs unknown, or not inserted in the book commonly called the *Edda of Snorri*; we find a still greater number in the work on history entitled *Heimskringla*, and composed by the same Snorri; in short, in the songs themselves of the *Edda of Sæmund* we find allusions to myths of which we are now completely ignorant, but which certainly have been handled in particular poems well known to every body. Among the poems which remain to us there are some of great antiquity. As the Norwegian colonists must naturally have brought into Iceland their national songs, we may presume that some of

them are to be found in the collection of Sæmund. It is by criticising the text that we must determine if there are any of these poems which may be of a date anterior to the colonisation of Iceland. In the special introduction that will be placed at the head of the *Völuspá*, the poem of which we will give a translation, we will endeavour to indicate, as precisely as possible, the epoch of its composition.

## II. *Of the Author of the Collection of Songs called Edda.*

The common tradition in Iceland, from the fourteenth century, attributes the composition of the collection styled *Edda* to the priest *Sæmund Legfusson*, surnamed by his compatriots *inn fróði*, *the learned*, on account of the extensive knowledge that he had acquired during his abode in Germany, France, and Italy. After the example of his compatriot *Ari*, surnamed, like him, *the learned*, Sæmund studied principally the history of Norway. He died in 1133, leaving unfinished some historical writings which have not been preserved. Tradition attributes to him also the poem entitled *Sólar lióð*, which is found in the *Edda* in verse. As the priest Sæmund had a love for literature and poetry, it is conceived that to him may be attributed the collection of Scandinavian songs of which the author was not known. But several sufficiently strong reasons, it seems to us, oppose themselves to our admitting that Sæmund composed the *Eddaic* poems which bear his name. Let us be permitted here to state rapidly these reasons, and to discuss the question, as difficult as it is important, concerning the author of the collection and the epoch of its composition.

To prove that Sæmund is not the author of these poems, we might bring forward an argument which the learned Arnas Magnæus has opposed to those who go so far as to attribute to Sæmund the composition of the songs contained in the *Edda*.<sup>§</sup> Arnas proves to us that this priest, at the age of seventy, had not produced any work of the same kind as the *Edda*; and he doubts that, at that advanced age, this old man, who has not even been able to finish his historical labours, should yet have found sufficient leisure and strength to compose the work which is attributed

§ See *Edda Sæmunder hins fróða*, chap. i. p. xiv.; edit. Copenhagen.

to him. If this argument of Arnas does not appear sufficiently conclusive, we will add to it the following, which is drawn from the nature of the collection itself as it now exists. Every body will agree that the prefaces in prose placed at the head of some of the Eddaic poems have been added to them by him who made the collection. Now it must be confessed that Sæmund little merited the surname of learned, which his compatriots gave him, if the prefaces of which we speak proceeded from his pen. In fact, not only are these prefaces written in a style generally bad, but they do not permit us to presume too much on the erudition of the author, since they state, for the most part, only what is found already clearly expressed, or sufficiently indicated in the poems themselves. Further, every time that the author of the prefaces happens to state facts, or to relate circumstances, which are not already indicated by the poet, his incapacity becomes evident, in his failing to take an accurate view of the poem. In conclusion, as it is impossible to admit that *Sæmund the learned* is the author of these prefaces, it is equally impossible to admit that he is the author of the collection, since he who collected the poems also wrote the prefaces.

Let us pass to other proofs. If the priest Sæmund had left among his writings this Edda which is attributed to him, the work would certainly have attracted the attention of the learned Icelanders, and writers would not have failed to cite it frequently. Now the celebrated *Snorri Sturluson*, who flourished at the commencement of the thirteenth century, and who was at once a classic historian, distinguished poet, and first magistrate in Iceland, knew not the collection which is attributed to Sæmund; he does not quote it in any of his writings, although he would often have had occasion to speak of this work if he had known it, and he certainly would have known it had the collection existed. What proves again that Snorri never had in hand the collection in question is, that the quotations which he makes from the ancient songs often present readings quite different from those which we find in the Edda. Moreover, Snorri seems also to have been ignorant of the existence of some of the poems which constitute part of this collection; in short, he was ignorant of the name even of Edda, which is not found in any one of his works. From all that we have just said, we

believe we are entitled to maintain that the Edda in verse, far from having been composed by Sæmund, did not even exist in the time of Snorri, who died in 1241. It is worthy of remark, that the name of *Edda* is not met with in any writer before the fourteenth century; and again, this name quoted in two poems of this epoch proves nothing in regard to the existence of the Edda of Sæmund; for if in the celebrated poem entitled *Lilia* (the lily), which is attributed to Eystein Arngrimsson, 1360, the poetical precepts, called *Edda-reglur* (rules of the Edda); and in the poem of Arnas Jousson, who lived about 1370, the poetic art is called *Edda-list* (the art of the Edda), it is evident that the Edda in verse, attributed to Sæmund, is not here in question, but the Edda in prose, which we know under the title of *Snorra-Edda*. This latter collection was composed, at the end of the thirteenth century, by an Icelandic grammarian, who wished to write a treatise on rhetoric, metre, and poetry. He gave to his collection the title of *Edda* (grandmother), without doubt, because this book included ancient mythological traditions that aged persons took for the subject of their conversations in the long winter evenings. As this Edda is composed especially of short pieces from the pen of Snorri, we might give to this book the more explicit name of *Snorra-Edda*. But as to the collection attributed to Sæmund, it seems to us to have been composed nearly about the same epoch as the *Snorra-Edda*; that is to say, at the end of the thirteenth or at the commencement of the fourteenth century. All the results of the researches which we have made so far, and which we have just submitted, confirm this opinion; and, in order to corroborate it still further, we will add the following considerations: from the commencement of the twelfth century, a very active literary spirit was developed in Iceland; not only did they begin to write history and translate Latin books, but they also took care to gather from the mouth of the people the ancient songs and traditions. The use of Latin writing, introduced at the commencement of the thirteenth century, favoured this literary movement; and the clerks set themselves with zeal to form collections of sagas, of laws, of songs, and of philological treatises.<sup>b</sup> Therefore the most ancient manuscripts which remain

<sup>b</sup> See *Um Latinu-Stafrofit*, pp. 274, 275.

to us of the Scandinavian literary monuments are of this epoch; they ascend little beyond the thirteenth century; such are notably the *Codex Regius* and the *Fragmentum Membraneum* of the Edda in verse. This is, then, again an additional reason which induces us to believe that the Edda, attributed to Sæmund, was composed at the end of the thirteenth or the beginning of the fourteenth century, since the most ancient manuscripts of this Edda do not date beyond this period; and that, as we have just said, it is at this time that they were more particularly occupied in making collections.

Both Eddas belong to nearly the same epoch; it remains for us to determine which of the two is the more ancient. Our opinion on this subject will, perhaps, appear paradoxical; yet we must submit it to the examination of the learned. The Edda of *Snorri* seems to us to have been composed before the Edda of *Sæmund*; and here are the reasons upon which we believe we can ground our opinion. In comparing the introduction in prose of the poem *Lokasenna* with the chapter xxxiii. of the treatise *Skaldskaparmál* in the *Snorra-Edda*,<sup>1</sup> one is struck on finding some circumstances related in terms almost identical in both writings. This identity could not be fortuitous; we discover easily that the author of the preface has borrowed these particularities from *Skaldskaparmál*. In fact, the details referred to are in their proper place in the treatise of *Snorri*, whilst they are misplaced in the introduction of which we speak. From thence we may infer that the author of the introduction, or the author of the collection attributed to *Sæmund*, had in his hands the *Snorra-Edda*. For what leads us to believe that these borrowings were made in the time that the *Skaldskaparmál* already formed part of the *Snorra-Edda*, is, that the author of the introduction must have known this latter book, since he very probably borrowed from it the name of *Edda*, which he gave to his collection of songs. Indeed it cannot be denied, that this title is better suited to narrations in prose than to a collection of songs; and consequently we are compelled to believe that it was given originally to the *Snorra-Edda*, and that at a later period only did it become, by imitation, the title of the collection of songs. As the first Edda received the name of *Snorri*;

<sup>1</sup> *Snorra-Edda*, p. 129; edit. de Rask.



the second received that of *Sæmund*, either that the author of the collection really believed that the songs had been composed by *Sæmund*, or that he wished simply to place at the head of his book a name not less illustrious than that of *Snorri*.

### III. *Of the kind of Poetry to which the Poems of the Edda belong.*

The kind of poetry to which the Eddaic poems belong is the epic. Epic poetry is essentially narrative ; it recounts the history of heroes. It chooses, in preference, its subjects from ancient traditions, because they are more susceptible of ornament and poetic fiction than more recent events and contemporaneous history. The ancient traditions which may become the subjects of epic poetry are, generally speaking, of two kinds, which we will distinguish by the terms *mythological epic traditions* and *heroic epic traditions*. The former must be considered as the more ancient : they relate to mythology properly so called, that is to say, to cosmogony, theogony, to the works and the actions attributed to the gods. The latter, in general less ancient, hold a middle place between fiction and truth, between fable and history. They represent to us heroes who primitively belonged to history, but whom poetic tradition has attached to mythology by metamorphosing them into demigods, or gods of the second order. The two kinds of traditions which we have just distinguished are found the most frequently confounded and mingled together in the epic poems of the several nations. This mixture is so much the more easily made, as these traditions do not essentially differ from each other as to their origin and their nature, but only as to their antiquity. In the Edda, these two species of tradition form two very distinct classes of epic poems. Those of the first class, to the number of from fifteen to seventeen, compose the first part of the collection attributed to *Sæmund*. They treat of subjects purely mythological ; where the gods alone are represented, with their different passions. The poems of the second part, to the number of twenty or twenty-two, are evidently less ancient than the preceding ; and they shew us, in the midst of the images and ornaments of poetry, the historic traditions still quite pure. In these poems, they are not gods and goddesses who occupy the

scene, but heroes and heroines ; personages originally historic, but become more or less fabulous in tradition and poetry.

#### IV. *Of the Narrative and Dramatic Forms of the Eddaic Poems.*

The poem selected for translation is from the first part of the Edda ; and from the subjects it discusses, belongs to mythology properly so called.

If, on the one hand, there are great points of resemblance between the poems *Völuspá*, *Vafthrúdnismál*, and *Lokasenna*, in that all the three belong to the same kind of epic poetry ; we remark on the other a sensible difference between them in the form, or the manner, in which the subjects are brought forward in them. Thus, in *Völuspá*, the epic recital or narration almost exclusively predominates ; in *Vafthrúdnismál*, on the contrary, there is already a decided tendency to replace narration by dialogue ; in short, in *Lokasenna*, dialogue is found established, from the commencement to the end of the poem, not only between two persons, but again between several interlocutors. Thus we see epic poetry in *Vafthrúdnismál* and *Lokasenna* assuming the form of dramatic poetry.

This remarkable phenomenon of the transition from the epic recital to the dramatic dialogue ought not to surprise us in Scandinavian literature, since we remark it equally in all literature which is formed and developed independently of all foreign influence. Among the Hindoos, as among the Greeks, we see the drama growing out of recital, and forming itself almost in the train of the epopee. If at Rome the dramatic poets preceded the epic poets, it is that the Roman literature was not self-developed. The Romans were the imitators of the Greeks ; and it was more easy for them to imitate first the dramas of their masters, before imitating their epic poems. On the contrary, when, in the middle ages, the people of Europe, by their ignorance itself, were reduced exclusively to the resources of their own genius, have we not seen the *mysteries* which, in many respects, formed what we might call the epic Christian poetry, give the first impulse to the dramatic art of modern nations ? It is, besides, conformable to nature that the drama should rise out of the epopee, from which it differs

much less in its basis than in its form. Indeed, we see that the subjects of the Greek tragedies, and of the Indian dramas, are borrowed for the most part from the heroic and mythological times, which have equally furnished subjects for epic poems. The narration of the epic may even sometimes take the form of the drama; for as the orator delights in substituting for a description a brilliant hypotyposis, so it happens also that the epic poet, instead of recounting the actions, makes his heroes speak and act before us, and in lieu of a recital he gives us a scene. But from the moment that narration is replaced by dialogue, and that the poet conceals himself, so to speak, behind the personage whom he introduces, the transition from the epic commences, or rather it is already accomplished. It is on account of the facility with which this transition is made, that one sees sometimes, in the same epic poem, the form of the drama employed in conjunction with narration. Let us compare, for instance, the two Sanscrit epopees, the *Râmâyana* and the *Mahâbhârata*. In the former of these poems all is, as in Homer, told and presented under the form of narration; the speeches are related as the facts, and the reader never loses sight of the poet recounting the adventures of his hero. On the contrary, in *Mahâbhârata*, which is a less ancient epopee, the poet disappears sometimes behind the characters he brings on to the stage; and if the interlocutor were not every time announced, and, so to speak, introduced with the ordinary formula, "Such a one has said," one would imagine that it is a drama or dialogue one is reading, and not the epic narration of the poet who is relating the discourse of the heroes of his epopee. This transition from the recital to the dialogue is still more clearly displayed in the two poems, *Vafthrûdnismâl* and *Lokasenna*. In the former, there is only one strophe, the fiftieth, which intimates to us that it is the poet that speaks; all the rest of the poem is a dialogue between the persons on the stage. In *Lokasenna*, the whole is a dialogue from the beginning to the end, only the speakers are announced, as in the Indian epopee, by the words, "Such a one said;" and yet these words appear to be an interpretation made by the author of the collection, or by some copyist.

We have insisted upon the relation there is between epic and

dramatic poetry, first to render it obvious how the different kinds of poetry rise from each other, and then to shew that the Icelander had only to advance a step farther to arrive at the drama properly so called. If they did not take this step, it must be attributed less to the want of genius than to the unfavourable circumstances in which they found themselves. Indeed, in order to give birth to dramatic art, it is little to compose dramas, they must be represented. But the means of having a theatre, however mean it might be, in an island poor as Iceland, and the inhabitants of which must preserve from necessity, if not from inclination, the greatest simplicity in their manners and in their amusements, did not exist.

V. *Of the Mythological Subjects treated of in Eddaic Poems.*

After having spoken of the kind of poetry to which the songs of the Edda belong, there would remain for us to examine the subjects treated of in the Scandinavian epic poems; and as these subjects are for the most part mythological, it may perhaps be expected that an insight into the mythology of the North will be found in this introduction. But as we must here treat only in a general manner the questions which relate more or less directly to our subject, we cannot enter into details that would cause us to lose sight of our principal end.<sup>j</sup> Besides, how can we give a rapid exposition of mythology that would satisfy the exigencies of science? It is only in our own day that people are beginning to collect the materials, and to put them in order according to scientific principles. A work upon the whole of the myths will be the result only of the just and complete explanation of all the monuments which remain of the ancient Teuto-Gothic nations. Moreover, to present a general view of mythology, in which the details should be set aside, and which would at the same time satisfy science, is impossible; first, because that true science is as tenacious of details as of generalities; and next, because that mythology is not a system of which we can indicate the principal traits, and trace

<sup>j</sup> If any one will be gratified with a simple notice upon the Scandinavian mythology, he will find enough to satisfy his curiosity in the book of Mallet, entitled *Edda*, or monuments of the mythology and the poetry of the ancient people of the north.

only the contours or the lineaments. Mythology, it is necessary to say, cannot be a systematic whole, determined in its plan and limited in its parts, because that it is not a production which has proceeded perfectly formed from the impulse of one single primitive idea ; but it has sprung up successively, and has developed itself by degrees, almost as by chance, under the influence of very different ideas ; most frequently independent themselves of every determinate system. This is why it does not exclude the contradictions which are the sworn enemies of systems, nor prevent the immoderate or disproportionate growth which certain parts of a whole may assume over the others. In order to develop further these truths, which, it seems to us, are not yet generally felt, let us be permitted to enter upon a few concise considerations on mythology in general, and on the manner of treating it.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### CONSIDERATIONS ON MYTHOLOGY, AND ON THE MANNER OF TREATING IT.

##### I. *Of the different Opinions upon the Nature of Mythology.*

THERE is, perhaps, no scientific subject upon which the learned have formed notions so different from each other, ideas so imperfect, and often so erroneous, as upon mythology. Indeed, some regarding it under a purely theological point of view, see in it only the religious systems of the ancient nations, or the doctrine of the persuasions of paganism. Considered in this manner, mythology presents itself only as a tissue of errors, of falsehoods, and impiety ; and it is with good reason that orthodoxy regards it as a fraud imposed upon the human race by the genius of evil.

Others, not recognising the religious element in mythology, really see in it nothing but poetry, fiction ; a creation always arbitrary, often pleasant, and sometimes fantastic, of the poetic

imagination. As such, they naturally judge it worthy of being studied, equally with so many other things of which the knowledge contributes to our amusement; and they grant that it merits our attention, because it is so often spoken of in the books of both the ancient and modern writers. It is in these views, and according to this idea, that, one might say, the greater part of the abridgments of mythology for the use of colleges and boarding-schools for young ladies are drawn up.

Others, in short, seem to imagine that mythology was conceived only to conceal, under the form of symbol, and under the image of allegory, the wisdom, the profound knowledge, and the mysteries of antiquity. Under this point of view, opinions differ only in regard to the kind of science which is said to be included in the mythologic system. According to some, commonly amateurs in philosophy, it is metaphysics; according to the others, who have studied the movements of the heavens, it is astronomy; and, if we believe those who are initiated in the natural sciences, it is mechanical physics which constitutes the basis of mythology: and, behold, all make it their study to explain the myths according to their system and their individual opinion; and each one displays an erudition truly prodigious in order to find in these myths the key which is to open the sanctuary of the occult learning of Celtica and of Scandinavia, of Greece and of Egypt, of Scythia and of Iran, of India and of China. Is it astonishing, after that, if, on seeing the contradictions of the erudite, the man of sound judgment distrusts works upon mythology as one would distrust the sciences of alchemy or astrology?

## II. *Of the different kinds of Myths.*

To know what mythology is, it is necessary to inquire how it created itself; it is necessary to ascend to its origin, to follow it step by step in its progressive development, and to collect together, from the diverse epochs of its formation, the different elements which have entered into its composition. If, in following this course, in ascending in the history of nations as high as possible, we examine, independent of system, the monuments from which we draw the knowledge of the myths; if we study these

monuments in chronological order, in fixing our attention upon the details and the peculiarities of each separately, and in explaining each myth by itself, without having recourse to the explanations furnished by other myths, except to reunite them afterwards, and consider them as a whole;—this is pretty nearly how we ourselves shall explain the nature, the origin, and the formation of mythology.

With the infancy of societies history commences, and traditions take their rise; these traditions are altered, are distorted in passing from mouth to mouth, from one generation to another. The mind of man naturally inclines to the marvellous, to the gigantic, to the sublime, and, governed as it is by a lively and fantastic imagination, magnifies, exaggerates, and embellishes the traditions of history. Then heroes are changed into demigods, into gods; their actions into prodigies. That which was historical in the beginning belongs now as much to fable as to history. From it is derived a first kind of myths, which we may call *historic myths*, because they derive their origin from *traditional history*.

When society is more advanced in civilisation, and when religion allies itself to the ancient traditions, then poetry, in the service of religion, and blending with it, begins to develop itself. The poet borrows the subjects of his songs from the traditional history of his nation. This first poetry is, in its nature, more or less epic, for it recounts the lofty deeds and the memorable events of antiquity; but it recounts them with the intention of pleasing, of interesting, and of moving; embellishing that which has need of ornament, retrenching that which would displease, connecting what would appear loose, and fashioning the whole in order to form a poetic harmony full of charms, of taste, and of interest. This poetic arrangement of the traditions, or these transformations which they undergo to render them more suitable to become subjects of poetry, occasion and necessitate the creation of a great number of myths, which have their only source in the imagination of the poet. This is why this second species of myths may be conveniently designated under the name of *poetic myths*.

When eventually, by different circumstances, especially by the political reunion of the tribes into one body as a nation, the mixture of the traditions of the family and of the tribe had occurred,

science, yet a novice, undertakes to classify, to arrange, to reduce to system, the various traditions, to reconcile skilfully what is contradictory in them, and especially to point out the relations that should exist between the different divinities, formerly separately adored, and now reunited into one society, into one family body. Philosophy, still quite young and presumptuous, begins to agitate great questions on the origin of things. The poet, at once philosopher and priest, created with boldness a cosmogony and a theology. It is then that a new period commences for mythology, which from that moment takes a more systematic character. It is no longer composed only of the historical and religious traditions of certain families; it forms now the origin of history, and the basis of the belief of a whole nation; it is a religious system intermingled with songs, with philosophical and scientific theories of every kind. But on that account, as mythology becomes more complex and more systematic, it changes its nature, and loses in a great measure its primitive character. Indeed, the nature of mythology consisted, so far, in the progressive spontaneous and organic development of its parts, which was made almost without the aid of reflection. Now, on the contrary, it is no longer tradition or traditional history which engenders by degrees the myths; it is reflection, science, which invents them at once, and with a view to a determinate system. Philosophy, concealing its truths and its maxims under the image of symbol, and under the veil of allegory, introduces them into mythology, or into the system of religious belief. Astronomy and astrology produce by turns an infinite number of myths; and physics, personifying the forces of nature, makes them act under the name and figure of some divinity. History even seems to wish to be filled up with myths; as if it were necessary to supply the deficiency of tradition and of documents, it grounds itself on the etymological explanation of some few proper names in order to construct an imaginary instead of a veritable history. In general, there is not perhaps any mythology which does not comprehend a great number of symbolic, astronomical, physical, and etymological myths, that all may be compressed under the name of *scientific myths*, because that all owe their origin to reflection or to science.



### III. *How we may distinguish the different kinds of Myths.*

By the rapid exposition which we have just given, one might arrive at the conviction that the myths are not all of the same kind; all consequently ought not to be either regarded or explained in the same manner. One will understand that it would be ridiculous to look for a profound and metaphysical sense in myths of the imagination,—to take the fictions of the poet for allegories or symbols, and etymological myths for genuine history. It is, then, above all, important to know well how to distinguish the various kinds of myths.

What are, it will be asked, the signs by which one may recognise these different kinds? what are the rules to follow in order not to confound them, and to guarantee oneself from error? To that we must answer, that rules sufficiently explicit to obviate every error, and sufficiently numerous to resolve every problem, cannot be given; that the only means of ascertaining the truth is to be possessed of much judgment and an unfailing tact, since he who is endowed with them will easily draw from them all the instructions and all the rules which ought to direct him in his labours, and preserve him from every mistake. It is, for the rest, less difficult than one might think to be able to distinguish the different elements which compose mythology. As for the historic element, simple inspection is often all that is requisite to discover what belongs to history and what must be consigned to fable. In fact, whatever is physically impossible, whatever is marvellous, fantastic, cannot appertain to history. There are then difficulties only when the question is to separate in the myth that which is pure history from that which is only an envelope or a poetical ornament. In this case, an accurate knowledge of the character of the nation and of the genius of its poetry, will place us in a position to distinguish historical reality from fabulous invention. As, in our day, from an excess of scepticism, or from an erroneous opinion concerning the spirit of antiquity, we treat too lightly as fable all that is related in the songs of the ancients, it will not perhaps be useless to say that the ancients, however they may have been governed by their imagination, have yet handled less

than modern nations subjects purely fictitious, and that their poetry rests much more frequently than ours upon historical data, or at least upon traditions more or less ancient. This truth, however paradoxical it may appear at first, is found authenticated when we compare the poetry of the ancient nations of Europe and Asia with the poetry of the moderns; and, besides, it is explained and confirmed by this philosophical consideration, that the nearer man is to his primitive condition, the less possible is it for him to extricate himself, by thought, from the reality which surrounds him, in order to enter the fabulous world of the imagination. We should, then, do wrong to repudiate the historical element in mythology, and not to take it largely into account; but we conceive that this element can only be found in the most ancient myths, because that, later, when history began to be written, the myth and historical tradition became not only useless, but almost impossible. It is, then, to be remarked, that the most recent myths rest rarely upon an historical basis, but oftener upon theories created by the sciences and philosophy, and concealed by the poets under the form of symbol and allegory. The myths which we have named *allegorical* and *symbolical myths* are not more difficult to recognise and to distinguish than the other kinds; the practised eye discerns them without difficulty, and the sagacious understanding easily finds the explication.

#### IV. *Of the manner of treating Mythology.*

The different kinds of myths once recognised, the question is to reunite them, and present them in their uniformity. The plan to adopt in this labour is indicated clearly by the nature of the subject we wish to treat. Indeed, mythology having formed itself by degrees, it is necessary to expose it according to the order of time,—from its formation and its progressive development to its entire completion, and consequently to point out several periods in which the myths are more and more agglomerated, modified, and generalised. This plan, at once natural and simple, has the great advantage of putting every thing in the place which it at first occupied, and of shewing afterwards how all is connected and held together, even that which contradicts itself; how

all is important and essential, even that which appears to be an accessory or an insignificant detail; and, in short, how there may be in it a well-ordered whole, without having on that account a regular system.

This is not the place to discuss the Scandinavian mythology according to the views and the plan that we have just indicated; the exposition of the harmony of mythology ought not to serve as an introduction to the explication of the mythological sources, but it must, to be the result of that explication. We have to accomplish here a preparatory work only; the question is for us to prepare in some measure the inventory of the myths according as we shall find them in the literary monuments of the Scandinavians. We shall explain, then, successively, the several songs of the Edda, in trying not to confuse and mix together the diverse mythological traditions which they include. Far from being astonished or shocked at the contradictions that will be obvious in the *ensemble* of the myths, we shall, on the contrary, see them with pleasure, knowing that the more contradictions there are in a mythology, the more is it a proof that it has not been either counteracted or impeded in its life and its spontaneous development by the spirit of system and theory. We will borrow nothing from any one tradition to add it to another in the design of completing this latter, by amplifying and explaining. We shall not be either eager to compare the myths of the Scandinavians with those of other nations, and to search for analogies in the details of the recitals, convinced, as we are, that one can employ the comparative method with success only after having well examined each thing separately and become perfectly acquainted with the nature of the terms that one wishes to bring into comparison. Without having too much confidence in the explications suggested by a bold and often erroneous etymology, we shall not neglect, however, to profit from the resources of philology, in order to find in the signification of the mythological names some elucidation and some useful indication; for it cannot be denied, since M. J. Grimm has so well demonstrated it by the fact,<sup>k</sup> that words contain sometimes in their etymology historical testimony, not only upon the things they describe, but also upon very ancient epochs, of which there

<sup>k</sup> *Deutsche Mythologie*; Göttingen, 1835.

remains often no other document than that which is drawn from the existence and the signification of these words themselves. We hope that this preliminary work, together with others already obtained by the zeal of illustrious scholars,<sup>1</sup> will one day furnish some learned man with the materials necessary to compose a work in which not only will the Scandinavian mythology be explained, but the affinity there is between the mythologies of the different nations of antiquity will also be indicated. This work will be, we will not doubt it, of the highest interest to the philosopher, who will see in it the human mind manifesting itself under a thousand dissimilar forms; to the theologian, who will learn in it to know the origin and the distinctive character of non-revealed religion; to the historian, who will find in the myths ancient historical traditions, ascending sometimes as far as to the first ages of nations; lastly, to the poet and the artist, who will see the poetic genius of antiquity manifesting itself with the greatest splendour and vivacity in the always agreeable, often instructive, and sometimes sublime fictions of Pagan mythology.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### EXPLANATION OF THE TITLE OF THE POEM.

#### I. *Of the Prophetesses or Seers of the Germanic Nations.*

No one can perfectly understand the poem *Völuspá* who is ignorant of what was the rank and condition of the prophetesses among

<sup>1</sup> The principal work that we have upon Scandinavian mythology is the *Lexicon Mythologicum*, edited by the illustrious scholar, M. Finn Magnussen. This book is especially remarkable for the prodigious erudition which the author has displayed in it. Another work, which has a merit altogether different from that of the Mythological Dictionary, is the book entitled *Der Mythus von Thór*; the celebrated German poet, M. Louis Uhland, is the author of it; he explains in it the myths upon Thor in an ingenious and natural manner.

the Teuto-Gothic nations. We will then succinctly relate their history, from the moment in which they are seen for the first time in the hordes of Cimbri and of the Teutons, up to the period at which, through the influence of Christianity, they entirely disappeared in the north.

Strabo<sup>a</sup> states that in the army of the Cimbri there were aged women who performed the functions of priestesses and of seers: they wore a linen cassock, confined round the waist with a copper band, and went with naked feet. When captives were brought into the camp, they precipitated themselves upon them, threw them to the ground, and after having dragged them to a large vase, slew them with the sword; then, by the inspection of their blood collected in the vase, they predicted the fortunate or unfortunate issue of the combat. Others, cutting open the captives, and examining their entrails, foretold the good or bad fortune of the expedition. When the army was engaged, they struck with repeated blows the skins of the camp-tents, and thus mingled the terror of the noise with the horror of the battle.

We find female seers or magicians in the army of Filimer, son of Gandarik, and fifth king of the Goths. These women were less aged than the priestesses of the Cimbri; they were called *aliorumnes*, and made themselves remarkable by their irregularities; on this account they were suspected by Filimer, who expelled them all from his army. According to another tradition, the *aliorumnes* of the Gothic king Idandres went to establish themselves in the forests of Propontis, where, by their commerce with the fawns, they became the mothers of the Huns.<sup>b</sup>

Among the Teutonic nations, divination had a more elevated character. From the time of Julius Cæsar, when the Germans made war, it was for the matrons to declare by witchcraft and by oracles if they ought to fight, or to defer the encounter with the enemy.<sup>c</sup>

A little later, there was among the sedentary tribes of Germany a priestess who enjoyed great credit. She was called *Auri-*

<sup>a</sup> *Geography*, book vii.

<sup>b</sup> Jornandes, *de Rebus Geticis*, ed. P. Bross, chap. xxiv.; Cornel. Agrippa *de Occulta Philosophia*, book iii. chap. xxxiv.

<sup>c</sup> Julius Cæsar *de Bello Gallico*, i. 50.

*nia*,<sup>d</sup> a name which bears a resemblance to that of *aliorumne*, which was given to the female magicians among the Goths.

Under the Emperor Vespasian, Veleda, of the tribe of the Bructeres, exercised in Germany a great empire over her nation; she was a virgin, and passed almost for a divinity: for, says Tacitus, the Germans believed that many women were endowed with a prophetic and divine spirit, and that there was in them something of *holy* and *foreseeing*. Veleda dwelt in a lofty tower, from whence she gave her oracles; she could neither be seen nor spoken to: one of her relations reported her answers to those who came to consult her. Although she might have predicted victory to the Germans, and destruction of the legions, her nation was vanquished; she herself was conducted to Rome, where she figured in the triumphal procession of the conqueror.<sup>e</sup>

Under the reign of the Emperor Domitian, an almost divine worship was rendered in Western Germany to a prophetess named *Ganna*.<sup>f</sup> There were without doubt among the Germanic tribes yet other women who enjoyed the same honours; but history has preserved no recollection of them.

As to the tribe of the Franks, tradition relates that Marcomir, the second king of this people, after having been beaten by the Goths, consulted an *aliorumne* or *alrune*, in order to ascertain his future fate. This woman caused a spectre, which had three heads, those of an eagle, a lion, and a toad, to appear before the king in the middle of the night. This was to signify that the descendants of Marcomir would vanquish the Romans, the Gauls, and the Goths.<sup>g</sup>

Later, in the time of King Charibert, and of Gontran, when Christianity had already spread itself into France, there was a Pytho-ness who predicted to Gontran not only the year, but also the day and the hour of the death of Charibert. In the year 577, Gontran, wishing to know what his destiny would be, sent to consult the

<sup>d</sup> Tacitus, *Germania*, cap. viii.

<sup>e</sup> Tacitus, *Germania*, cap. viii.; *Histor.* iv. 61, 65, v. 22, 24; Statius, *Sylv.* i. 4, v. 90.

<sup>f</sup> Dio Cassius, lib. lxxvii. cap. v.

<sup>g</sup> Nünster, *Cosmographia*, lib. ii. cap. xxx.; Lazius, *de Migratione Gentium*, lib. iii. p. 83.

Pythoress; he received from her this reply, that King Chilperik would die in the same year; that Merovech, to the exclusion of his brothers, would possess all the regal power; that he, Gontran, would be duke of the kingdom during five years,<sup>h</sup> &c. &c.

Towards the end of the sixth century there lived in France a female serf who had the spirit of Python (*l'esprit de Python*), and who, by her divinations, gained large sums of money for her master. She succeeded in purchasing her liberty, and afterwards exercised her profession on her own account.<sup>i</sup>

Under Charles the Bald, in the year 847, a German alrune came to Mayence. Her name was *Thiota*; and her abode in this town made so much noise that the annals of Fulda have made mention of her.<sup>j</sup>

## II. *Of the Valas (Völur) among the Scandinavian Nations.*

As the Scandinavian nations were of Gothic race, divination was exercised among them at first by the priestesses called *aliorumnes*. But very soon the ancient barbarous worship of the Cimbri and of the Goths was replaced by a new religion. The worship of Odin, or Odinism, spread itself throughout Scandinavia. This worship was simple and rude; it resembled, in its *ensemble* and in its practices, the religion of the ancient idolatrous Arabs before Islamism.<sup>k</sup> The chief of the tribe, or the king, with the twelve most distinguished men of his suite, presided over all religious acts. The service of the temples was confided to priests (*godor*) or to priestesses (*nofgyduir*), who offered the sacrifices, and interpreted the oracles of the gods.

The priestesses, who were at the commencement only the organs of the divinity, rendered very soon oracles in their own name; and instead of remaining simple interpreters of the gods, they became prophetesses, or interpreters of destiny itself. By this change, the prophetess became a personage distinct from the

<sup>h</sup> *Gregorii Turonensis Opera*, ed. Ruin. p. 216.

<sup>i</sup> *Ibid.* p. 368.

<sup>j</sup> M. Pertz, *Monumenta*, &c. i. p. 365.

<sup>k</sup> See my dissertation *de Religione Arabum Anteislamica*, Argentorati, 1835.

priestess, and divination could be practised independently of the sacerdotal functions.

Mythology, which in its fictions always copies real life, created, in imitation of the prophetesses, the three *norns*, who presided over human destiny. Later, the prophetesses became in their turn the images or the representatives of the *norns*; they took from them the name, and received, like them, divine honours. Oracles (*tíl frëttur*) were demanded, and they repaired with solemnity to the temple, placing themselves on elevated seats, such as the gods ordinarily had. After their death, their statues were sometimes introduced into the sanctuary; they themselves ranked among the mythological *norns*. It is thus that the origin of a great number of *norns* adored in the temples must be explained. Such were doubtless the three *Fates* whom the Danish king Fridleif interrogated concerning the fate of his son Olaf.<sup>1</sup> Such were, again, Thórgerdr and Irpa, whose statues were placed near that of Thór in a Norwegian temple.<sup>m</sup>

The prophetesses generally bore the name of *spákonur* (women of vision); and if they had already taken a mythological character, they were called more particularly *spádisir* (understanders of vision). There were also prophets (*spámenn*); and we find even some of them in mythology, as, for instance, *Mimir* the giant, whose head was preserved by Odin, who went to consult it in difficult affairs.<sup>n</sup> Such, again, was *Gripir*, who foretold Sigurd's future fate.<sup>o</sup> But the prophetesses were in much greater number, and they were generally held in greater credit and looked upon with more veneration.

Later, the *spákonur* separated themselves entirely from the priestesses; they quitted the temples, and practised their science in travelling in the country. In this manner prophecy was not slow in becoming a profession; and this occupation was very soon exercised by women, who, wanting the talent necessary for their calling, substituted for prophecy the mysterious operations of magic. Yet, although a profession, prophecy or magic was still honoured, because the *spákonur* knew how to make themselves

<sup>1</sup> *Saxe Grammat.* ed. Francf. p. 92.

<sup>m</sup> *Nialssaga*, chap. lxxxix.

<sup>o</sup> *Edda-Sæmundar, Gripis-Spá.*

<sup>n</sup> *Völuspá*, v. 192.



conspicuous and important in the eyes of the great as well as of the people.

The spákonur were also called vólur. They wandered over the country, principally during the winter, when the vassals gave feasts to their lords. They were eagerly invited every where. They predicted futurity for kings and private individuals, and sometimes decided difficult questions of law. History has preserved for us the names of a few valas, such as those of Thórdise,<sup>p</sup> of the Spá-kona Thuridr<sup>q</sup> in Iceland, and of Thôrbiörg in the Icelandic-Norwegian colony of Greenland. Thôrbiörg was surnamed the *little Vala*; she was held in great credit by all classes of the people. One day, Thôrkill wishing to consult her on the duration of the famine and sickness which desolated the country, invited her to his house. She came in the evening, and was received with distinction. Her dress consisted of a bluish robe, covered from top to bottom with little stones; her necklace was a string of glass beads; her head-dress of black lamb-skin lined with white cat-skin. She held in her hand a stick, the handle of which was of yellow copper, inlaid with precious stones. From her girdle hung a pocket, which contained magical instruments. She wore shoes of calf-skin, with ties terminated with little copper balls. Her gloves were of cat-skin, black on the outside and white in the inside. She wore, for the rest, certain ornaments which constituted part of the costume of the female nobility. Thôrbiörg occupied a seat which was elevated. After supper, she ordered to be sung an ancient magical song, to awake her prophetic spirit; but it was not until the following day that she foretold to Thôrkill, that the famine and the sickness would cease in the next spring; she predicted also a happy destiny for the maiden Gudride, who had sung for her the magic song. The people of the house then came to consult her one after another; and when she had answered all their questions, she retired in order to go to another house, to which she had in the same manner been invited.<sup>r</sup>

The valas did not prophesy the destiny of adult persons only, they foretold also the fate of new-born children. In ancient times it was the custom of the father to go to the temple to con-

<sup>p</sup> *Fornmanna Sög*, i. 255.

<sup>q</sup> *Islensk Sög*, i. 58, 205.

<sup>r</sup> *Edda-Sæmundar*, ed. of Copenhagen, v.iii. p. 5.

sult the norns upon the future lot of his son. Afterwards the father was superseded by the valas, who, to gain their livelihood, were eager to repair to the house in which an infant had just been born. Mythological fable, which, as we have said, is the expression of the manners of the times, faithfully retraces for us the image of the valas, in the person of the norns, hastening to the birth of heroes. Thus it is said, that in the night, in the midst of a storm, the norns arrived at Bralundr, where Boighilde had just brought into the world her son Helgi, who afterwards became illustrious as the conqueror of Hundung.<sup>s</sup> It is equally said, that some vödur, who were travelling through the country, came into the house of the father of Nornagest<sup>t</sup> (guest of the norns).

The valas assisted also at difficult labours, and aided women in travail by their incantations (galdrar), which, as it was believed, produced a prompt and happy delivery. Thus we see the mythological tradition, that Borghy, daughter of King Heithrek, being unable to give birth to twins, which were the fruit of a clandestine amour, was at last delivered by the efficacious incantations of Oddrune, the sister of Atilla.<sup>u</sup>

The incantation of the valas not only promoted the accouchement of women, but it cured the most serious wounds. Thus, the vala Grôa, wife of Orvandil, undertook to close, by her songs, the deep wound which the giant Skrymuir<sup>x</sup> had inflicted on the god Thôr. There was in antiquity a diviner, named Vidôlfr, who principally employed his art in making wonderful cures. Mythology, which is fond of inventing genealogies, and imagining family relations between the divers personages of fable, considers this Vidôlfr as the father of all the valas.<sup>y</sup> This myth clearly proves to us, that the art of healing was not the least esteemed in the spâkonur, since they are all made to descend from Vidôlfr, who excelled in this art. As the spâkonur and the spâmenn could heal wounds and cure maladies, so they could also produce, by their magical operations, various pernicious effects. On this ac-

<sup>s</sup> *Helgakvida*, strophe i.

<sup>t</sup> E. Jul. Björner, *Nordiska kûmpa Datter*; Stockholm, 1737.

<sup>u</sup> *Sæmundar-Edda*, Oddrúnar gráttz, strophe vi.

<sup>x</sup> *Snorra-Edda*, pp. 110, 111.

<sup>y</sup> *Sæmundar-Edda*, Hyndlulíôd, 31.

count their services were purchased when any one wished to injure an enemy, or secretly to take his life. It is related that one day Thangtrand, a great promoter of Christianity in Iceland, went to the general assembly (allthing), when suddenly the earth opened beneath him: his horse was swallowed up, and he himself escaped death by a miracle only. The Christians attributed this opening of the ground to the art of a Pagan magician, named Galdra-Hedinn.<sup>2</sup> Two kinds of witchcraft were employed to injure, the *meingaldr* (fatal incantation) and the *gerningar* (operations). The *meingaldr* consisted of imprecations secretly cast against the person whom the valas were engaged to involve in disaster. The words of the imprecation were accompanied by a symbolic action, which indicated the kind of misfortune which they desired to produce. The *gerningar* was used when they wished to bring down a heavy hail-storm to spoil the seed, or to disconcert the enemy in the midst of the combat, or else when they wished to excite a tempest either by land or by sea, a tempest (*gorningavedr*) in order to destroy a fleet, or to put an enemy to the rout. Such were the different kinds of witchcraft that the Spadisir Thôrgirdir Jepa,<sup>3</sup> Heida, Hamglöm, Ingibiörg,<sup>b</sup> and others, could produce when their assistance was asked. Another species consisted in suddenly enveloping the enemy in a thick fog or in complete obscurity, so that he was as if blind. This *enveloping cloud* (*hulinshiálmr*<sup>c</sup>) was made use of to render a person invisible; it was the nimbus of the ancients, with which the divinities surrounded themselves not to be perceived by mortals.

The most efficacious witchcraft was produced by the *seidr*; this was a kind of magic which was performed over the fire and by means of incantation. This species of magic appears to have been exercised by the primitive inhabitants of the Scandinavian peninsula, who were driven towards the northern countries by the Gothic nations. Indeed the Finns excelled in the *seidr*, and people went to them to learn the operations and the practices of this art.

<sup>2</sup> *Kristnisaga*, chap. vii. p. 46.

<sup>3</sup> *Fornaldar Sög*, ii. 72; iii. 219, 442.

<sup>b</sup> *Fornmanna Sög*, ii. 141; *Fornaldar Sög*, iii. 219, 338; *Saxe Grammaticus*, book vii.

<sup>c</sup> Cf. *Tarnkappe*, in the *Nibilungenot*, 198, 442, 1060, &c.

Thus we always see in the history of Norway the Finns represented as great enchanters or magicians.<sup>d</sup>

At the commencement the seidr was not a despised or detested art, since Odin himself exercised it sometimes;<sup>e</sup> and that the goddess Friga is reputed to have made it known first to the *ases* or Scandinavian gods.<sup>f</sup> People believed that by means of the seidr they could assume such a form or *skin* (ham) as they wished, and traverse the air with rapidity. Thus tradition informs us, that King Haralld Gráfeld having entreated a sorcerer to repair to Iceland to explore the country, this spy went thither under the form of a whale.<sup>g</sup> By the seidr all objects that one might desire to see could be rendered visible. Fable recounts that the Jarl *Magus* (the magician earl), surnamed Vidförrall (he who travels far), caused four squadrons of the ancient heroes of the North to appear before Charlemagne. By means of the seidr, folly, rage, and imbecility could in like manner be produced in persons, or their understanding increased, and animals even rendered capable of reasoning. When *Eysteinn the wicked* had subjugated the inhabitants of Thraudheim, he asked them if they would prefer having as chief magistrate his slave or his dog. They preferred the dog, to which they gave, by means of the seidr, an understanding equal to that of three men.<sup>h</sup> The object of the seidr was sometimes to transport, by enchantment, a person into distant countries. Thus Drisa, wife of Vanlandi, king of Upsalir, purchased the services of the witch Huld, who was to transport this king to Finland, or else to put him secretly to death.<sup>i</sup> These witches caused death by means of an enchanted drink called *banadrykk* (death-potion). The preparations for the seidr were made in the night and in the open air; these nocturnal proceedings were called *utisétur* (outside meetings).

The seidr afterwards fell into discredit, and the people held it even in horror on account of the terrible witchcrafts that were attributed to it. Between it and divination the same difference was established as exists between black magic and white magic among

<sup>d</sup> *Saga Halfdanar Svarta*, chap. viii.

<sup>e</sup> *Ynlinga Saga*, chap. vii.

<sup>f</sup> *Ibid.* chap. iv.

<sup>g</sup> *Saga af Haraldi konnungi Gráfæld*, chap. xxxvii.

<sup>h</sup> *Saga Hakonnar Goda*, chap. xiii.

<sup>i</sup> *Yngl. Saga*, chap. xvi.

us. Mythology also discredited the seidr, by representing it as the sorcery of the Iotes, enemies of the gods as well as of men. The austrvegsmenn (men of the eastern countries), or the Yennish race, which was conquered by the Gothic, figure in the mythological traditions as malignant giants, and their magic (seidr) is represented as pernicious and abominable. The mythological poets went even so far as to throw blame and ridicule upon Odin and the goddess Freyia,<sup>j</sup> who, as it is believed, sometimes exercised the seidr. All this contributed to render this species of magic an abomination; and the seidermenn and the seidkonnur were subjected to every description of cruel and rigorous treatment.

In a poem of the skald Thiodoff, a sorceress is called, several times, *vitta vetr* (creature of crimes).<sup>k</sup> Kings failed not to pursue whomsoever meddled with sorcery. Nocturnal meetings (*utisétur*), and journeys among the Finns (*finförar*), for instruction in the seidr, were strictly forbidden; magical operations were even considered as *crimes* in the Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish codes. Haralld Harfagr, having learned that his son Rognwald Reettibeini exercised magic, was so incensed that he sent his other son to go and punish him. This latter, having arrived at Hadaland, where Rognwald resided, set fire to the house of his brother, and burned it, with twenty-four seidmenn; and it is said that this auto-da-fé met with general approbation.<sup>l</sup> The Christian kings were still more inexorable against the magicians. Olaf the holy, at the assembly (allthing) of Tunsberg, proposed that all those who should be convicted of having made incantations and exercised sorcery should be expelled the country. Afterwards he invited the seidmenn of the vicinity to a great feast, and when all were intoxicated he set fire to the hall.<sup>m</sup>

These bloody persecutions considerably diminished the number of those who gave themselves up to magic. The valas who still wished to enjoy some credit completely disavowed the seidr. At length, by the progressive influence of Christianity, the spáko-

<sup>j</sup> See *Lokasenna*.

<sup>k</sup> *Ynlinga Saga*, chap. xvi. and xxxiii.

<sup>l</sup> *Harallds Saga ens Narfagra*, chap. xxxvi.

<sup>m</sup> *Saga af Olafi Konungi Tryggvasoni*, chap. lxix.

nur, the vödur, and the seidkonur disappeared from the north with the last traces of the Pagan religion.

After having rapidly traced the history of the valas in general, it remains for us to say a few words concerning the prophetess of our poem in particular. This vala is a being purely mythological; she is the vala *par excellence*; she is the prophetess of the *ases* (gods); she is, so to speak, the celestial type of the terrestrial valas. As in all mythology the life of the gods is an embellished copy of that of men, it is natural that the mythology of the North should place near the *ases* the type of the *divineresses*, such as they were among the Scandinavians. Not only the *ases*, but also the mythological beings called *alfes* and *dveignes* have their prophetesses. The *vanes*, the rivals and the enemies of the *ases*, have a female magician, named *Heidr*, who is the type of the seidkonur. There is even a vala in the infernal regions. One day Odin went to consult her, and the conversation which he had with her forms the subject of the Eddaic poem entitled *Vegtams Kvida*. The Edda makes mention of another prophetess called *Hyndla*, who, at the request of the goddess Freyia, made known the ancestry of Ottar.<sup>n</sup>

As the vala of the *ases* is not an historical personage, it is needless to say that her visions (*spá*) are nothing else than a poetical fiction. To comprehend the motives which have induced the poet to give his poem the form of a vision, it is necessary to know what end he had in view in composing the *Völuspá*.

### III. *Of the Form of Vision given to the Poem.*

The end of the poet is to represent the Scandinavian mythology in its entirety, from the myths on the origin of all things, to those on the destruction and revival of the world. The poet has skilfully chosen the personage of Vala, in order to put in her mouth what he proposed to himself to say. This fiction is one of the most happy, because it combines several essential advantages. In fact, the poem being presented under the form of a prophetic vision, the style is the more elevated for it, and the exposition of the different myths becomes the more animated. In the next

<sup>n</sup> See *Hyndlu-Liðd*.

place, the form of vision permits the poet to be concise ; he can speak only of the principal myths ; he may content himself with tracing a sketch of them only, for prophecy depicts, above all, with bold strokes ; he may omit the transitions which would embarrass the poetry and render it tiresome. Lastly, the mythological personage of Vala is the most proper to relate the origin of all things, and the past, present, and future destinies of the universe. This is the reason the poet has adopted the form of a vision attributed to the prophetess of the ases. There is yet another cause, secondary, it is true, which induced the poet to represent his poem as a vision ; this cause belongs to the nature of the idea that he wished to enounce. For every poem, like every work of art, ought not only to please by representing a picture which captivates the imagination, it ought also to instruct, that is to say, to include and to prove a philosophic truth or an idea. We have seen what the picture is represented in the *Völuspá*. As for the idea which springs from this picture, and which gives unity to it, it may be stated in the following manner : *cunning* and *strength* ought to be ruled by *justice*. This idea constitutes, so to speak, the weft of the poem, which proves that evil and misfortune came into the world only by violence and injustice. In consequence of this evil, the world will be destroyed, with the gods who first were guilty of violence and bad faith ; and, in the palingenesia of the world, the gods representing cunning and strength, *Odin* and *Thór*, will be replaced by the gods of peace and justice, *Baldur* and *Torseti*. It is, then, the fall of the ancient Scandinavian religion, it is an order of things established upon other principles, which the poet foresees, and which he predicts with that assurance which genius bestows. This hope, or this prevision of the poet, was expressed most conveniently under the form of a prophecy or of a vision. This form was so much the more necessary here, as the idea of the poet was bold, and, as we shall say, sacrilegious, heretical, and revolutionary ; for it was a blasphemy (*godga*) in the eyes of the people to pretend that *Odin* and *Thór* would one day perish ; and the announcement of an era of peace and justice must appear absurd to men who placed their greatest glory in the exercise of strength, and thought they were rendered illustrious by cunning, violence, and murder. As the

idea of the poet was a true revelation for these times, it must be expressed with the precautions and the management which ought to be used in the exposition of bold truths which shock the opinions of the vulgar. This was, then, an additional reason for our poet giving to his production the form of a prophecy. In fact, every prediction, by its bearing on futurity, disturbs only indirectly men who live, above all, for the present; the sacred character of the vision imposes upon the intolerance and fanaticism of the people, and tyranny herself dare not touch the prophet when she thinks of receiving from him the fatal decree of destiny. Thus do we see, in history, that prophecies are uttered when new ideas wish to manifest themselves, when truth dare not freely make itself heard; when a nation or an oppressed party consoles itself by hope, by faith in the future, and continues to struggle noiselessly against its oppressor by predicting to him an inevitable fall. Such are, more or less, the causes which produced the prophetic books of the Hebrews, the *Apocalypse*, or prophecy of the triumph of Christianity, the great number of the sibylline books in the Roman empire, the prophecies attributed to Merlin in England, the predictions of Giocchino le Calabrois under the Hoenstaufen, the prophecies of Jérôme Savonarola, &c. &c. It is, generally speaking, in times of fermentation and of crisis, or in political and religious troubles, that prophets or visionaries are seen to arise. The poem *Völuspá* belongs evidently to an epoch in which the principles of the religion of Odin and of Thôr, although they might still be firmly rooted among the people, could no longer satisfy exalted minds. Our poet turns towards other sources of light; he seems to foretell the future, and to divine by his genius the principles of justice and charity, which were later to spread themselves over the north by the salutary and civilising influence of Christianity.



## CHAPTER V.

## OF THE PARTS OF THE POEM.

I. *Of the general Disposition of the Parts of the Poem.*

WE have seen that the end of the poem is to present the picture of the whole of Scandinavian mythology, and to express the idea that men cannot be happy except under the reign of justice and peace. Let us now examine the disposition or arrangement of its different parts.

Our poem naturally divides itself into three principal parts, which may be distinguished under the names of *past*, *present*, and *future*, or else under those of *tradition*, of *vision*, and of *prediction*. The *past* includes the picture of the origin of all that exists; Vala speaks of it according to tradition and the recollection of what the Iotes have taught her. The *present* relates the history of the gods, and the history of all that has passed in the new worlds; Vala speaks of it from what she herself has seen. Lastly, the *future* contains the history of the destruction and of the renewal of the world; Vala speaks of it according to what she foresees in her prophetic spirit. These three great parts, which are clearly designed by the different subjects that are treated in them, the poet has rendered recognisable by a characteristic exterior sign. Thus, in the first part, Vala, in speaking of herself, makes use of the expression, *I remember* to have heard the Iotes say; or else the formula, *I know*, because tradition has taught me. In the second part of the *Völuspá*, Vala, in relating, makes use of the past tense, and at the same time speaks of herself in the third person; *she* (Vala) *saw* with her own eyes. Lastly, in the third part, all the verbs are put in the *present*, because the picture of the future is unfolded before the eyes of the prophetess, and the prediction announces the decrees of destiny with the same assurance

and the same certainty as if things which were already being accomplished in the present time were in question.

The three principal parts of the poem are bound together by simple and natural transitions. Thus, after the first strophe, which serves as an introduction to the entire poem, and which includes the exposition of the subject, the prophetess explains how she has been endowed with power to proclaim the great mysteries of the Father of the Elect. She says that she has been instructed by the Iotes, and that she has visited, in person, the new worlds to acquire knowledge. These words of Vala form the transition to the *first* part, or to the recital of the tradition of the Iotes on the origin of their race, on the creation of men and dvergues, &c. Vala speaks then of her interview with Odin; she tells that this god, charmed with the knowledge of which she has given evidence, communicated to her the gift of vision and of prophecy. The relation of this interview forms the transition to the second part, because the present that Odin bestowed on the prophetess explains how she has been enabled to see into the new worlds, which she relates in the second part. Lastly, the precursory indications and sinister signs that the prophetess sees in all the worlds serve as a transition to the third part, to the prediction, or the representation of the universal destruction, followed by the palingenesia.

We have seen that the division of our poem into three parts was indicated by the nature of the subject itself: the great mythological drama embraces three acts, which are played in the past, the present, and the future. Let us remark also, that the poet has known how to make the divisions of the subject of his picture coincide with the divisions necessary for the development of his idea. The poet, we have said, wishes to prove that happiness results from justice and peace; he divides the drama, which is to prove this verity, into three acts. The first act shews us the origin of all things, and the happiness of the gods up to the moment in which they give in this world the first example of *violence* and *injustice*. Injustice being, according to the poet, evil *par excellence*, and evil producing, invariably, unhappiness, we see, at the commencement of the *second* act, unhappiness is introduced for the first time into the world by *discord* and *war*. The

second act finishes at the moment in which evil, that is to say, violence and injustice, have attained the highest degree. In the third act this frightful condition is followed by the death of the gods, and the destruction of the whole world. Very soon the world is again brought into existence, but it is re-created with men who no longer make war; the ases return, but only those among them who love peace; the god of justice is the supreme god; every thing returns to its primitive state, into the happy condition which the world enjoyed before the ases had given themselves up to violence and injustice. It is thus that the idea of the poet is developed by degrees as his picture unfolds itself. Our poem is like a perfect work of art, in which both body and mind, form and thought, penetrate, and admirably explain each other.

## II. *Table of the Parts of the Poem.*

After having seen the general disposition of the poem, it remains for us to examine more nearly the parts of which it is composed. That the reader may embrace at a glance the whole of these parts, and see the relations that exist between them, we will give here a detailed table of the divisions of the poem.

### Introduction :

1. Men of every rank invited to silence and attention, ver. 1, 2.

2. Vala will speak of the mysteries of Odin, of the ancient traditions of the world, v. 2-4. She knows these mysteries; for

3. She knows all the universe; she was instructed by the tradition of the Iotes, v. 5-8.

### a. Past Tradition :

I. Traditions of the Iotes on the creation and on the first ages of the world.

1. At the commencement, chaos: the universe an immense gulf; the giant Ymir is first formed, v. 9-12.

2. Creation of heaven and earth by the son of Bur, v. 13, 14.

3. Creation of the stars of heaven and the vegetation of the earth, v. 15, 16.

4. The course of the stars is not yet regulated, v. 17-21.

5. The gods regulate the course of the stars, v. 22-26.

6. The gods establish their abode in heaven, v. 27-32.

7. The most perfect objects of vegetation are two trees, Askr (ash) and Embla (alder), upon the sea-shore, v. 33-36.

8. The gods change these trees into men and women by giving them the human soul and body, v. 37-40.

9. The Norns (Scandinavian Fates), rising from the fountain of Urst, give destiny (orlog) to the first men, v. 41-52.

10. The gods deliberate on the creation of the Dvergues, v. 53-56.

11. The Dvergues formed of earth upon the model of man, v. 57-60.

12. Enumeration of the Dvergues of the band of Modsogmir, v. 61-72.

13. Enumeration of the Dvergues of the band of Dvalinn, v. 73-84.

II. Recollections of Vala on the origin of evil ; war between the Ases and the Vanes.

1. Vala relates how she received from Odin the gift of vision and prophecy, v. 85-98.

2. The first things that Vala remembers to have seen after having received the gift of vision is the arrival of the Valkyries ; presage of war, v. 99-104.

3. War occasioned by the violence that the Ases have exercised upon Gullveig, the *magicienne* of the Vanes, v. 105-113.

4. The gods deliberate, to know if they ought to make reparation to the Vanes, v. 114-117.

5. The Vanes overthrow the wall of the fortress of the Ases, but Odin repulses them and gains a decided victory, v. 118-121.

6. The ases perjure themselves ; they refuse the sum stipulated for the reparation of the overthrown wall ; Thôr kills the giant Architect, v. 122-129.

b. Present Vision :

Vala tells what she has seen in the different worlds since the first war, which is the origin of evil.

I. Vala sees in Asaheim unhappiness closely following the origin of evil. Baldur, the best of the ases, perishes.

1. Cause and circumstance of the death of Baldur, v. 130-137.

2. The death of Baldur avenged ; but by a fatal destiny it can be avenged only by a parricide, v. 138-141.

3. Loki, the first cause of the death of Baldur, is punished, v. 142-147.

II. Vala sees in the different worlds malignant influences and destructive principles propagating themselves, increasing and threatening with death and ruin both the gods and the universe.

1. She sees, at Nidafjöll, the hall inhabited by the happy race of Lindri or the giants of the mountains, v. 148, 149.

2. She sees, at Okolnir, the drinking-hall of the Hrimthurses or giants of ice, v. 150, 151.

3. She sees, at Nástrendir, in the infernal regions, the hall of serpents and the punishments inflicted on the wicked in this frightful abode, v. 152-162.

4. She sees, in the world of the Iotes, the giant Gygir bring up the son of Fenrir, who will one day swallow up the sun, v. 163-170.

5. She sees the guardian of Gygir, the cock Tralarr, which is to warn the ases when the son of Fenrir shall have grown up, v. 171-174.

6. She sees the cock Gullinkambi, which, at the last day of the world, will awake the heroes of Valhöll, in order that they may fight the destructive powers, v. 175, 176.

7. She sees, in the infernal regions, the black cock which one day will call the malignant spirits to the destruction of the world, v. 177, 178.

III. Vala sees the precursory signs of the destruction of the world.

1. The dog Garmr barks frightfully before the gates of hell : Fenrir, the wolf, enchained, which will swallow up Odin, is going very soon to break his chain, v. 179-182.

2. Men attain the last degree of perverseness, and deserve to perish as well as the gods, v. 183-188.

c. Future. Prediction.

Vala foresees the destruction of the perverse world, and the revival of a better world, where peace and justice will reign.

I. Destruction of the world.

1. Heimdall, the guardian of the ases, blows the horn to

warn the gods of the approach of the destructive powers ; Odin consults the oracle of the head of Mimir, v. 189-192.

2. The pillars of the world tremble ; every thing is in movement, v. 193-196.

3. Hrymr, at the head of the Iotes, is put to rout : they embark to go to attack the earth, v. 197-200.

4. The armies of the world of fire embark with all the malignant powers, v. 201-204.

5. Lurtur, the god of fire, traverses the earth, and enters into heaven, v. 205-212.

6. The three principal gods, Odin, Freyr, and Thôr, struggle against their enemies and succumb, v. 213-226.

7. The dragon of the imperial regions flies over the plain strewn with the dead, v. 227-230.

8. The sun becomes darkened ; the earth sinks into the ocean ; fire rises even up to heaven ; every thing perishes in the flames, v. 231-234.

## II. The world created again.

1. A new earth, similar to the former, comes out of the ocean ; peace reigns on it, v. 235-238.

2. The sons of the ancient ases, who perished, come to take the government of the world, and to exercise justice, v. 239-242.

3. The ases again find the happiness which they had enjoyed before the origin of evil, v. 243-246.

4. Abundance reigns upon the earth ; Baldur, the best of the ases, returns to heaven, with Hoder and Hoenir, v. 247-253.

5. Men inhabit a hall more brilliant than the sun, and enjoy everlasting felicity, v. 254-257.

6. Forseti, the god of justice, presides at the judgment of the gods ; there is no more violence, no more discord ; peace reigns for ever, v. 258-261.

## III. Of the arrangement of the strophes.

It is seen by the table which we have just presented, that there is in the poem a well-ordered plan. This order, it is true, is found in it only since we have arranged the strophes otherwise than they were in the editions of the Edda. Before this new ar-

rangement, the parts of the poem were without either connexion, continuity, or unity. This defect of the plan arose from the transposition of several strophes; and the disorder caused by this change raised insurmountable obstacles to the interpretation of the poem. Indeed, if so far the explication of the *Völuspá* has been less satisfactory than it now is, it is not because men of superior talent have not tried in their turn, but it is because it was impossible to explain properly a poem between the parts of which there was no logical relation. Thus have we exercised the utmost care in restoring the strophes and verses to the places they primitively occupied in the poem. That which proves the arrangement we have adopted to be the true one is, that it renders the explanation of the *Völuspá* possible and easy; and that, in place of the disorder which prevailed in the poem, it produces a well-understood plan and a perfect order.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF THE POEM.

#### I. *Of the Integrity of the Poem.*

THE plan, so regular, so logical, and so natural, which we perceive in the *Völuspá*, proves to us that there is no blank in the poem, since all the parts are admirably united to each other. This proves, at the same time, that no interpolation has glided into it, because we do not find any verse that is needless or of suspicious authenticity. In a word, what in criticism is called the *integrity* of the poem, that is to say, that property of the text containing neither more nor less than it originally included, appears to us sufficiently demonstrated by the analysis which we have made of the visions of Vala. This integrity might and ought to have been doubted as long as the strophes transposed were not found in their natural order; for then all appeared defective, unfinished, loose, and the poem resembled a collection of fragments.

This transposition of the parts must be of long standing, since it already exists in the manuscripts of the Edda. It appears that the true sense was very soon lost; and for that reason, the connexion of the strophes was not well impressed upon the memory. The strophes and the verses were confounded, the parts disarranged, and very soon the poem was no more a whole, and consequently had no longer a meaning. It is in this condition that the *Völuspá* was gathered from the mouth of the people, and inserted in the collection of the Edda of Sæmund. The first thing that we had to do, then, was to replace the strophes and verses in their primitive order. It is also only after this arduous labour that we have been able to recognise the plan, and, in consequence, the integrity and beauty of the poem.

## II. *Of the Epoch of the Composition of the Poem.*

The date of none of the poems of the Edda is known with precision; it is only by indications more or less certain and direct, that criticism can determine approximatively. These indications are found either in the poem itself or on the surface of it. Among the indications of the first kind, or among the intrinsic witnesses, some are drawn from the foundation, others from the form of the work. As to the *Völuspá*, the foundation and the form indicate that this poem is one of the most ancient of the Edda. It is true that one ought not always to conclude, because the groundwork and exterior are ancient, that the work itself is old; for the poet may select his subject from remote times, and treat it in the style of antiquity. Yet this imitation of the literary productions of past times is made only among nations whose literature has reached a high degree of development. We are, then, in a position to admit that in Scandinavian poetry the poems always bear, both on the groundwork and the form, the seal of the epoch of their composition.

Let us examine, first, the foundation of the poem. The subject of the *Völuspá* being purely mythological, no allusion to history is to be found in it, and consequently no chronological index. The expressions of *chief of the Dvergues*, v. 55, and *band of Dvalinn*, v. 74, seem, it is true, to indicate that the poet lived in the time



in which monarchical power did not yet exist in Scandinavia, and in which there were only chiefs of tribes, surrounded by their bands, who followed them in their military expeditions. On the other hand, the expression of *carry to the funeral pile*, v. 139, may very well signify that the poet lived in the times called *bruna-öld* (the age of burning), in which they burned instead of burying the dead, as was done in the following period called *hangs-öld* (age of the hills, or of the tombs). Tradition informs us that the age of burning ceased in Sweden after the death of *Freyr*, and in Denmark after that of *Dan Mikilláti*; but later, the custom of burning the dead was resumed among the Normands and the Swedes.<sup>a</sup> However, as these historical indices are not sufficiently positive, no certain conclusion can be drawn from them concerning the date of our poem. It remains for us to examine if the myths do not contain some chronological index. All that can be said on this subject is, that the mythological traditions of the *Völuspá* must belong to the most ancient, since some of them were no longer known in the time of Snorri Sturluson. This author does not know how to explain the myth upon the horn of Heimdall, and upon the concealed eye of Odin (see v. 85-95); he does not know what *Heidr, fístmegir, inn ríki*, &c. are. The poem must then have been composed much anterior to the time of Snorri: moreover, it must belong to an epoch in which paganism was in its apogee; for the concise and often elliptical language of the poem leads to the presumption that the people still knew the groundwork of mythology, and knew how to explain easily what the poet only alluded to. Mythology, properly so called, had reached its entire development, since our poet has undertaken to represent it in its systematic unity; and the religion of Odin had attained its highest point, since the poet foresaw its inevitable transformation. Thus all that appertains to the *foundation* of the poem proves that the *Völuspá* was composed at a very early period, in which Scandinavian paganism was still in full vigour, but in which it had already manifested symptoms of decay.

The form of the *Völuspá* shews equally that this poem is one of the most ancient of the Edda. That is seen not only in the

<sup>a</sup> *Ynglinga Saga*, i. Introduction.

language and in the grammatical forms of the words, but also in the use of certain expressions which might be called archaisms; such are, for instance, *rökstólar*, *undorn*, *aft*, *sús*, *tivor*, *thinur*, &c. The *h* before the liquid *l* has still the ancient strong pronunciation of a guttural; thus, v. 1, *hlíods* is in alliteration with *helgar*. Again, the articles or the demonstrative pronouns are not yet become suffixes added to the substantives; there is only the word *godin*, v. 117, which presents a sufficiently remarkable exception. Lastly, the versification of the *Völuspá* is of the most ancient kind, called the *fornyrðalag*, properly speaking. Thus, all that appertains to the form of our poem proves, equally with the groundwork, that the *Völuspá* is one of the most ancient monuments of Scandinavian literature.

After having seen the intrinsic testimony upon the date of our poem, it remains for us to examine the extrinsic. This latter is of two kinds: these are, citations and extracts which have been made from the *Völuspá* with indication of the title of the poem, or else reminiscences and imitations which are met with in other poems, of which the epoch of the composition is known.

Among the poems of the Edda of Sæmund, there are some which contain verses borrowed from the *Völuspá*. Thus, in *Vegtamskvida*, xvi., the following verses,

Sá man Odins son einnættir vega;  
 Híönd um thværa næ höfud kembir,  
 Adr á þál um þerr Baldrs and kota;

are exactly the same as the verses 137-139 of our poem. In *Thrymskvida*, vi., the verse,

Hvat er með Asomhvat er með Alfom,

is entirely similar to the verse 209 of the *Völuspá*. We must then admit it is more ancient than *Vegtamskvida* and *Thrymskvida*.

Snorri Sturluson knew our poem perfectly well; he has cited it several times, and has given copious extracts in the prose Edda. Again, we find in the poems of Snorri verses which seem to be reminiscences of the *Völuspá*, either as to the idea or the expression. Thus, in the grand poem of Snorri, entitled *Háttalykil* (key of the different kinds of versification), we find the two verses:

“ Let the earth founded upon rock sink into the ocean,  
 (And let her perish) sooner than the glory of the protector !”

which resemble in idea the verses 83 and 231 of the *Völuspá*.  
 The reminiscence is more evident in the following verses :

“ This glory of the warriors shall live eternally, unless  
 Men perish, or that the worlds fall to pieces.”

Previously to Snorri, the *Völuspá* has been imitated in an Icelandic translation of the *Prophecies of Merlin*<sup>b</sup> (Merlins-spá). *Gunlaug* son of *Leif*, a monk at Thingeyra, in Iceland, and who died in 1219, made this translation by order of King *Hakon*. We read in it, among others, the following verses :

“ There will be upon the earth (this wise man has said)  
 A long age of war, of great terrors,  
 Of murders, of perfidies, an age of ferocious beasts, an age of armies ;  
 Cold shall reign in every one’s heart.  
 The greatest evil is in the world ; the father no longer knows his son,  
 The ties of relationship are broken, sons rise against their fathers.

Then in no part of the earth will they be able to contemplate  
 The heavens and the brilliant stars.  
 Some throw themselves to the left, others to the right,  
 In quitting their eternal orbits.  
 Others dash against each other, others are agglomerated ;  
 (All) lose their brilliancy and their beautiful aspect.

Ocean boils ; he raises himself towards heaven.  
 That is terrible both for infants and men,  
 That is terrible to predict.  
 This aged earth will be a frightful solitude.”

In reading these strophes we easily recognise in them imitations of several verses of the *Völuspá*.

A witness more ancient still upon the existence of the *Völuspá* is found in a poem composed by a Norwegian about the year 1065. The following verses—

“ The brilliant sun is darkened, the earth is swallowed up by  
 the livid ocean ;  
 The burden of Austri is rent, the sea roars in the mountains ;”

<sup>b</sup> See *Bragahaettir*, p. 268.

evidently contain reminiscences ; the former verse especially recalls the 231st of our poem.

The most ancient testimony that we can cite, as indicating approximatively the date of the *Völuspá*, goes as far back as the first half of the tenth century. It is a reminiscence which is to be found in a verse of *Thiódólfur*, a native of Hvin in Iceland. This poet lived at the court of the King of Norway, *Haralld with the beautiful hair*, and sang the lofty deeds of the race of Ragnvald and of Ynglingiens. In one strophe of this poem we read the following verse :

“ Veit-ök Eysteins enda folginn.”<sup>c</sup>

I foresee for Eystein the death reserved for him.

This verse, in the prophetic style, is a reminiscence or an imitation of the verse 130 of the *Völuspá*. That proves, then, that our poem already existed in the time of *Thiódólfur* ; it must even be much anterior to this poet, because at the commencement of the tenth century Scandinavian poetry, cultivated at the court of kings, became more and more artificial and inflated, as the poem of *Thiódólfur* proves. In the *Völuspá*, on the contrary, the poetry is still natural and sparing of words, and it bears the character of an antique simplicity. According to that, we believe we may say that the *Völuspá* dates as far back as the ninth century of our era : all the intrinsic and extrinsic witnesses that we have examined above, indicate to us that this century must have been the epoch at which our poem was composed.

### III. *Of the Author of the Poem.*

As Iceland was peopled only in the second half of the ninth century, it might be supposed that the author of the *Völuspá* was a Norwegian ; yet some circumstances seem to indicate that this poem was composed in Iceland. Thus the myths upon *Hveralundr* (thermal wood), v. 142, and upon the giant *Surtur*, v. 205, are doubtless of Icelandic origin ; because there is no country where hot-springs are so numerous as in this volcanic island, and as there exists still in Iceland a large cavern which bears the name of *Surtar hellir*. Moreover, the arrival *by sea* of the destructive powers of

<sup>c</sup> See *Orkneyinga Saga*, p. 90.

the world ; the destruction of the world by fire ; the earth, which the poet figures to himself as an isle, founded upon rocks in the middle of the sea, are circumstances which are explained by the geographical position and the geological nature of Iceland. In short, the eagle which chases the fish, v. 238, is undoubtedly the *falco chrysetus* that is to be met with in Iceland upon the rocks bordering the sea. It is then probable that the poet lived in Iceland, that perhaps in his youth he had quitted Norway, his native country, in consequence of the political changes produced in it by the establishment of monarchical power, under the reign of *Haralld of the beautiful hair*. Many, both nobles and freemen, who would not submit to the new regime, then quitted Norway ; some, under the guidance of *Göngu-Rolf*, went to establish themselves in France ; others embarked with *Ingolf* to seek a home in Iceland. Our poet may very well have been one of these latter. This circumstance would explain why this poet, a refugee in Iceland, turned towards a happier future state of things, and predicted the certain end of the reign of force, of which he himself had had reason to complain in his life.

As to the name of the poet, we cannot guess it ; probably it is to be found among the names which figure in the genealogical tables of the *Landnámabök* of Iceland. In reading the *Völuspá* one may be convinced that the author of this poem was a man of genius, since he combined two great qualities, those of the philosopher and the poet. As philosopher, our author was elevated far above his age ; for the idea which he expressed in the *Völuspá* was a veritable revelation for his contemporaries. As poet, he knew how to choose the poetic form most suitable for his subject, and to trace with bold strokes the picture of mythology.

If we will estimate all the merit of our poem, we must say that the idea of it is grand, and the execution quite worthy of the subject ; the disposition of the parts is well ordered, the style almost always noble and poetic, the harmony and the effect imposing and majestic.

[In the following pages, the Icelandic is given on one side ; the English translation on that immediately opposite ]

## VOLUSPA.

*Hlióðs bið-æk allar helgar kindir,  
Meiri ok minni mögu Heimballar ;  
Vilda-æk Val-föður vél framtelia,  
Forn-spiöll fíra þau ek fremst of-nam.*

5 *Ek man Iötna ár of-borna,  
Þá-er forðum mik frædda höfðu :  
Níu man-æk heima, níu ividi,  
Miötvið mæran fyrir mold nëdan.*

10 *Ar var alda þá Ymir bygði ;  
Var-a sandr né sær né svalar unnir ;  
Iörd fannz æva ne upphimin ;  
Gap var ginnunga, en gras hvergi.*

15 *Aðr Burs synir bioðum of-ypta,  
Þeir-er Miðgarð mæran skôpo :  
Sól skein sunnan á Salar steina ;  
Þá var grund gróin grænom lauki.*

20 *Sól varp sunnan sinni Mána  
Hendi hinni hægri um himin-ið-dyr.  
Sól þat né vissi hvar hon sali átti,  
Stiörnur þat né vissu hvar þær staði áttu,  
Máni þat né vissi hvat hann megins átti.*

25 *Þá gengu Regin öll á rök-stóla,  
Gínheilög Goð um þat gættuz :  
Nött ok niðium nöfn um-gáfu ;  
Morgun hétu ok miðian dag,  
Undorn ok aptan ár um at telia.*

30 *Hittoz Æsir á Iðavelli,  
Þeir-er hörg ok hof há-timbroðo ;  
Afla lögðu, auð smíðoðo,  
Tangir skâpo ok töl görðo.*

*Tefðu í tûni, teitir váro,  
Var þeim vettugis vant or gulli.  
Unz þrír komo ör því líði,*

## VISIONS OF VALA.

To attention I invite all the holy generations,  
 The sons of Heimdall, great and small ;  
 Of the Father of the Elect I would proclaim the mysteries,  
 The antique traditions of heroes which I have formerly learned.

I remember the Iotes born at the commencement ;  
 They formerly taught me.

I remember the new worlds, the new forests,  
 The great tree in the midst, upon the earth here below.

It was the commencement of the ages when Ymir established himself :  
 There was neither shore, nor sea, nor cool waves ;  
 Neither earth nor heaven above was found ;  
 There was the yawning gulf, but vegetation nowhere.

Then the sons of Bur raised the firmament ;  
 They formed the great enclosure of the middle ;  
 Sól will enlighten, from the south, the rocks of the Abode ;  
 The earth immediately became green with tufted verdure.

Sól scatters from the south her favours upon Mâni,  
 On the right of the gate of the Celestial courser.  
 Sól knew not where she had her abodes,  
 The stars knew not where are their places,  
 Mâni knew not what was his power.

Then the Great Powers all went to the elevated seats ;  
 The most holy Gods deliberated upon that ;  
 To the night, to the new moon they gave names ;  
 They designated the dawn and the middle of the day,  
 The twilight and the evening, to indicate the time.

The Ases met together in the Plain of Idi,  
 They built very high a sanctuary and a court ;  
 They placed furnaces, fashioned jewels,  
 Forged nails, and fabricated utensils.

They played at the tables in the enclosure ; they were joyous,  
 They were in want of nothing, and every thing was in gold.  
 Then the three Ases of this band,

- Ofgír ok ástgír Æsir at súsi;  
 35 Fundo á landi líttr megandi  
 Ask ok Emblo örlög-lausa.  
 Ond þau né áttu, óð þau né höfðu,  
 Lá né læti, né lito góða :  
 Ond gaf Óðinn, óð gaf Hœnir,  
 40 Lá gaf Loður ok lítu góða.  
 Unz þriár komo þursa meyar  
 Amáttkar miök, ór Iötunheimom.  
 Ask veit-ék standa, heitir Yggðrasill,  
 Hár-baðmr ausinn hvíta auri ;  
 45 Þaðan koma döggrvar þærs í dala falla,  
 Stendr æ yfir grænn Urðar brunni.  
 Þaðan komo meyar margs vitandi  
 Þriár or þeim sæ er und þolli stendr :  
 Urð hétu eina, aðra Vörðandi ;  
 50 Skáru á skíði ; Skuld éna þriðiu :  
 Þær lögu lögð, þær líf kuru,  
 Alda börnom örlög at segia.  
 Þá gengu Regin öll á rök-stóla,  
 Ginheilög Goð um þat gættoz :  
 55 Hverr skyldi Dverga dróttin skepia,  
 Or Brimis blóði, ór bláins leggiom.  
 Þá er Mòðsognir mætstr um-orðinn  
 Dverga allra, en Durinn annar ;  
 Þeir manlíkun mörg of-görðo  
 60 Dverga or iörðo, sem Durinn sagði.  
 Nyi ok Niði, Norðri ok Suðri,  
 Austri ok Vēstri, Alþjófr, Dvalinn,  
 Nár ok Nâinn, Nipíngr, Dâinn,  
 Bifurr ok Bafurr, Bumburr, Nori.  
 65 Anarr ok Onarr, Ai, Miððvitnir,  
 Veigr, Gandálfr, Vindálfr, Þorinn,  
 Fili ok Kili, Fundinn, Nali,  
 Hepti, Vili, Hanarr, Svíorr.  
 Frár, Fornbogi, Frægr ok Lôni,  
 70 Þrâr ok Þrâinn, Þrôr, Vitr, Litr,



Full of power and of goodness, descended towards the sea ;  
 They found in the country some wretched beings,  
 Ask and Embla, needing destiny.

They had no soul, they had no understanding,  
 Neither blood, nor language, nor good exterior :  
 Odin gave the soul, Hœnir gave understanding,  
 Lodur gave the blood and the good exterior.

Then arrived three Virgin Thurses  
 Very powerful from the land of the Iotes.  
 I knew an ash, it is called Yggdrasill,  
 A hairy tree, moistened by a brilliant cloud,  
 From whence proceeds the dew which falls in the valleys ;  
 It raises itself, always green, above the fountain of Urd.

From thence arose the three Virgins with much knowledge,  
 From this lake which is below the tree ;  
 Urd one is called, the other Verdandi ;  
 They engraved upon tablets ; Skuld was the third ;  
 They consulted the laws, they interrogated fate,  
 And proclaimed destiny to the children of men.

Then the Great Powers all went to the lofty seats,  
 The most holy Gods deliberated upon that :  
 " Who would form the chief of the Dvergues,  
 From the blood of Brimir, from the thighs of the livid giant ? "

Then Modsognir became the first  
 Of all the Dvergues, but Durinn the second ;  
 They formed of earth the multitude of the Dvergues  
 In the human figure, as Durinn proposed ;

Nyi and Nidi, Nordri and Sudri,  
 Austri and Vestri, Althiofr, Dvalinn,  
 Nâr and Nâinn, Nipingr, Dâinn,  
 Bifurr and Bafurr, Bumburr, Nori.

Anarr and Onarr, Aï, Miodvitnir,  
 Veigr, Gandalfr, Vindalfr, Thorinn,  
 Fili and Kili, Fundinn, Nali,  
 Hepti, Vili, Hanarr, Sviorr.

Frâr, Fornbogi, Frœgr, Lôni,  
 Thrâr and Thrâinn, Thrôr, Vitr, Litr,

Nyr ok Nyraðr ;—nú hef' ek verga  
 Regin ok ráðsvið, rétt um-talda.

Mál er Dverga í Dvalins liði  
 Liðna kindom til Lofars telia ;  
 75 þeir-er sóttu frá Salar steini  
 Aurvanga siöt til Ioruvalla,

þar var Draupnir ok Dólgbrasir,  
 Hár, Haugspori, Hlævængr, Glóinn,  
 80 Skirvir ok Virvir, Skafiðr, Ai,  
 Alfr ok Yngvi, Eikinskialdi.

Fialarr ok Frosti, Finnur ok Ginnarr,  
 Heri, Hugstari, Hliððólfr, Móinn :  
 þat mun æ uppi, meðan öld lifir,  
 85 Långniðia tal Lofars hafat.

Veit hon Heimþallar hliðð um-folgit  
 Undir heiðvænum helgom baðmi :  
 A sér hon ausaz, örgom forsi,  
 Af veði Valföðurs.—Vitoð-er en eða hvat?

Ein sat hon úti, þá-er inn aldni kom  
 90 Yggiongr Asa, ok í augo leit :  
 “ Hvers fregnið mik ? hví freistið min ?  
 Allt veit-ek Oðinn, hvar þá auga falt—  
 I enom mæra Mímis brunni ;

Drékr miðð Mimir morgun hverian  
 95 Af veði Valföðurs.”—Vitoð-er en eða hvat?

Valdi henni Herföður hrínga ok men,  
 Fé-spiöll spaklig ok spá-ganda :  
 Sá hon vítt ok um vítt of vöröld hveria.

Sá hon Valkyrior vítt of komnar,  
 100 Görvar at riða til Goð-þiððar ;  
 Skuld hélt skildi, en Skögl önnur,  
 Gunnr, Hildir, Göndul ok Geirskögl ;  
 Nú ero taldar nonnor Herians,  
 Görvar at riða grund Valkyrior.

þat man hon fólkvíg fyrst í heimi,  
 105 Er Gullveig geirum studdo,  
 Ok í höll Hårs hana brendo ;

Nyr and Nyradr.—Behold, I have enumerated exactly  
The Dvergues powerful and intelligent.

It is time to enumerate the human race,  
The Dvergues of the band of Dvalinn, as far as Lofar;  
These latter have sought, far from the Abode,  
Habitations at Aurvangar, as far as Ioruvellir.

There was Draupnir and Dolgthrasir,  
Hâr, Haugspori, Hlævangr, Gloïnn,  
Skirvir and Virvir, Skafidr, Aï,  
Alfr and Yngvi, Eikinskialdi.

Fialarr and Frosti, Finnr and Ginnarr,  
Heri, Haugstari, Hliodólfr, Noinn :—  
As long as there shall be men, they will always exalt  
The great number of the descendants of Lofar.

She knows that the horn of Heimdall is concealed  
Under the sacred and majestic tree :  
She sees that they drink with hasty draughts  
In the pledge of the Father of the Elect.—Know you it? But what?

She was seated without, solitary, when he came, the oldest,  
The most circumspect of the Ases, and looked in her eyes :—  
“ Why sound me? why put me to the proof?  
I know all, Odin ; I know where thou hast concealed thine eye,—  
In that great fountain of Mimir ;  
Every morning Mimir drinks the sweet beverage  
In the pledge of the Father of the Elect.”—Know you it? But what?

The Father of the Combatants chose for her rings and jewels,  
The rich gift of wisdom, and the charms of vision :—  
Then she saw far, very far into all the worlds.

She saw the Valkyries hastening from afar,  
Eager to repair near the race of the Gods ;  
Skuld held the buckler, Skogul followed her,  
As well as Gunrr, Hildur, Gondul, Giruskogul :  
There are enumerated the servants of the Combatant,  
The Valkyries in haste to plunder the country.

She recollects this first war in the world,  
When they had placed Gullveig upon the pikes,  
And had burned her in the dwelling of the Most High ;

- þrisvar brendo þrisvar borna,  
 Opt, ósialdan, þó hon en lifir.
- 110 *Meiði hana létu hvars til húsa kom ;*  
*Völu vél-spá vitti hon ganda :*  
*Seið hon kunni, seiði hon leikin ;*  
*Æ var hon ángan illrar þiððar.*
- 115 *Þá gengu Regin öll á rök-stöla,*  
*Ginheilög Goð um þat gættuz :*  
*Hvart skyldo Æsir afráð gjalda,*  
*Eðr skyldo goðin öll gildi eiga.*
- 120 *Brotinn var borð-veggr Þorgar Asa ;*  
*Knáttu Vanir víg-spá völlu sporna :*  
*Fleygði Oðinn ok í fólk um-skaut ;*  
*þat var en fólkvíg fyrst í heimi.*
- 125 *Þá gengu Regin öll á rök-stöla,*  
*Ginheilög Goð um þat gættuz :*  
*Hverir hefði lopt allt lævi blandit,*  
*Eðr ætt iötuns Oðs mey gefna.*
- 130 *Þórr einn þar var þrúnginn mðði ;*  
*Hann sialdan sitr er hann slikt of-fregn*  
*A-gænguz eiðar, orð ok særi,*  
*Mál öll meginlig er á meðal föru.*
- 135 *Ek sá Baldri blóðgum tívor*  
*Oðins barni örlög fólgin :*  
*Stôð um-vaxinn völlu hærrí*  
*Miðr ok miök fagur mistil-teinn.*  
*Varð af þeim meiði er miðr syndiz*  
*Harm-flög hættlig Höðr nam skióta.*
- 140 *Baldurs bróðir var of-þorinn snemma,*  
*Sá nam Oðins son ein-nætr vega :*  
*þó hann æva hendr né höfuð kembdi*  
*Aðr á bál um-þar Baldurs andskota :*  
*En Frigg um-grét í Fensöllum*  
*Vá Valhallar.— Vitoð-er en eða hvat ?*  
*Hapt sá hon liggja undir Hvëralundi*  
*Lægiarn líki, Loka áþekkian ;*  
*þá kná Vala vígbönd snúa,*

Three times had they burned her; three times was she born again;  
Burned often, frequently, she lives, however, still.

Heidur is called to her in the houses she has entered;  
She despised the charm of the visions of Vala;  
She knew magic, she magic abused;  
She was always the delight of the wicked race.

Then the Great Powers all went to their elevated seats;  
The very holy Gods upon this deliberated:  
“The Ases should they expiate their imprudence,  
Or else shall all the Gods have authority?”

The exterior wall of the Ases was overthrown;  
The Vanes knew how, by stratagem, to break down the ramparts;  
But Odin darted his arrow, and drew upon the enemy—  
Such was the first war in the world.

Then the Great Powers all went to their elevated seats;  
The very holy Gods deliberated upon this:  
“Who had filled with disaster the plains of space,  
And given up the affianced of Odur to the race of the Iotes?”

Thôr alone rose, inflamed with anger;  
Rarely does he remain seated when he learns such a thing:—  
Oaths were violated, promises and assurances,  
Every valid treaty that had passed on one side or the other.

I foresaw for Baldur, for that bloody victim,  
For that son of Odin, the destiny reserved for him:  
He was raising in a charming valley  
A tender and beautiful mistletoe.  
From that stalk, which appeared so tender, grew  
The fatal arrow of bitterness which Hoder took upon himself to dart.

The brother of Baldur had only just been born;  
One night old, he was taken to fight against the son of Odin.  
He neither washed his hands nor combed his hair,  
Before that he carried to the funeral pile the murderer of Baldur;  
But Frigg wept in Fensalir  
For the misfortunes of Valhall.—Know you it? But what?

She sees lying down near Hveralund  
A wicked creature, the ungrateful Loki;  
It is in vain he shakes the fatal bonds of Vali;

- 145 *Heldr um harðgjör höpt or þörmum.  
Þar sitr Sigyn þeigi um sínom  
Vér vel glyð.— Vitoð-er en eða hvat ?*
- Stôð fyrir norðan á Niðafjöllum  
Salr ör gulli Sindra ættar;  
150 *En annar stôð á Okolni  
Biör-salr iötuns, en sá Brimir heitir.*
- Sal sá hon standa sôlo fiarri,  
Náströndom á, norðr horfa dyr :  
Fallu eitr-dropar inn of liðra,  
155 *Sá er undinn salr orma hryggiom.*
- A fellr austan um eitr-dala  
Saurom ok svörðom, Slíður heitir sú ;  
Sá hon þar vaða þraunga strauma  
Menn mein-svara ok morð-varga,  
160 *Ok þann annars glepr eyra-rúno :  
Þar saug Niðhöggur nái fram-géngna,  
Sleit Vargr vëra.— Vitoð-er en eða hvat ?**
- Austr sat hin aldna í Iárnviði,  
Ok fœddi þar Fenris kindir :  
165 *Vërðr af þeim öllom einna nokkurr  
Tungls tíugari í trölis hami.**
- Fylliz fiörvi feigra manna,  
Ryðr Ragna siöt rauðom dreyra ;  
Svört vërða söl-skín of sumar eptir,  
170 *Vëður öll val-ynd.— Vitoð-er en eða hvat ?**
- Sat þar á haugi ok slô hörpu  
Gygiar hirðir glaðr Egðir :  
Gól um honum í Gaglviði  
Fagur-rauðr hani sá er Fialarr heitir.*
- 175 *Gól um Asom Gullinkambi,  
Sá vëkr hölda at Heriaföðurs :  
Enn annarr gól fyrir iörd nêðan  
Sôt-rauðr hani at solum Heljar.*
- Geyr Garmr miök fyrir Gnypahelli ;  
180 *Festr mun slitna, en Freki rënna :  
Fiöld veit hin frôða, fram-sê-ök lengra  
Um Ragna rök ok rôm Sigtiva.**

They are too stiff, those cords of catgut.  
There is seated Sigyne, who at the fate of her husband  
Does not much rejoice.—Know you it? But what?

Towards the north, at Nidafjöll, was raised  
The hall of gold of the race of Sindri ;  
But another was built at Okolnir,  
The drinking-hall of the Iote who is named Brimir.

She saw a hall situated far from the sun,  
At Nastrendr ; its gates are turned to the north ;  
Drops of venom fall into it through the windows,  
The hall is a tissue of serpents' backs.

A river rushes on the east into the venomous valleys,  
A river of slime and mud ; it is called Slidur ;  
Vala saw dragged in it, in the muddy waters,  
Perjured men, the exiled for murder,  
And him who seduced the partner of others :  
There, Nidhoggr sucked the bodies of the departed,  
The wolf tore men.—Know you it? But what?

In the east she was seated, that aged woman, in Iarnvid,  
And there she nourished the posterity of Fenrir ;  
He will be the most formidable of all, he  
Who, under the form of a monster, will swallow up the moon.

He gorges himself with the life-blood of cowardly men,  
He stains with red drops the abode of the Great Powers ;  
The rays of the sun are eclipsed in the summer following,  
All the winds will become hurricanes.—Know you it? But what?

Seated quite near upon a height he tuned his harp,  
The guardian of Gygur, the joyous Egdir :  
Not far from him, in Gagalvid, crowed  
The beautiful purple cock which is called Fialar.

Near the Ases crowed Gullinkambi ;  
He awoke the heroes in the house of the Father of the Combatants ;  
But another cock crowed below the earth,  
A black-red cock, in the dwelling of Hel.  
Garmur howls frightfully before Gnypahall.  
The chains are going to break ; Freki will escape :  
She pauses much, the prophetess : I see from afar  
The twilight of the Great Powers, the Fighting Gods.

- Bræðr muno þeriaz ok at bönum vërða,  
 Munu systrúngar sífium spilla;  
 185 *Hart* er í heimi, *hórðómr* mikill :  
*Skeggi*-öld, *skálm*-öld, *skilder* 'ro klofnir  
*Vind*-öld, *varg*-öld, *áðr* vër-öld steypiz ;  
*Mán* engi maðr öðrum þyrma.  
 Leika *Mímis* synir, en *miöt*-viðr kyndiz  
 190 At eno *gialla Gíallarhorni* :  
*Hátt* blæs *Heimþallr*, *horn* er á lopti ;  
*Mælir* *Oðinn* við *Mímis* höfut.  
 Skélfr *Yggðrasils* askr standandi,  
*Ymr* ið *aldna* tré, en *iötunn* losnar :  
 195 *Hræðaz* *halir* á *helvëgom*,  
*Aðr* *Surtar* þann *sëfi* of-gleypir.  
*Hrymr* ekr *austan*, *hefiz* lind fyrir ;  
*Snyz* *Iörmungandr* í *iötun*-móði ;  
*Ormr* knyr *unnir*, en *Ari* hlakkar,  
 200 *Slitr* *nái* *Neffölr* :—*Naglfar* losnar.  
*Kiöll* fer *austan*, *koma* munu *Muspellz*  
*Of lög* *lyðir*, en *Logi* styrir :  
*Fara* *fífl*-megir með *Freka* allir,  
 þeim er *bróðir* *Bíleists* í för.  
 205 *Surtr* fer *sunnan* með *sviga* lævi ;  
*Skín* af *svérði* *sól* *Valtíva* :  
*Griôt*-biörg *gnata*, en *gífur* rata,  
*Troða* *halir* *helvëg*, en *himin* klofnar.  
 Hvat er með *Asum* ? hvat er með *Alfum* ?  
 210 *Gnyr* allr *Iötunheimr* ; *Æsir* 'ro á þingi ;  
*Stynia* *Dvergar* fyrir *stein*-dyrom  
*Vëg*-bërgs *visir*.—*Vitoð*-er en *ëða* hvat ?  
 þa *këmr* *Hlínar* *harmr* annar fram  
 Er *Oðinn* ferr við *Ulf* *vëga*,  
 215 En *bani* *Belia* *biatr* at *Surti*—  
 þa mun *Friggiar* *falla* *ângan*-tyr . . . .  
 þa *këmr* inn *mikli* *mögr* *Sigföðurs*,  
*Viðarr* *vëga* at *val*-dyri :  
*Lætr* *megi* *Hvëðrúngs* *mund* um-standa  
 220 *Híör* til *hiarta* ; þa er *hefnt* *föður*.



Brothers are going to fight against each other, and become fratricides ;  
 Relations will break their alliances ;  
 Cruelty reigns in the world, and a great luxury ;  
 The age of axes, the age of lances, in which bucklers are cleft,  
 The age of north-winds, the age of fierce beasts succeed before the world  
 Not one dreams of sparing his neighbour. [falls to pieces ;

The sons of Mimir tremble, the tree in the middle takes fire  
 At the startling sounds of the noisy horn ;  
 Heimdall, horn in air, loudly sounds the alarm ;  
 Odin consults the head of Mimir.

Then the ash raised from Yggdrasil,  
 That old tree, shivers :—the Iote breaks his chains :  
 The shades shudder upon the roads to the lower region,  
 Until the ardour of Surtur has consumed the tree.

Hrymr advances from the east, a buckler covers him :  
 Iormungand unfolds himself in his giant rage :  
 The serpent raises the waves, the eagle beats his wings,  
 The yellow beak tears the bodies of the dead :—Nalhfarr is pierced :

The ship sails from the east, the army of Muspill  
 Approaches over the sea, Logi holds the rudder :  
 The sons of Iote sail all with Freki,  
 The brother of Bileist is on board with them.

Surtur starts from the south with disastrous swords ;  
 The sun glitters upon the blades of the hero-gods :  
 The mountains of the rock are shaken, the giants tremble,  
 The shades press the road to hell. Heaven opens !

What are the Ases doing ? What do the Alfes ?  
 All Iotunheim bellows ; the Ases are met together ;  
 At the gate of the caverns groan the Dvergues,  
 The sages of the sacred mountains.—Know you it ? But what ?

Then the affliction of Hlîne is renewed,  
 When Odin set out to combat the Wolf ;  
 Whilst the glorious murderer of Beli is going to oppose himself to  
 Very soon the cherished hero of Frigg will fall. [Surtur :

But he comes, the valiant son of the Father of Combats,  
 Vidarr, to struggle against the terrible monster ;  
 He leaves in the mouth of the scion of Hvédrung  
 The steel plunged even to the heart. Thus the father is avenged.

- þá kēmr inn *mæri mögr* Hlôðyniar,  
 Gengr *Oðins* sonr við *Orm* vęga;  
 Drępr hann af *môði* *Miðgarðs* veor;  
 Muno *halir* allir *heim-stoð* ryða :  
 225 Gengr *fet* nío *Fiörgyniar* burr,  
 Nęppr frá *Naðri* niðs ókviðnom . . . .
- þá kēmr inn *dimmi* *Dreki* flúgandi,  
 Naðr fram *nęðan* *Niðaföllum* ;  
 Ber sér í *fiððrom*, *flygr* völl yfir  
 230 *Niðhögr* *nái*—*nú* mun hon sökvað.
- Sól tekr *sortna*, *sigr* fold í mar;  
*Hvęrfa* af *himni* *heiðar* stiörnur;  
 Geysar *eimi* við *aldur-nara* ;  
 Leikr *hár* *hiti* við *himin* siálfan.
- 235 Sér hon *upp-koma* öðru sinni  
*Iörð* or *ęgi* iðia gręna :  
 Falla *forsar*, *flygr* örn yfir  
 Sá-er á *fialli* *fiška* veiðir.
- Hittaz *Æsir* á *Iðavelli*,  
 240 Ok um *mold-þinur* *máttkar* dęma,  
 Ok *minnaz* þar á *męgin-dóma*,  
 Ok á *Fimbultys* fornar rúnar.
- þá muno *Æsir* *undursamligar*  
*Gullnar* töflur í *grasi* finna,  
 245 þęrs í *ár-daga* ættar höfðu  
*Fólkvaldr* goða ok *Fiöltnis* kind.
- Muno ósánir *akrar* vaxa ;  
 Böls mun allz *batna*, *Baldur* mun koma :  
 Búa þeir *Höðr* *Hropts* sig-toptir,  
 250 *Vę* *Valtíva*.—*Vitoð-er* en eða hvað ?
- þá kná *Hęnir* hlut við kiösa,  
 Ok *burir* *byggia* *bręðra* tveggia  
*Vindheim* víðan.—*Vitoð-er* en eða hvað ?
- Sal sér hon *standa* sôlo fęgra,  
 255 *Gulli* þaktan á *Gimli* hám :  
 Þar skulo *dyggvar* *dróttir* byggia,  
 Ok um *aldur-daga* *yndis* niçta.

Here comes the illustrious son of Hlódune,  
 He goes, the descendant of Odin, to fight the Serpent ;  
 The defender of Midgard strikes him in his anger.  
 The heroes go all to stain with blood the column of the world.  
 He draws back with a new step, the son of Fiorgune,  
 Bitten by the adder intrepid with rage. . . .

Behold coming the black flying Dragon,  
 The adder, soaring above Nidaföll :  
 Nidhoggr extends his wings, he flies over the plain,  
 Above the bodies of the dead. Now she will be swallowed up.

The sun begins to be dark ; the continent falls fainting into the Ocean ;  
 They disappear from the sky, the brilliant stars ;  
 The smoke eddies around the destroying fire of the world ;  
 The gigantic flame plays against heaven itself.

She sees rising anew,  
 In the Ocean, an earth with a thick verdure.  
 Cascades fall there ; the eagle soars above it,  
 And from the summit of the rock he spies the fish.

The Ases are found again in the plain of Idi,  
 Under the tree of the world they sit as powerful judges :  
 They recal to mind the judgments of the gods,  
 And the antique mysteries of Fimbultyr.

Then the Ases found again upon the grass  
 The marvellous tables of gold,  
 Which the generations had, in the beginning of days,  
 The chief of the gods and the posterity Fiölnir.

The fields will produce without being sown :  
 Every evil will disappear : Baldur will return  
 To inhabit with Hodur the enclosure of Hroptr,  
 The sacred abodes of the hero-gods.—Know you it? But what?

Then Hænir will be able to choose his part,  
 And the sons of the two brothers shall dwell in  
 The vast abode of the wind.—Know you it? But what?

She sees a hall more brilliant than the sun  
 Arise, covered with gold, in the magnificent Gimlir :  
 It is there that shall dwell the faithful people,  
 And that they will enjoy an everlasting felicity.

260 þá kēmr inn Ríki at Regin-dómi  
 Ofugr ofan, sá-er öllu ræðr :  
 Semr hann dóma ok sakar leggr,  
 Vê-sköp setr þau-er vëra skulo.

Then there came from on high to preside at the judgments of the Great Powers,

The powerful sovereign who governs the universe :  
 He tempers the decrees, he calms dissensions,  
 And gives sacred laws inviolable for ever.

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## APPENDIX C

### BRIEF SKETCH OF ICELANDIC HISTORY.

THE earliest authentic records about Iceland are dated in the ninth century. Some disciples of Dr. Dryasdust have attempted to shew that "Iceland was known to the Romans," and that it was their *Ultima Thule*. This we think is extremely improbable. In the first place, the Romans were bad navigators; and in the second, they had a habit of writing, "Rome, her mark," on all the countries they visited, not a trace of which is to be found in Iceland. But again, it requires to be proved that the island of Iceland existed at all during the days of the Cæsars. There is no doubt whatever that the island is of volcanic origin; and it is not improbable that the same convulsion of nature that buried Pompeii and Herculaneum raised Iceland from the sea. At all events, if the Romans knew Iceland, they cared nothing for it; and for centuries Hecla vomited forth fire and smoke, and the Geysers boiled and bubbled, and neither man, woman, nor child in all Europe knew any thing whatever about what was going on in the far north.

But when the northern seas began to be covered with the "long ships" of the piratical sea-kings of Scandinavia, it was not to be supposed that Iceland would long escape their observation. One of those pirates stumbled on it by accident one day, about the year 870, and was somewhat amazed at what he had found. But he did not like the place; for how could a robber like an island where there was nobody to rob and nothing to steal? So he went home to Norway, and told what he had seen. Other adventurers followed him, to see what sort of place this new country was; but none of them liked it so well as to settle there.

About this time, the whole of Norway was divided into petty states, each under a chief. They lived, as may be supposed, in constant war against each other; and in fact supported themselves almost entirely by plunder, pillage, and robbery. One of these, Harald the Fair-haired, determined to possess the whole country; and he laid his plans so well that he succeeded. But his government was so arbitrary that he drove many people of distinction from his kingdom. Among these was Rolf or Rollo, a young, handsome, dashing sea-rover, who, when he found himself expelled from Norway, sought another home, and found it in that part of Gaul which we now call Normandy. This Rollo was the ancestor of our William the Conqueror. Other distinguished Norwegians thought Iceland a good place to fly to from the tyranny of Harald; and, about the year 874, a very general emigration took place, which continued for about half a century. During that time nearly the whole sea-coast was settled by a mixed band of Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, and even Irish and Scotch; the greatest mass, however, consisting of Norwegians. These settlers were not mere adventurers, who could not make a living at home, they were not the refuse of society which society was glad to get rid of, but they consisted of the best, bravest, and richest men of Norway. They had to take with them all the necessaries of life, for Iceland produced nothing. They carried with them the religion and the traditions of their forefathers, and all the arts of civilised life, as far as they were then known in the north of Europe. Harald, who had at first encouraged the emigration, found at last that it was to his interest to stop it; for his territories were fast losing their best inhabitants; and those who were left to him

were mere slaves and cowards, who had no spirit to be free, and no property to lose.

The settlers carried with them the feudal system of the age. Each party had its own chief, who, in his own territory and over his own people, was the only recognised authority, the maker of law and the dispenser of justice. This system wrought well for a time. So long as the island was thinly peopled, and so long as there was plenty of unoccupied land, so long did harmony prevail. But when the chiefs became nearer neighbours, and unoccupied land was scarce, quarrels arose, leading to fighting and perpetual discord. The want of some fixed system of government, of some superior power by whom disputes could be settled, was soon felt, and in 928, by general consent, a constitution was adopted. This constitution was a kind of aristocratic republic. At its head was placed a Laugman elected by a supreme general assembly; this officer was entrusted with the executive government, but he was removable at the pleasure of the assembly by which he had been elected. This great assembly, called the Allthing, met once a year; it was composed of all the civil officers and of a certain number of laity and clergy. It contained representatives from every portion of the island; it made laws, decided appeals, and in fact fulfilled the duties and exercised the power of a modern parliament. The country was divided into a number of districts, over each of which civil officers were placed to dispense justice, &c. These officers were originally chosen from the best families of the island, and the offices were made hereditary. The inhabitants of districts had also the right of assembling and passing laws to regulate local affairs. A code of laws was adopted to meet the wants of the people and the peculiarities of their position.

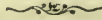
For three centuries this constitution was in full force among the Icelanders. During that time thirty-eight Laugmen were successively elected to the highest office in the state. The island was peaceful and contented under the just administration of its wise laws; the inhabitants became wealthy and learned; many of them visited foreign courts, and above all, Christianity was introduced and adopted, though not without opposition on the part of the followers of Odin and Thor. The remote and insular position of Iceland secured it from foreign attack; and during the long

wars and fierce contests that were so destructive during the middle ages to the nations of Europe, the Icelanders lived in a state of perfect repose.

This, however, was a state of things too delightful to last long. The old fiery lawless spirit of the sea-kings soon began to shew itself; and a powerful chief would occasionally break the peace of the island, and redress his own wrongs with his own power. These disorders were, we are told, fostered by the kings of Norway, who had long been anxious to annex Iceland to their own dominions. They adopted no means to conquer the island; they never made any attack or descent upon it, but they made their arrangements so well that the Icelanders were glad of their own accord, and in consequence of their internal feuds, to ally themselves to Norway. But they gave up no portion of their independence; it was a union of interests rather than a submission to a foreign power. In fact, the only difference was that, instead of a *Laugman* appointed by the *Allthing*, the old laws of the country were to be administered by a viceroy appointed by the King of Norway; and, on the other hand, a great field was opened up to the Icelanders for the acquisition of honours and office in Norway. Till 1380 Iceland was governed in this manner, and its history during that time presents no feature of interest. In 1380 the treaty of *Calmar* was concluded, by which the three kingdoms of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark were united under one crown, and Iceland became part of this united kingdom without any opposition. The island was governed as before by a viceroy; since that time it has always been united to Denmark.

The political history of Iceland may be said to end here. The viceroy administered the laws with mildness and justice, and the people lived peaceably through the most stormy periods of European history. From that time the records of Iceland are entirely occupied with domestic details: the ravages of the plague, the eruptions of *Hecla*, the Reformation, and the introduction of printing. The change from the Catholic to the Lutheran doctrines was made in 1551, and printing was introduced about the same period. The most fearful eruption of *Hecla* took place in 1783, by which it is recorded that twenty-one villages were totally destroyed, and thirty-four others greatly injured.

## APPENDIX D.



## THE DIVER.

(From the German of Schiller.)<sup>a</sup>

“ BE he knight, be he squire, who is here will dare  
 To dive in the depths below ?  
 A golden goblet I hurl through the air,—  
 See o’er it already the black waters flow ;  
 And he who will give’t me once more to behold,  
 Shall have for his guerdon the goblet of gold.”

Thus spake the monarch ; and forth flung he,  
 From the cliff whose beetling height  
 Looks down on the restless heaving sea,  
 The goblet into the whirlpool’s night :  
 “ Now who is the bold one, I ask again,  
 Who dares to dive in the stormy main ?”

The knights and the pages by his side  
 Hear the words, but silence keep,  
 And gaze on the boundless rolling tide,  
 And no one will dare for the goblet the leap ;  
 Till the king for the third time asks again,—  
 “ Will none of ye venture to dive in the main ?”

But still the warriors silent stand,  
 Till a page of noble birth  
 Steps proudly forth from the wavering band  
 And flings his girdle and cloak to earth ;

<sup>a</sup> This is the great poem of Schiller referred to at page 149. Several translations have already been published. In that made for this work the text of Schiller has been translated as literally as the requirements of rhyme would permit.—ED.



And the gallant knights and the ladies fair  
At the venturous youth in wonder stare.

And as he steps to the mountain's brow,  
And gazes the pool upon,  
Backward the foaming waters now  
From the dark Charybdis come rushing on ;  
And with sound like the distant thunder's roar,  
Upward they leap to the air once more.

And it boils and it bubbles, and hisses and seethes,  
As when water with fire doth vie ;  
Towards Heaven a vapoury column breathes,  
And wave on wave rolls eternally ;  
Exhausted never, and ceasing not,  
As though a new sea by the old was begot.

For a moment now hushed is the roaring tide,  
And black 'mid the sparkling swell,  
A yawning fissure there opens wide,  
As though to the fathomless regions of hell ;  
And the foam-covered waves, with their eddying flow,  
Are sucked to the depths of the whirlpool below.

Now quick ere the breakers return—a prayer  
The youth for his soul doth say ;  
And—a cry of horror has rent the air,  
For already the breakers have borne him away—  
And darkly that venturous swimmer o'er  
The cavern closes : they see him no more.

And the silence above not a sound doth break,  
Save the deep sea's hollow swell ;  
And whispers murmured by lips that quake,  
“ Thou high-hearted stripling, fare thee well ! ”  
And louder and louder the breakers they hear,  
While waiting in anxious, in passionate fear.

“ And if thy crown thou shouldst cast in the sea,  
And said'st—‘ Who brings me the crown  
Shall wear it from henceforth and king shall be—  
The dear-bought prize could not tempt me down.”  
For no blest spirit may live and say  
What things the wild whirlpool conceals from the day.

Full many a barque by the current borne  
 Has been hurried below the wave ;  
 But keel and mast were asunder torn  
 Ere they struggled forth from the yawning grave ;  
 And louder and louder, like tempest's deep roar,  
 The voice of the ocean is heard on the shore.

And it boils and it bubbles, and hisses and seethes,  
 As when water with fire doth vie ;  
 Towards Heaven a feathery column breathes,  
 And wave on wave rolls eternally ;  
 And with sound like the distant thunder's roar,  
 The waters leap upward to air once more.

And they see from the darkling breakers' foam  
 A swan-like object glide ;  
 An arm and a shoulder upwards come,  
 Swift and sturdily stemming the tide ;  
 'Tis he ! and behold in his left hand high  
 He waves the gold goblet triumphantly.

A deep and a lengthened breath he drew,  
 And hailed the light of Heaven ;  
 And a joyous shout ran the circle through,  
 " He lives—he is here—to him 'twas given  
 From the cavernous whirlpool's watery grave  
 His gallant spirit alive to save."

He comes—and amid the gladsome ring,  
 The page on bended knee  
 The goblet lays at the feet of the king,  
 Whose lovely daughter speedily  
 With sparkling wine fills the cup to the brim,  
 And the page to the king turns, and pledges him :

" May the king live for ever ! right happy are all  
 Who breathe in the rosy air,  
 For 'neath the dark waters are sights that appal ;  
 And to tempt the gods' wrath let no man dare,  
 Or ever presume in those things to pry,  
 Which they graciously hide in night's mystery.

With lightning speed I was downward drawn,  
 When forth from the rocky keep

A current came headlong bounding on  
 And caught me fast in its giant sweep,  
 Dragging me down to the depths of the sea,  
 In dizzying whirl, resistlessly.

The gods then shewed me — to whom I cried  
 When I thus was downward flung—  
 A jagged rock that rose from the tide,  
 And to it I wildly clung.  
 There, too, 'mid the coral the goblet was tost,  
 That in fathomless depths had else been lost.

Beneath, the purple darkness deep  
 An hundred fathoms lay ;  
 And though sound in these realms must for ever sleep,  
 Yet the eye can see and turn sick'ning away,  
 For dragons and lizards and monsters dread  
 Crawl to and fro on the ocean's bed.

Moving, I saw in a loathsome throng,  
 Through the depths of the inky sea,  
 The prickly ray, and swordfish among,  
 The hammerfish's deformity ;  
 And the ocean hyena, the direful shark,  
 Defiance grinn'd through the waters dark.

I shuddered with horror as there I clung,  
 Nor for human help could cry ;  
*One* reasoning being those monsters among,  
 Alone in that fearful place was I ;  
 In realms where no human sound could be,  
 'Mid the demon spawn of the mighty sea.

A thing with an hundred limbs drew near,  
 Slow moving each ghastly joint ;  
 It snapped at me ; in my frenzied fear  
 I loosed my hold of the rocky point ;  
 Then the rushing current seized me once more ;  
 But that was my safety ; it bore me ashore."

Marvelled the king when those things heard he,  
 And said, "The goblet's thine own ;  
 And this signet-ring do I destine for thee,  
 Enriched with gems of the costly stone,

If once more thou wilt venture and give me to know  
 What things thou shalt see in the waters below."

With pity she heard it, his daughter fair,  
 And thus to the king did say :

" And has he not ventured what none would dare?  
 My father, enough of this fearful play ;  
 Or if thy soul's longing thou canst not tame,  
 Let the belted knights put the page to shame."

Then the king his hand for the cup did stretch,  
 And flung it deep in the sea :

" If once more thou darrest the goblet to fetch,  
 The foremost shalt thou of my warriors be,  
 And her as thy bride shalt embrace this day,  
 Whose womanly pity does now for thee pray."

It shoots through his soul like the flashing of light,  
 And valour beams from his eye ;  
 When blushing he sees that maiden bright  
 Then pale to the earth sinking helplessly ;  
 That beautiful prize must his efforts crown,—  
 " For life or for death, then," he plunges down.

\* \* \* \* \*

Still heard are the breakers ; still come they again  
 At the voice of the thundering fall ;  
 And fond eyes are gazing, and gazing in vain,—  
 They're coming, they're coming, the waters all ;—  
 Upward they foam, and downward they roar,  
 But that gallant youth shall return no more.

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