









# LETTERS

FROM

# THE HOLY LAND.

BY  
IDA COUNTESS HAHN HAHN

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

J. & D. A. DARLING, 126, BISHOPSGATE STREET.



## TO MY MOTHER.

My dearest mother, here are now all my Letters in a collective form, and I dedicate them to you, because I know that to *you* they will give most pleasure. Besides, you are so accustomed to have occasion to be indulgent with me, that you will the more readily overlook the manifold imperfections, contradictions and inconsistencies, which are inseparable from such a series of Letters; and this idea is very gratifying to me. For, though I am ready to admit that there are a thousand imperfections in mine, still I must extend some protection to the apparent contradictions and inconsistencies; for, in fact, they are but apparent. On Monday, I saw a thing on one side and wrote to you about it; on Wednesday I observed it on another, and gave you my further remarks. Explanations, supplements, which you would like to have at first, you find perhaps ten Letters off—perhaps not at all,

when I thought no more of the subject; a circumstance very likely to happen on a journey abounding in new and strange impressions. Repetitions, too, sometimes occur: for instance, I advert rather frequently to the stars and to the air; but they are favourites with me, and make me happy, so have mercy upon them!—But I ask no mercy for having on every occasion declared my faith, my convictions, my opinions, with perfect sincerity, without reserve or disguise; for though you are the only person in the wide world for whom I feel an awe, yet you have always suffered me to take my own ways, distant and different as they may be from yours, and granted me the free development of my faculties, the results of which are my faith and my opinions.

I am sorry that there is nothing concerning Greece for you. But I had no spirit for writing in that unfortunate country; I felt the strait-waistcoat forced upon it in the new constitution. It is an absurdity to have the form, and not the essence. In a country where feudal—aristocratic—one cannot say institutions, but—sentiments bear sway, where the Klephts blindly adhere to, follow, trust, and obey the Colocotroni, Eubœa, the Griziotti, the Mainottis, the Mauromichali, and him *alone*—there, of course, they are the only representatives of the

I cannot sufficiently repeat to you how far the difficulties, dangers, disappointments and annoyances of this tour have fallen short of my expectation. I cannot forbear laughing to be everywhere received like one risen from the dead, to be questioned concerning extraordinary perils, which I never encountered, and to find the courage admired which I never had occasion to display. Neither accidents, nor troubles, nor illness, have befallen us—sometimes vexations and annoyances, such as sluggish people, vermin, and riding on camels through the Desert; but vexations are met with everywhere. Fear I have never felt for a moment, still less experienced the momentary desperation which causes us to exclaim, “Would that I had not undertaken it!” In the whole affair, I found but one difficulty—that was to make up my mind to travel. My excellent health afterwards rendered every thing easy: that is the grand requisite. The choice of the proper season is the second: October and November for Syria, between the summer-heat and the winter-rains; and the winter months for Egypt, before the plague and the wind of the Desert (chamsin) prevail.

So much, however, I must add; whoever regards travelling as a superficial amusement, let him not go to the East. Pleasures it offers none, only lessons and revelations. This I anticipated—they I

sought and found, and therefore I am perfectly content with my tour, only indeed after my own way and manner—without ecstasy, without exaggeration.

My beloved mother, if these Letters should cause you to pass a few agreeable hours, how delighted shall I be !

IDA.

LETTERS  
OF  
A GERMAN COUNTESS.

LETTER I.

TO MY MOTHER.

Breslau—Silesia—Aspect of the Country—Bathing-places and their Environs—The Schneekoppe—The County of Glatz—Scenery and Baths—The Heuscheuer.

Vienna, August 8, 1843.

CONSTANTINOPLE cannot be reached with three steps, my dearest mother. Many thousand must be taken; and if the traveller is of a loquacious disposition, he cannot help talking about them. These ante-oriental letters you must consider as a prelude to the real drama; they form an introduction to the more interesting; and if the subject makes them appear to you somewhat common-place, only wait a little; they will become foreign enough, it is to be hoped, by and by.

As it is natural to me to be always engrossed in the present, when it is not absolutely destitute



of attraction, I derived great pleasure from the little tour through Silesia, and contemplated its blue mountains with as much delight as if there were no Alps and Sierras in my remembrance, and no Olympus and Lebanon in my hope. Six years ago, I ran over Silesia in seven-league boots, at such a rate that I slept but one night in Breslau, and saw nothing there but the Town-House. This Town-House pleased me so exceedingly, half fantastic, half clumsy, as it is, with its turrets, and its salient parts, and its sculpture, and overgrown with wild vines, that the whole city was invested by my imagination with the same kind of character, and I fancied that there must be something extraordinary to be seen, if not in, at least about it—like Prague, for instance, or Nürnberg, where you walk through the streets, and look right and left, and find abundant entertainment.

Such towns really appear to me like organic formations, which, springing up as a flower does from a seed, could not but thrive on this soil. Breslau, it is true, is less so: it is gradually assuming a modern aspect; the houses are gradually beautifying, and the streets extending themselves: it has not retained so much that is characteristic of ancient as to interest modern times. It has a very commercial look, and, in the inscriptions over the shops, Polish is found mixed with German. In the streets we also heard Polish spoken; and the inns were full of Poles, on their way to the baths. Few other

foreigners come to Breslau, the great majority of travellers, native and foreign, proceeding to the south and the west.

It has stately, solemn-looking churches, befitting the residence of a prince-bishop; and in the Augustine church of the Blessed Virgin on the Sands—the name is as long as that of a Spanish grandee—there are in the aisles some most singular arched roofs, displaying consummate art, though appearing incomplete. But no Albert Durer, no Peter Vischer adorned the austere edifices with the lovely creations of their art—of that old honest art, which affects and warms my heart like the sight of a friend.

Modern art has found its place, where, as it is not uncommon now-a-days, it appears associated with industry. In Karsch's Museum, painting, bookbinders' work, engraving, knick-knacks of bronze, lithographic productions, are arranged side by side; and I must confess that of all these things the specimens of bookbinding pleased me most. The lithograph of the Madonna Sistina is an absolute disgrace to art, and doubly striking in this Museum, because it possesses a fine impression of Müller's engraving of the same picture—that engraving which I can never behold without a feeling of melancholy; for no sooner was the plate finished, than the mental powers of the poor artist were exhausted, and the gloom of insanity enshrouded that spirit, which had been so long, so deeply, so

entirely absorbed in the holiest, the highest beauty—a hard lot for such transcendent talent!

Several of the Silesian nobility and gentry have houses at Breslau, but they are not externally distinguished by any particular beauty. Neither did the *laquais de place* know of any works of art, which I took it for granted they must contain. Indeed, it is better to have nothing of the kind than only middling productions; and it is difficult for private persons to attain higher, since princes have at their command greater resources for securing what is excellent for their collections. In a rather old private house, there is on the ceiling of a large room a remarkable alto relievo, an equestrian figure of Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, of stone, or some substance resembling stone, in which iron bars are inserted, of beautiful workmanship, and, though upwards of two hundred years old, in excellent preservation. Basso-relievos of military subjects run along the frieze, but are not equal in merit to that extraordinary work. This apartment is said to have been formerly a Protestant chapel.

At present, not more than two of the numerous churches in Breslau belong to the Protestants. The lowly people of one of these, the church of St. Elizabeth, I should have liked to ascend, but the wind was too violent. During the three weeks that I was in Silesia, I had certainly, at most, not above three hours of calm weather, and this, in the midst of summer, at such a distance from the sea,

is very extraordinary. I should imagine that this is the only way in which Rübzahl now manifests his présence. People have ceased to give credit to his other pranks ; this enrages him, and he ranges over his mountains in a fury that produces storms and tempests. I would fain have made acquaintance with the humorous old gentleman in some other way ; but he deemed me unworthy of it.

Though my journey was, in consequence, performed in wretched weather, so that not a day passed without several heavy showers, and at Warmbrunn I was kept prisoner some days by the rain, still the country has made an agreeable impression upon me, because it is so populous and cheerful. How completely is Silesia cut off from the New Mark !—not by rivers, mountains, language ; but by its character, its nature. It is cultivated and planted in a different manner ; has vineyards—the famous Grünberg grape—walnut-trees, and all the roads are lined with fruit-trees, particularly the cherry, so that dull alleys of poplars are not to be seen. Poplars are handsome in gardens, overtopping groups of other trees, as steeples do houses ; but their spare beauty is too meagre to adorn a landscape. The cherry-tree cuts a very different figure, fresh, full, and luxuriant. To me, who always think cherries as beautiful as rubies, it was a magnificent sight ; but, as I should not eat them any more than rubies, so cold and heavy do I find them, the idea who was to consume all these cherries gave me no

small uneasiness. That they were likely, however, to find but too many admirers was demonstrated by the small boarded sheds here and there along the road, in which hired watchmen looked out as vigilantly for pilferers as those in the vineyards before the vintage.

The fields were of a golden yellow, the heavy ears undulating like waves; the harvest had commenced, and the mowers merrily whetted their scythes. Scattered among the fields, and so numerous that the landscape never appears of one uniform colour, are large villages, sometimes with handsome villas and mansions, which are never without a spacious garden, and many towns. Cross and by-roads run from all these places to the others, and also between the alleys of fruit-trees. The towns look more cheerful and are better built than small country towns in general are; and the villages are adorned with such a profusion of flowers as I have never before seen in the country; lilies and roses in the greatest abundance, and standard rose-trees, which are accounted something rare in North Germany, appear in front of the meanest cottages; honeysuckle and convolvulus creep around the windows, the frames of which are generally painted green or blue; and hedges of spiræa enclose the garden, which, be it ever so small, is sure to contain a mass of poppies of different colours, scarlet lychnis, and all the flaring flowers that bloom in the height of summer. Thanks to the frequent rain, not a

withered leaf or a dry stalk was to be seen; and whenever the sun burst forth from amid the clouds, everything met him glistening, glowing, and flinging perfume around.

Such is the country in the plain between Breslau and the mountains, and, the nearer to these, the richer, the more beautiful, and the more diversified; for there the valleys run down from the mountains, between ranges of hills, into the plain; a stream winds through them, and strives to reach the Oder; and the windings of this stream are lined with villages, and where one village ends another begins. Or the hills stretch like long arms into the country, and thereby cut out for themselves a larger, deeper, valley, which again parts into several divisions. Thus the charming valley of Hirschberg, or of Warmbrunn, one of the most delightful in Germany, at the foot of the Giant Mountains, ten miles in length and breadth, is a real park; but in such a way as to detract from the beauty of the actual parks formed in it, though not of the country. This valley, indeed, is the crown-jewel; as I must confess that it is only the portion of the Giant Mountains from Schmiedeberg to Hirschberg that I find really mountainous. There the long blue outstretched range every where forms the beautiful, solid background, to which the eye gradually rises from the plain, over hills, over spurs of mountains, as upon irregular terraces, and seeks the Schneekoppe, whose summit is frequently enveloped in clouds.

We were first in the Sudetes, at the small bathing places, Charlottenbrunn and Altwasser, and at Salzbrunn, which is larger and better known. To the remarkable objects and the riches of that country belong most particularly the coal-pits; but they do not contribute to its embellishment. They are mostly elevated plains, completely undermined, and rather bare, to which you ascend through some picturesque ravine, in which a little stream suddenly rends a deep narrow channel—a cleft, I might call it, like those defiles of Liebethal, and Ottowald, through which you enter Saxon Switzerland.

Nearly of this nature is the Höllengrund, near Fürstenstein, between two and three miles from Salzbrunn. This castle rises on the one side abruptly from the precipice, while on the other it is situated absolutely in the plain, which here has a certain naked and uncultivated appearance, owing to the coal-pits. In my opinion, the Castle of Fürstenstein has a higher reputation than it deserves. Me, at least, it has not surprised, either by picturesque or by original beauty: on the other hand, there was something that far surpassed my expectation; this was the rocks of Adersbach. They are situated beyond the Silesian frontiers, in Bohemia, eighteen miles from Salzbrunn, and a wretched road leads to them. It rained in torrents, and I considered seriously whether I had not better give up the trip; for I had heard so much about

the rocks of Adersbach that it seemed as if I knew them. Luckily my curiosity proved too strong; and the result showed that bad weather detracts nothing whatever from these remarkable rocks. In all other mountain scenery, more or less depends upon favourable light, but in this case nothing at all. Here you advance in so narrow a labyrinth of paths and ravines, here the extraordinary formations approach so near to you, that rain or sunshine makes no difference. All these rocks, some of which rise to the height of two hundred and fifty feet, stand upon their smallest base, some singly, some in groups, on a marshy meadow ground, elevated above the surface by a caprice of Nature, and rent from the body of the hill; for there are hills enough round about, but their blocks are piled *upon* one another. Here it appears as though mountain spirits had been attempting with rude hands to copy the forms and works of men, and, dissatisfied with their clumsy and colossal imitations, had flung them down by one another, and half buried them in the swamp. So fantastic and to a certain degree, so like are these forms, that you are disposed to believe the guide, when he points out to you, with the gravest look in the world, here the twins, there the mummy, there the veiled nun, there St. John in the wilderness—“that little man up yonder between the stones,” he adds, for your better information. Upon the designations, fortress, market-place, cathedral, &c., you



hit of yourself; but with deep shame I confess that it was impossible for me to recognize the "Breslau wool-fair."

The way through this world of rocks is sometimes extremely narrow, at others it expands into a wider space; in some places the sides are so close that you are obliged to squeeze and stoop to get along. Wooden steps facilitate climbing wherever it is necessary. The most striking point of the labyrinth is the grotto with the water-fall. The bright, cheerful, ever-moving stream suddenly tumbles all afrighted into the dark cellar-like grotto, and thence winds in a thousand toilsome meanders round the foot of the rocks into the open country. On the level plain, a few hundred paces from the entrance, at which the "overturned sugar-loaf" keeps guard, stands the public house. The landlord, who keeps the rocky ways in order, expects a trifle for his pains, but considerably more for the dinner which it is customary to take at his house, and which is not likely to be very palatable, if you neglect to order trout. This I never forget to do among the mountains; and this is particularly to be recommended in Silesia, for the refinements of cookery have not yet penetrated into the kitchens of that country; nay, their precursor, cleanliness, is not everywhere to be found; and therefore the simplest dishes, such as trout, eggs, potatoes, were to me the most welcome.

When you have seen Adersbach and Fürstenstein

you are very glad that you can leave Salzbrunn. The gardens surrounding the drinking room are it is true very pleasing, especially for their profusion of roses; but you have strolled through them in a quarter of an hour, and the place itself is not pleasant. An endless, mean, thoroughly rustic village, in the middle of which, like the heart, is that building supported by pillars, which covers the wells, the drinkers, and likewise the shops. Some hotels and lodging-houses surround this edifice, so that just this spot has a rather gaudy appearance, which is not exactly becoming in a country beauty. There is very little bathing, so little that the keeper looked quite disconcerted when, about eight o'clock in the evening, I wished to take a bath. Of course I desisted from the unreasonable desire, when she enumerated all the obstacles to its fulfilment; but I could not help smiling at the idea that I was in a bathing-place.

A place where I should never think of bathing either early or late is Warmbrunn; the smell of the sulphureous water is too disgusting. The two principal springs are covered by circular cupola-topped buildings, and in these basins people bathe in common—very early in the morning, the gentlemen, then the ladies, and after them servants, Jews, paupers. As the supply from these springs is not very copious, the influx of fresh water is of course but scanty; hence it is not particularly gratifying to reflect that the basins are let off, and the water com-

pletely renewed, only once a week. There are, however, large bathing-houses, with single baths for persons who dislike bathing in company; but the horrible smell of sulphur renders them intolerable to all but actual sufferers.

Warmbrunn is nevertheless so attractive that visitors repair thither, without needing the baths, as to a delightful country abode. The bulk of them consist of Silesians; few foreigners go to this place. It is not a European bath, like the baths of Bohemia; it is not a universal bath, like the Rhenish, and especially Baden-Baden; it is for the province, or rather the country, of Silesia—for people are not fond of being comprehended under the subordinate denomination of province; and, as they have their own capital, Breslau, where they reside in winter, so they have also at home a bathing-place to which the Silesian is ardently attached. As then the flower of the company consists of Silesian families who are all acquainted with one another, and most of them connected by the bonds of friendship or consanguinity, and consequently form of themselves a separate coterie, strangers would have great difficulty to gain admission into this circle, unless its members were kindly disposed towards them and prepossessed in their favour. In Berlin, an amiable friend, who belongs herself to one of the first Silesian families, said to me, "In Silesia, people will not speak to you till they know your pedigree." I can, however, judge from my own experience alone. I have ex-

perienced a most friendly reception, an hospitable attention, which shows an interest in the stranger and yet leaves him at perfect liberty. But, as I belong to the "caste," as people now say—and besides, am just now the fashion, as I say to myself—that assertion may be on the whole correct. Noble and not noble are said to be strictly separated in society, and this is not to be effected without a strong spirit of caste—especially in Prussia, where the prodigiously extensive host of placemen, with its various ramifications, forms a very numerous and important class, into which people are received without regard to birth, and attain to the highest posts in the State, and of course cannot possibly be excluded from the first society. Under such circumstances, it must require most skilful management to keep the caste pure.

For my part, I believe that there will soon be no other nobility but that which consists of servants of the State, nearly the same as in Russia; whoever holds this or that office is noble, be he even the son of a peasant. The period of history which began with the Reformation, about three hundred and fifty years ago, and established nobility and church upon the footing on which they still subsist, is approaching to its end—that is undeniable; for the forms in which both institutions still continue to exist, have ceased to content any one. They are decaying, giving way, cracking, and breaking on all sides, and the minority only yet cling tenaciously to

them. To harmonize the present with the past, with the fragments that still protrude from the one into the other, appears to me useless. One ought to strive, on the contrary, to harmonize the future with the present; this must be the task of those superior minds, who cast a prophetic glance over their own time, and also into that which is approaching, and who are never so necessary for nations as just now, at the moment of a closing period.

On what basis the company at Warmbrunn will be organised a century hence, I shall not pretend to decide; at present they amuse themselves there extremely well with balls, assemblies, parties of pleasure to points more or less distant in the surrounding country; and in bad weather they have the public room and a neat little theatre. The drama seems to be a great favourite in Silesia. Not only at Warmbrunn and Salzbrunn, where it has been introduced for the entertainment of the visitors to the baths, but also in very small towns, with a few thousand inhabitants, there are playhouses. The people, certainly, need pleasure, amusement, as well as we, and have, from the olden times, had and been passionately attached to their dramatic entertainments, their parish feasts, and archery meetings, their religious and profane festivals, at which there was always enough to be seen; but this fondness for the theatre appears to me most particularly to be regretted. Genuine art does not find its way to those stages, and if it did, it would not make an

impression on the unpractised taste, which, chiefly demands performances full of show and bustle. The fondness for the theatre attests a certain morbid longing for amusement, and a thirst for sensual excitement, which, in this sphere, appear to me the more melancholy the more difficult they are to satisfy. It is not very long since there were no theatres in Switzerland, because the little republics feared that vanity and a love of diversions and dissipation would be fostered to an extent for which the limited circumstance of those times afforded no scope. Such patriarchal precautions, indeed, are out of season now, and perhaps people would be all the better if a great number of prohibitions were removed, and governments were to say to them, "Say, see, hear, write, read, what you please, and show, in doing so, that you are rational creatures."

For eight days I was detained at Warmbrunn by my principal object, to ascend the Schneekoppe, the loftiest mountain in Germany, excepting the Alps. The weather forbade its accomplishment; the sun always set in a prodigious stratus; the chaffinch always twittered his rain-notes; the garden spider always tore holes in her web, to spare herself the vexation of seeing it rent by the coming storm; and the barometer always stood at changeable.

Meanwhile, I made little excursions to places which have less need of clear weather than the Schneekoppe, to the celebrated parks in the valley of Hirschberg, for instance, and to Brückenberg,

a parish in the mountains, where they are erecting, at the expense of the king of Prussia, an ancient Norwegian church, which was taken down in its own country, and purchased by him. It is constructed entirely of wood, and, having grown gray and unsightly with age, the materials have been nicely planed, and the church, which, indeed, is not finished, looks very little better than a wooden barn. Four pillars, in the interior, supporting the rafters of the flat roof, have rude carving upon the capitals. The whole appears to me like the work of savages, and is at the same time on so small a scale that one would almost take it for a plaything. The massive bell-tower of free-stone erecting by the side of this wooden cabin, causes it to look doubly so. 'Tis a pity that it was not turned into a chapel in some Catholic country, which, placed on the solitary mountain-top, or down in a rocky ravine, might invite the wanderer to rest from earthly cares; to this purpose it would be precisely suited, so small, so wild, and so forlorn it is. Now, opened, according to Protestant custom, every Sunday, and provided with organ and pulpit, it will not form a particularly pleasing object.

In my opinion, the wooden houses in the park of Erdmannsdorf, inhabited by those Protestant Tyrolese, who emigrated a few years since from the Zillerthal on account of their religion, and here form a little colony, are handsomer. The mansion of Erdmannsdorf is rebuilding, and the park is quite a

new creation, destitute of trees. That at Fischbach cannot be much older; and the park of Buchwald alone is adorned and enriched with majestic old trees, in whose shade one loves to linger, and which form such beautiful frames to views of the hills, or a fore-ground to the prospects from them.

Fischbach has an air of melancholy, of being cut off from the world, little variety of landscape, and likewise but few views of the mountains. I can imagine what a desirable hermitage it must be at times for princes; who, by way of change, wish neither to see nor hear anything of what is passing in the world. One of the summer-houses contains a real jewel, precisely one of those for which I could envy princes; namely an ancient little altar-piece, which an archbishop of Cologne presented to the princess.\* You are acquainted, my dear mamma, with the famous large altar-piece in the cathedral of Cologne, by an unknown, old German master—an Epiphania in the centre, and on the sides St. Ursula, the patron-saint of the city, with her eleven thousand virgins, and St. Gercon, with his eleven thousand bachelors—By the by, I do not recollect from what barbarians the holy bands were fleeing; I believe it was the Huns; but I should think they were numerous enough to defend themselves, instead of submitting to be martyred. Well, the same subject on

\* These estates belong to the Princess of Liegnitz, originally a Countess Harrach, who was united by what is called abroad a morganatic marriage to the late King of Prussia.—Tr.



a small scale is represented in this little piece ; but it has two additional side-wings, with the Virgin Mary and the Angel of the Annunciation. It is painted with such—shall I say simplicity or ignorance?—one may say both ; for science then lay enchained, and of anatomy the painter knew nothing, and of perspective very little. With a mind free and unencumbered by the rubbish of study, he fell to work upon his subject, and painted just as his child-like genius guided his pencil. This is the prodigious difference between the old painters and the modern who strive to paint in that old manner. The old painters really knew nothing. The modern affect to know nothing. Such as Fiesole, for example, a pious friar, who passed his whole life in the service of the altar ; what could he know of the beauty of the female figure ? He was a stranger to it, and so he painted it with that angular, dry, meagreness of forms, which certainly offends the eye in his productions and those of his contemporaries. In doing this, he certainly sinned against truth ; and the individual truth, that he *could* not paint the female form otherwise, simply manifests itself.

Now, on the contrary, there is not a painter who practises his art shut up between the four walls of a convent. He studies at academies and schools of art, on his travels, in museums, in galleries, in the painting-rooms of masters, in the motley life of the world, in the rich life of Nature :

there are models of all sorts, of flesh and blood as well as of marble. Why, then, belie these studies in his own productions, and, in the representation of sacred subjects, fall into that dry stiffness and meagreness, which exist neither in reality nor in the imagination of the painter, consequently are a wilful deviation from truth ?

This I often ask myself, before many paintings representing the Virgin, and angels, and holy women, and which fortunately are more and more rarely painted. Yes, fortunately: for artists no longer understand how to paint them, and how should they? Art can only represent in a glorified form that to which it has a devotion, in which it believes; for this reason, in my opinion, the painters of the present day excel in their landscapes; these are indeed masterly. A fervent love, a belief in divine revelation in Nature, a devotion to it, which manifests itself in a deep appreciation of its beauties, seem to me to be there expressed in language not to be mistaken. Were I ever to form a collection of pictures, I should choose landscapes exclusively, with two or three exceptions.

The ancient painters considered the whole terrestrial world as a world which had fallen off from God, and therefore treated it slightly; to us, on the contrary, it is a marvellous revelation, the impressive mysteries of which fill the soul with holy awe, and furnish with every new sunrise fresh subject for admiration. This different way of viewing

things, which depends on the spirit and character of the respective epochs, is expressed in the treatment of landscape: to the ancient painters it was dead; to us Nature is instinct with life. This conviction is not merely a progressive movement, as so many other things which have set themselves in motion now are; but a real advance, an infusion of spirit into material phenomena; and the more spirit the more life in the world.

The ruin of the Castle of Kynast, rich in traditions, overlooks the whole country round Warmbrunn; so lofty, open, and picturesque is its situation on a riven mass of rock. The valley cowers around its foot, as about the throne of a queen; and meadows, gardens, villages, small towns, streams, wooded hills, compose a motley carpet. I had been told that there was a scarcity of water in the Silesian mountains; but I have not found it so. Excepting Switzerland, that favoured country, endowed with every charm, where lakes are scattered like pearls among the diamonds of the mountains, and vie with them in beauty, I know of no mountains, neither the Pyrenees nor the Tyrolese Alps, among whose scenery water constitutes a predominant feature. So long as the rivers are among the hills, they are not far from their sources, and consequently small; they are still compressed also by the valleys; and it is not till they reach the plain that they become broad and large. In a rich mountain tract, for instance,

in the Pyrenean valley of Argelès, one of the most beautiful that I am acquainted with, the river looks like a silver embroidery on the border of a dress. And so, too, I have found the Zacken, which forms a waterfall at top, sufficiently large for the Giant Mountains.

At last came a day that promised a fine sunset. The clouds, lightening up towards noon, were dispersed by the sun's rays, and the spider wove her web entire. Away then, after dinner, to the Koppe, by way of St. Anne's Chapel, the Schlingelbaude, and the Hampelbaude. A *baude* is the same thing as a *chûlet* in Switzerland—a wooden house in which the business of the dairy is carried on; and here, as there, that business is assiduously pursued in the mountains. Here, however, the *baude* is at the same time a sort of public house, into which, in Switzerland, where there are inns enough, the *chûlet* is but on rare occasions converted.

Owing to the continued rain, the roads were in a wretched state. I, therefore, made up my mind to be carried. It would have fatigued me exceedingly to walk up hill for four hours and a half, especially as the last stage, the ascent of the peak, which must always be performed on foot, is rather toilsome from its steepness. Accordingly, we rode as far as Seidorf, and then pursued our course upward, mostly through fir-woods, sometimes over level swamps, meadow-grounds, here and there commanding extremely beautiful prospects of the valley,

brilliantly lighted by the beautiful rays of the afternoon sun.

We reached the Hainpelbaude in three hours. The view from it is amazingly beautiful: the eye glances over the numerous abodes of men below, and finds no point of repose but the serene, azure sky above, overspreading, like a protecting tent-cover, all the animated and busy scenes beneath. From such an elevation, indeed, the prospect is not exactly suited to the eye, but it strengthens the heart, because it does not show individual objects, but a whole, in which the parts blend together, and none of them are more prominent than the others. There, neither vanity nor arrogance, neither envy, malice, hatred, or any of those passions which embitter human life, can bear sway. There, you feel yourself surrounded by a refreshing peace, and when, hereafter, I hear people prating about liberty, I will say to them, "Go to the mountains; live solitary there, as hunters, as herdsmen; that is real liberty, an independence of all external influences. Liberty must be absolute; every modified liberty is no liberty at all, is limited to liberties, that is, to certain privileges, advantages, immunities, rights, laws—call them what you will—in short, concessions made to individuals, which they first use, then abuse. That is the course of every thing that people below yonder are pleased to call liberty. Ah! how I rejoice that I shall soon see the Bedouins! There I shall find what I call

liberty. Civilization makes men slaves, not one, but all."

Now there was little civilization enough at the Hampelbaude, but a sort of patriarchal state. A spacious room, with tables, benches, stools, and containing a prodigious green brick stove, was the general rendezvous of all comers. There were seated travellers, guides, and chairmen; there sat men-servants at their supper; there maids pursued their avocations, boiled milk, cleaned kitchen utensils; lastly, thither came young people and musicians from the nearest villages, to convert this room into a ball-room, and to dance away the night in the Hampelbaude, for it was Saturday, July 29th, and we had already been told by the men who carried us that dancing was the customary holiday evening's amusement there. When we perceived that this was no joke, we continued our journey, and proceeded along the saddle of the mountain to the peak.

The Hampelbaude is seated on a sheltered plain, which affords abundant pasturage. But no sooner have you ascended the Seifenlehne, as it is called, than the mountain assumes a sterile character; and, at an elevation where Switzerland exhibits the most luxuriant pastures, nothing is to be seen here but stunted firs. The peak itself is covered all over with loose stones and fragments of rock; and yet the loftiest point of the Schneekoppe is only 5000 feet high.

Thus far the prospect from the Hampelbaude had

continued to be clear and unobstructed, though the wind began to blow strong and cold. The more the sun sank, the more violent it became, and with great rapidity it drove together a host of clouds, which, after pursuing and rolling over one another, collected into a dense dark grey mass, which covered the peak like an opaque bell, so that we could soon not distinguish plain or mountain, sky or earth. Meanwhile, the wind had increased to a storm, which was sensibly felt when the ascent of the peak commenced. This is entirely bare, exposed to all winds, and at the same time very steep. It became difficult enough for me to keep my feet, and now to climb the rough paths into the bargain. In half an hour we were at the top, and, when one of the porters who had led and helped me along said in a kind manner "You can walk well," I felt flattered and rewarded for my exertion. But this was my only reward, for so thick was the darkness which enveloped us that we could discern only the nearest objects, though it was not more than half past eight o'clock.

We found an hospitable reception at the Chapel. Such is the name of the inn, which count Schaffgotsch, the proprietor of this whole country, has had fitted up for travellers; a small, circular, turret-like building, with very massive walls, and extremely small windows close under the roof, as a protection from the blast that blows here seven eighths of the year. When I say that it gave us an hospitable re-

ception, I mean that it gave us what it had ; shelter and frugal fare of eggs and ham, bread and butter. At this height nothing grows, nothing is to be had, not even water ; everything must be carried up, and so people make shift with what is indispensable. In Switzerland, on the Rigi, it is indeed otherwise. There you find as good fare as in any other Swiss inn, a long range of small chambers with convenient beds, a saloon with a piano, and a small library ; and yet it is higher than the Schneckoppe. On the former, it is true, you find also the whole travelling world, and on the latter a very small fraction of it.

Luckily, we met with very little company ; a father with three young boys, who had stoutly footed it all the way, and a few other gentlemen. This was, indeed, fortunate, for the space is extremely limited. The interior of the Chapel is one room : a large iron stove warms it, and likewise serves for cooking ; and on one side is a closet, in which crockery, lincn, and also provisions are kept. Long tables and benches constitute the furniture of the public room. Narrow stairs lead up to a sort of balcony or lodge, in which there are about half a dozen sleeping places, that is, mattresses. Better accommodation is not to be had up there.

I laid myself quietly down upon a mattress, and found this situation a capital preparation for a tour in the East. The lower room was occupied for the night by the people of the house, the porters, and



the guides. At first they amused themselves with cards, and the endless garrulity of people of their class kept them awake till about midnight. The general couch of straw, improved by a few featherbeds, was then spread, conversation gradually ceased, and the enviable sleepers were soon snoring most lustily.

Unluckily, I was not sufficiently fatigued to be able to sleep. A storm of extraordinary violence raged the whole night, and every hour I impatiently counted the strokes of the great clock hanging against the wall. When it began to dawn, loud voices were heard out of doors, requesting admittance. The people of the house were instantly stirring, but first cleared away the straw: those outside were extremely angry at the delay. A sharp altercation ensued, and, at length, when the door was opened, in poured a whole torrent of people, part of the company who had been dancing at the Hampelbaude, and who wished to enjoy the sight of sunrise on the Koppe.

Glad to have got over the night, I was soon upon my legs, unusually soon, as I had not even taken out my hair-pins, not even put off my shoes. But I gained nothing by it; for the sun rose buried in impenetrable fog, which sometimes fell in icy drops, and accompanied by a furious wind. The Chapel was now crowded with people, the atmosphere heavy to suffocation, and yet they wrapped themselves in their cloaks, for they could not have a

fire, because the wind drove the smoke down the chimney.

Broad day made no change in this uncomfortable situation; all now had clearly perceived that they had taken the trouble to come for nothing. A little canary-bird, whose cage hung from the top of one of the windows, attempted to chant a morning song, and brought forth a few notes. But he must have found his little throat compressed as by hostile elements; he soon ceased his strain, drew himself up into a ball beneath his feathers, and sat dejected and silent upon his perch. We all sat so too. Now and then, one of the party went out of doors to ascertain the state of the weather, and brought bad tidings back to us. The very water-carrier of the house, who was pretty well inured to all sorts of weather, was obliged to abandon his morning errand, the wind having hurried him away, and whirled his pails one way and his pipe another. At length, about seven o'clock, it was reported that the storm had somewhat abated, and we might start on our return. All broke up; but some, when they got out, found the wind still so furious that they turned back. I would not. Nothing worse could happen than to be blown down, and, to avoid that, I needed only to stoop, when a more violent blast than usual came upon us.

We set out: one of the carriers took hold of my arm; the other went on before with the light seat upon his back. Every step was a battle. "*Donner-*

*wetter!*"\* suddenly exclaimed my guide—I beg pardon for him, dear mamma, but he really used that energetic expression. When an Italian rower begins to pray, things are rather critical: so they are too when a German guide, porter, or labourer, begins, on such an occasion, to curse and swear. I asked, in some degree of alarm, what was the matter. He pointed to his comrade with the seat. At the turn of the path, which brought one right in the teeth of the wind, the sturdy fellow was standing stock-still; for, the moment he attempted to advance a step, he was flung back two. My guide declared that he could not undertake to conduct me down alone, and that, on account of my wide clothes; he would, therefore, first help his comrade to carry the seat to the bottom of the peak. This done, both came back to me, grasped my arms with all their might, and so we got down unharmed, though often tottering and slipping. What think you of the idea that I, like a light ship carrying too much sail, was obliged to have one of my carriers hung for ballast to each arm?

At the foot of the peak, the worst was over; for, on the broad saddle, you need not feel apprehensive of being blown over precipices. Whether these precipices on the peak are really so near and so steep as my carriers assured me, now that the danger

\* Literally "thunderstorm;" an expression equivalent to the Frenchman's *mille tonnerres*, and Paddy's "blood and tunder."—T.

was over, I cannot decide, for in a dense fog I both ascended and left it. By noon we were again in Warmbrunn, where the weather was delightful, while clouds still rested upon the mountains.

Such is the sad but true account of my excursion to the Koppe. For the rest, I have rarely found it otherwise upon high mountains ; and, therefore, the particularly pleasing impression of Warmbrunn has not been at all weakened by this disappointment. That which pleased me best of all there, and in consequence of which ruins, mountains, and waterfalls cannot suffer in my estimation, is one person—the amiable mistress of Warmbrunn.

Next morning, we drove by way of Hirschberg, Schweidnitz, Frankenstein, to the County of Glatz, a small district, rent as by a snatch from Bohemia, and united by the seven years' war with Silesia. Its appearance is much more Bohemian than Silesian. It has not the wide smiling valleys of Silesia, bounded by a range of mountains ; it has not the rich, fresh alleys of fruit-trees along the road-sides ; it has not the pretty rural villages, where the cottages, surrounded with gardens, lie scattered on all sides ; it has not the neat little towns, surprising by the appearance of opulence, with their new stately houses.

The County, as it is commonly called here, is a hill-tract of undulated surface, exhibiting great monotony in colour and aspect, corn-fields and nothing but corn-fields, up hill and down hill, and here and

there a woody declivity, above which rises a place of pilgrimage—a chapel of St. Anna near Glatz, a Virgin Mary of the Snow, near Habelschwert—and sometimes also a gentleman's mansion. The inhabitants are staunch Catholics. Noblemen and gentlemen of the Austrian monarchy are chiefly the proprietors of the soil, which is said to be excellent, and more productive even than that of Silesia; they have also seats, with beautiful parks, which are obligingly opened to strangers—as Kunzendorf, near Landeck, and Count Herberstein's Grafenort, whose lovely park, overshadowed by noble trees, and adorned with a profusion of magnificent flowers, appeared to me the most delightful spot in the whole County.

The climate is considerably colder than in Silesia. While the harvest near Breslau began about the middle of July, it was to commence in the milder districts of the County, about Glatz, with August; and higher in the mountains, near Cudowa, not till the end of that month. The County is by far not so well cultivated, neither is the land kept in such good condition as in Silesia; it had to me more of a Slavonic appearance, like Moravia, like Bohemia. It is as though the Slavonic tribes were content with forcing the soil to yield just so much as they absolutely need. There the peasants' cottages stand quite bare; no garden surrounds them; not a rose-bush adorns them. But now and then some climbing plant or other throws its green arms about the <sup>23</sup>age of the Virgin, in a little niche by the house-

door. For themselves they desire not the trifling luxury which they expend upon the Saint.

It is reported, indeed, that the prosperity of those large and handsome Silesian villages, many of them numbering several thousand inhabitants, has considerably declined since the linen manufactures, their principal occupation, have ceased to be so flourishing as formerly. I have heard tales of most pitiable distress, of abject and hopeless misery. The Silesian linen was never celebrated and sought after for its excellence, but for its cheapness; though on that account it was in such request that the manufacturers had extended their dealings as far as Spain. Hence the foreign denominations for Silesian linens; for instance, Creas. Since they began to mix cotton with the web, nay, to substitute stuffs entirely cotton to linen; since England has, with her spinning machines, crushed all the linen-weavers of Germany, and can supply goods at a much cheaper rate; since then the Silesian linen has not been able to maintain its ground against the prodigious competition. It is also alleged that some manufacturers have, through the abuse of chlore in bleaching, furnished goods that were not lasting, and thereby injured the trade.

Many of the linen-weavers have now turned cotton-weavers, but that business is so enormously overstocked that it produces very little: the wages of a whole week are said to amount to about half a dollar, say twenty-six dollars a-year; and out of this

the workman has to keep himself, and a wife and children ! Other linen-weavers again are obstinate : they are determined to stick to a trade which their fathers and grandfathers carried on before them, and consider the weaving of cotton as degrading. In short, in the Silesian mountains, as in those of Saxony, wherever agriculture is not the main resource of the common man, there prevails a deep distress, an abject poverty, which wrings the heart, especially when you hear tell how very different, how flourishing things were formerly, whereas now, one blossom of prosperity is dropping off after another. But, as I have already remarked, this does not yet force itself upon observation by external appearances. The case is much the same as that of merchants, who live in wealth and splendour, till their failure makes known that ten, twelve years ago they sustained ruinous losses.

In the County there are not such large manufacturing villages as in Silesia ; hence it is not so populous and animated ; and this, as well as the everlasting undulations of the ground, produces a striking contrast between it and the country with which it is incorporated. According to my taste, Silesia is much finer, and for this reason, because it is stamped with a more decided mountain character, extensive valleys, bounded, or enclosed by lofty mountains ; whereas, in the County, the high mountains, such as the Heuscheuer and the Schneeberg, appear too small for the considerable undulations of

the ground, and are not high enough to overlook them. But it has individual points that are beautiful and interesting, especially the Heuscheuer, just mentioned, which we ascended from Cudowa.

The bathing-places in the County—yes, they are remarkable, my dear mother, that is to say, remarkably bad. So total a destitution of all that constitutes comfort can scarcely be imagined in these our days; it borders on the comic, especially in what relates to beds, which, for domestic economy, are made so short and narrow that none but a pigmy race could lie at ease in them. On this scanty bedstead are piled burley feather-beds, which always, and here in particular, produce a certain close smell; and, if you have them removed, you get nothing but a hay mattress, which also has not the most agreeable scent. The bed-clothes are spread over this—sheets not much larger than a pocket-handkerchief, and not clean unless you expressly desire such. Would you believe it?—on all the room-doors of the inns you find a list of prices posted up, and there you read with inexpressible astonishment: a bed costs so or so much; with clean sheets a few groschen more. I was reminded of the village inns in Spain, where the public room is provided with wash-hand basin and towel for general use. The petty towns of the County, Glatz, Habelschwert, are chiefly visited, no doubt, by such travellers only who are not over-nice on this point of community of property; and to the bathing-



places to which Silesians and some Poles alone resort, they travel with bag, baggage, and an entire household establishment. They then take a lodging, fill it with their own things, and feel quite comfortable—at least at Landeck, where many families pass the summer. The inns are, in consequence, detestable.

Setting aside this drawback, Landeck is an agreeable place, especially when you have got used to its cramped situation. On the first day, I felt everywhere as if I was under ground. The valley is so small, and so full of undulations, that there is a little hill before almost every house, and quite close, perhaps only on the other side of the road. Thus you are continually in a sort of pit; not, indeed, between dreary walls of rock, but between green declivities, and this green produces a pleasing effect.

Landeck's chief ornament, its necklace, is the Biela, a charming little river, gliding between alders, so rapidly, so nimbly, babbling, murmuring, bright as silver, so that you are never tired of looking at and listening to it. Like that elegantly shaped snake, which in the day-time glistens like gold, and at night is adorned with silver scales, it imparts life and movement to the narrow valley, and on its account one learns to love the latter. For the rest, Landeck, even without the Biela, would have left an agreeable impression upon me, because I found the company extremely amiable. I had heard that the Silesians are so national in their partialities as

scarcely to notice any but a Silesian. I can only attest the contrary.

Some celebrated points about Landeck, the ruins of Karpenstein, and the Dreiecker, afford indeed views over the host of hills; but to me these appear more monotonous when seen from above than when I am among them. At Karpenstein, the most remarkable circumstance was that, when we were at the top, the guide had to seek the ruin, and declared himself extremely dissatisfied with the relics—he had never been up before! Nothing is left but a few fragments of the walls of an ancient castle, which are scarcely to be distinguished from loose blocks of stone. To my joy and my surprise, I found a bush of the Alpine rose, in clambering among the ruins; I knew not that this plant is to be found on other mountains in Germany besides the Alps.

The Wölfelsfall is the most interesting scene about Landeck, and really charming. Imposing, grand, as I have heard it called, it certainly is not by any means, and, upon the whole, I have met with nothing of a wild and gloomy character in the County. Rude and solitary, a little northern idyl, so I should describe it; and the individual points to which attention is paid, the bathing-places, and the parks attached to the mansions, are like fugitive gleams of sunshine passing over corn-fields and pasture-lands.

You are conveyed to the Wölfelsfall in a Silesian vehicle, with wicker body on four wheels, and a cir-

cular awning of striped linen drawn tight over it, so that you are protected from sun and rain. In these carriages, doors are exceptions—a luxury: with one bold step you are up in them. The seats are suspended by thongs, and swing about, so that the body sways to and fro, while the feet remain stationary at the bottom of the carriage, which rests upon the axles, without participating in the movement. This is excessively fatiguing, for the ordinary roads are wretchedly bad, while the high roads, mostly of a stone resembling basalt, are excellent. In those light vehicles then, it is easy to penetrate to a great height among the mountains; and if you go to the Wölfelsfall, you must descend to it, as, falling into a narrow ravine, it first forms a small basin, out of which it then flows on through a grotto. The whole scene, with its rocks and trees, is extremely picturesque; and the sight and sound of a waterfall exercise a magic charm over me—whether it be the little Wölfel, or the giant Rhine. Without being conscious of any other feeling than pleasure in this never-ceasing, mighty, and graceful movement, which is not even unrest, I can sit for hours together and watch the fall of the water. Who knows but that there dwells in it a spirit who speaks mysteriously to us, and whom we might not merely hear as now, but really understand, if our spirit could release itself from the shackles of the body for a while, a very little while, and then quickly resume them, throw itself into them again, as into the parachute which

brings the traveller back from the balloon to the earth !

At Reinerz, I was only half a league from the little town of that name, the suburb of which, called Kohlhau, is the actual bathing-place. Ah ! how dreary every thing appeared to me ! It was a lovely day, but to me every thing looked so dismal, especially the grand promenade, the long, straight alley, which intersects the meadow, and is certainly the most convenient walk for persons afflicted with pulmonary complaints. There, too, were walking, or sitting some visitors to the baths, but how pale, how languid, how emaciated ! The mere sight of them pains the heart. My beloved mother, I have four wishes. No—not wishes—they are prayers. Towards a wish one may do something one's self ; that I cannot. Mine, therefore, are only prayers ; but, for that reason, so much the more fervent. They are : health, a strong heart, the love of those dear to me, and, when the time comes to die, a speedy death. With the fulfilment of the first three life is worth living for ; then one may endure much, struggle much, win much ; and the fulfilment of the last makes death an ascent to heaven. How deeply this was impressed upon my soul at Reinerz !

A deluge poured down upon us, on the way from that place to Cudowa, which lies pretty high in the mountains, and very near the Bohemian frontier. The name signifies, in Bohemian, *poverty* ; and it is

certainly the poorest bathing-place that I know. In a damp summer, the visitors must be most uncomfortable in those mean wooden houses, the duties of which are performed by dirty, bare-footed maid-servants. But the people are officious, good-natured, friendly; they are anxious to make you comfortable, and have no idea that there can be any place in the world superior to Cudowa. Their honest faces, at last, even persuade you to believe so too. Cheerful walks and flower-beds lead to a chapel upon a hill, which we ascended at an early hour of the damp morning, till the carriage was got ready to take us to the Heuscheuer. It had rained violently; the roads were bottomless, the ride incommodious; sometimes we alighted, and sometimes the driver got down and clapped his shoulder as a support against the vehicle: the weather, into the bargain, was so doubtful, the sky so overcast with clouds, that scarcely any prospect was to be expected on the Heuscheuer. A fog enveloped the whole country; nothing was to be seen but the road. That ran close beside a rivulet, or through it, and on leaving it, climbed up break-neck steeps over trackless ridges of hills. Mean villages, with poor barefooted inhabitants, looked most deplorable, wrapped in the gray mist.

In this manner we proceeded, for three hours, mostly up hill, to the village of Carlsberg, seated on an elevated plain, at the foot of the Heuscheuer,

where you find a guide in the Schulze.\* When we were just ready to start, a violent blast of wind drove part of the clouds into the bottom, and suddenly unveiled the Heuscheuer, which, in its extended form, flattened at top like a roof, certainly bears a distant resemblance to a rude colossal building. But how wonderfully is this rock—shall I say cloven or joined together?—in the same way as Adersbach, but yet quite differently. There, as here, are detached masses of rocks; but there all affect more or less the pyramidal form; here they are more compressed into clumps. Adersbach is certainly a greater curiosity, though here are to be seen remarkable conformations—the easy chair, the black's head, the pulpit, &c.; but to the rocks of the Heuscheuer you ascend, by most convenient steps, to an elevation of 2,800 feet above the level of the sea, commanding a view over the County and into Bohemia, and of the different ranges of the Silesian mountains.

Oh! how magnificent is this rocky world, so fabulous and so inexplicable! In one rock there is a round hole: the guide strikes it inside with a hammer, and it rings like a bell, with a sonorous metallic sound; but only in one hole, and why in that? In a straight, deep cleft, stands a mass of rock, smooth as slate, to which a forcible shove of the foot imparts a vibratory motion. I! to the rock! only think!

\* The magistrate of a village corresponding with the *maire* in France.—T.

At the top, on a slab, there is a distinct impression of a neatly fluted cockle, and there are several indistinct ones. What sort of state of the earth must that have been when this mass of sandstone was a pulp in which shell-fish were imbedded! and what changes must have gradually hardened that pulp into stone! That delicate figure of the cockle bespeaks most plainly the perishable nature of the terrestrial creation: what has been must be swept away; and that I am sorry for, when I contemplate the beautiful earth. And the contrasts of Nature, how delightful are they! It gives an interest to the water that nothing leaves behind its traces upon it, and to the rock, when it has such traces to exhibit!

Many hamlets, villages, towns, are to be seen from the summit. The fortress of Silberberg, said to be impregnable—a Silesian Gibraltar;—Glatz, the fortress of the County, with its white, shimmering walls; in Bohemia, Braunau; Nachod, where Wallenstein is said to have been born, is intercepted by a mountain. But this is a disputed point. Around the great phenomena in the history of the world, the charm which is inseparable from greatness of every kind throws a magic light, which, celestial or diabolical to the eyes of contemporaries, is reflected upon them so strongly that they have no need to inquire whence and whither. Of these contemporaries, one relates the story to his children in this way, another in that; as they had been told

it, or according to the best of their knowledge. After a long, long time, come the authors; sifting, comparing, studying, they find that the dates do not agree, or perhaps not the facts; and I hope that very soon one of them will come forward with proofs, clear as day, that the great general never existed, because the precise place of his birth is not known. It is astonishing that the consistent development of a one-sided notion may be hailed as a triumph of science.

I had not time to visit the renowned Gräfenberg, situated in Austrian Silesia, on the frontier of Moravia. I wished to reach Vienna, where a fortnight would pass rapidly away in all sorts of preparations for the further journey; and, for reaching any goal speedily, the railways are excellent. On long indifferent roads, like that from Olmütz to Vienna, I wish myself nothing better.

While the mountains of the County continue to descend by gradually subsiding ramifications into Moravia, the character of the country remains nearly the same, only the long Moravian villages, built street-wise, have an unpleasant appearance without either trees or water. On the other hand, they have, but only for the space of fifteen or twenty miles, surprisingly beautiful women—beauties of a most peculiar character; the face rather broad, and also the upper part of the nose; large, brilliant, dark eyes, a pale yellow complexion, and entwined about the black hair a flowered handkerchief, which



is wound turban-fashion over the forehead, and the two ends of which hang down at the temples. This head-dress, over faces of that cast, reminds one of *Egyptian statues*. As it was *Sunday and fine weather*, I enjoyed the sight of them seated at their doors or walking about. A few miles farther, every thing is lost in breadth, female faces as well as landscape; and I really believe that night, which gradually closed in, did not conceal any beauty from my view. At eleven o'clock we reached Olmütz, which is situated in an extensive plain, and at two in the afternoon of the following day, after a passage of eight hours upon the railroad, we arrived at the Golden Lamb hotel in this city.

This was a little journey without adventures of any kind. Neither shall I meet with any on the Danube; but, after that, my dear mother, you must permit me to hope for some.

## LETTER II.

TO MY MOTHER.

Preparations for travel — Baron Hügel's Country House at Hietzing.

Vienna, August 22nd. 1843.

TO-DAY, just two lines, my dearest mamma, to tell you that my departure is definitively fixed for the day after to-morrow, at five in the morning.

Be not surprised that, from the beautiful, opulent, joyous Vienna, I say little more to you than I have arrived and I am leaving. My principal idea, during this fortnight, was that of my departure, and there was no end to business with artisans and shopkeepers, since one is obliged to provide one's self for such a tour with a multitude of necessaries, which are not to be found on the Lebanon or at the Pyramids. I am not speaking of luxuries or conveniences, but only of absolute necessaries. Now it is, indeed, no little plague to be forced to consider so long beforehand, whether one is sufficiently supplied with shoes and gloves or not; the grand object for which I came hither—to collect letters for the East—is accomplished. In civilized Europe, where the traveller finds every thing, nay, where all that he can possibly need is offered to and forced upon him, letters of recommendation are almost always inconvenient, because they lead you into certain connexions, whereas you prefer, especially when travelling, such as you choose yourself. But for the East, I conceive them to be indispensable for me, because one may chance to get into situations where one is obliged to claim not merely hospitality, but also protection, advice, and assistance. This wish has been fulfilled with the greatest kindness, and I shall carry away a rich store.

But I have not exactly sat all the time at Vienna with bandaged eyes. I have been at Baden and

at Vöslau ; I have seen Strauss in the Volksgarten and in Dommeier's Casino, amidst illuminations, fireworks, and thousands of people ; I have been to the theatre, and admired St. Stephen's, seen the picture galleries, and eaten ice at Dehne's : in short I have done here all that the stranger is accustomed to do, and it has given me pleasure, only, indeed, not in that degree as if Vienna had been the object of my journey. These, however, are almost all things, which in a year's time I shall scarcely care to remember, and yet after which I may perhaps long in foreign countries. But I am acquainted with them, and it is precisely what I do not know that I should like to learn : for knowledge is a finer thing than the pleasure afforded by St. Stephen's, by the bacchanalian waltzes of Strauss, and by the pictures of the Venetian masters in the Belvedere.

I shall now soon know how the East appears to the eye of a daughter of the West.

“ The tree of knowledge is not that of life,”

says Manfred, with the deep despondence that seizes every one, who honestly and truly surveys the results of his life, which perhaps had no other aim than to make him virtuous and happy, and yet has done neither. This, however, is not the fault either of the one or of the other direction, but of the man who cannot keep himself under control upon it. If he understood how to do this, the tree of knowledge and the tree of life would

overshadow him with the like peace, and the fruits of both would refresh him; whereas now those of the former do not allay his thirst, and those of the latter taste to him excessively insipid; so that the first allure without satisfying him, the second satiate without alluring him. And what else is living, but making use of his powers, and nourishing the soul with the body? What is related in that exquisitely beautiful fable of the Phœnix, that he builds his own funeral pile, out of the flames of which he rises with renewed youth, is applicable to man; only he is not so rare as the phœnix. That portion of our existence which is passed upon earth is in reality nothing but a funeral pile, which we feed with body and life, with heavenly and earthly gifts, and, mostly indeed without intending it, unconsciously; and, not till we meditate upon it, does it occur to us how it really is. An existence that cannot exercise and consume itself in the use of its powers does not deserve to be called life.

I have been at Schönbrunn, in the beautiful garden which comprehends within itself all sorts of gardens. It is solemn and majestic, with its endless hedges and alleys, as far as the Gloriette, where you have a beautiful point of view; then it assumes a more free, unrestrained, and park-like character. A lovely Jardin des Plantes, in which wooden tickets to the trees and flowers are not the most conspicuous objects, adjoins it,

and a menagerie, containing foreign and wild beasts, lies quite familiarly between the promenades. I have no sympathy for these beasts. People are always exclaiming: "How intelligent is the elephant! how majestic the lion!" &c. and in a state of freedom they may be so; but, in confinement, I find them only disagreeable, and the elephant is absolutely hideous from his clumsy figure.

But one animal touches me inexpressibly, and that is the eagle, for he furnishes in his cage a most painful picture of the hardships of imprisonment. There he sits motionless; not a feather stirs; he seems to have hardened himself into stone against his fate; nothing lives in him but his eye, and that is an eye of wonderful beauty, resembling the human eye, not round as a ball, like that of other birds, but having the upper lid somewhat depressed, and therefore more oval. And with this melancholy eye, glistening like metal, in which the expression of his life is concentrated, and which is in constant motion, he never looks at men, his tormentors, but always into vacant space. One cannot say that he shuns the sight of man; no, he does not notice him. It is as though he feels that their eyes were not made to meet one another. Now this eagle, so majestic and poetic in his melancholy, lives to be very old in confinement, much older than in a state of freedom, and for this very reason, because he is abundantly supplied with food, whereas in his eyry he is often on short commons. But is this

existence a life for an eagle? I, for my part, am for liberty, scanty fare, and a short life.

Yesterday, I saw, as in a magic mirror, a bit of the East, and not in a panorama or at the theatre, my dear mother, but in reality. We were at Hietzing, at Baron Carl Hügel's, who made an oriental tour in great style, and has been not merely in the East Indies—to say nothing of Syria, Egypt, Arabia; but also in China, New Holland, and New Zealand. In this six years' tour he made collections, the greater part of which the Emperor has bought, and which I saw when I was before in Vienna. But the cream of all he has reserved, and with that he has made his beautiful country-seat a thing which was never before seen, and which is not to be described. When one hears of the valuable and foreign trees, shrubs, and flowers, brought together here in extraordinary abundance, one cannot help thinking of a botanical garden; and it is but an unpretending, convenient pleasure-garden; and in like manner, of a museum, when trophies of Persian and Indian weapons, Chinese pagodas, and Japanese vases, carpets of zebra and tiger skins, Chinese furniture platted with reeds are mentioned; and all the while it is but a small, tasteful, country-house, the owner of which is wholly free from those pretensions that a museum is accustomed to make. No erudition is paraded, no chaotic confusion displayed. A delicate taste has happily

avoided both, and, out of heterogeneous units, composed a most lovely whole.

It was dark evening when we rose from dinner, and stepped into the open hall which runs along the garden front of the house. American creeping plants climb up its pillars; large glowing tropical flowers were slowly waving their beautiful heads in the soft evening breeze; parrots of all sizes, of all colours, sit dreamily and familiarly, among these productions of a zone, which is their home; a strong but delicate perfume, peculiar to the southern plants fills the atmosphere; and the whole fragrant and richly-coloured scene was bathed in the magic light of large, elegant, painted Chinese lamps, suspended from the arches of the hall, like luminous meteors among the verdant creepers. It was like a tale of the Arabian Nights, and it appeared doubly fairy-like in company with all the comfort of European civilization and polish. A whole strange world, rich in wonders and traditions, passed in a few hours like a dream before the delighted and amazed eye.

With this agreeable impression, Vienna dismissed me. 'This is writing day, to-morrow packing day. Cheerless anticipation! For though I do not take immediately any part in packing up, still it renders me uncomfortable, since I must sit in a room where the things which I am continually wanting, are one by one disappearing from under my hand.

And now, my beloved mother, farewell a thousand and a thousand times, and be under no concern about me. One who has passed unharmed between the pillars of Hercules will get without accident through the Bosphorus, and the Black Sea is not worse than the Cattegat. Hearty in body and mind, I commence the journey, and in full confidence that I shall have strength enough to amass a treasure of recollections for the future, at the expense of some hardships and some difficulties.

### LETTER III.

#### TO MY BROTHER.

The Sister Towns of Pesth and Buda—The Liberals—Foreign air of the people—Fairs—Exhibition of works of art and manufactures—Theatre—The Emperor's bath.

Pesth, August 26th, 1843.

HAVE you been in Hungary, my dear brother? In your time, I dare say, there were no steamers on the Danube, or at any rate not beyond Presburg; and, as the accommodations for travelling on the roads of this country are said to be wretched enough, you most likely never ventured so far as this. Now, the thing is very easily accomplished. A large, sprightly steamer started with us the day before yesterday, at five in the morning, and by half-past seven in the evening we were here. Neither do



you know, nor can you form any conception of the tumult of the Vienna railroad to Glognitz, at the foot of the Sömmering. On Sundays and holidays, from twenty to thirty thousand persons are sometimes conveyed upon it to Baden alone; and, though it is by no means agreeable to be in one of those prodigious trains, in which you cannot secure a place but almost at the risk of your life; and though I find that the real pleasure of railroad travelling is confined to great distances—still, like those birds which, fascinated by the rattlesnake, tumble into his jaws, wherever there is a railroad, I am sure to be upon it.

It so happened that I took two trips to Baden on Sundays, and one to Vöslau on the Virgin Mary's Ascension day; but all in the most delightful weather; for, indeed, it was not till my arrival at Vienna that summer really commenced. What a concourse of people! and what a distressing idea, that at a whistle this mass must be seated in the carriages! It is a wonder that accidents do not happen every time, with all this crowding, shoving, thrusting, climbing, for the carriages are not, as in North Germany, divided into *coupés* for six persons, but divided longitudinally by a passage, on the right and left of which are the seats, each for two persons. The doors at either end close this passage, and steps lead up to them; this arrangement is said to be common in America, and there is but one thing which I like in it, that the long range of windows

sometimes enables you to get a glimpse of the country, which in many parts is charming. The terminus, with its various buildings, and especially the point of starting, which lies upon vast terraces, are truly majestic.

This branch of architecture is that which is most perfectly understood at the present day: for railroads are a universal necessity, and such a one is sure to be thoroughly studied. The railroad office style, my dear Dinand, will soon be as prevalent, and as generally applied to houses, churches, and palaces, as was formerly the Corinthian, the Gothic, or the *Renaissance* style. It has a lightness, an airiness, an appearance of rapid growth, which harmonize well with the impatient haste of the times. It is said that this Glognitz railroad is to be continued to Trieste, and immense plans are forming for carrying it likewise over the Sümmering. Some talk of a tunnel. At any rate something gigantic will be the result.

The day before yesterday, at four in the morning, we drove through the silent streets of Vienna, and through the quiet Prater, to the steamer. The moon, in her last quarter, was near the horizon, and seemed, in the form of an elegant silver boat, to be letting herself down to the Danube, which, for the first time, I saw of a dark bluish colour. The Prater is a noble spot, with its wide-extended area: it might indeed be better kept, for the fine trees are not even cleared from dead branches; and, at this season of

the year, when almost all the people of fashion have left Vienna, and taken their superb carriages and horses along with them, it is also very dead, because pedestrians cannot fill it, and because hackney-coaches represent but a fraction of that world, which throngs thither in masses at other seasons of the year. But it is beautiful, with its verdant wildernesses, in which the deer rove at large, as in Neuhaus, and with its fresh meadows, where hay is made as in any other rural neighbourhood. I find this really very refreshing and delightful, in the vicinity of so large a city. Now it appeared to slumber, and single pedestrians passed through its shades like dreams, on their way to the steamer.

The vessel gradually filled, the sun rose magnificently, and we soon floated away. I am sorry that I am not acquainted with the finest points of the Danube, which are said to be between Linz and Vienna. I am acquainted with it near its source; then again at Ratisbon, where it runs on between charming hills; and at Linz, where it pursues its course through one of the richest and most luxuriant plains. But the moment of its highest, its poetical beauty is still wanting in my acquaintance with it; and precisely this is necessary to kindle enthusiasm. Perhaps it will arrive yet.

At first, the river was widely expanded, but from Hainburg to Presburg the banks rose into hills, and the ruins of the castles of Hainburg and Theben the one, it is said, owing its origin to the Huns, the

other to the Romans, lie very picturesquely on both sides of the stream; while the more considerable and well preserved ruin of the castle of Presburg is seen haughtily but unpicturesquely overlooking the city; for it is a large quadrangular structure flanked by four towers, which, ravaged by a fire, appears like a heavy, empty chest.

Presburg, at this moment, is very animated; the Diet is sitting. We pursued our way down the stream dotted with islands, between uninhabited and almost uncultivated banks. Sometimes we saw a few horned cattle, which seemed to be assiduously seeking their subsistence; or perhaps a village, which presented no pleasing sight, for it looked stony, sandy, and treeless, like the land itself. The harvest was over, and its produce stood in circular ricks near the farm-houses, not safely housed in close barns. So slightly does man treat the bounteous earth and her gifts!

At Gran, where the prince of Hungary resides, rises an enormous cathedral, which is still building. High roads—that is what ought to be constructed in this country, not churches. Such a cathedral swallows up untold sums, is out of all proportion with the place around it, which it crushes instead of protecting. Among vineyards lie the ruins of Wissegrad, the favourite residence of all the Hungarian kings. The hills crowd terrace-like together, and the river makes such serpentine windings, that you know not whence you are coming or whither

you are going. Islands are scattered in it, but extending for miles, farther than the eye can reach.

Night overtook us before we reached Pesth: at length the numerous lights on both banks indicated the vicinity of the sister-towns. At Pesth, we found that it is just the time of one of the four great fairs, which are annually held there; the town is, in consequence, extremely animated; the inns, coffee-houses, and restaurants of all classes, are filled, and great bustle prevails in the streets.

At Buda, on the other side, all is quiet. This is a more ancient, smaller town, on the slope of a hill; at the top, on the right, is situated the castle, the residence of the Palatine; on the left stands the Observatory: various government buildings lie around, also some convents. From the elevated points you overlook not only the river and all Pesth, which is remarkably low, and therefore dangerously exposed to inundations, but likewise the country, far and wide, in its level uniformity.

At the same time, Pesth is a handsome town, regularly built, with large houses, straight streets, 60,000 inhabitants, whose traffic and industry are greatly facilitated by its low situation close to the river; with a fine theatre, a museum that is now building, and a suspension-bridge existing in the plan: consequently it is approximating to the wants of the age. As for the bridge, some of the piers for which, as well as the plan, are in existence, execution of that work has been stopped, as

I am told, by the circumstance that the Hungarian nobility refuse to pay the toll which is indispensably necessary for defraying the cost, contending that the people alone must pay it, as it has hitherto been customary. But, as the Hungarian nobility call themselves liberal *par excellence*, it is difficult to believe this report, and for their honour I will not believe it.

To the term *liberal*, no signification whatever is beginning to be attached. It always reminds me of the greens and the blues in the time of the Eastern Roman empire, which were originally denominations for the chariotcers in the Circus, and were afterwards applied to political parties. To be liberal for one's own profit, as the Hungarian nobility must be, if what I am told of their oppression of the peasantry be true; or as the lawyers are with you in Holstein; or like the Poles, who struggle against the Russian authority, while their common people are held in servitude; is what I cannot comprehend. Whoever desires improvements in a liberal sense, namely, the universal and equal division of rights, as well as of burdens, among all, must not expect any profit from this division, but be the first to make personal sacrifices—he must be such a man, as I am told, Count Stephen Szecheny is in this country. If one looks for a profit from it, the being liberal is but a sort of trade, a source of subsistence, like the carpenter's or the baker's, only with this difference, that it is not so honourable.

This, therefore, is my most decided opinion, liberal, as I understand the term, without profit, with sacrifices only, none but the nobility can be, and none but the ancient nobility, supported upon landed property, wealth, long family distinction, *such nobility* as still exists in the magnates of this country; and it grieves me when they neglect to be so. I am quite aware that *the nobility, when they renounce their rights, liberties, and immunities, cease to be what they were.* But we are in the last chapter of their epoch, and it would at least be commendable that they should find a glorious end, such an end as sows seed for the future, but does not allow them to be ground to dead dust by the present.

Here, my dear brother, you have my opinion, and I hope that I have at the same time expressed yours. We now know what we ought to think of the different classes of liberals; and I assure you that it is something extraordinary, if now-a-days two persons agree, not in sentiments—ah no! in words only. But whenever mention is made of institutions which conduce to the general advantage or promote general interests—of steam navigation, high roads, a national museum, that suspension-bridge,—the name of Count Szecheny is always placed foremost, and that is a high and honourable distinction for such a name.

Buda and Pesth have so arranged it between them that they form conjointly the capital of Hungary.

While the former is the residence of the Palatine and the seat of the highest political and military authorities of the kingdom, the latter is the centre of the commerce of Hungary; but they contain nothing whatever remarkable, neither fine buildings, antiquities, collections of art, nor churches. Nay, what struck me still more, Pesth has not even a promenade, and Buda a miserable one. Probably, people here follow the Italian custom of walking about the streets only when they choose to go abroad.

Upon the whole, every thing here seems to me to have much of a southern air. People do not merely walk—they sit, work, sleep, eat, and drink in the street. Almost every third house is a coffee-house, with a broad verandah, around which are ranged sophas and blooming oleanders. Incredible quantities of fruit, grapes, plums, particularly melons, and heaps of water-melons, are offered for sale. Unemployed labourers lie, like *lazzaroni*, on the thresholds of their doors or on their wheelbarrows, enjoying the siesta. Women sit before the doors, chatting together and suckling their infants. The dark eyes, the loud, deep voices, here and there the piercing eyes, are all southern.

The dress of the women is distinguished by nothing but a large ungraceful cotton handkerchief upon the head, which covers all the hair, and by bare feet. The men wear an outer garment that strikingly resem-



bles a woman's night-dress. Breeches, waistcoat, shirt, appear to be all of one piece, of white linen, descending from the neck to the heels, wide and full of plaits like a woman's gown. When they have taken off the broad-brimmed hat, and tied an apron before them, as they do in many occupations, I cannot help saying, "What tall women those are!" Clumsy boots complete this most simple costume, to which is sometimes added a dark blue waistcoat, without sleeves, but with many white buttons.

This is only the lower class of the people, probably most of them country folk, who have come to the fair, but it is most striking; for strongly marked physiognomies and prominent cheek-bones appear among them. Almost all have black, some of them curly, hair; with straw-coloured or absolutely red, they look hideous. The children appear to me like young wild beasts. Their dress is really not much more than a somewhat looser skin; naked feet, bare head, bristling hair, excessively rapid motions, a scrutinizing, yet shy look, gave me this impression.

Now and then, but very rarely, you see men in the dress that is called pre-eminently the Hungarian, a jacket profusely braided with double sleeves. Still more rare is a man without beard and without pipe. Beards, of which I cannot take it for granted that they are combed and cleaned every morning, are suspicious to me—and these were excessively so; but,

at any rate, they give the people a certain martial air, which I like better than the military one to which we are accustomed in North Germany; for the one is natural, the other the effect of training.

As I have done nothing for the last two days but stroll about the streets, peering right and left, I can speak of nothing else but what I see there; and every moment the earnest wish arises within me, "Oh! that I could draw!" But it is very extraordinary that I can do nothing of all that I have learned, or for which, at least, I have had a master; and the only thing that I have not been taught—to write a book—I can do. I wonder that artists do not come to this country; they would find abundant subjects. Under the gateway of a large house a fruit-seller had very carelessly exposed his goods; the water-melons were laid upon the ground. There he too lay stretched himself, under a fine oleander-tree, with the pipe in his mouth, thoughtfully contemplating the clouds of smoke that he puffed from it. The broad hat threw a deeper shade over his dark face, and the contrast between that black grave head, and the rose-coloured blossoms which waved over it was really superb.

The considerable traffic in soap, which is likewise carried on in the street, is unpleasant both to eye and nose, especially in this violent heat. As Hungary is sheltered on the north by the Carpathians, the climate is much warmer than about Vienna,

which is itself situated to the north of the mountains of Styria.

The exhibition of works of industry and manufactures interested me. Cabinet work and works in leather were the best; but silk stuffs and small articles of luxury, on the other hand, were neither tasteful nor yet *finished*, as the English say, and as we know not how to say in German, because we cannot arrive at that point.

Yesterday evening I was at the theatre. The performance was the Hunchback of Notre Dame,—a piece imitated from Victor Hugo's celebrated romance, much in the same manner as an ape would imitate a man. Claude Frollo, for instance, was—Heaven knows for what reason—transformed into a criminal judge. This strips him of all interest at once. His ascetic, clerical life, occupied entirely with science and the contemplation of divine things, must have preceded, in order to make him conscious of the madness, of the horror, of his raging passion for Esmeralda. Claude Frollo, the criminal judge, conversant, from his vocation, with all the frailties and passions of men, cannot possibly fancy himself bewitched by the little gipsy girl; but Claude Frollo, the Archdeacon of Notre Dame, who, in the seclusion of his solitary cell, knows little of men, and nothing at all of women—he might fancy so, and act accordingly. In this manner every thing was turned upside down. The actors performed in such a

manner that the prompter had to play the principal character; and Esmeralda, who appeared not to have learned her part could not speak it: her thick, lispng tongue made a stout opposition to every word. Besides, it is always a lamentable sight to see an innocent young girl personated by an actress; even great artists fail in the attempt.

This morning we took a ride to the Emperor's bath; a large institution for bathing and drinking, about half a league from Buda. It belongs to the convent of Frères de la Charité, who, about two years ago, erected over the strongly impregnated sulphureous spring a rather heavy building, which contains drinking-rooms, bathing-rooms, and lodging-rooms for visitors. In the inner court grows a flourishing yucca, parrots squabble and chatter, musicians play upon the harp, the drum, and the tambourine; in short it has a very different look from a German bathing-place. But the country is most dreary.

Now, my dear brother, I must get on board the Ludwig, where I am to sleep to-night. So farewell, and good-night!

## LETTER IV.

TO MY SISTER.

Voyage down the Danube.

On board the Ludwig, August 27, 1843.

. How different are the ways along which we travel forward in the course of our lives ! It is half-past eight in the morning, a brilliant blue sky, scorching sunshine, and already fiery heat. I fancy to myself, my dear Clara, that you are taking a leisurely walk in the cool, shady alley of Pymont, drinking the water according to prescription, and engaged in agreeable conversation with persons belonging to elegant Hanoverian society. I am sitting in my small, low cabin, on which the sun darts his rays, and the door of which is shut: have no view but through a couple of air-holes, called windows; have great doubts whether I shall get any dinner to eat; cannot step upon deck without bouncing against a wall of passengers' luggage, piled half as high as the chimney; and am, along with four hundred persons, and three hundred quintals of goods, in this steamer, which is of no more than forty-horse power, and happens to be the very smallest of the twenty-two that ply upon the Danube.

But I am on the way to Constantinople, therefore in as ~~high~~ spirits as I heartily wish you may be, my

Clara. For the rest, if it is true that great part of the content of man arises from the comparison which he makes between his condition and the less favorable circumstances of his fellow-men, I must at this moment esteem myself most fortunate ; for half of the passengers, at most, have seats, and the others only just room to stand. The fair of Pesth occasions this overflow. This evening, at Mohacz, we shall be relieved from it.

And how happens it, you may ask, that I alone have tolerable accommodation? I shall have to pass nine days and five nights on the Danube; and I was told at Vienna, by persons of experience in the matter, that I must engage a separate cabin, which is considerably more convenient than the ladies' saloon. I did so, and, in addition to the price of my first place, I pay ninety-five florins extra for this cabin from Pesth to Gallacz; so that I have the best reason to be contented. I have a very convenient wide sofa with steel springs, a tolerably large table, upon which I can very well arrange my portfolio, and, over the dressing-table, even the luxury of a mirror. This cabin, situated on one side of the deck, is much more airy than the saloons below, and the machines work so quietly that I can write without any difficulty. This I never could do before in any steamer; and it is a great satisfaction to me, because it will materially shorten the unavoidable *ennui* of the voyage. The

noise and tumult around do not disturb me in the least.

I slipped out just now to reconnoitre the general state of things. It is deplorable enough. In the ladies' saloon all is confusion; for, as the vessel has been going ever since four o'clock, before daylight, some are trying to sleep, and others to arrange their toilet a little. Restless children, weary of the confinement, increase the discomfort. In the gentlemen's saloon, which, as usual, is also the dining-room, they are breakfasting, and the atmosphere from so many persons, together with the emanations from coffee, chops, roasted potatoes, wine, &c.; the loud calls for what is wanted, the answers of the waiters, and the complaints of those who are kept waiting, make that place a tumultuous fiery furnace, from which I soon made my escape. On the deck, they are sitting jammed close together, and looking as compact as a wall. It is impossible to get a peep over all the black hats. Luckily, there is nothing to be seen but the long broad Danube, with its flat, bare, greenish-yellow banks. How they fare in the second places, I know not, certainly worse; for over that part of the deck is spread no sheltering awning. Here then I am again in my floating cell. . . . .

I have just made the discovery that, by cowering over the back of my sofa, I can contrive to make the small oval window serve for a frame, which cuts



little pictures for me out of the landscape, such as are commonly called still-life, and in which very little is to be seen. But on ship-board one must not be too particular.

Ah! I see a clump of alders on the swampy shore. The branches droop nearly to the water, and a stout willow stands entirely in it, so that the top alone projects above the surface. Some light yellow cattle, with magnificent horns, have come to the river to quench their thirst. Now they walk gravely back to the pasture, lay themselves down, and chew the cud just as gravely. It is a fine beast, the ox, but rather too much of a beast. The Potters are not to my taste.

Now I see a water-mill, such a mill as you never saw—a floating one. The mill-wheel, attached to a great barge, which bears the wooden hut of the miller, is turned in the middle of the river by means of the current. The miller and his man, dark, long-haired fellows, step to their door, wave their broad hats, and hail our vessel with a cry that is not intelligible to me. A third is coming in a tiny boat from the shore towards the mill. In this confined space they live day and night, while there is work, and that there almost always is. The flour is said to become of excellent quality on board these floating mills.

A great deal of wheat is grown in Hungary, I am told, but it is not good. It cannot be sent away, for the means of communication are wanting in the in-



terior of the country. Kukuruz (maize) is the principal food of the people. I feel myself involuntarily reminded of Sicily; not by the character of the soil and of the country—that could scarcely be more different;—but Sicily and Hungary have one trait in common—a stamp of the neglect of human hands, which gives them a desolate aspect. Even here, on the banks of the river, what death-like silence!—what solitude! What then must it be in the interior of the country, where immense plains, and vast morasses spread themselves, without being traversed by beaten roads. There are wealthy proprietors, and I have been told of some fine mansions with parks and gardens; but these are oases in the desert, scarcely attainable by a toilsome journey. And then these rich nobles of the Austrian monarchy have such numerous and such extensive estates, that they can visit but a very few—to say nothing of residing upon them. In Moravia, this struck me forcibly in comparison with Silesia. There the mansions and country-seats have a pleasing air of careful preservation, which proclaims that the owner takes delight in them, and concerns himself about them, because he lives there. In Moravia, on the other hand, on those vast possessions of prince Lichtenstein, for example, there are no marks of that beneficent attention: they are managed by a steward, or farmed, for the profit of the proprietor, but not for his gratification. The same may be the case in Hungary.

I can see nothing more. The river seems to bury itself in endless woods, not of large, old trees, but of alders, aspens, willows, which here uninterruptedly line its bank, and are in reality more wilderness than wood.

August 28.

It is miraculous, but true—we really had dinner yesterday. One table was served about one o'clock, the other about three. I sincerely admired the attendants, when, about four o'clock, we were rising from table, and some stragglers entered and desired to be supplied, the head-waiter begged them to wait a little, "For," said he, in the genuine Vienna idiom, "the women in the kitchen are half killed with the heat." To-day we are not so full, for yesterday in the course of the afternoon, and in the evening, at Mohacz, the vessel discharged some of her living freight.

Now and then we passed a hamlet, and wherever the bank became somewhat hilly, it was planted with vines. Of the market-town of Mohacz and its situation, I saw nothing: it was dark.

This is a remarkable place for the history of Hungary, and mediately of Europe also. On these marshy plains were fought two of those battles in which nations are opposed to nations. That in 1526 was unpropitious for the West; for the Turks, in the full tide of victory under Suleiman the Great, triumphed here over King Louis II, who fell in the fight, and then rolled forward, ever threatening,

ever ravaging, ever equipped for war, into the European provinces, Servia, Bosnia, Dalmatia, Transylvania, for a century and a half menacing the house of Austria in Vienna itself. In the battle of 1687, Prince Eugene of Savoy, the great conqueror of the Turks, here commenced as a young man his glorious career with a complete victory.

Yes, much could the Danube tell of the furious and sanguinary battles of all ages and of all nations. Here the Roman cohorts, nay, the emperors themselves, encountered the ancient unconquerable German tribes. Here the Huns pushed on their savage hordes, like beasts of prey, against the West; and Attila, the rudest of barbarians, was not far from marrying Honoria Augusta, the emperor's daughter. Here settled the nobler Goths, and hence marched the great Theodoric, to give peace for a short time to *his* kingdom of Italy, so much had the relative position of nations changed in the course of four centuries; the despised barbarian sat upon the throne of the Cæsars, more noble, more energetic, more powerful, than their degenerate descendants.

And again, after a revolution in the history of nations, Huns panting for conquest were seated here and harassed the German Empire by their invasions. At this time, it had one of those emperors, for whose sake nations learn to love sovereigns; the glorious Henry I, the annihilator of the Avars at Merseburg, and on the plain of the Lech, to whom the puerile surname of "the Fowler," is more be-

coming than to many another that of "the Great," because he united with undisputed greatness the rare gift of a simple spirit.

The roving hordes disappear; the nations settle themselves according to circumstances; the great ferment for gaining a footing in Europe is past. After all these contests for the soil, for existence agreeable to their own manners, for material interests, all at once there poured—and this time from West to East—torrents of men, who forsook the soil, gave up their own manners, renounced material interests, and inundated the East for a purely ideal object—to help to rescue the grave of Christ from the hands of Infidels. Here, along this Danube, marched one host of the fanatic multitude, without order, without inward or outward support, without any acknowledged, self-confident leader, whose mental superiority regulates and guides inconsiderate popular movements. Because a dove had once brought tidings from Ararat, and guided the Ark thither, Peter the Hermit gave the stupid multitude a goose and a goat for guides. To these God would point out the way; these they were to follow. They did so, and came of course to a deplorable end.

The eleventh century had sent forth aged men, women, and children, under the impulse of the chimeras of a blind religious zeal, out of Europe into the East; the East revenged itself in the fourteenth, when the invasions of the Greek Empire by the Ottomans

from Asia Minor commenced, and despatched hosts of warriors, who were led on by Sultans athirst for conquest. One of these was Bayesid Yilderim—that is, Thunder-bolt. He penetrated into Bulgaria and threatened Hungary. The French had formerly furnished the most numerous crusaders, and now, though the religious impulse was perhaps extinct, the impulse to acquire glory by military exploits was not. The flower of the French chivalry, with the Count de Nevers at their head, marched to the assistance of the Hungarian monarch. But, alas! they only plunged him and themselves into perdition. Their valour was carried to temerity; they despised every precaution, every warning, all advice. And if the sky were to fall, the doughty knights would support it with their lances. The consequence of their presumption was a prodigious defeat, lower down the Danube, near Nicopolis, the Emperor Trajan's "town of victory," in the year 1396.

The Turk now became the arch-foe of all Europe, which had great difficulty to withstand him, till, intoxicated by his victories, he sank into a lethargy which laid to sleep the vital principle. From this opium-stupor he roused up in our times, ashamed of himself, and dazzled by the splendid progress of European enlightenment. He too felt a desire to enter the ranks of the movement; he is now striving to do so. Who can tell whether and how far he will succeed? I believe not. From the kernel proceeds the fruit, not from the shell. From the inmost

life of a nation, from its moral, religious, and political wants, proceed its reforms; such for instance, as were, in Germany, the Reformation, in England, the overthrow of the house of Stuart, in Sweden, the expulsion of the union-kings. But what want of the Musselman nation can furnish the ground for an innovation, which obliges its troops to relinquish the commodious Eastern dress, and to put on the inconvenient European uniform? I pity the poor Musselman who is required to become thoroughly European, and yet has not the European nerve for it.

It is now nine in the evening, and for an hour we have been lying at anchor off Semlin. To-day we have kept almost constantly near the right bank of the Danube. This part of Hungary is called Slavonia, and appears to be a swampy country. We passed the ruins of Erdöd, which gives their surname to the Counts Palffy; Illok, which belongs to the Princes Odescalchi; Kaminicz, with its beautiful garden, extending to the river; and, next, Peterwardein, which is said to be a very strong fortress, and in the Turkish wars cost much blood both to Christians and Mohamedans. You see nothing of it but the walls.

Sometimes the country is adorned with vine-covered hills, but in general nothing is to be seen but sand-banks, and the reedy shore standing half under water, as far as the eye can reach.

The state of the water just now is said to be quite

extraordinary: it is twelve feet higher than usual. Certain it is that we saw haycocks upon the trees. These stood up to their tops in water, and hay was carried to them in boats, and laid upon their branches to dry. Boats were also used to go to and from many houses, which are usually upon dry land; the tops of the grass peeping above the water, as in the lagoons of Venice, attested this. Several herds of white cattle enlivened the rich moist meadows, and wild ducks the reeds. Sometimes a solitary fishing-eagle darted down into the river upon his prey. One might fancy one's self upon the sea, so wide, so silent, is this mighty river. It is not beautiful, yet not quite destitute of charm: it is solitary as greatness.

We arrived here in the dark. Semlin is the last town of Hungarian Slavonia. The Save, which here discharges itself into the Danube, separates it from Belgrade, the first of Turkish Servia; and thenceforward the right bank continues to be not Mohamedan, but under Turkish paramountship. I know not whether this is the proper term to designate the connexion between Servia and the Porte; I fear not: but I cannot find one which precisely expresses that precarious connexion, which stands moreover under Austrian and Russian influence. Belgrade I should have liked to see. John Hunyades, prince Eugene, Laudon, so bravely defended or reduced it—the latter so lately as in 1789. But, two years afterwards, Austria, then involved in the

war of the French revolution, was obliged to cede it again. And now it is Turkish, and will no doubt continue Turkish. The high potentates choose rather that the Turk should possess it than one of themselves. This they call policy, and European balance of power, my Clara!

August 29th.

We keep advancing on our peaceful watery course. The company of the first place has dwindled to six persons, and the deck is free from passengers' luggage, so that one can move about. The weather is most lovely, very hot in the day, as it is fitting for summer, and refreshingly cool at night; magnificent sunsets and magnificent star-lit firmament. Of the earth you notice chiefly the wooded hilly Servian shore, because it is the finer of the two; and, on the Hungarian, the numerous little military guard-houses, wooden huts, in which Austrian soldiers keep watch, lest any one should cross over from Servia, on account of the plague. Should a boat or a man, nevertheless, venture to attempt it, they would be fired at without ceremony. This part of Hungary is called the Banat, or the military frontier, and extends to Wallachia.

Récollecting the Frenchman, who wrote from Hindostan, "Je ne crois pas aux tigres, car je n'en ai pas vu," I will not say the same thing of the notorious gnats of Golubacz, whose abodes we passed to-day without annoyance. On fine summer



evenings, and in the vicinity of water, there are gnats every where.

From Golubacz and the rock of Babakai, which shoots up, abrupt and solitary, out of the river, both banks gradually assume a rocky character, and here, about Drénkowa—I accentuate as the name is pronounced—where we have lain at anchor ever since four in the afternoon, the Danube resembles a small lake encompassed with rocks. Over these rocks the evening sun sheds his delicate and glowing tints: the lower wooded ones tinged with gold and green, the upper bright red, those at a distance bare, purple, and rose-coloured. A transparent cloud flying over us has sent down a refreshing shower, and a prodigious rainbow spans the whole sky, not like that “iron gate,” which we shall soon have to pass through, but a celestial one, through which one would fain fly on silver wings—as one wished a thousand times when a child—to heaven. But the Peri is not yet permitted to enter: no better, lighter, more peaceful world is yet allotted to her than this terrestrial world!

The whole western sky glows like fire: a delicate rosy veil hangs even over the rainbow, standing immoveably in the east, so that it looks as if illumined by ruby light. This I have never seen before. How bold is Nature in her fantasies! How inimitably does she execute all that she attempts! How incessantly is she inventing something new!

Man too would be more inventive in the domain

of art, in the creation of the beautiful, if he were not tied down by the bonds of custom, fashion, prejudice, habit, which are as invisible and infrangible as the cords with which the Lilliputians confined Gulliver. In times when custom was more simple, fashion powerless, prejudice undeveloped, habit independent of the influence of society, Art had more scope, more freedom. People, indeed, conceive that this is the case at present, because they have at command so much science and experience; but that is an error. Science and experience have their weak points, their prepossessions, their unconquerable prejudices, as well as the creations of a free imagination. If the rock for this latter was want of rules, that for the former is assuredly a superabundance of them. Are there still wonder-working men, like Murillo, for instance, painting freely and frankly a Madonna de la Servilleta on the table-cloth during the dessert by way of acknowledgment for dinner, and who can unaffectedly turn all they touch into a little work of art?

This just brings to my recollection a picture of Murillo's, which I have seen in the Belvedere at Vienna, and which is one of the most exquisite of his works, Clara—St. John in the wilderness, but as a boy. With what large, ominous, and yet touchingly child-like eyes he gazes into the future, while a seraphic wonder is diffused over his beautiful face! I believe, you must know, that man has

ominous presentiments of his inevitable future, obscurely veiled, as they necessarily must be, owing to the faculties which he has received; for passion mingles with them, reflection comes later, understanding analyses, doubt decomposes, and at last the cry is: 'There is nothing in presentiments!' Still, I believe in them. Not that they portend this or that particular circumstance: one cannot say positively, 'This will happen,' or 'Such a thing will befall me!' By no means. Only, at times, a thought, a longing, a certainty arises in your soul, which seems to have no connexion whatever with present circumstances, with your life as it is at the moment. You think nothing of it, you even forget it, and, behold! years afterwards, perhaps, it becomes very gradually clear to you that this strange impression, incomprehensible to yourself, has become the woof to the warp of your life. This you saw and knew at first, because the mind is not cramped in its free action by the fetters of time and space; only it was not clear to you, because the sensible world lay between the then and the now.

This is what I call presentiments, fore-notices, and with us every-day people they may be faint and rare enough. But, in strong and richly endowed natures, in such a soul as John's, I can conceive them to be of that intense energy which Murillo has expressed in this child. Looking beyond the sphere of his infantile existence, he

beholds himself in the wilderness, clothed in the skins of beasts, as a prophet pointing to the higher prophets, in prison, in death—and beholds it all with the greatest certainty, with the greatest simplicity, just like a child to whom you say, “You will once be an angel with golden wings and be with God Almighty,” and the child thinks it perfectly natural.

Whenever I see one of Murillo’s master-pieces, I cannot help repeating, “To no man whatever has the human soul so revealed itself as to him.” And what for us is the most extraordinary thing of all—he is not a clever painter—only an inspired one. The moderns are clever—that is, some few of them—very clever, acute, perspicacious, familiar with the inward life and its operation upon outward appearance, artistically inspired. This is a great deal in our days, when nine-tenths of the painters, of the poets, of the artists of every kind, make a paltry trade, a source of scanty livelihood, out of what ought to be a worship. For that Murillo-inspiration, the soul must be attuned to a different note, and for such a one as is no longer heard in the world. Genius sleeps, talent wakes. Whoever is at this day under twenty-five years old, has to a certainty *one* considerable talent. Talent feeds and fattens: it seems to be a kind of disease, which people must have in their youth, that they may rest from it in their age. All are desirous to attain the highest degree of technical ability; in

this way genius is stifled, and so technical ability becomes the acme of talent. This system will be carried to such a length that we shall conceive an aversion to talent, because we shall find that it makes the possessor rather stupid. I appear to myself like Hoffmann's "Johannes Kreisler." Out of pure love for music, he will not hear any, because it is not performed to his mind. Poor Kreisler! did he not go mad? Yes, yes, that is quite natural; whoever has ideas, has assuredly a fixed idea among them, which may become so fixed, as to kill all the others—and this is madness. Sometimes, however, we most unjustly call those fixed ideas to which our own are opposed, but which they cannot extirpate. This ought to make us indulgent, not impatient, as is too frequently the case.

Orsowa, August 30th.

Yesterday, I vagabondized in what I wrote to you, my dear Clara: to-day, I shall stick to the Danube.

Thick fog covered the river, when we left the Ludwig at Drénkowa, and proceeded in a covered boat with nine rowers. But, as the sun rose, the fog sank, and the lighting up was as exquisite as the admirable scenery deserved. Unluckily, I did not see it entirely as I could have wished; and, during the seven hours' passage, I frequently regretted that I had chosen to go by water. The magnificent land

route, a road formed by blasting the rock, a *Via mala* in miniature, which is only a few meadows distant from the bank, must afford a much wider prospect than our close-roofed bark. But we were enticed by the wish to see the falls of the Danube, and to make acquaintance with their dangerous whirlpools by passing through them. Unluckily, I must say, the water was so high that we scarcely perceived them. There appeared, indeed, in two places, across the whole breadth of the river, small curling ripples, from which the existence of invisible obstacles might be inferred—nothing more; neither did we hear anything of the mighty roar of these falls. After this there is nothing to rouse the Danube from his imperturbable repose, and he never puts off the character of the most imposing majesty—like Jupiter, knitting his brows and shaking his locks to produce storm and tempest. And in these profound wildernesses, in these undisturbed solitudes, the Danube could not be uneasily agitated, without disturbing the whole impression.

Hemmed in on both sides by rocks, the river here is not above five hundred feet broad; prevented from spreading itself, it is urged forward with rapid current—rapid but not impetuous. The rocks are of surprising beauty, abrupt as crystal in their forms, with declivities and ravines as suddenly precipitous as in the mountains of primitive formation; with green cataracts, as it were, of the most beautiful

wood pouring down them, dense, full, crisped, heavy. The towering peaks, the scooped out ravines, the perpendicular walls, are tapestried and carpeted with a luxuriance of foliage such as I can figure to myself in the primitive forests of America, and as I never before saw. It is uncultivated Nature in her greatest beauty : it is her triumph, for she suffers nothing to be wanting, neither the majestic beauty of the Rhine, nor the soft beauty of the Moselle, nor the romantic beauty of the Neckar—none.

The sky was of a deep azure, and troops of eagles were slowly circling around the summits of the rocks. The silence of the wilderness reigned. The woods slept, magnetised by the powerful rays of the sun. We entered a defile, where general Veterani with three hundred men once arrested the advance of the Turks. We passed the flat rock, upon which the name of the emperor Trajan tells of the ancient glorious exploits of the Romans against the nations of the North. I thought neither of Veterani nor of Trajan ; but only of the Forest-woman of the old Tales, stalking with long, light step, drawing a green train after her, with great, waving curls, and an eagle upon her head ; gazing around with large piercing eye, whose glance is so powerful, so irresistible ; and saying, without words, by mysterious signs, “Come to my solitude ; forsake the toil, the trouble, and the disquiet, of the world without ; peace and freedom are here—what wouldst thou more, O man ?” Nothing, oh nothing whatever, so

long as the spell lasts which that glance has thrown over you ; but soon this is no longer sufficient, and when you are once out of the magic circle, you cannot help asking, "What then art thou doing here, Forest-woman? Thou art the offspring of paganism, and must give place to civilization, which tolerates no old Tales." This occurs to me now, I ought to say, it did not in the morning.

I sat—only think! on the top of the arched roof of the bark, *à la Turque*, in the broiling sun, not very conveniently; but such sights one sees but once in one's life and never again: one must, therefore, make some effort for the sake of them. The Banat shore was somewhat disturbed by the numerous guard-posts. That looks so hostile. Are there then enemies, where there is scarcely a single man? One, however, we did see on the wild shore of Servia. Alders stood in the water; the wild vine clambered up them, and beneath sat, in a very small boat, a Servian, in the picturesque costume of wide, dark-blue, fluttering garments, with broad red belt and red fez. Whether he was fishing, or whether he was doing nothing, we could not discern. At any rate, he formed a picture apart, in which life was otherwise expressed than in that of great majestic Nature.

About one o'clock, we arrived here and found a very tolerable inn. Here is the frontier of the Banat: first a small stream, then a bit of swampy meadow—neutral land—and then begins Wallachia.



When you have passed this frontier, you are *en contumace* for Europe; and if you wished to return up the Danube, you must clear yourself from the suspicion of plague, by performing quarantine in the neighbouring village of Szupanek. We ought to have immediately taken the first vehicle we could get, and driven off to the baths of Melhadia, to which a capital road, as I am told, takes you in two hours and a half, and which are particularly interesting on account of their immense supply of water. As we omitted to do so, we were obliged to confine ourselves for the afternoon to the environs of this place.

The hills are still extremely beautiful, though not quite so steep and precipitous as before. Tinted by the many-coloured lights of evening, they acquired a new charm. The place itself is absolutely destitute of attraction, without gardens, without fields. Here is grown some kukuruz, there stands a walnut-tree, yonder a whole thicket of elder, and there a thorn hedge, inclosing what looks something like a kitchen-garden, and all wearing an aspect of decay and neglect. And yet men dwell here, who were not born for Orsowa, who have lived in the world, and are acquainted with the luxuries of society: bound by their official situations, they *must* dwell here. Ah! how painful may be that necessity!

A place that struck us is the *skela*, a double fence of laths along the Danube, where the Turks on the

water side and the Hungarians on the land side traffic with one another, without daring either of them to touch their commodities. Officers of the quarantine stand between the two fences, and convey the money from one side to the other. The small fortress of New-Orsowa, on an island, has a Turkish garrison and looks at a distance not very commanding.

On board the *Zriny*, August 31st.

This is an unsent letter, my dear Clara. I write down at the moment what I see and do. If I were to wait till I had finished my voyage, and then to give you one continuous report, that might be clearer; but I dare not venture to do it, for, in truth, I am afraid of forgetting incidents. They are not, it is true, either very abundant or very extraordinary: I do not travel too fast for the eye to grasp them; but everything is so different, so totally different!

How our *Zriny* is manned! The captain, a most agreeable man, is a Dalmatian; the crew consists of Wallachians. The chief mate wears the Albanian dress, of which I had yesterday a transient glimpse on the Servian in the boat, and which, I am told, is very common in these parts, namely, wide bagging dark-blue breeches confined below the knee, short jacket of the same colour, the sleeves of which are slit at the wrist, and provided with small buttons, so that you can see the white shirt-sleeves, and the

crimped muslin ruffles. Dark blue gaiters descend only to the ankle, leaving the foot exposed; and this, in white stocking and woman's black shoe, looks extremely smart. Belt and fez are a deep red. Whether it is the dress, whether it is the way in which the man wears it—sometimes with a touch of swagger, sometimes coquetting with his well-dressed moustaches—in short, he makes himself charming, and reminds me of Andalusia.

Our sailors, it is true, are the reverse of charming, though they are all well-grown and well-shaped; but they are filthy in the extreme. Their dress is a shirt, with dark-blue or red stars, worked upon the seams by their wives; breeches of light-grey woollen stuff with a blue stripe at the seams, gaiters in the Albanian fashion, and bare feet. With superfluous clothing they do not trouble themselves in this hot weather.

The principal articles of female apparel are a long-sleeved chemise, likewise worked with red or blue at the seams, a large white handkerchief over the head, and two woollen aprons with stripes of different colours, the one hanging before, the other behind, sometimes fringed at the bottom. I tell you, never was anything like it seen, even on the stage.

Before we start, I am running over the list of passengers, and find in it, to my great astonishment, Sultana so and so, with her children, but in the second place. For us a Sultana is a being something like the phoenix, so fabulous and poetical: it scanda-

lized me, therefore, not a little, to have to seek her aft by the kitchen. But this Sultana seemed to make herself quite happy there: she was a squab, elderly Greek, with a fur cap over uncombed hair, which corresponded with her title as well as a turkey-hen with a bird of paradise. In this manner everything is strikingly different—costumes, names, objects.

Early this morning we again proceeded in our boat, and in two hours rowed from Orsowa to Skela Cládowa, entirely on account of the falls. At the point called the Iron Gate, a certain boiling of the water was indeed perceptible, and the rocks were again of high and stern beauty. Steamers would be able to go down the river, in spite of its falls and whirlpools—so I am told, and some are said to have made the attempt; but it is too troublesome a job to get them up the river again, as they must be towed by horses or oxen.

The rocks subside before you reach Skela Cládowa, and the river and steamer resume their undisturbed course. We went on board the *Zriny*, which is kept in a state of delightful English cleanliness and order, and first passed between the remains of Trajan's bridge, of which we could perceive no vestiges, but the relics of the two end piers standing upon the shore. This bridge was the first and the only one that ever spanned the Lower Danube. It was erected by Trajan, and demolished by his successor Hadrian. It would appear that Hadrian,

who had a real passion for building, could not endure any edifices but his own.

The wretched straggling Wallachian village of Kalafat, where we lay to for a moment, is not without interest. Here is to be had the best caviar, which, when eaten fresh on the spot, has a very different flavour from that prepared in winter, which comes to Germany. Caviar is the roe of the sturgeon, for which a considerable fishery is carried on in the Danube. At a tolerable distance from the bank, in the river, stand half naked people immovable about a sturgeon, or in default of that, some other fish, to catch it with their hands. This occupation demands infinite patience and address. But large nets, spread for a long space in the river, proved that they do not trust to their hands alone.

At length we passed the fortress of Widdin, which is situated on the Servian side, in a large plain, and, with its numerous white minarets, produced a very favourable impression as the first Turkish town we had seen. A minaret is really a very graceful object. A tall pillar, surrounded by a gallery, and above that, running up to a very small point. Sometimes it reminds you of a ship's mast, at others of a flower-stalk, with the yet unblown bud, but always of something elegant. A hideous contrast was presented by the palace of the pacha, a long, mean building near the Danube, irregular, of wood, decaying, deserted. Its small harem, inclosed with

a wall, having cane blinds before the windows, stands contiguous to it, and outside the suburb is a gipsy encampment composed of tents.

This singular houseless race, which has no abiding place on earth, and no where leaves permanent traces behind it, roves about in great number on the Lower Danube, on both banks. These people live only in tents outside the towns; in winter, in holes underground, or in caves and woods. They subsist by begging and stealing, musical performances and tinkering: some are good blacksmiths. Most of them are Christians, following all sorts of pagan customs; as to others, nobody knows whether they belong to any religious communion or not; they are like the beasts of the desert, wild, unruly, and free, having no intercourse with other men, among whom they cannot bear to be. Nobody knows what is their origin—nobody can form an idea whether they are susceptible of any civilization. They pass on mysteriously through ages, as if enveloped in a dark cloud.

Missionaries and Bible Societies venture to penetrate to the most savage tribes of Africa, Asia, and Australia—the gipsies they do not venture to visit. The gipsy is abandoned to his fate, and the only notice taken of him is to oblige him to pay a tax; namely, a ducat per head every year. According to the account of a German settled at Jassy, who had been our fellow-traveller from Pesth, this tax is in-

## LETTERS OF A

*roduced at least into Moldavia, where there are half a million of gipsies. The rich boyar is exempt from tax—not so the gipsy. Is not that extraordinary! They are divided, like the ancient Romans, into sections of ten, one hundred, five hundred, and the chief of the five hundred is held responsible for the tax. Thus all that these people know of the state of human society is the burden which they are forced to bear. However, they enjoy a right: a horde of gipsies must be allowed to stay three days wherever they think proper to pitch their camp, though, bearing a very bad character, they are almost always unwelcome. Yes, I have to-day beheld Turkish and gipsy abodes face to face. Still stranger phenomena will come by and by.*

September 1.

It becomes tedious to me to name all the places which we pass. Indeed, the Danube itself begins to be tedious, growing broader and broader, and the Wallachian bank, to which we chiefly keep, having a most miserable appearance.hovels, gray, and no higher than mole-hills, without tree or shrub—these are villages; and the town of Giúrgewo; off which we are lying at anchor, on account of some business, and which we have just visited with ungratified curiosity, is far from looking like a Silesian village. Wallachia stands like Servia and Moldavia in a certain subordinate relation to the Porte, which dates from

the times of the great Turkish conquests, but has indeed since suffered great modifications and changes, the more the Turkish power has declined before that of Russia and Austria. Formerly, they were obliged to pay an enormous tribute, and then were not safe from predatory invasions. Hence the desolate aspect of the country at this day: people would not cultivate it, because they were in constant fear of the enemy and of pillage.

Since the independence of Greece and the Russian war with Turkey, these countries have been placed on a footing of greater security and freedom—with respect to Turkey, that is—but internally they have not thereby become independent. The boyars have the right of electing their hospodar; the Porte is obliged to confirm him. There is no end to the struggles of the various interests and parties, to cabals and intrigues. The new hospodar of Wallachia, Prince Bibésko, has just set out for Constantinople. Whether the boyars will hereafter permit their hospodar to exercise a beneficial activity upon the country—whether he is disposed to do so if he can—whether he will not always be forced by internal and external circumstances to trim, in order to keep himself uppermost—whether the fate of Poland. . . . this is a threatening resemblance which has occurred to me; but it must occur to every one.

Giúrgewo looks like a vast heap of rubbish and filth, above which a roof rises here and there. A



number of fresh passengers are coming on board : I must have a peep at them. Till to-morrow, my Clara !

Gallacz, September 3d. On board the Zriny.

The arrangements for the navigation of the Danube, are, indeed, too tedious. There ought to be one line of steamers organised for passengers without stopping till they reach Constantinople, and another for goods, which might stop according to occasion. We arrived here yesterday evening at six o'clock, and shall not start before noon to-morrow—forty-two hours thrown away !

The day before yesterday I broke off abruptly. Our good captain had sent for some Turkey coffee for me : it is not amiss. The bean is pounded quite fine, and then boiled somewhat like chocolate. As people here have not yet had the ingenuity to devise substitutes, this coffee, which is drunk out of very small cups, is strong and invigorating. For us it was sugared, which is not the Turkish custom. Our new fellow-travellers were some Wallachian officers, who looked perfectly European in their blue and yellow uniforms ; and some ladies, who looked, I may say, hyper-European, so *outré* was their costume. One of them, for instance, wore not only a gown with a train of extravagant length, but a heavy, wadded, woollen mantle, which trailed after her, and looked really unsightly. Another, a small, insignificant person, could scarcely get free from all the folds of her gown, shawl, and ribbons. She

appeared as if she had not done growing, but was, nevertheless, the mother of five children, and married at eleven years of age!!

A Turkish inspector of customs, of high rank, and his attendants, filled our Zriny to such a degree that I thanked Heaven I had my solitary little chamber.

The Turkish gentlemen wear brown coats braided, of the European cut, and the red fez with a blue tassel. This is neither fish nor flesh, neither national Turkish, nor modern European, and forms a tasteless medley. Of the vaunted Turkish dignity in attitude and demeanour, I have found nothing. The walk of the inspector, whom I have just mentioned, was a waddle, and he tottered when he stood still. Of his attendants two only, and those apparently the lowest menials, wore turbans of variegated shawls; the others were dressed like himself. At Braila, and here, on his arrival, there came persons on board to pay their respects to him, and kissed his hand. No gentleman here crosses the street unattended; a servant must follow, and, if he makes pretensions to elegance, in Greek costume. And what does this Greek carry after his master? In one hand the pipe, in the other the kantshu. A mongrel between Turk and Cossack, trimmed up with French polish—that is what a Wallachian gentleman seems to be.

Yesterday we landed at Braila, called by the Russians Brailow, and by the Turks Ibrahim. This

is the fortress, the reduction of which, conjointly with that of Varna in Bulgaria, in the last Turkish war, opened to the Russians the way to Constantinople. People here in general are of opinion that bribery effected its capture. I have no hesitation to believe it. In Turkey, corruptibility is a very ancient taint, and a very natural consequence of Oriental despotism. Providing against the contingency of falling into disgrace without precisely losing his head, or of getting the cord, a man seizes every occasion for amassing wealth, which, in favour or disgrace, is always a servicable thing. Now, to say nothing of the bribery, it seems to me a most astonishing self-denial of the emperor of Russia, that he did not proceed to Constantinople, and show to the city of the Byzantine emperors, and of the Ottoman sultans, the step of a victorious czar. After the peace, the Porte was obliged to demolish all its fortresses at the mouth of the Danube; in consequence; nothing is to be seen of that of Braila but part of the walls.

This town is seated on the high bank of the river, and is said to have a considerable trade, so that great commercial houses of Trieste have agents here. It is not handsome, paved only in places, very incompactly built, with vacant spots about the houses. The most connected part is composed of wooden stalls, which form two or three long wretched streets. The goods seem to be of the simplest and lowest kind—coarse stuffs, articles of

leather, provisions. Children and calves were capering about among them; and Jews called after us. We soon made our retreat.

Here, in Gallacz, it is somewhat, but no great deal better. We have discovered some very pretty houses with gardens, in our two hours' ramble through the town. I say discovered, for hovels, wood-piles, cattle-stalls, are all huddled together around them. I felt really sorry for these neat dwellings, with their bright glistening windows, in such motley company. There is said to be a tolerable hotel here, and the exterior is not amiss; but I preferred remaining on board our *Zriny*, and therefore can give no opinion of a Wallachian house of public entertainment.

To-day is Sunday. The flags are hoisted at all the consulates, and produce a cheerful effect: most of the shops are shut; but the Jews are following their avocations. One of them was holding an auction in the public street, and in mountebank style praising his wretched cloths; and great numbers were seated with small counters before their house-doors. Let a place be as filthy as it will, the Jews invariably find means to make themselves look still filthier—and even here! The people produce a most melancholy impression, being in reality but a scarcely perceptible step above the beasts, scantily clothed and ragged. A whole circle of them had gathered round a dancing bear, and were highly

diverted. The bear was really the most civilised of the whole company. He was no longer, it is true, in the complete rudeness of the state of nature, he had learned to dance; but they—nothing. And then, what fare they subsist upon! I am far from believing that gluttony is favourable to the development of mind, or that a Vitellius can achieve great things in any other line than gormandizing; but one who is annoyed by permanent hunger will never unfold genius.

I was watching a fisherman to-day. He gave me no trouble to do so; for five hours he remained on the same spot in his boat; whenever I looked, there was he still! He was fishing with a line, which he had wound round his finger; the hook was driven about at the mercy of the current. What was his breakfast?—a raw head of kukuruz:—his dinner?—grapes, so unripe that they were like green peas. Here, the nauseously sweet water-melon is what potatoes are with us. Potatoes are unknown; they are a foreign and most extraordinary production. Of course, the unripe fruit eaten in great quantity, together with the unwholesome exhalations of the marshy shore, generate in summer, on the Lower Danube, pestilential fevers, which sweep away the poor, neglected inhabitants.

I am growing more and more impatient to leave the Danube; still I must confess that I never found myself so well and so comfortable on any other like

occasion, as I have done during this voyage. The uncommonly fine weather may have contributed to this effect. To-day it has changed; and now we are just coming to the inhospitable Black Sea. I had certainly rather be with you at Pyrmont, my Clara.

## LETTER V.

TO MY MOTHER.

Voyage through the Black Sea—Entrance of the Bosphorus.

Constantinople, September 7, 1843.

HERE I am, dearest mamma, here I am! This morning, about eleven o'clock, we dropped anchor in the Golden Horn. The full beauty of the Bosphorus surrounds me, and to this the golden apple seems to me to be due. To look out now, in this tranquil moonlit evening, is like a dream sent me by some beneficent fairy. The soft cupolas of the mosques, the elegant minarets, the tranquil cypress groves, every object that rises above the valleys, and stands out from the hills—for here, in the city itself, are hill and dale—is bathed in bluish vapour. Night rests upon the valleys, but it is enlivened by a countless multitude of lights glimmering in all the diminutive houses, which to my European eye

appear dwarf-like as card-houses. Dull sounds still ascend hither from the harbour, and now and then is heard the barking of a dog. If the latter does not exactly belong to a fairy dream, it belongs to Constantinople.

Well, I am here at last ; that is the grand point. The passage hither was not the most agreeable : the whole vessel full of 'Turks, Jews, and bugs ! Charming fellow-travellers, don't you think ? and yet, excepting the third sort of passengers, very entertaining ones ; for now, my dear mother, it is not merely the costumes and the physiognomies that are new, but the manners and customs, and consequently the ideas also—for the former are the offspring of the latter. The deck of our extremely dirty and untidily kept steamer, the Ferdinand, which started at noon on the 4th, was almost entirely occupied by those passengers ; but a barrier parted them from the small space allotted to the first place. These people brought with them bag and baggage, sought a spot for themselves, spread out a mat, upon that a carpet or a mattress, added a coverlet, pulled off their shoes, and clapped themselves down. Water-melons, a water-jar, bread, cheese, and the beloved pipe, in short all that they needed for housekeeping, surrounded them ; and, as a Turk who supplies coffee resides permanently in a cabin of the Ferdinand, nothing was wanting to their comfort, for they care not about exercise. Their habit of inaction

was a fortunate circumstance; for, though they could, it is true, stand up, there was no room for walking.

To me, I must confess, this inaction is inexpressibly repugnant, when it does not arise from the dominion of mind over the body. In moments of the most intense mental occupation, the body is sometimes paralysed, as it were—this I can comprehend. But people to whom the world of ideas is hermetically closed appear to me stupid, and any thing but dignified—as one so often hears them called—when they sit like porcelain images on our mantelpieces, and smoke. Smoking might be an independent movement. An expert smoker of a cigar looks not amiss; he takes it up, he throws it down; he is not its slave; he smokes it merely for his pleasure; but here they have no cigars, nothing but pipes—pipes as long as the man, with very small red earthen bowls, and a clumsy mouth-piece of amber, lying like a bladder outside the lips—pipes, the heads of which rest upon small plates set on the floor before the smoker, who is absolutely fixed behind them, for how can he stir with this whole apparatus?—in short, pipes that transform him into a smoke-machine.

I am convinced that this incessant smoking has deteriorated the Turkish character. It may always have been disposed to the stationary: tobacco has rendered it stagnant. When it was introduced into Constantinople, in the first years of the seventeenth



century, the Sultans prohibited it, upon pain of the severest punishments. It was to no purpose; the practice spread with incredible rapidity. Now, the Turk is a slave to his pipe, and smoking is the business, the pleasure, the end and aim of his life.

There sat one, with a green shawl about his turban: he moved not an eye-lash for hours together. Formerly, none durst wear green but those who belonged to the family of the Prophet; now, all may who have performed the pilgrimage to Mecca. I have observed but one Turk say his prayers—that was the coffee-man. Suddenly stepping across the barrier to the first place, because there was more vacant room in it, he left his slippers behind him, turned himself with his face towards the south-east, towards Mecca, and performed the ceremony of prayer in such a manner that I could not help admiring the incredible suppleness of his limbs. For it is not sufficient to kneel down once for all; but, after prescribed pauses, which he fills up with silent prayer, he must sink down on both knees and both hands, touch the ground with his forehead, and gently and lightly raise himself again. Difficult as it is to perform this movement rapidly and expertly, he acquitted himself to admiration. At the conclusion of the prayer, the Mohamedan must pass his hand over his face, that every trait of hypocrisy may be banished from it—is not that excellent?—and, lastly, make an obeisance to the two angels who stand by him when at prayer. This my coffee-man

did punctually. But the two angels beside every one who prays are a delightful emblem, are they not?

I observed also the morning prayers of the Hebrews, chiefly in the person of an old man, who, in spite of his snow-white beard, looked decidedly the reverse of venerable. With a leathern thong, he fastened a black case containing the ten commandments about his grey head, twisted the end of the thong round the fingers of the left hand, threw a striped woollen covering over his head, put on a pair of spectacles, and began to read assiduously in a book, at the same time moving the lips silently, but violently. When he had done praying, he carefully put away those things, after he had devoutly kissed each of them.

When you closely observe these customs, you cannot help asking, how it is possible for men to hate or to despise one another on account of these forms, as they have all sprung from one fundamental idea, that of purifying and elevating the soul. But you likewise ask yourself, it is true, whether one form is better than another. Does not the Catholic kneel like the Mohamedan? does not the Protestant read like the Hebrew? is not bending the knee, like prayer or hymn book, an expression of the same devotion, paid to the same God? We may possibly find that one form is better suited than another to our individual feeling, and therefore the right one

for us; but whether it is the only right one before God is assuredly much more than doubtful.

I am of opinion that travel and residence among foreign nations are not particularly favourable to orthodoxy: one melancholy consideration in this is, that orthodoxy, the belief prescribed by human laws, is invariably confounded with faith, which is a faculty not dependent on the law, but on the convictions of the soul. Orthodoxy inoculates the inner man with certain laws. Faith is an emanation from the inner man. The one resembles the essence which you drop upon an artificial flower to give it a scent; the other is the scent of a natural flower.

There was a Turk on board, with his wife and two children. Few Europeans would pay such attention to his family as this man did. In spite of his pipe, he was up every moment to do something or other for them. The wife was muffled up in a dark cloak and a white veil, for it would have been shockingly indecent to show her face in the presence of strange men: but, as no stockings are worn, and blue wide trowsers reach at furthest only to the middle of the leg, this is exhibited with an unconcern which, with us again, would be shockingly indecent. When they walk, the Turkish women wear yellow slippers; when they sit down they take them off. When they go out into the street, they first put on yellow boots, like the men's, and slippers over them—both of Morocco leather. It is easy to imagine what

clumsy feet, and what an awkward gait must result from these practices.

With this motley company we started at last—yes, at last—on the fourth day. About a league on the other side of Gallacz, the influx of the Sereth into the Danube forms the boundary between Wallachia and Moldavia; and, a league on this side of Gallacz, the Pruth forms that between Moldavia and Bessarabia, so that the left bank very soon becomes Russian. The villages, and the military posts in particular, now looked somewhat human; but the banks continued to be swampy and overgrown with reeds, and chiefly inhabited by pelicans and herons. About five o'clock the pleasure of advancing was suspended: off Tultscha we anchored, that we might enter the Black Sea in the day-time, on account of the numerous sand-banks. Tultscha is a small town of Bulgaria, on the right bank; and Bulgaria is completely subject to the Porte, not merely tributary, like Servia, Wallachia, and Moldavia. Russia has manœuvred so cleverly, as to get possession at the mouth of the Danube, of a small island off the right bank, so that, at the point where the river discharges itself, it has Russian posts on either side.

I now skip two days. We had a storm for twenty-four hours, and the waves and the rain dashed with such violence upon the deck and over the poor Turks, that the water found its way down below. It was miserable; but last night the weather

was calm, and we were again well and lively; and this morning, about nine o'clock, we had the inhospitable Black Sea behind us, and were entering the Bosphorus. The Bosphorus! this is one of the favourite points of Universal History where, on imperishable material, she engraves imperishable recollections. Here Jason navigated with his Argonauts, to secure the golden fleece in Colchis; here Godfrey of Bouillon, with his crusaders, to rescue the holy sepulchre; here Mohamed the conqueror, with his hosts eager for war, to overturn the throne of the Greek empire by the power of the Crescent. A sorceress conducted Jason, a sorceress who had at her command all arts and all powers, excepting only the decisive one—Medea was not loved. An angel conducted Godfrey of Bouillon, protected his heart, and kept his soul humble, so that he was content with performing his task; with recovering the holy sepulchre, and desiring nothing for it but the pleasure of conscious success. A gloomy genius conducted Mohamed—one of those who stand at the landmarks of epochs, brandishing a sharp scourge over that which is passing away, and giving to that which is commencing a grave example, a lesson which, by the by, the Ottoman epoch in Byzantium has not understood. And thus mysterious powers rule and govern around all the extraordinary phenomena in the history of mankind, and happy is that from which the angel has never departed!

Those were strongly marked figures and times

which came to meet me from those hills, out of those waters. Besides—what a tumult! armies, fleets, nations! Greeks and Persians, Genoese and Ottomans, all fighting against each other, all struggling for the goods of life, for the sovereignty of the world, staining the goods with blood and the sovereignty with tyranny, striving long to attain it, enjoying it for a brief space, and then drawn down into the great irresistible whirlpool of the past, on which nothing floats but here and there the ruin of a name or of a deed. But these ruins are here grander than those of Palmyra or Carnac can be. The whole mythology of ancient Greece was here overthrown, precisely where it had its most splendid temples; and out of it all, Prometheus alone still lives, but in another form. Every age has had its Prometheus, and perhaps the old martyred Titan yonder on the Caucasus closed his wearied tortured eyes for ever, when Moses opened his. For every dispenser of light is a Prometheus, and he is not so sure of anything as of a hard rocky bed.

Where once stood those glorious temples, groves, and altars, all is now desolate; the entrance to the Bosphorus is extremely grave. It is marked by fortifications, light-houses, ruins of old castles. At the very first step East and West encounter one another with no very friendly aspect. They seem to be measuring each other's strength, to decide which is to be lord and master. "Thou wouldst be dead but for me," says the East; "the principle of all

life, light—the germ of all civilization, religion—proceed from me as rays from the sun.” “But I,” replies the West, “have carried out that principle, have brought the germ to blossom. Thou art dead, as the flower which withers after it has scattered its seed. I live, for in me there is movement.” Benificent Nature gradually appeases the strife. “O ye fools!” says she; “did not Ilium fall in the East? Did not Byzantium fall in the West? In the presence of such witnesses, can ye quarrel for a perishable dominion! O ye fools! God alone is the Lord, and into me he has breathed his all-ruling power.” And then she begins to develop that power in surpassing loveliness, and to display a luxuriance of vegetation, which is quite unique on a southern coast, and not to be matched in Spain, Sicily, and Italy.

Near Buyúkderé commences more especially this glorious greenery. In broad, bold masses, rise sycamores, evergreen oaks, pines, cypresses, walnut and chestnut trees, from the crest of the hills down to the blue sea; they stand in groups on detached overtopping eminences; mingle in the gardens with fig and laurel, pomegranate and citron trees; fill the ascending ravines as with green waves; impart to the landscape a freshness, a shade, a repose, that form a delightful contrast to the ever-moving sea, which, in the hot sunshine, seems to throw out flames, and to the numberless villages, hamlets, villas, which, gradually becoming larger and larger,

and closer and closer, succeed each other without interruption as far as Constantinople. There the splendid scene reaches its highest point in the Scraglio, an Isola Bella in a grand style—in the style of the East.

## LETTER VI.

### TO MY MOTHER.

Situation and aspect of Constantinople—The Streets—The Cemeteries—The Sultan—The Caïques—The Celestial Waters—Turkish Women.

Constantinople, Sept. 5th. 1843.

I THREW down the pen yesterday, dearest mother, though I had not given you anything worthy to be called a picture. It is too vast, too rich, too diversified, to be comprehended in a single glance. To-day I will make the attempt.

Between the last ranges of the Hæmus or Balkan, on the right, and of the Taurus, on the left, that is, between two mountainous shores, the Bosphorus makes seven windings, from the Black Sea to the Sea of Marmora. Before it opens into the latter, it deeply indents with one arm the European shore, and thus forms the harbour of Constantinople, which is called the Golden Horn, and looks like a river. On a triangular tract between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora or Propontis is seated the city



of Constantinople, on several hills—the Scraglio on the extreme point near the sea. On the other side of the Golden Horn rise the suburbs of Galata and Pera—the latter is the Frank quarter—over hills of considerable height. On the Asiatic side, consequently separated by the whole width of the Bosphorus, lies the suburb of Scutari; and all these towns, united into one vast whole, are so situated that, land where you will, you have a hill to climb and a pretty steep one too. There are, therefore, several hills, and these do not belie the character of the Bosphorus: they are green; they are covered with countless groves of cypresses, and groups of plane trees. Above these rise, like swans above a green sea, the glistening cupolas of about three hundred mosques. Near each stands, like an unearthly watchman, at least one slender white minaret, frequently two, even four, and at Sultan Achmet's six. Under and among the trees, as in a wood that has been thinned out, lie the houses, all, excepting the residences of the ambassadors at Pera and some few palaces belonging to the government, of wood, even that of the Grand Signor, the barracks, the cannon-foundry, the habitations of the pashas; many painted with the most glaring colours, white, light red, light yellow; others embrowned by time like the houses in the Oberland of Berne; others again, especially those of the Catholic Armenians, coloured black and dark gray. In small, narrow streets, they climb up the hills, and each

has, if possible, its garden; if not that, at least a terrace with flower-pots and with a pomegranate or fig-tree; and, if that too is wanting, with a vine before the door, which runs up to the roof, falls down again in drooping branches, and sometimes throws its arms across the street in the form of a festive garland. As schools, baths, kitchens for the poor, are connected with the mosques, these two must have their gardens for recreation. The abodes of the dead, which here occupy almost as much space as those of the living—the cemeteries—are situated among the streets, and form those cypress groves; for all the Turkish burial-places are profusely planted with trees, and never with any other species. Indeed, the cypress, pointing immoveably upward, is a charming emblem beside a grave. There are, moreover, small, separate places of interment of celebrated men, of scholars, monks, saints, of private persons and their families. These invariably consist of a small cypress grove, surrounded by enclosed arcades, so that, on looking between the railings, you can see the green above the walls. You will easily comprehend that, with the sloping situation of the city, the whole appears like a garden, like pleasure-grounds.

I expressly say, *appears*. Figure to yourself a theatrical decoration, painted by the hand of an artist with exquisite taste. You are struck, you are delighted, with the incomparable scenery; you cannot take your eyes from it; you cannot admire it

enough. You are then led behind the scene. Gracious Heaven!—nothing but laths, spars, dirty paper, cords, daubs of oil, coarse canvas—such and precisely such is Constantinople.

I have been more struck with the excessive disorder than even with the excessive filthiness. That the streets are very narrow, very crooked, very steep, is their least fault: owing to their narrowness the kennel in the middle is much more inconvenient, but what a pavement! That of Seville is an elegant floor compared with it. Your parasol sticks fast every three steps between these enormous stones, roughly huddled together, and your feet every ten. As the street slopes too much towards the middle, your step is in fact never firm, for, on account of its narrowness, the slope begins close to the houses. Thus you proceed with difficulty enough. But beware of treading on one of those frightful, mangy, half-wild dogs, which have no notion of getting out of your way, and are therefore very often kicked and trampled on, and then fill the air with their howlings, and which are continually meeting your eye in the most repulsive way. Here is one bringing her litter into the world, there is another suckling hers; yonder lie several dead ones; or they run along under your feet, or are snarling and biting one another. In short, if Constantinople were inhabited by dogs alone you would find it hard enough to get along in these streets, where heaps of filth, rubbish, dung, melon-

parings, of all conceivable and inconceivable things, form barricades, especially in the corners.

But now, take care! there come horses carrying on each side a leather bottle full of oil, and quite covered on the outside with the same. O, pray take care! here comes behind you a whole train of asses, heavily laden with building materials, bricks and planks. Step to the right, out of the way of those men, carrying large baskets of coal on their backs; and now to the left, to avoid those others, who, four, six, or eight together, are carrying bales of goods or casks, of such weight that the two poles as thick as a man's arm, to which they are slung, bend under it. Let not the braying of the asses, the cries of the dealers in confectionary and chestnuts, the howling of the dogs, the warning call of the porters, confuse you; but follow your dragoon, who, with the haste of business, and accustomed to these impediments, strides on before you, and is sometimes hid from your view by the crowd, sometimes in turning round this or the other corner.

You come to a cemetery. It is well known in Europe what reverence the Turks pay to burial-places; how they visit them, and never suffer the dead to be dislodged, as with us, after a certain number of years, to make room for others. In idea, this is very fine; and, when we figure to ourselves the cypress groves, in which white tombstones are set up in the green turf—the whole makes

a solemn and impressive picture. Now, behold the reality ! The greensward is trodden bare, the tombstones stand awry or are thrown down, broken ; wretchedly paved streets run through them : here sheep are grazing, there asses are waiting, yonder geese are gabbling, cocks crowing ; on this spot they are drying clothes, on that a carpenter is at work ; while a train of camels is advancing on one side, a funeral procession is approaching on the other ; there children are playing ; there dogs are fighting ; in fact there is shown the utmost indifference—an absolute profanation of the tombs. True—whoever was buried here four hundred years ago still lies on the same spot. You may conceive what cemeteries these must be, and what a prodigious space they must occupy. Yesterday—to me it was really remarkable—to reach the hotel of Madame Balbiani, which is in a very airy healthy situation, at the very highest point of Pera, we had to pass through two cemeteries ; the house itself stands in a third, and our first walk was to the fourth and fifth, called “ the little ” and the “ great cemetery.” From the latter there is a magnificent view of the Bosphorus, but all the most conspicuous buildings besides the mosques are barracks.

To-day I have seen one of the greatest curiosities of Constantinople, the sultan, as he returned from the mosque of Beglerbey to the palace of the same name. A sultan ! What an idea of power, grandeur, pomp does that word convey. To ascertain in

how far Abdoul Medjid answers this idea, I stood up in the street by the Turkish drum—just like the street-boys in Europe. The street was strewed with sand, and a file of soldiers in European uniforms drawn up. Four superb saddle-horses of the sultan's, led by grooms, opened\* the procession; then followed at least a dozen old pashas or officers of the court, all in the well known brown surtout, with a red fez, and upon fine horses; among them a real monster, the Kislak Aga, the chief of the black eunuchs. Then a pause—and at last, all alone, came sultan Abdoul Medjid, in a long dark blue cloak, above which appeared his pale inanimate face. He rode very slowly; the band received him with an ear-rending "God save the king," the soldiers shouted a scanty *Vivat*. Not a smile deranged his features, not a ray lighted up his eye—a salute is of course out of the question. Some thought his look firm and imposing; I found it only cold, passionless, glassy. When he approached the group of Franks of both sexes, he made his horse caper just a little, perhaps by way of expressing his notice of their salutation. The finest things about him were incontestably the diamonds sparkling on his fez and at his breast. I hear that he has the epilepsy, or nervous attacks, or too large a harem. In short, he looks neither like a powerful sultan nor a healthy young man.

The palace which I mentioned is situated on the Asiatic side, so we were obliged to cross in a

caïque. This is certainly the most inconvenient sort or boat that I ever met with. In the first place, unsafe from its construction, and secondly calculated only for Turkish figures, which double themselves up, like pocket-knives, whenever they sit down, for which reason they are all bow-legged. You must either cower on a scanty carpet or lean cushion on the bottom of the boat, or lay yourself down flat, with your head only above the edge. The rowers sit in short wide linen trousers, and shirts with muslin sleeves, for their work is hard. Notwithstanding their light clothing, they are bathed in perspiration, and hands, face, breast, and legs are so embrowned by air, sun, and wind, that the whole man looks as if he were carved out of old oak. His features are in perfect correspondence, hard, sharp, distinctly marked, not so broad and flat as with us. At the places where you get into these boats, there is always a great tumult, because fifty rowers offer their caïques, and because you must always bargain about the price. This is the custom in Turkey, just the same as among us. Considering the number of Greeks, Slavonians, Ionians, Albanians, Armenians, Jews, and Franks, living here, this is not at all to be wondered at. Frank is the general name, under which the Turks comprehend all Europeans, and Frankistan that for all the countries of Europe. Their Christian subjects, for instance Armenians and Greeks, they call rayas, and Giaur, infidel, is the contemptuous designation of the

Christians in contradistinction to the Mussulman, the true believer.

As we were on the Asiatic side, we proceeded higher up the Bosphorus to Göcksu, the "Celestial Waters." Where a streamlet discharges itself into the Bosphorus, there has formed a somewhat undulating meadow, on which are scattered the most magnificent plane-trees, elms, and oaks. This is called the Celestial Waters, and is a favourite promenade of the Turkish ladies, who yesterday, being Friday, came thither in considerable number—the most distinguished in carriages. There they sit, on carpets spread upon the ground, in parties, and amuse themselves as well as they can, with eating sweetmeats, chatting, but only with one another, smoking, and veiled to the eyes and the bridge of the nose. Men also resort thither, but in smaller number, and they too sit together and smoke, without seeming to take any notice of the women. You meet, nevertheless, with both sexes at public places, so that the women are not completely cut off from the society of strangers of the other sex. These groups under the trees have a most characteristic appearance, especially, I should think, in a picture. In the reality, amidst free and beautiful Nature, they are rather inanimate and heavy, for I find this everlasting squatting on the ground most ungraceful, I might say monstrous, for you never see more than half of the human form. But it is well for the



women when you see them only sitting: what a gait, what bandy legs, what feet turned inward! I should wish them to have, not a dancing-master—only a drill-sergeant, that they might not waddle about so hideously. It is better that they should sit.

The oxen are then taken from the carriages that they too may lie down on the grass. Some slight refreshment is unpacked and spread upon the carpet; and in this manner they vegetate for half the day. Children, prodigiously gaudily dressed, then show a little more activity than their mammas; and dealers in sweetmeats, fresh water, fruit, walk among the seated groups and offer their commodities for sale.

The carriages, drawn by oxen and called arabas, are droll to see. They are painted with all the colours of the rainbow, gold yellow and fiery red predominate. You mount behind, by means of small steps, and sit sideways on mattresses—eight or ten females together. Two light yellow-gray oxen, with mirrors and tinsel in front of their heads, draw this lumbering machine at a slow pace, walking under a sort of portable triumphal arch, which belongs to their harness, and is adorned with innumerable red tassels. A servant, with a cane, walks by the side and guides them. Another on horseback frequently accompanies the vehicle. Even ladies of the sultan's harem come to Göcksu in arabas.

The trip upon the Bosphorus leads past an almost

uninterrupted series of villages or houses. Their numerous windows, covered by very slight wooden blinds, give them a rather cage-like appearance. They are extremely small, the upper floor projecting, in general entirely, sometimes but partially, beyond the lower, so that they look very airy. In winter they must be barbarously cold, for already the incessant north wind which blows from the Black Sea is so fresh, and the breakers occasioned by it on many points of the coast are so furious, that in rowing against them, it is necessary to have a man upon shore, to tow the caïque with a rope through the current.

Now, my dear mother, has not this day been interesting and perfectly Turkish?

## LETTER VII.

### TO MY MOTHER.

Glance at 'Aya Sofia—Sultan Mahmoud's Tomb—St. Irene—  
The Serai and the Palace of Tchiragan.

Constantinople, September 9th, 1843.

ONE letter on the heels of another!—I always think. To-day I will send off the whole packet, and always keep adding another leaf. To-day, my dear mamma, I might write you something interesting, for I have been in St. Sophia and in sultan

Achmed's mosque, but for too short a time, and shall therefore reserve what I have to say about them. You will be surprised that I should have accomplished this so soon, as one must have a firman for the purpose. Prince Bibesko, the new hospodar of Wallachia, has one, and his brother, his retinue, and his country people avail themselves of it. Among the latter, there is an amiable couple living at our hotel, and in that way the thing was managed. There was a prodigious cavalcade, all men on horseback, some of them mounted on very fine animals, with gold embroidered housings, others on hacks; a host of servants, and plenty of interpreters; for each had brought his own along with him, to obtain all the information he could; other travellers, who joined us on hearing whither we were going; and, at the head of the whole party, the kawass. This is the man whom the sultan gives for a guard on such occasions; all the ambassadors have one besides, for his presence commands respect for those under his care. The Wallachian lady and I were put, as a matter of honour, in spite of some resistance, into a horrible vehicle, called *coci*—as for Turkish orthography, I don't concern myself about it and spell just as I hear the words pronounced—that is, a small coach, in the shape of a gondola, which has no springs—but, to make amends, gilt lattice-work doors; no seats—but an oval mirror in each corner; no falling steps—but a red ladder. On the bottom,

scantily covered with straw and a thin carpet, we sat outstretched, complaining bitterly; for we were not driven carefully and deliberately, after the Turkish fashion, through the rugged streets, but at the European full trot, to keep up with the horsemen; and a servant ran by the side, and held the carriage in the worst places. On the other hand, we had the satisfaction to ride in a gilt, though rather dingy coach.

Unluckily, our whole cavalcade was somewhat too tumultuous and disorderly. We rushed into St. Sophia between twelve and one o'clock, precisely at the time of prayer, and were instantly ordered out again. The kawass remonstrated, but to no purpose. An aged priest raised his arms, ejaculating, in a tone of lamentation, "Allah! Allah!" We were obliged to retire. A boy was going to strike me with his rosary; but my mother's daughter was not born to submit to blows: she threatened so majestically with her fore-finger, that the urchin sneaked off in affright—which amused me much, as he was at least twelve or thirteen years old. I could not abide permanently in this country—not endure the contempt with which the Mussulman looks down upon the Giaur. Such is my nature—if any one is polite to me, I am quite as polite; if any one is haughty, I am ten times as haughty. I should get into quarrels here. As we were rattling along in our coci, some Turkish women inquisitively peeped in, and one of them made with her hands a gesture

indicative of contemptuous abhorrence. And to such a country as this have I strayed! Well! I wished to see Turkey: that trait is assuredly Turkish.—So, about the mosques another time!

Our wild troop poured into a building which, in its external architecture, really corresponds with the ideal conceptions that we form to ourselves of the Oriental style. Sultan Mahmoud's tomb is beautiful as a fairy creation. The tomb is the grand concern of the Orientals. Therein is expressed the unquenchable longing of man to live beyond that handful of years which is called life. This longing for an after-existence has, certainly, a too material character, when we contemplate the Egyptian pyramids, the most colossal of all royal sepulchres—that may be, but here it takes a certain spiritual turn, and that touches me wherever I find it. Almost every one of the earlier sultans built a mosque, and ever since the days of Haroun al Raschid it has been a law with the Mohamedans to add a school to it. The Ottoman sultans, extending the boon, founded baths, habitations for poor students, kitchens for the indigent, fountains, in addition; and among these beneficent institutions erected their tomb, mostly consisting of a rotunda. Hospitality, attention to the wants of travellers, is a principal commandment of Islam, so that whoever founds a well in the wilderness or a fountain in the city has performed a good action, because water in the East is something rare and precious.

Only one fountain is attached to sultan Mahmoud's tomb; but it is the most graceful structure in Constantinople. In the centre, between two octangular pavilions, stands a circular colonnade, connected with both by a gallery. The whole is raised by four steps, and, like the latter, is of snow-white marble. The apertures for windows in the two pavilions, the galleries, and the spaces between the columns, are filled with iron lattice-work most exquisitely wrought and gilt, so that you see nothing of the building but tissue of gold upon the marble, and, through the railing, the rose, myrtle, and jessamine hedges of the little garden.

In one of the pavilions stands the sarcophagus of sultan Mahmoud: a magnificent, gold-embroidered, velvet pall is spread over the coffin, and seven costly shawls, four striped in all colours, and three with a white ground, are laid upon the pall. The red fez, with blue tassel and with a sparkling sun of diamonds, stands at the head, and about it is wound, almost like a cravat, the eighth shawl, the most beautiful of them all, white, adorned with elegant garlands of flowers. A balustrade of mother o' pearl incloses the sarcophagus. Others of the same kind, but less magnificent, smaller, without jewels, containing the remains of persons of his family, daughters, sisters, are also placed in this pavilion. The walls are of marble, and texts of the Koran, in gold letters, a foot long, form the frieze, a most graceful arabesque on a green ground—a light apple-green; that is the

sacred colour, for Mohamed's colour was green, like the earth over which it aimed to spread itself. The pavement is covered with a fine straw mat. But something tasteless, something incongruous, could scarcely fail to be there. The interior of the *capola* is painted with ugly, glaring colours, and near the door are two large brown clocks—and they *go* too, in this place, where the earthly division of time has lost its significance!

The other pavilion is a kiosk—a summer-house—of the sultan's. The hall in the middle is crected over the spring, and five gilt railings between the pillars part it off from the street. To each of these railings four gilt cups are fastened with gilt coins, and every one who wishes to drink holds forward a cup into the hall, where a man is engaged all day long in filling a gilt can at the spring, and replenishing the cups of the thirsty. These are expected in return to say a prayer for sultan Mahmood's soul. I have described this little monument so particularly, because it is the first that I have found, as well in spirit as in execution, perfectly Oriental. In all Europe I have not met with anything bearing the least resemblance to it.

I said just now that something tasteless must be introduced, and that is true enough. This something is always something European, a foreign element, that has thrust itself in, and now maintains its place—no matter where. Under the protection of the firman, we also saw the Sublime Porte, the

palace of the grand vizir, where the business of the State is transacted. Hence the name is derived. The ancient eastern kings sat to administer justice before the gates of their cities or of their residences, in order to be accessible to all. The Oriental, in his fondness for comparative images, figures to himself the complicated State as a building, the ingress and egress to and from which the sultan governs like those ancient kings, and has hence adopted for the whole State the short designation of the Porte. The assembly of the Ottoman council of State is called *Diwán*, that is, demons, genii, because councillors of State are thought to possess demoniac intelligence and activity. Collections of poems are also called *Diwán*, because it is presupposed that they are the inspirations of genius.

This palace of the Sublime Porte is an entirely new building, of stone, with columns and flights of steps of white marble. The staircases, and all the passages and floors, are covered with fine straw mats, on which you walk very softly and agreeably. The apartments are mostly spacious. Opposite to the entrance are the windows—an unbroken line of window as in hot-houses—and beneath them is the sofa, composed of single wide cushions, covered with fine silk stuffs, worked with gold, silver, or velvet. There are, moreover, in a few of the rooms tolerable mirrors, and in the others nothing—absolutely nothing. These might have something grand from their simplicity, if the walls were not painted



by wretched European decorative artists with landscapes, which, petty and hard, and doubly mean beneath the besilvered and begilt ceilings, attract the eye of the stranger, because they are in such harsh contrast with all that surrounds them.

In the hall where the council of State is held, there is in one of the walls a gilt lattice-work, which looks as if it inclosed an alcove. Behind it, on a rose-coloured sofa, the sultan attends unseen the meetings of the Diwan. I believe it was Suleiman the Great (1520-1566) who adopted this method of overhearing and controlling the Diwan, and the succeeding sultans found it convenient, and entirely relinquished the presidency of the council to the grand-vizirs, so that these ruled, not they. Sultan Mahmoud, who was, at least, desirous to do his duty, is said to have assumed the presidency again in person; but sultan Abdoul Medjid is too strongly entwined by his harem, as by a thousand-headed hydra, to follow the example of his father; and the sultana Validé is inclined to the old state of things and has great influence over him.

Female rule is no novelty here. The sultana Chasseki (the favourite), and Validé (mother)—there is no sultana consort, for a sultan has no women but purchased slaves, who, by beauty, intrigue, or the birth of sons, raise themselves to favourite, sometimes to the sole favourite;—well, those two classes of sultanas have often enough governed the empire from the harem. And not only under weak

sovereigns and in times of decadency, as for example, the lovely Venetian Baffa, the favourite of Murad III., and the high-spirited Greek Kossem, favourite of Achmed I., who, both in the seventeenth century, abused their power, and both lost their lives by insurrections. Even Suleiman I. the Great, the conqueror, the legislator, was so enthralled by his beloved Russian Roxclana, that he caused his two sons by another slave to be put to death, that he might ensure the throne to her child. Possibly a woman who is a slave must resort to so many arts, devices, and intrigues, before she learns *at length to weave nets too strong to be rent, and in the use of which, in a more independent position, she would not have been so skilful.*

I can imagine how a harem becomes a hot-bed of all bad qualities, the germs of which lie dormant in the character of woman. Always surrounded by rivals, always encompassed and watched by those hideous monsters, the cunuchs, always unoccupied; jealousy, envy, hatred, love of intrigue, a boundless desire to please, must spring up and take possession of the soul. One is anxious to conquer the hated rivals—that is inherent in the nature of every woman: and let people say that women in the East are accustomed to the harem, and that habit renders every thing endurable, nay, easy, this is one of those trite, half-true phrases. Yes, their necks have been bowed to the yoke of the harem, and they have become accustomed to its forms, but their instinct

struggles against its nature—I will not say their conscience, for that may waken in but few—no, instinct, irrepressible, almighty. As it is not tempered and governed by any culture of mind and heart, how can it avoid leading to the most violent explosions, to the lowest vulgarities, to the greatest cruelties! The harem is the very place for spoiling the character of woman, and it is a pity that it is covered with a veil impenetrable to European eyes. I hope, it is true, to gain admittance to a harem, that I may see Turkish females unveiled in their own house, and at the same time observe their behaviour to strangers; but, how things go on there every day, how the women agree together, how far the authority of the legitimate wife—for excepting the sultan, the Turks have one or two legitimate wives—extends over the slaves, and these too may attain the honour of favouritism with the master—this must remain a mystery. Perhaps it conceals cruel and melancholy secrets.

At any rate, the harem has produced *one* fruit which has essentially contributed to the decline of the empire, namely the education of princes, or rather their existence, in it. To prevent wars between brothers, family feuds, insurrections of relatives, Mohamed II. made the execution of brothers and kindred a law of the State for every sultan on ascending the throne. Thus Selim I., on his accession in 1512, caused two brothers and five nephews to be put to death, and Mohamed III., in 1595,

nineteen brothers, not from particular cruelty, but in cold blood in virtue of the law, that they might not disturb the government. When, after the seventeenth century, the times became less sanguinary, less steeped in horrors, the princes were kept from their cradle in the harem, that all ambitious and high-spirited ideas might be totally eradicated among eunuchs, women, and slaves, and that the sovereign might have nothing to fear. Their apartment in the harem was called the Princes' Cage. From this cage, when the reigning sultan died, his successor was taken, of course utterly inexperienced, without any knowledge of men, things, or circumstances, quite ready to vegetate upon the throne, as were the other princes to continue to vegetate in the Cage to the end of their lives. Sultan Abdoul Medjid also was brought up in the harem; his father, it is said, did not wish to have an able successor. On this soil, nothing vigorous, I might say nothing healthy, can grow.

We also flew through some barracks, of which I remember nothing, but that there were some miserable horses in the stables; through the Mint which is now building, and the machinery and implements for which have been ordered from England; and through an arsenal, in which are preserved rare ancient arms, the precious keys of the gates of Constantinople, and the hand-weapons of the earlier sultans. It was once the church of St. Irene, but the cross form and the cupolas have been obliged to give way to the new arrangements. It contains the

grave of St. John Chrysostom. This building, as well as the Mint, is within the walls of the Serai : we endeavoured to penetrate further, but were told that the company was too numerous to be permitted to visit the interior. To me this was a great disappointment, and doubly so because it would have been matter of perfect indifference to nine-tenths of the party whether they could see it or not. They might at most have been enabled to make comparisons, to decide whether it deserved to be placed beside Windsor Castle, or the Palais Royal, or any other royal palace, but they would never have thought that this was the very Serai of the grand signors, and that it stood on the same spot which the great palace of the Byzantine emperors anciently occupied. However, I could not send them away, and so I must wait for some other favourable opportunity.

Besides this Serai, which is the winter residence of the sultans, and surrounded with embattled walls, above which magnificent cypresses rear their heads, there are several other imperial palaces destined for summer residence : that of Beglerbey, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus ; Bekshishtash, which is building, and Tchiragan, which is just finished on the European ; besides palaces of sultanas, aunts and sisters. When these are mentioned, one feels surprised at never hearing of any palace for brothers or cousins, till one recollects that these unfortunate beings, if their lives are spared, must linger out their days in the Princes' Cage.

The palace of Tchiragan, elevated upon white

marble steps, stands, with its long colonnade of white marble, overlooking the Bosphorus. It is no regular palace, but an agglomeration of numerous pavilions, totally differing from one another, connected by galleries and terraces. But this fantastic irregularity pleases the eye, because the architect has had the skill to give a certain harmony, a coincidence, to the whole. And then the white marble produces such a fine effect between the blue fore-ground of the Bosphorus and the green back-ground of the rising hills; and the two great gilt iron gates look so handsome and so imposing! It somewhat cooled my admiration, when I learned that this remarkably beautiful building was of wood, like all those inhabited by the Grand Signor. At a distance, you take it of course to be marble. As we passed very near to it to-day, we could perceive the wood by the paint of different colours laid on some of the pavilions, and by the exquisite lace-like galleries, which, curiously carved, run round the roofs of others. Wood is the universal building material here. It is considered as more salubrious, because the Bosphorus produces damps, which, in a brick or stone house—without chimneys, after the Turkish fashion—would be prejudicial to health; and in earthquakes, which are here so frequent, light wooden houses are certainly less dangerous.

## LETTER VIII.

TO MY SISTER.

The Sweet Waters—The Armenians—Armenian Women—The Kiosk of the Grand Signor at Alibcgkoi—Sketch of Turkish history—Legend of King Solomon.

Constantinople, Sept. 11, 1843.

I CANNOT manage to write every day, my dear Clara. I get tired here—but tired in an overwhelming manner. The distances are great, the exertion of working your way through the streets with a whole skin is still greater. In the caiques a European body sits very uncomfortably, and in the carriages here still more so; and at last, when you come back quite fatigued from rambles of several hours, you have still to climb this hill of Pera to get home. Pera stands on the summit of a hill, around whose foot Galata and Tophana expand themselves, where there are places for landing or embarking, to cross over to the city or to go any where else. There is another in the suburb of Cassim Pasha, and yesterday we chose it for taking water to visit the harbour, having as yet been only at the mouth of it in the Bosphorus. It makes a most beautiful curve into the land, and is at last transformed into the “Sweet Waters,” the rivulets Barbyses and Cydaris discharging themselves into it. These “Sweet

Waters," on the European side, are on Sunday as favourite a promenade for the Armenian women, as the "Celestial Waters," on the Asiatic, are on a Friday for the Turkish.

The Armenians are a peculiar people, spread all over the Levant as bankers and merchants, who have attained considerable influence here in, particular by great wealth and great pliancy; for all the financial business of the State is transacted by the Armenians. The pashas, for example, farm their government to Armenians, who pay their taxes into the exchequer of the State, and then contrive, God knows how, to collect them again and of course with profit for themselves. Not much good is said of them. According to report, they are adepts in all sorts of artifices and intrigues, and more artful and crafty than the Greeks. There was once a kingdom of Armenia, between the Caucasus and the Euphrates, which the Persians conquered. The people afterwards dispersed, and externally they have adopted precisely the habits and manners of the Turks—the same way of living, the same costume, the same veiling of women—but no harem, for they are Christians. Some profess to belong to the Catholic church, most of them to the Armenian. They have their own churches and convents. In the streets, the Armenian women are distinguishable by their dark red slippers, from the yellow ones of the Turkish women, and the black of the Jewesses. The Armenians wear black kaftans and large, black



globular head-coverings, which lie flat upon the forehead. Their houses are painted externally a dark colour, to give them a mean look, while great luxury often pervades the interior.

Passing to-day a half open door-way, and seeing some particularly beautiful roses beyond it, I stopped to look at them. A young man immediately made his appearance, and invited us in. In the court were seated two old gentlemen—wealthy bankers as our dragoman told us—in the dress described above, on low straw-bottomed stools, smoking in silence; they rose at our entrance, desired European chairs to be brought, and coffee and pipes offered. Though we declined the latter, we were obliged to sit down, and had abundant leisure to admire the roses, which shot up in pillar-shaped bushes to a considerable height, in the centre of the small, exceedingly clean, court-yard, paved with large flags.

I premise these particulars concerning the Armenians, as there is a great deal of talk about them just now, because, about a fortnight ago, one of them was beheaded with great privacy. He had gone over to Mohamedanism and married a Turkish woman; he afterwards repented and intended to return to the Christian faith, or had already done so. For this reason his head was struck off. That a rigid government prevails here is not near so frightful to me as that its proceedings should be so secret. A man has committed some offence, away he is whipped, one scarcely knows how.

For the rest, the Armenians, at the beginning of the last century were once wholly expelled, on account of a love intrigue in which one of them was engaged, "who was of an amorous temperament, and possessed powerful means of conquest, in the flexibility of a pair of high, bushy eye-brows." Is not that most amusing? The Armenian clergy then retired to Venice, where they founded on the Island of San Lazaro the well known convent, which is still famous for the books that it prints in numberless languages. That they could not do here without the Armenians is proved by the position which they have since regained.

The Armenian women are reputed to be very handsome, and, as they are permitted to unveil abroad if they please, I hoped to see a sample of their charms. But Sunday had not enticed many of them out. One large party sat together upon carpets and on the cushions of the araba, and were exceedingly amused by a mountebank, who, accompanied by a merry-andrew, displayed great dexterity in his sleight-of-hand tricks. For five minutes, one may look at such things with pleasure; but here they seemed to have made arrangements to watch them for hours; they drank coffee, ate sweetmeats, and the men smoked with as much gravity as if they were Turks. Perhaps because men were present not one woman was unveiled. I tasted some of the confectionary that is everywhere offered for sale; it looks better than it tastes. It is mostly

sugar-candy in cakes and balls coloured with rose and orange water, excessively sweet and nauseous. Then almonds stuck upon a very slender stick, and coated with a sugary jelly-like substance—also nauseous. On the contrary, the fruits preserved with sugar are excellent. But they are not carried about, like the things just mentioned, on large circular boards; they are ranged for show in the shops, in a tasteful manner, under bells of rose-coloured and white crape, adorned with flowers. I also like the black, bitter, Turkish coffee, especially after all those sweet things.

At length, we came to an unveiled group of females, which certainly looked picturesque enough. To the strong boughs of an elm was attached a swing formed of cords, in which was seated a young female, whom two women servants alternately kept in motion; while an elder person squatted on a carpet under the tree, and played mechanically with small stones. The dragoman requested permission for us to approach nearer and to look at her dress, which the lady on the carpet readily granted. She rolled herself to one side of it; I seated myself by her; the young person, hastily leaving her swing, squatted down by me, the servants behind us, and then commenced, by means of the dragoman, a conversation, which might have been listened to with interest in any drawing-room in Europe—we talked about dress. What pleased them most about mine was ~~the~~ blue veil, but what struck them most was

my *lorignon*, through which they looked with such curiosity as if they expected all at once to see sky-blue trees and a green sky. Their dress was the indoor costume of all Turkish ladies: wide trowsers; a very close, long gown, slit into three aprons, as it were, the foreparts of which are drawn through the belt and form a sort of tunic; very narrow sleeves which, likewise slit up, hang down to the knees, but can be closed by means of buttons; no shoes, the one with stockings, the other with none, and on the head the red fez with blue tassel, with a broad band of yellow silk *filet*, resembling lace, fastened with glittering pins to the superb black hair, which fell in half braided tresses, and in parts quite loose, over neck, bosom, and shoulders. The material of their dresses was muslin of the most gaudy colours, lemon yellow, rose, and a stuff which is made at Brusa of silk and cotton, and has more sober colours. As both ladies, especially the elder, were strikingly handsome, they looked to me, beneath the brilliant sky, on the greensward, in the sunshine, like magnificent tulips. The elder had wonderfully beautiful black eyes, and a soft animated look. Her features were delicate and noble, but her face and still more her figure were broad and corpulent. The features of the younger were not regular, but her complexion was fresh and delicate as the morning red; she had small, handsome, light-grey eyes, with narrow, straight black eyebrows—but a look hard and spiteful enough to frighten one. The

former only it was that looked to me like a tulip—the latter like a beautiful wild beast. Their hair-pins and rings were of base metal, consequently they themselves were but of inferior condition. Persons of the higher class wear, I am told, very costly jewellery. They showed no shyness towards the men, and at last they proposed to give me a swing. I concluded that the conversation was exhausted, and we took our leave.

If some hundreds of such females had been collected at the Sweet Waters, and especially in that delicious meadow behind the Grand Seigneur's kiosk, they would certainly have presented a most charming view. On this occasion, there were but few pedestrians, and a number of cattle were grazing there undisturbed. The meadow is divided lengthwise by a straight canal, lined with stone, along which water ran to the front of the kiosk just mentioned. There it falls over marble steps into a basin, on the two sides of which rise small marble temples adorned with gilding. The most magnificent trees, planes, evergreen oaks, maple, elms, large and majestic as our beeches, border the canal and surround the meadow. The little buildings beneath them look like children's toys, and one might envy the sultan, who comes every year with his harem to this country residence.

But, see! what is that floating yonder upon the canal? What shapeless mass is borne along by the ripples towards the marble basin? A disgusting

carcase, a dead horse, my dear Clara. To such encounters you must accustom your organs of sight and smell. Dead rats, mice, cats, find their last resting-place on dunghills and heaps of rubbish; and when, floating on the Bosphorus, you are amusing yourself with the frolics of the dolphins sporting on your right, the swollen carcase of a dog bears down upon your left. At first, I felt qualmish; but 'tis of no use. That is the way in this country. Mould and marble go hand in hand, and if you can bear the sight of a State that is mouldering, you may surely bear to look at the body of an animal in the same condition.

The Ottoman State has been founded on conquest, ever since Osman, at the foot of Olympus in Bithynia, formed with the wrecks of the Seldjukes a small independent Turcoman empire, in the last days of the thirteenth century. His son, Urchan, commenced the conquests made in Asia Minor from the Byzantines, took from them Brusa, whither Hannibal of old fled, to rouse the East against Rome; took from them Nicæa, where the first great council of the Church, in the year 325, under Constantine, established certain dogmas; took from them Nicomedia, the ancient capital of Bithynia. Sultan Urchan founded the "new troops," *Jeni Tcheri*, janissaries, as we call them—with Christian youths, taken captive and converted to Islamism, thousands of whom were yearly made prisoners or stolen, and educated at the same time for war

and Mohamedanism—the formidable infantry, which, for three hundred years was at the head of all conquests, and became the pillar of the State, till the middle of the seventeenth century, when it began to recruit out of itself, came to be in a manner hereditary, and lost its vigour, when fresh blood ceased to be infused into it.

Urchan's eldest son, Suleiman, first gained a permanent footing in Europe, by the reduction of Gallipoli on the Hellespont, in 1357; and, under his son and successor, Sultan Murad I., (1359—1389) began the long series of European conquests with the important city of Adrianople, while those in Asia Minor were equally brilliant. Such was the career of the Turks, more and more impetuous, more and more irresistible, more and more alarming for the whole West, and especially for the unfortunate Byzantine emperors, who gradually beheld their extensive dominions shrink within the compass of the walls of their capital; till, at length, Mohamed II. took Constantinople in 1453, and removed his residence thither from Brusa. This is the first and most vigorous period of the Ottoman empire.

The second, which lasted about one hundred and twenty years, is the most brilliant. Sultan Suleiman I., who took possession of all Hungary, and laid siege for the first time to Vienna, raised the Crescent to the height of its glory, and the grand-vizir, Mohamed Sokolli, who inherited the ambi-

tious spirit of Suleiman, maintained it, under his son, at that elevation. The destroyers of greatness now sprang up: indolence and fondness for pleasure in the sultans; love of splendour and profusion in the whole court, and in the grandees, which rendered them greedy, and laid them open to corruption; the confounding of court-offices with offices of state, to which latter were raised favourites who were only fit for the former; the intrigues of the harem; the sanguinary government, and the sanguinary change of the grand-vizirs. This is an epoch of seditions, vices, abominations, in which the first murder of the sovereign, that of the unfortunate Osman II., at the age of eighteen, was perpetrated with circumstances of horror; while his brother, the ferocious Murad IV., caused about one hundred thousand persons to be slaughtered in the space of sixteen years.

In the middle of the seventeenth century, the third, the bloody period gradually ceases. Then come *great* grand-vizirs—the Kuprilis; Achmed, who took Candia from the Venetians; the noble Mustapha, who took compassion on the state of the Christian subjects. But the energies of the empire had been misused and wasted by incessant bloodshed. By the peace of Carlowitz in 1699, the Porte was obliged to cede Hungary, Transylvania, Podolia, the Ukraine, Dalmatia. Its days of conquest were past, and that civilization which had hitherto developed itself was limited to a participa-



tion in European politics and diplomatic intercourse with all powers.

But the last century, the eighteenth, has produced great events and great men, and yet—I know not how it is, but to me it appears to present evident indications of decided, irremediable decline. Thus too it is in Turkey. The Sultans, no longer ferocious tyrants, are fond of feasting and building. The times enervate themselves with opium, tobacco, superb furs, to such a degree, that the internal disturbances, which never cease, become quite languid. In the wars with Russia, the Porte was always, invariably, worsted. This is the fourth, the *languid* period.

In the beginning of this century, when sultan Mahmoud II. put to death his uncle Selim III. in 1810, and exterminated the janissaries in 1826, commenced a new one, for which I have yet found no name, for the regenerated I cannot call it. Islam is a religion of the sword; its watchword is victory or death. Thus was it at first propagated over the trembling earth, and this was the time of its victory, of its life. That has ceased, and next comes, according to its own watchword—death. I figure to myself that the empire is sinking under a slow, very slow, decline, always incident to enervated organizations. In this melancholy state it may linger on for a long time, especially as the European powers are interested in prolonging its life.

I cannot forbear laughing when I am told that

there are here officers from Prussia, physicians from Austria. These gentlemen may possess great merit and take great pains, but it is like "putting a new patch upon the old garment." Foreign discipline, foreign science, cannot pass organically into the blood, into the germ of life. For regenerating worn out natures inoculation with foreign culture is not sufficiently effective. Other teachers are required for that. To these belong revolutions and total changes of circumstances, presupposing that there is internal vigour enough to support them. As for Turkey I cannot figure to myself any other fate but mouldering away by itself. Ah, no! I envy not the sultan his kiosk on the "Sweet Waters."

By the by, and once for all, my dear Clara, I concern myself as little as possible about Turkish names and Turkish orthography. In the first place, I know not how to spell them, and, in the second, you could not read them if I did. The *h* is pronounced like *ch*, the *o* like *u*; hence numberless transformations for my unlearned ear. For the rest, I fancy, you had rather I should tell you about the kiosk, for you know what that means, than about the *köschk*, for such is the proper name of the thing in Turkish. Well, we were permitted to enter this sanctuary. A magic word opened the door of it to us, and, as I have frequently heard it, I have taken care to remember that word—it is *bakshish*—in plain English, drink-money. As the Turks are beginning to fall under the magic power of this word, I would

lay a wager that, in the next ten or twelve years, bakshish will burst open the gates of Aya Sofia. This is the only device of civilization to which I dare venture to promise a brilliant futurity. By means of a bakshish of fifteen Turkish piastres, or one Prussian dollar, our dragoman procured admission, and we inspected the internal arrangements at our leisure.

Nothing struck me more than the most extraordinary variety and motley diversity of colours: that mass of petty draperies, confusedly thrown over and intertwined with one another, make the eyes twinkle; and the curtains are the principal article of furniture in an apartment. Not only has one side a superabundance of windows, like a hothouse; but windows at either end, the more the better, belong to elegance, and they must of course be provided with curtains. Beneath them runs the sofa, which is very broad, well supplied with cushions, rather higher before than behind, and extremely convenient. Opposite to this, at the back of the room, there is in general a recess, in which is placed a sort of very low chiffoniere, fitted to the form of the recess; it is adorned with a clock, between two bouquets of withered flowers, in slender porcelain vases—and this reminded me of German inns, which twenty years ago had been fitted up in what was considered a style of elegance. On either side of the recess are doors, covered by draped curtains. Here, for instance, I remarked the following asso-

ciation of colours ; one half of a curtain was of rose-coloured merino, with a border of green velvet in zigzag, and edged with white cotton fringe ; the other was of white and worked muslin, with light blue fringe. Fine, glossy straw mats covered the floor. The walls, of wood, are completely covered with landscapes, flowers, arabesques, as though to rival the European apartments painted *al fresco* ; and the ceiling, likewise of wood, exhibits, in tolerably rude carving, rosettes and shells, upon a pink or light green ground. Sofas and chairs of ordinary wood, covered with yellow Utrecht velvet, stood in some of the rooms, but did not seem to heighten their brilliancy. Such are the arrangements of the sitting rooms.

The bed-chambers exhibit a dreary emptiness—a sofa, nothing more ; on this one lies down at night as one lies down in the day. Nowhere in the whole house is there a piece of furniture that reminds you of the usual occupations, or indeed of the most common wants, of life—not a table, not a closet, nothing whatever ! Gracious Heaven ! how people must be oppressed with ennui in such places ! To need few of the inventions of luxury and convenience is a great advantage to persons who are accustomed to live among a superabundance of them, because it shows a buoyant independence of spirit upon external things. But to have no taste for them at home, to want nothing more than the place on which you lie, to eat, drink, sleep, and vegetate upon

it—this advantage one may share at last with any beast. And—indeed, I cannot help it—I find this incessant rolling about on the ground, this everlasting cowering, as it were, on all fours, undignified for human beings, and really something brutal.

One might walk lightly and softly on these fine mats, if the whole house were not built so unsubstantially as to crack and rattle at every step, which causes a sort of earthquake. In this open situation, the numerous windows would produce a most cheerful effect, if they did not admit, along with the sunshine and the green, a prodigious draught between the gaping sashes. In short, there was nothing proper, suitable, kept clean, but the bath, of white marble, with the cupola full of apertures for light—precisely like the Alhambra. On the ground-floor are the apartments of the women, distinguished by nothing but by their being in a still more neglected state, by grated windows, and a close, oppressive atmosphere. No! one ought to stay outside; there all looks well enough—as *Constantinople itself is far more beautiful before you set your foot in it.*

The interior is rotten through and through. It reminds me of the eastern story about King Solomon. The wise king was dead: he had expired, sitting on his throne; and there he still sat, majestic, motionless, and all obeyed him as when he was alive—all! angels and demons, men and beasts, plants and stones; and he kept them in obedience as he sat there so quietly, with his

chin resting upon his crossed hands, and his hands supported by his staff. At length, the divs began to be struck with his motionless attitude; but, out of reverence, none of them durst approach very near to him. And so they persuaded the wood-worm to gnaw at the staff. For forty days the wood-worm gnawed away, and lo! the staff broke, and the corpse, falling over it, proclaimed that King Solomon had long been dead.

Contemplated on the outside, especially at a distance, and in the evening red of grand, bloody, terrible recollections, the Turkish national character has really something imposing, like King Solomon on his throne. But, believe me, my Clara, it is already dead. The wood-worm is already gnawing, but whether he is at the fourth day or the fortieth we cannot tell.

We drove back. There was the Armenian girl still swinging herself; there was the mountebank *still playing his tricks*; there were the venders of *sweetmeats still offering them for sale; and every thing was going forward agreeably to established custom, like child's play, without intelligence, without idea.* Not a creature there besides myself thought that King Solomon was dead.

## LETTER IX.

TO MY BROTHER.

The Slave-market—The Besestan—Coffee-houses and Baths.

Constantinople, September 14, 1843.

My dear Dinand, to-day I mean to do you a most particular pleasure, and to invite you to accompany me to the slave-market—of course the market for *female* slaves, the flower of Georgia and Circassia, and full of black Ethiopian beauties—all to be sold like the finest herd of cattle—a sublime institution; but certainly most agreeable to the eye. Come along then.

We first descend, as one always must, our abominably inconvenient hill of Pera. At the Scala, we are beset by half a hundred rowers shouting all at once; the dragoman bargains for a quarter of an hour, no matter whether with “honest Turks” or with “roguish Greeks,” for our passage across; we seat ourselves very uncomfortably at the bottom of our caique, and with reason find the space too narrow for two slender persons; but we find the carving that runs round the inner edge very pretty, and the whole boat kept extremely clean; and so we ride across the Golden Horn to the city. There is no end to the climbing, the getting out of the way, the stumbling; there we go, up hill and

down hill, through streets on the right, and streets on the left; there we wind, and turn, and twist, as though we were following the clue of Ariadne; there we work our arduous way through a host of asses, horses, dogs, porters, Turks, Jews, thank God if we get off with only a bump from an ass, for that is the cleanest animal of the whole company, and sometimes prefer walking in the gutter, because that is the cleanest place in the whole street.

We keep walking on and on, for a very long time; for Constantinople is a large city, spread over seven hills. At length, a narrow steep street leads us to a gate, which is the entrance to the slave-market: a keeper, with a cane, stands by it, and the dragoman has to purchase our admission. A Turk rides past and enters before us: the profane eyes of Franks are not deemed worthy to behold the sanctuary. However, the bakshish purifies us, and, during these negotiations, a Jew steps before us, puts his hand to his forehead with a peculiar movement, which signifies, "I lay my head in the dust of your feet;" and offers his services for any contingency whatever—if not for slaves, for shawls; if not for shawls, for tobacco—quite in the officious trading spirit of his people. Franks are not allowed to purchase slaves: that privilege belongs exclusively to the Turk.

Now we enter the paradise of houris, full of curiosity and expectation. The place itself is not



inviting: an irregular square, surrounded by dull galleries. In these galleries are seated the sellers with coffee and tchibouk, overseers, persons who have come to buy, and curious spectators; and, in narrow, low, dark chambers, having a door and a grated window opening into the gallery, is kept the precious commodity. A group is placed—or rather seated, for they squat as usual upon mats—in the middle of the court, on show. Let us look at them!

Oh horror! what a repulsive, what a frightful spectacle! Muster all your powers of imagination, figure to yourself monsters, and you will not come up to the negresses, from whom your offended eye turns with loathing. But the Georgians, the Circassians? the most magnificent women in the world? where are they?—Ah, my dear brother, the white slaves are kept separate at Tophana, thence taken to the harems for inspection, and it is only through most especial favour that you are admitted to their place of abode. Here are only Blacks, and with this unsightly spectacle you must be content. There they sit: a coarse gray garment covers the figure; glass rings of various colours encircle the wrists, and glass beads the neck; they wear the hair cropped close. You are first struck by the forehead deeply depressed over the eyebrows, as in the Cretins; then by the large, rolling, inexpressive eyes; then by the nose, which, without share-bone, looks like a shapeless mass; then by

the mouth, with the frightfully bestial formation of the protruding lower jaw, with the gaping black lips—red lips in negroes are a European idea of beauty not verified by the reality; then by the long-fingered, ape-like hands, with ugly colourless nails; then by the spindle shanks, with protuberant calves; but most of all by the inexpressibly brutal air of the whole figure, form and expression included. The colour differs; sometimes a glossy black, sometimes brownish, sometimes greyish. They exhibit no sign of life, staring at us with the same unconscious look with which they stare at one another.

A purchaser comes and surveys them; females coming to buy make their observations upon them: they heed neither. They are measured in height and breadth, like a bale of goods; they are examined, hands, hips, feet, teeth, like a horse, when a customer is disposed to bargain; they submit to it all, without shyness, without anger, without pain. All this is done with decency, at least, what is called decency, for they are not obliged to strip off their clothes, which reach from the neck to half-way down the thigh. Then a price is asked, an offer made, and the parties bargain: if they agree, the slave goes away with the master or the mistress of the harem; if not, she squats down again upon the mat, unconcerned about her fate.

Now, how do you like all this? I must honestly confess that, in the whole proceeding, nothing was so repulsive to me as their ugliness, and that the

majestic royal eagle at Schönbrunn excited in me more pity for his captivity than the slavery of these creatures. I asked myself, "Is it possible that a Sappho, an Aspasia, a Mary Stuart, that these and similar paragons of intelligence, loveliness, and beauty could belong to the same race?" and, with great assurance, I answered myself, "No;" for a woman without intelligence is no longer a woman, but only—indeed, I can find no other word but a *female*. The races! how thoroughly are you convinced of their difference, when you place such a Black beside an Aspasia; and no philanthropist can deny the gulf that separates these two beings. We are of dust, and to dust we return; but, for the few years that I am to live, I thank my Creator that it has pleased him to bestow on my dust a white envelope.

As we are in the city, we will look about us there a little more, especially in the bazar, or, to use the more proper expression, in the Besestan: that is, in the covered market-place. It has much the appearance of a fair, with streets of wooden booths, only these booths have all a substructure of stone, somewhat like a low table, that serves at once for sofa, floor, and counter; and every street is covered with a tolerably lofty vaulted roof, in which holes for air and light are very sparingly distributed. In the middle of the street is the inevitable kennel. You may ride about in the Besestans on horse-back or in vehicles drawn by oxen; the throng

of pedestrians, chiefly women, is prodigious. This bustle and din, the closeness of the air, the dimness of the light, the cries of the venders, the vigilance required to avoid being run against by others or running against them, render this place more disagreeable to me than even a fair. Many foreigners, however, pass half days there and amuse themselves with looking about a great deal, and making a few purchases. Now, to me this is an abomination: I look closely at what I mean to buy, and at nothing else. It is unpleasant to me to excite a vain hope in the dealer; but it is equally unpleasant to me that he should speculate upon my unacquaintance with goods and with business to cheat me; and so the least purchase is to me a disagreeable transaction, which I get through as speedily as possible: but here is absolutely nothing enticing, or it is only enticingly displayed.

Each street is devoted to a particular article: in the first, you see nothing but furs; in the second, nothing but shoes; in the third, nothing but cotton-stuffs; in the fourth, nothing but shawls—that is, ordinary ones of cotton or inferior wool; in the fifth, nothing but tobacco-pouches, in the sixth, nothing but pipe-tubes, and so on. In the Egyptian Besestan, there is nothing but drugs, and I remarked there large sacks full of a colouring powder: this is henna, with which the women stain their nails a reddish yellow. In each booth the shopkeeper gravely sits cross-legged upon the

counter covered with a mat or a carpet, smoking, and, if you enter the shop, he rolls himself down from his seat before you, to get the articles you want, reminding me of a man whom we once saw together at Vienna, and who with striking fidelity represented an apc.

The shoe-shops look very showy, owing to the diversity of colours, and chiefly on account of the velvet slippers embroidered with gold and pearls, which are to be had at all prices, from two florins to one hundred. But a European foot cannot wear them, because the point turns up, and the sole is of wood. The articles inlaid with mother of pearl, boxes, plates, tables, are also handsome—a Turkish table is about a foot high, and of the size of a plate, and nothing is laid upon it but a pipe-head or a coffee-cup at most; so the whole thing, legs and top, is inlaid with small pieces of mother of pearl, partly white, partly stained with various colours, of the size of a *pfenning*,\* which form simple designs. The forms are inexpressibly rude; nothing but the elegant material renders these clumsy, quadrangular, jewel-boxes endurable. That element which we estimate more highly than luxury—elegance—is totally unknown to the Turk. Rich and splendid he may be, tasteful he rarely is, elegant never. Luxury is, in regard to the enjoyment of life, the flower of the civilized world; elegance is its perfume. A rude nation, a rude

\* A German coin worth about half an English farthing.

man cannot be elegant ; that really depends a little upon qualities of mind.

The arms, too, are interesting to see, and some of them very costly : there are Damascus swords at 30,000 piastres, that is 2000 Prussian dollars.\* But the Turks have ceased to wear arms ; they have no daggers or pistols in the belt, imparting such a majestic air to the oriental dress in pictures and descriptions. They are said to be civilized too, and as, in the civilized world, there is a police, besides other such-like measures of precaution to watch over the public safety, the individual is relieved from this trouble, and arms are become useless, nay, dangerous, in his hand ; among the common people you perceive no trace of them. High personages wear a sword buckled to a leathern belt, in the ordinary European fashion, when they appear abroad. They always ride, and mostly on fine horses ; the common man alone goes on foot. A slave walks by the stirrup ; another follows, carrying a long machine, covered with a cloth, which I took to be a gun, for I thought the man was going a-shooting. A Turk shoot ! a Turk take pleasure in strong exercise and rapid motion ! Oh no ! only Franks are fools enough to call that amusement. The Turk's enjoyment, his pleasure, his diversion, is repose. The machine that is carried after him is the magic wand which transports him into the paradise of that delightful repose, is

\* £300 sterling. T.

—the pipe. You see circles of ten or twelve men together, observing profound silence, perfectly satisfied by the beloved pipe. Most of them smoke the tchibouk, the long tube, the Turkish pipe; some the Persian, the nargileh, a snake-like bag, which opens into a large glass jar full of water. In the numerous coffee-houses you have opportunities for observing such a silent company, which produces upon me precisely the impression of a collection of wax figures.

I can very easily conceive how these men may become passionate opium-eaters: this silent brooding over nothing, this motionless absorption in nothing, this densely beclouded existence, lighted up by not one flash of thought, not one star of intelligence, becomes at last so unsatisfactory, that the soul sinks into a state of morbid lassitude, out of which it cannot raise itself by any mental effort, by any fresh energy. These wings, with which we strive to lift ourselves above the dust, that which, with us, it is, or *ought to be*, the end and aim of all education and of all culture to develop, are lamed with them. The thirst of the soul may be every where the same, but whether it strives to slake that thirst with pure water, or with such as is muddy and turbid, that makes the difference. To reach the pure springs we must climb heights; the turbid waters lie nearer at hand, and spare trouble. There ~~there~~ is inhaled an intoxication, which fetters the mind and unfetters the senses, and, by the captivity

of the one portion of the human essence, procures for the other a delicious liberty, at the expense of the first. Whoever knows so little of the mind as the Turk, has so little activity, such a dislike to occupation, knows nothing of passion, but its brutal side, never feels a longing, but only a desire; whoever has ceased, at the same time, to be engaged in a struggle for the preservation of life, like the savage nations, but is acquainted with all the indulgences of voluptuous effeminacy—precisely like the Turk—must addict himself to opium. Sultan Mahmoud shut up the coffee-houses of the *theriaki*, (opium-eaters); but it is not to be expected that the propensity would be eradicated by that measure. They are only not now to be seen in their intoxication, which, for the rest, is said to be externally very decent, quiet, and silent, and by no means so brutally rude as European inebriety.

All the coffee-houses are arranged nearly upon the same plan. A quadrangular, whitewashed room, with as many windows as possible; along the room, wooden sophas covered with mats, or carpets; on the further side, the fire-place and places for cookery; in the middle of the floor, a small fountain; low stools, even European chairs, at the door: the whole clean but mean; if at all pretty, standing under a spreading vine, the branches of which form an ante-room, or under a fine shady tree; such are the coffee-houses in Constantinople, which never suggest the idea that they have the slightest resem-



blance to those of Paris or Milan. The low stools are chiefly occupied by Armenians and Greeks; the chairs being destined particularly for Franks. Sometimes, when all the other places are filled, a Turk endeavours to establish himself upon one of them; and then it is really laughable to see how one leg hangs mournfully down, while the other finds scarcely sufficient room to lie doubled up on the seat.

Occasionally, you do find a man using his tongue in a coffee-house: this is a story-teller. He speaks, in general, with a nasal twang, and, as I did not understand him, I was really much surprised to see the whole grave assembly smile, nay, even laugh. The more obscene these stories the better they are liked; and above all, they must have women for their subject—so my dragoman told me. I heard from another quarter that, if the Turks ever enter into conversation, it is always about women, and in that style. In the amusements of a nation, how much is there that is characteristic!

I wished to see some dancing, but was told it was impossible; and, when I imagined that this meant nothing more than that I could not be admitted into places where people dance, I innocently proposed to have the dancers home to my quarters, as I once had at Seville; that was declared to be still more impossible.

The Turks have the reputation of great purity of manners: I will not detract from it, but only ob-

serve that, on this point, one must not set out from the European notion, which calls it immoral to have children out of wedlock, or without wedlock. But the Turk, who may purchase any slave that pleases him, and take her to his harem, deems the children of twenty slaves just as legitimate as those by his wife; and I really think that, if the fashion of harems were introduced into Europe, there too the immorality of natural children would be done away with; only, indeed, at the expense of this still greater immorality of the harem itself. I cannot believe that on this point the Turk has any advantage over the European. The women, especially, are said, in spite of veils, grated windows, and eunuchs, to have the art to get into love-intrigues enough—especially when they go to the Besestan. On this account there exists a law, that they shall not enter any shop, but stand outside to be served with what they want. There is also another, commanding tradesmen to have only the ugliest shopmen that are to be found. All this, methinks, attests no very extraordinary purity of manners.

To compensate for the indecent dancers and story-tellers, there is certainly a favourite recreation of the whole nation, and of both sexes, which is very decent, but, at the same time, rather stupid—I mean the baths. There they delight to spend their days, bathing, breakfasting, reposing; bathing again, dining, and again reposing. I was at a women's bath kept by the nurse of sultan Abdoul

Medjid. The first thing you must renounce there is all claim to convenience, to say nothing of luxury. In the first room, the everlasting wooden sofas run round the walls, and you must bring carpet and cushions along with you, if you do not choose to lie on the hard boards. In this room there is the natural temperature. Then follow smaller ones, heated more and more by steam, overarched by the Moorish cupola, full of star-like apertures for the admission of light, otherwise without window, without furniture, with marble floor. Such a closet you may take by yourself, in company, just as you please, and you leave the mistress to attend to her business. The principal point is that you should perspire prodigiously. The Turkish women have an incredible variety of cosmetics, ointments, essences, colours, Heaven knows what all—things which I detest: these are applied before you leave the bath. My horror was not slight when the bath-woman besmeared my face with a marvellous balsam, composed of earth from Mecca, and myrtle leaves steeped in rose-water. I made a violent opposition, but she assured me that it was indispensably necessary to the toilet, and that I should soon see how it would improve my complexion. Upon my face, accustomed to no other cosmetic than simple cold water, it produced no effect whatever; but the bath agreed extremely well with me, in spite of its tropical heat.

I had gone to the bath chiefly with a view to see,

if possible, handsome women. But they were *tout comme chez nous*, neither handsome nor plain, something between both, the young ones, that is to say; the older, hideous. Age comes on here early. They marry at thirteen, fourteen, even at twelve years old: at twenty they are thought too old for matrimony. The face exhibits the signs of age later than the figure; at some thirty years, that is frightfully flabby, spongy, and bloated. The everlasting sedentary way of life, the everlasting hot baths, the everlasting indulgence in sweetmeats and confectionary, deprive the form of all nerve. They look like masses of flesh, not solid enough to keep upright, but sinking down with their own weight. But you cannot form a conception how ardently one wishes to meet women in the streets, instead of those clumsy brown bears, with white heads. The women, with us, are, God knows, not particularly beautiful; but, such as they are, they look infinitely better than these muffled-up figures, and give a more cheerful aspect to the streets—this you find out before you have walked about here many days.

In Pera, indeed, you see plenty of Frank and Greek women; the former dressed in the French fashion, the latter in their own costume, that is in a short gown, of a peculiar cut about the bosom and arms, and a remarkably graceful head-dress, composed of a silk handkerchief and their braided tresses: but the stranger prefers to go about more in the city and in the Turkish suburbs.

What struck me more perhaps than the scarcity of female faces is that of young men. All Turks look old. By them a white beard is deemed handsome : in consequence, they take as great pains to turn it white as people in Europe do to make their hair black : they use, in particular, a powder mixed with tobacco, which produces this effect. Hair they have none ; it is shaved off. The fez is pressed down upon the eyebrows ; the gray beard surrounds the red fleshy face ; the figure is broad and heavy ; no where a trace of youthful beauty and vigour. In more advanced age, they look better. It is, indeed, extraordinary to be old and handsome ; but it is more pleasing to be young and handsome. And, when I lately met a young gipsy of marvellous beauty, in fantastic costume, with a guitar under his arm, I could not help stopping, looking after him, and thinking :—The civilized man must have intelligence, the barbarian, beauty, or they are both unendurable. Is it not so, my dear Dinand ?

## LETTER X.

TO COUNTESS SCHÖNBURG-WECHSELBURG.

Dancing and Singing Dervises—The Cemetery of Scutari.

Constantinople, September 16th. 1843.

. My beloved Emy, here I really am at last, at the gate of the East, the region of the sun, about which we have so often conversed, of which we have so

often dreamt! I am not in it yet; the Bosphorus is only the threshold of it; but the gates of the West are closed behind me, for that which forms the foundation-stone, the marrow, of the life of nations, and infuses a soul into the multitude—religion—is different here.

I am in the territory and under the sway of Islamism. I came hither without prepossession for or against it: I pity not the Mohamedan on account of his faith, neither do I admire him. It is *his* law which *his* Prophet brought to him; this seems to me no ground either for admiration or for abhorrence. The Koran frequently reminds me of the Old Testament; only I find in the latter an element that harmonizes more with me, namely, an inexpressible melancholy, a sadness, that longs for distant, far distant, consolation; a struggling for the consummation which keeps further and further aloof. As this agrees so exactly with me, it is likely that it may be the cause of my strong partiality for the Old Testament. More tranquil, peaceful, but also more weary souls repose in the New; this I can comprehend, and I too find it in relation to doctrines, more sublime, more perfect; but it is only in the Epistles of St. Paul that I again find that indescribable melancholy which represents man in his never-ending struggle between the billows of Time and the rock of Eternity, by which his nature is at once attracted and repelled, as by two magnetic poles. The feelings of others on this subject may be very different. On

account of its universal applicability, I regard the Christian religion as the most perfect, because it anticipates the wants of mankind; only it must be left in its sublime freedom, and no attempt made to confine it permanently within the limits of any particular church. The Church is, like every institution, an organic body, which is subject to the vicissitudes of such a body, and has its youth and its old age; how then can it in sincerity be deemed immortal, unchangeable? And, if we cannot deem it so, ought we to wonder if it drops to pieces? Those must, I think, have been happier days, when people felt a childlike conviction of its immutability; but they never lasted long. Schisms and heresies have always existed, and the most astonishing thing is, that every new one claimed for itself the monopoly of that imperishability, which it peremptorily denied to the others. In this respect also, I find the Old Testament so grand, and its prophets so penetrated with the spirit of truth, that they do not consider themselves as the last word in the book of the Revelations, but always point to a futurity full of sublime enjoyments. And, after so many thousand years—ah, my Emy! which of us does not long for that? Not so the Mohamedan. This is the essential difference of Islamism. To it nothing is of value that is not *itself*. “There is no God but God, and Mohamed is his Prophet.” This confession, simple as a sum in arithmetic, is the foundation-stone and the key-stone of his faith, and is hewn, I might say,

in the table of his law, like the wedge-shaped characters. This it was that, in the days of its youth and its vigour, rendered it overpowering as fire; but that has gradually burnt out within it to ashes—so it seems to me.

The forms in which the devotion of the Mohame-dans is expressed have nothing particularly striking for the eye of a foreigner. Their numerous prayers and alms, and their pilgrimage to Mecca, find strong analogies in the Catholic church; their dancing Dervises may bear to be compared with the Shakers and Tremblers in America—and in England too, if I mistake not; and I cannot help thinking that the *Convulsionnaires* of the last century in the Calvinist Cevennes, nay this many phenomena at the American camp-meetings of this day, must have resemblance to the singing Dervises.

There are seventy-two orders of Dervises; they comprehend not only monks and ecclesiastics, but form fraternities, only—agreeable to the rule. Dshelaleddin Rumi, the famous Persian poet, was the founder of the Mevlevi Dervises. Among the ancient Persians, as among the Indians, where Krishna himself led the dance, the solemn brawl, a round dance, intended to symbolize the movement of the planets about the sun, belonged to religious worship.

The Mevlevi dance out of devotion, and I figure to myself that that poor Bayadere, who, a few years since, whirling and spinning round a palm-tree, so



heartily tired the European public, must have innocently profaned some such temple dance at our theatres. I never saw her. The Mevlevi dances from much the same impulse that we fall upon our knees—from adoration. A short time since, one of them entered a Christian church here, during divine service; the priest was standing at the altar, about to administer the sacrament. The Mevlevi advanced close to the altar, and examined it and the church and the persons present so minutely as somewhat to disturb the congregation. They would fain have turned him out, but the Christians are obliged to treat Mohamedans with much more respect than *vice versa*; and so he was allowed to stay. At length, the crucifix caught his eye; his face gradually assumed a more serious, a more devout look, till at length he bowed, extended his arms, circling for a considerable time about the altar in a solemn round dance, then bowed once more before the crucifix, and slowly and devoutly left the church.

The dancing devotions of the Mevlevi take place publicly, twice a week, in their mosque. Everybody is admitted; only the Frank must observe the Turkish custom, and take off his shoes, or put on slippers over them. For the Turkish women a distinct grated gallery has been provided. I at first went thither, for I am downright curious about the Turkish women. On such occasions, I have a kind companion in Mademoiselle Balbiani, who

understands the language of the country, and is acquainted with all its manners and customs. Females by themselves, I mean Frankish, are in reality safer than when escorted by a man, because, according to the Turkish notion, it is indecorous for persons of different sexes to appear in public together. The height of indecency is when the man gives his arm to the woman. Belonging, as he does, to a rude people, the Turk cannot comprehend that a man can pay attentions to a female, that he can feel desirous to make the way easy to her; all his own attention to her consists in allowing her to glide past him, like an incorporeal shadow, uninjured. To give the arm he regards as a sign of fondness, and punishes this reputed immodesty by pelting with stones, and many a poor foreigner has been insulted for merely wearing a green veil. I wear a blue one, and take good care not to accept a friendly arm; for though it is a matter of perfect indifference to me, whether the people behind me shout or not, yet I have a particular aversion to being pelted with stones, because they give pain; and, in spite of all precautions, you can scarcely escape them. "Stones here! let us stone the dogs," cried the children at the house-doors lately, in one of the sequestered streets of Scutari; and the dragoman was obliged to threaten them severely, to keep them quiet. In the suburb of Cassim Pacha, where the labourers in the harbour live, the children followed us with insulting cries: and, near a mosque,

a little spiteful girl shewed her malice by throwing sand at me, because she had nothing else, but for which an old Turk seriously reproved her. The only feeling which this excites in me is a hearty wish that these young imps had a taste of the rod, and the conviction that I am quite unfit for a martyr. An involuntary wish that I had it in my power to defend myself will also arise. On the other hand, however, the women whom we pass in our walks through the cemetery frequently exclaim, "Ah! how happy are the Frank women that they are allowed to go out a-walking with the men!" No doubt, they must be heartily tired of being for ever confined to the society of their own sex.

At the Mevlevi mosque they were prodigiously inquisitive, but in the most superficial way. Where do you come from? From Frankistan. This perfectly satisfies them. Under that name they comprehend all Europe, from Malta to Spitzbergen. Not a single question about that foreign, distant, unknown, land. Questions about dress, about children—inexpressibly stupid. They tired me; neither were they handsome, and, as I could not see well through the grating, we went down stairs.

The interior of the mosque is octangular, and a low balustrade cuts off from the space in the centre a passage that runs round it in a circular form. This passage is covered with mats, and occupied by devout persons and spectators. The space in the

middle is reserved for the Mevlevi. They enter, one after another, clad in long brown cloaks, wearing on their heads a felt cap, exactly resembling in form and colour a reversed flower-pot: the sheikh (the superior) alone had a green turban. On entering, they bowed to the *mihrab*, the niche in every mosque marking the direction of Mecca; consequently, here at Constantinople, in the south-east. The niche is empty; two wax-tapers, in high candlesticks, generally stand by it: this is the sacred place, as that of the altar is with us. The sheikh seated himself upon a cushion: the nineteen dervises sat down on the floor, in a semicircle around him, and all of them, in an under-tone, and with the usual motions, said their prayers, commencing with the incessantly repeated form, "There is no God but God," &c. Unseen singers, accompanied by a drum and fife, also played by unseen performers, sang a hymn in praise of the Prophet, which sounded monotonous and somewhat nasal—like the psalmodies in the Catholic service, or like the singing of the preacher before the altar, in the Lutheran. The sheikh then repeated in an under-tone, a long, very long, prayer; and when the drum and fife began again, they all rose, and went three times round the mosque, devoutly bowing to the *mihrab*. The sheikh thereupon returned to his place, but the dervises, dropping their cloaks, commenced, in long white garments, with abundance of folds, having one hand upon the breast and the other extended, to whirl round them-

selves and round the open space, nearly as in a very slow waltz. Gradually extending the other arm, they turned round in such exact time and step, that the heavy garment of each expanded about his body like a bell, without exposing more than the feet. Some inclined the head to one shoulder, others held it erect : all had their eyes closed, or at least steadily fixed upon the floor. Not one touched his neighbours, even with his fingers' ends ; not a garment brushed against another ; the utmost order and tranquillity governed every movement. The moment the sheikh gave a signal, they all stood still, with a firmness plainly showing that the movement, which would make any ordinary person dizzy, had no effect upon them. I had been warned not to laugh, but, indeed, I was not disposed to do so ; for the whole gave me the impression that I was attending a serious ceremony.

At the Rufaji dervises, it was totally different ; there I felt so nervous that I almost wept ; one does so, you know, sometimes, when disagreeably affected, and this sight was certainly most repulsive. Their convent is on the Asiatic side, at Scutari, and the interior of the mosque looks more like a square empty barn than like a temple of God ; dark, and filthy. The ceremony consists in repeating, for hours together, the first words of the confession of faith, "Lah illah, ill allah," in a certain time and with certain rocking movements of the whole body, forward, backward, and sideward. They begin

slowly, and increase gradually to a breathless rapidity, so that the words sound like an inarticulate groaning, and the movement becomes an irregular spasmodic convulsion. Their faces glow, the eyes are ready to start out of the head, the mouth gasps for air.

One of them threw himself with clenched fists upon the floor, and struck his forehead against it with violence, as if he was in convulsions; but this was a farce: his comrades quieted him, and presently he resumed his place. Very few of these people were dervises. Any one who feels a call to submit to this punishment is admitted into the circle. I call it punishment, for very great bodily exertion is required for this exercise, so that it can scarcely fail to produce severe pain in the back. Little boys, from the innate propensity to do what they see grown persons do, clambered over the barriers, and twirled and shouted with all their might. The sheikh stood in the middle, and beat time with his hand, like the director of an orchestra, to excite to increased rapidity. When nothing but a wild hoarse moaning proceeded from the breathless bosom, he gave a sign, and all stood silent and motionless. Four men, seated on a carpet, in the middle of the circle, at the feet of the sheikh, then began to sing, one after another, in a half nasal, half guttural tone, hymns of praise and thanksgiving, which, though anything but harmonious, yet formed a peaceful interlude. Meanwhile, some who had tired themselves

sufficiently went away, and others came in. A little boy, who could not be more than ten years old, pushed at the same time through the spectators, thrust us aside, and that nothing might be omitted, fiercely cried, "Out of the way, Giaour!" It was a saddening exhibition. From the wall in the background were suspended various instruments of torture, daggers, nails, &c., with which the most ferocious fanatics formerly mangled themselves, or merely practised sham-fighting.

This sight reminded me of the Flagellants, who formerly exercised their cruel austerities in Germany and France. It is remarkable how much uncultivated human nature is every where, under all circumstances and relations, alike, having a faint foreboding of the joys attached to a lofty flight of the soul, to a determined subjugation of grovelling and petty desires, and likewise a faint impulsion to self-sacrifice and self-denial; and yet it cannot raise itself above the lower sphere of corporeal mortifications. Such phenomena usually occur in times of decay, or of persecution of religious ideas: for fanaticism starts up as the antagonist of indifference, and, in the persecuted, conviction is heightened into enthusiasm. As the latter does not take place in Islamism, it may perhaps, be the former. But I assure you that this society of demoniacs produces a horrible impression.

Quite confused and tired out, we quitted the mosque, and went, in order to recruit ourselves, to



the great, immensely extensive cemetery of Scutari, which the Turks choose in preference for their burial-place, because it is situated in Anatoli, in Asiatic Turkey, and they have a sort of presentiment that Rumeli, Turkey in Europe, will not much longer be theirs—so I am told. Perhaps, however, it is only a predilection for their Asiatic home, for the land from which they sprang, that urges them to direct their bones to be laid in its soil.

This cemetery is less profaned than those in Constantinople itself; it lies out of the city, of course there are not so many trades and occupations carried on in it; neither is it considered as a market-place or a dunghill. It serves for a promenade after the Turkish fashion, that is to say, people seat themselves under a tree, the men to smoke, the women to eat or to do nothing; and, indeed, the spot is very inviting for repose beneath these noble cypresses. But this is not enough for us Europeans; we stroll about, we penetrate into the interior of the grove, we seek beautiful prospects. In so doing, we pass innumerable graves that have fallen in, and tomb-stones broken to pieces; and are convinced that, were it not for those extraordinary trees, this cemetery must produce a most melancholy impression—for the vaunted respect of the Turks for their tombs consists only in allowing them to decay slowly, very slowly, by the lapse of years. To preserve, is what nobody thinks of. Something is constructed—a house, a mosque, a tomb, a street—



and then left to its fate ; looked after and repaired, never. A want of foresight, an engrossment by the present, such as savages alone can display, forces itself upon your notice. No rayah, no Frank, no Jew, dares plant a cypress beside his grave ; that is the privilege of the Turk. The former lie, in general, beneath turpentine-trees, but which have not the majestic, mournful, form of the cypress. The Jews' cemetery is a bare, naked hill, dotted with white, irregular stones, which have a truly hopeless and comfortless appearance.

In our stroll through the vast cypress groves, we came at last to an open spot commanding exquisitely beautiful views over the Sea of Marmora. We proceeded farther and farther, and at last to the kiosk of the sultan, behind the great barracks of Scutari, upon the elevated shore of the sea—that was a sight capable of refreshing the soul, and effacing the recollection of coarse and repulsive scenes, by others of the most pleasing character. To the right of us lay the Bosphorus, like one of those glistening snakes of the fairy-tales, when snakes were not venomous, but lucky messengers of fairies and good spirits. Where the snake winds into the Sea of Marmora it wears upon its head a glittering crown, the summit of the Serai, that agglomeration of gardens, towers, pavilions, terraces, above which rise the cupolas of the mosques and the minarets, forming a residence in which a prince of spirits must be supposed to dwell, so ideally

beautiful is it, as a picture, and viewed from this spot. The city itself, the harbour, the suburbs, to which villages adjoin—all lie to the right also, projecting above the bright mirror of the Bosphorus. To the left extends the hilly, little cultivated, country of Anatoli, with single pines and trees of the cedar species on the near and distant hills, which gradually subside, and, at the point of Chalcedon, form the low and tolerably verdant shore of the Propontis. This is spread out before us, covered with the most delicate enamel, and in its silver frame are set the nine Princes' Islands, like larger and smaller amethysts, tinged of a roseate and purple hue. Several are naked rocks: on others there are villages, gardens, and on one a Greek convent. Above them and beyond the Propontis, the eye follows the hilly coast of Anatoli, which rises higher and higher toward the horizon, and at length lies like a stool at the foot of the Bithynian Olympus, which, crowned with snow, like a sage of ancient days, grave as one of those who can tell of the very different times of gods and heroes, looks down upon the present world. A brisk south wind blows; the whole Propontis is studded with sailing vessels, which are coming from Anatoli and from the islands laden with fruit and vegetables, and must lose no time to avail themselves of this favourable breeze to sail into the Bosphorus, which is frequently closed against them for a month together, when the north wind blows, its current, moreover,

which is very strong, running from north to south. Like swans, like sea-gulls, the most distant like small white butterflies, they glide over the silvery expanse, and behind them are formed winding azure ribands, like nets, upon the sea.

Ah, how still is this! how it refreshes! how clean it bathes the soul from all the dross of human doings!—dross in devotion, dross over tombs, dross about what is most sacred—to this, O my God, man is doomed! for every form is dross, when the spirit does not penetrate it to the very tips of the hair, and one is every where meeting with some point which has been rebellious to it, and from which it has withdrawn. This turning, this whirling, this singing, in honour of God, be the one ever so solemnly, the other ever so obstreperously, performed, is at bottom not adapted to the expression of a communion between the creature and the Creator. On the shore of the sea, opposite to the mountain, under the bright dome of heaven, I can think undisturbed of my God; for there around me all is light, unalloyed with that foul, black dross; there his revelation is undistorted by the hand, unadulterated by the weak intelligence, of man.

Oh, this longing after light! it draws me into the far East; it leads me over seas and mountains; it urges me on to that land where have ever been exhibited marvels and marvellous deeds, encompassing a ray of light, as the fruit once incloses the stone, and is produced from it. I shall never find

what I am seeking, never find the immediate relation between the faint spark of light *within* me, and the vast sea of light *out of* me! only in symbols, in forms, in images—only mediately will it reveal itself more or less to me! Such is the lot of man. But I have sought it with an ardent—O no! with an enthusiastic longing. That is the aim of my life! and to see a little moon, or a star, or a constellation, rise within me, is a felicity—a sun—that would be supreme happiness! but who accomplishes so much as that? My dearest soul, God grant it to you! You are worthy of it. I love you on the Bosphorus as on the Baltic—that you know.

## LETTER XI.

TO MY MOTHER.

The Mosques — Aya Sofia — Suleimanye — Achmedye — Os-  
manye—Fountains.

Constantinople, September 17th. 1843.

My dearly beloved mother, this is your birthday. I think of nothing but you, for the rain is falling in torrents, the wind blows furiously, making the ill-secured windows rattle, and violently shaking the slender tops of the cypresses, usually motionless, while rivulets are running down in all directions from our hill of Pera. Yesterday I was well nigh carried away by them. We were returning from a long expedition, and on our way home, but before

we were out of the city, we were overtaken by an absolute deluge, from which, in this country, you have no carriage, no sedan-chair, to take shelter in. Every caique was transformed into a small floating bath; besides, those light craft are very unsafe in sudden squalls; so I preferred walking to sitting in water, and we made the long circuit over the great bridge to Pera. To climb the hill was a task for a rope-dancer, because the streets, as I lately wrote to you, have the kennel in the middle, and not a spot but what is sloping. This kennel was now a permanent cascade, and in that I walked, for my shoes were soaked through, smooth and slippery as an eel-skin, so that I could not keep my footing on the broken pavement. I was thoroughly convinced by this experience that it is impossible to leave the house here in rain, and, as I am certain that it will not cease to-day, I am a prisoner, and therefore have time to give you a circumstantial account of my yesterday's peregrination.

At length to the mosques! and this time not with the turbulent Wallachian gentlemen, but with an equally numerous company composed of all nations, who took an interest in the thing, and to whom we had an introduction from the author of the *Ahn-frau*.\* He is a kind, plain, unassuming man, in whom there is nothing that betrays the writer of his awful tragedy. He had the goodness to call upon me; and, as his company had solicited and received

\* The celebrated German tragic writer, Grillparzer.—TRANS.

the necessary firman, I had no hesitation in joining it. The party was a mixture of Germans, English, French, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, thrown together from all the countries of Europe, to survey the wonders of the religious architecture of Islamism.

I was myself very, very deeply interested. I had meanwhile seen, by a lucky accident, the mosque of Beglerbeg, afterwards that of the Mevlevi Dervises, and the deserted mosque of Piale Pasha: so much the more desirous was I to visit Aya Sofia, and the celebrated mosques of sultan Suleiman and sultan Achmed, which last two had not been christian churches, as the first was. Ah! that, that is a wonderfully imposing edifice, in the interior, only for externally I think it disfigured by the half-cupolas placed around the great cupola which give the building a heavy, compressed appearance. A grand chiaro-scuro, a solemn magnificence, pervade the interior, and indelibly stamp its christian origin. The dogma of the Triune God is impressed in a manner not to be mistaken on these recesses, and imparts to them the mystic colouring of our ancient cathedrals, to which, however, Aya Sofia of course has not, and cannot have, any resemblance; for, compared with it, they are mere youngsters. She is their ancestress. Hence, just as the most ancient and the most illustrious families have no patent of nobility to produce, because they date back from a period of which no documents exist—so Aya Sofia is not built in any particular style; but it furnished

the model for that afterwards called the Byzantine, the principal feature of which is the circular arch springing from pillars. Byzantine, indeed, it is pre-eminently to be called; it was the most superb flower of Christian Byzantium, and was founded by Constantine after his conversion to Christianity.

But, more than a century later, when Justinian was Roman emperor, he resolved to erect a temple to the "Divine Wisdom," which should surpass in magnificence and majesty the world-renowned structure of King Solomon; and the unfinished edifice of Constantine was taken for the groundwork of Aya Sofia. As the story goes concerning Solomon's temple that neither axe nor hammer was heard while it was building, because the work was to be performed in solemn stillness, as if in constant prayer, so there was no lack of legends respecting this. An angel is related to have enjoined Justinian to set about the undertaking, to have furnished him with treasures to carry it on, and lastly, to have prescribed its name. The work was really performed with all the devoutness of which that age was susceptible. It was commenced with prayers and processions, and, at every tenth stone, a relic was inserted in the wall. The noble columns, of porphyry, marble, and verd-antique still attest its ancient splendour, though it has undergone many changes and injuries in the lapse of time, particularly from earthquakes.

Thus did it stand a thousand years and witness

the decline and overthrow of the empire of Byzantium. It beheld women and eunuchs governing the emperors, who enjoyed themselves, contented with the purple of the throne. It beheld secret murder and open revolt creep through the imperial families, and the son exercise atrocious cruelties against the father, the guardian against the nephew. It beheld the people following with mad enthusiasm, the games of the Circus, and drawn by them into ferocious insurrection. It beheld the educated, the learned, absorbed in subtle disquisitions concerning the nature of the Godhead and the Trinity, and wasting on metaphysical sophistries the proper faculties for acquiring knowledge and for acting. It beheld a degenerate, faint-hearted, arrogant race, wavering between voluptuousness, crudition, and tyranny, in the individual and in the whole nation. It beheld the Latin empire of the Crusaders founded in Byzantium by the Venetians and their doge Dandolo; and beheld it overthrown. Lastly, it beheld that comet, portentous of calamity, the Ottoman, flourishing his fiery scourge from Anatoli, nearer and nearer to Byzantium, till, on the 29th of May, 1453, it beheld sultan Mohamed II. on horseback approach its high altar, before which he repeated in voice of thunder his profession of faith, "There is no God but God, and Mohamed is his prophet." And with that it was transformed into the first temple of this strange faith. Profanation saved it from destruction; apostacy protracted its existence.



We were allowed to go through it from top to bottom. Over the aisles run wide galleries, formed by the most costly pillars, from which you may conveniently overlook the whole nave, and perceive many particularities. Thus you see the ancient mosaic work, with which the vaulting was coated, peeping in many places through the whitewash with which it is now encrusted, probably because it represented sacred subjects, which are abhorred by the Mohamedans. You see also many crased crosses on the marble parapet, and a few that have been forgotten and left. But, above all, you have an unobstructed view of the whole interior, which presents a regular quadrangle, in the centre of a large cupola, and overarched by four half cupolas round about it. The walls are lined with marble, which, from length of time, has acquired a dark softened colouring, that must have been an admirable foil to the ancient mosaic. Now, the whitewash forms a harsh and mean contrast.

I have heard Aya Sofia compared with St. Mark's church at Venice, but all the resemblance which I can discover is this : that on both rest the splendour and the shade of a thousand years ; that both remind you of the grandeur and the fall of mighty empires, of the overthrow of what is most stable ; and that in both the soul is fain to lift itself up to the ancient, the eternal God, whom men seek to honour by church and mosque. But St. Mark's is infinitely more beautiful—wholly wrapped, like a sybil, in mystic reverie, while Aya Sofia has had to

endure horrible distortion. The mihrab, namely, the holy spot to which the Mohamcedan turns when he prays, must always be placed in the direction towards Mecca, must be in the Mecca line, or the kiblah, as it is called. Now, in Christian churches, the high altar is always at the east end, and the kiblah here points to the south-east; hence the whole internal arrangement presents a degree of obliquity. The mats which cover the floor are all laid obliquely; the people, when praying, all kneel in a diagonal line: so awkward did it look, that I could not help wishing I had the power to replace everything on its former footing. The mihrab, I may observe, is an empty niche, nothing more. Near it, on the right, is a sort of high pulpit, with steps leading up to it; this is the place for the person who gives out the prayers, and on the left there is a kind of scaffold, supported by pillars, from which, on Friday, a religious discourse is delivered, and that too in the Turkish fashion, by a person sitting cross-legged. There is not a mosque but has a sort of grated box; this is destined for the sultan. The whole internal arrangement is confined to this, and such is that in Aya Sofia.

We saw it at the hour of prayer, because that is the most interesting, and this time quite unmolested. We were allowed to stand, to walk, to look about; the bakshish, I fancy, must have been distributed among the right persons. Women and men were not separate; they said their prayers together, in-

deed all together, in an under-tone, which produced a prodigious buzzing murmur. In the aisles, the people sat quietly together; one of them was writing in the Turkish fashion, that is to say, on a piece of paper laid on the palm of the left hand; for in this inconvenient way the curling Turkish letters are made from right to left. The reed-pen and small inkstand are carried at the belt. Some turned the rosary; but this, I am told, is rather an occupation for the fingers than an exercise of devotion, and is not considered as such. One read prayers, at the same time making incessantly short rapid bows, so that he looked just like those nodding Chinese figures on our mantel-pieces, which are my supreme aversion. An idiot dervise had collected around him a large circle, who surveyed him in silence. He was a young man in a singular dress, a short fire-red tunic, and a prodigious turban decorated with flowers; in his hand he held a pilgrim's staff, to which a large bouquet of flowers was fastened. He strolled about the whole mosque, and gazed vacantly at objects, after the manner of these poor creatures, who are regarded as holy by the Mohamedans, and who, protected by this notion, are safe from the insults and ill-usage of the populace.

The other mosques were quieter: indeed, they are very different from that of Aya Sofia, the offspring of a different idea. In that, the Christian dogma, impregnated and interwoven with the grand, fervent mysticism of the most ancient times, and with the

glow which warmed the faith of the Fathers of the Church, is still plainly recognizable. On these, the clear, simple law of Islamism, "There is no God but God, and Mohamed is his prophet," is as indelibly impressed. This law is perfectly intelligible, and susceptible of no other meaning than that which it is intended to express. If you take, on the other hand, any one dogma of the Christian Church, the Trinity, the incarnation of Christ, his ascent to heaven, or his descent to hell; or if you read in the Gospel of St. John, "In the beginning was the word; and the word was with God; and the word was God," to say nothing of the Revelations; in all this there is in fact nothing to understand, but infinitely much to interpret. Hence it is that men, from Arius to the present day, consequently for fifteen hundred years, have disputed immeasurably about the signification of such passages and treated each other as enemies. Some insist on taking them literally, others figuratively; a third party is for adhering only to the spirit, which animates words and images; and others again propose something else. The consequence is a great deal of agitation, wavering, and schism; but on the ocean rage furious tempests which never arise on the stagnant lake; and so to this striving to understand, to these strenuous efforts to arrive at the true interpretation, the world owes much that is beautiful, namely, the whole ecclesiastical architecture of the middle ages, that mind-imbued elaboration of so prodigious a mass

of stone as is a church, under the protection of the cross, which it rears on its summit.

Of course, then, a church makes—it must make, it is designed to make—a totally different impression from a mosque; and, in my estimation, Aya Sofia has been but temporarily converted into the latter. There is a little legend current among both Christians and Mohamedans, which expresses the belief that Islamism will not always prevail here. At the moment when Constantinople was taken by the Turks, a pious priest was reading mass in Aya Sofia. The dreadful tidings reached the church just when the transformation of the host was taking place. The priest prayed with intense fervour to God to protect the sacred body of Christ from desecration; and, behold! a wall suddenly enclosed priest and host, and both will issue from it unharmed on the day when Constantinople shall be retaken by Christians. But, my beloved mamma, you must not ask if I have seen this wall; you must believe as I do, that it is the entire Aya Sofia itself.

Sultan Sulciman the Great, gave orders, in 1560, to his great architect Sinan, to build the celebrated mosque which bears his name—the Suleimanye. It is likewise quadrangular, likewise covered by a cupola, has likewise superb antique pillars, and windows of painted glass, composing elegant arabesques, and it is a complete mosque; the spirit that impregnates it, is simple to dryness, and plain to emptiness, yet without being mean. No: mean it

is not by any means, solid, extensive, and complete as it is! but its spirit does not give enough, for it does not reach high enough. But, finished though it be, heaven will not slip into it—at most a bit of the Mohamedan paradise, represented by garlands of wire, to which are hung small lamps, ostrich eggs, gold tassels, a kind of rude chandeliers, which are lit upon festival nights, and which are to be seen in every mosque. That of Beglerbeg was quite immeshed with them. But this childish decoration is totally inconsistent with the simplicity of the rest. The walls are whitewashed; the mihrab is lined with Dutch tiles; the floor is of brick, but covered with mats. If it could be imagined that an ascetic people had its place of worship here, this poverty would be less displeasing; to me it appears only a sign of imperfect development. However, the form of the whole, the arrangement of pillars supporting the cupola, the columns introduced between the pillars, remind you of Aya Sofia by a certain air of solemnity.

But the mosque of sultan Achmed, celebrated throughout the whole extent of Islamism for its six minarets, the Achmedye, really carries simplicity to the length of poverty. An immense quadrangle, in the centre of which four prodigious, extremely clumsy pillars support the cupola, windows in all the walls from top to bottom, the whole fairly coated with whitewash—such is the Achmedye!

The Osmanyeh, built during the last century

pleases me better; it is certainly smaller, but then the whole interior is unobstructed, and the light, entering at the numerous windows round about, suits this well. The walls are lined with white marble up to the frieze, and this is formed by gold letters a foot long, composing texts of the Koran on a black ground, and looking, from their curling flourishes, like arabesques. The simple clearness of the law of Islamism, I find most happily conceived in the Osmanyè, and represented in the best sense; and on account of this consistency, it has made the most agreeable impression upon me.

The accessories of the Achmedyè are grandest: its six minarets, with two and three tier of galleries, and its very extensive fore-court, with noble plane-trees; its spacious inner court, surrounded by a portico of antique marble columns; the elegantly wrought marble fountain, covered with texts of the Koran in its centre, render it a jewel in the great casket of Constantinople.

For the rest, all the mosques have more or less spacious and handsome fore-courts, with porticoes supported by pillars, with plane-trees, and cypresses, and with a fountain. These accessories are as necessary as the charitable institutions attached to them. In the shade of the trees, near the fountain, are usually seated venders of rosaries. In the fore-court of Sultan Bayesid's mosque pigeons are fed: such is the custom, that whoever gives a trifle may have the pleasure of seeing flocks of pigeons

fall foul of the corn scattered about for them. The Turk is good-natured: he wishes the brute animals to fare well, and highly disapproves the killing one of them, when there is no need for it. To this misapplied good-nature is owing the nuisance of the dogs in Constantinople. Sensible people have proposed that they should be poisoned. But, Heaven forbid! what an outcry the Turks raised against such cruelty!

I love the dog for his faithfulness, for his anxiety to understand, for his veiled though undeniable intelligence; but those of this city give me no other impression than that of vermin, and fall under the category of rats and mice, which we are forced to destroy. When, at night, these thousands of hungry throats begin to howl, and the watchmen in the harbour, to keep themselves awake, add from time to time their long monotonous, dismal cry, you feel a shudder thrill you, as it does at home with us in ice-cold winter nights; and for this the dogs are chiefly to blame. Or you take a ride: the horse treads on one of these brutes, which never moves out of the way; he sets up a howl, his companions join it; they assemble from all quarters: they run behind you, their number increases at the corner of every street; the howl turns to a bark; the horse becomes uneasy, the rider stunned. Or they die, and as carcasses are a still greater nuisance. But the Turk cares not for all this: he is too good-natured not to be fond of vermin. Does this ap-



pear to you to be a virtue? Let him possess it for me: but his indolence is really intolerable.

Yesterday the whole company was under the protection and guidance of a kawass. This is a sort of guard of safety or honour, and is assigned by the government as a perpetual escort to all foreign ministers and consuls; likewise to individual foreigners, when it is the intention that a firman should be respected. It was twelve o'clock: we had been walking precisely two hours. All at once we were told that the kawass was so tired that he could not go any farther, that he must rest himself over a cup of coffee and a pipe from his past fatigues, and recruit himself for those which were to come. And so it really was; for, at a coffee-house the whole company was obliged to halt and wait for half an hour.

It was near the entrance-gate of the Serai, but to see that is now quite impossible, because the Grand Signor is about removing from the palace of Beglerbeg to the Serai, with the intention of passing the approaching Ramadan—the fasting season—perhaps the whole winter, there. Sultan Mahmoud disliked this, the proper residence of the Grand Signors, which, shut in by walls, towers, and gates, encompassed by courts, gardens, and a whole world of buildings, is situated at the very extremity of the city, in the shape of a triangle, washed on two sides by the harbour and the Propontis, and in the pic-

ture of the Bosphorus forms the most conspicuous object of the whole, by the name of Seraglio Point. No other palace or kiosk has such an admirable situation; but to none are attached so many horrible recollections, of which those of the murdered sultan Selim were probably the most horrible for sultan Mahmoud. Whether these are less liable to obtrude themselves upon his son, or whether the latter, as is customary with sovereigns, likes to do precisely the contrary to what his predecessor did; be this as it may, the Serai is to be again inhabited, and the preparations making for the purpose close it against strangers. So I was told by the ministers of whom I made inquiry, and particularly by the internuncio, who is so extremely kind to me that, to a certainty, he would obtain me admission, were it possible. I must, therefore, be content with having seen the Sublime Porte, where the business of the State is transacted, and must give up the Serai, where the Grand Signor revels in Oriental magnificence. Into his very kitchen I might else have penetrated by means of bakshish and good words—I am told; but that would be no amusement to me, and I am quite unworthy of the felicity of peeping into the grand signorial pots and kettles.

Good God! I am getting out of the mosques into the kitchens! that is the fault of the lazy kawass, who has detained us near the Seraglio, before the entrance of which is, however, to be seen an extremely

beautiful fountain. This and all its sisters are great ornaments to the city, though they are wrongly denominated fountains, by which we understand streams of water perpetually rising to a certain height from wide basins, and falling into them again. These are reservoirs of water enclosed in handsome temple-like buildings, out of which the water is economically conducted by pipes into troughs for cattle, having tin saucers chained close to the pipes, by means of which thirsty men may refresh themselves in their way.

This water-temple in front of the Serai is square, but has rounded corners, and a far-projecting fantastic roof, so that it has somewhat of a Chinese air, Arabesques of various colours, stucco, gilding, texts of the Koran, cover it from top to bottom, giving it a motley but pretty appearance, and the whole is so clean that you might set it on the table as you would a tea-chest or a work-box.

I have done with the mosques, too, for no more than four, the Aya Sofia, the Sulcimanye, the Achmedye, and the Osmanyne admitted us within their precincts, and these are quite sufficient to convey a precise idea of their architecture, their arrangement, and the impression which they make upon the spectator. What the reader may say on the subject, my dear mother, might be very different. But so much the more do these suffice, only in another sense. The greater number would not contribute to render

I kiss your hand a thousand times. Next year on this day I will do so in reality, Inshallah ! as the Turk says, that is, if it please God.

## LETTER XII.

TO MY SISTER.

Buyúkderé—Tower of Leander—Tower of Galata—The Seraskier's Tower—Bulgurlu.

Constantinople, September 19th. 1843.

MANY things here, with which others are delighted, I cannot help finding intolerable, and at the head of these must be placed the trips in caiques which I am obliged to make almost every day, and which become more and more annoying to me. When I was once praising the gondolas of Venice, the person to whom I was speaking replied that they were not to be compared to the caiques of the Bosphorus, those were merely commodious, these absolutely delightful. To me this is incomprehensible. The gondola glides without oscillation, without shock, gently and smoothly as a swan, through the lagoons, guided by the gondolier, who, standing with astonishing adroitness on the extreme edge of the stern, plies his oars with strokes soft as if given with the little finger, while the passenger sits upon a very broad, low, well-stuffed sofa, covered or open, just as he pleases. In the caique you are rocked, and feel, moreover, the shock of every pull of the oars, because the

rower throws himself back with vehemence, so that you always perceive a two-fold motion ; at the same time you are lamentably seated on the bottom of the boat, and must perforce submit to be broiled by the sun and sprinkled by the waves. I should think that there can be no doubt which is the more convenient of the two. At any rate, I shall adhere to my opinion : I know but of one sort of craft for really delightful water excursions, and that is the Venetian gondola.

Whoever would wish to enjoy the caique in its completest discomfort, needs but to take a trip in it to Buyúkderé—and that no traveller omits doing—he will then experience the delights of the caique for three long, long hours. Buyúkderé is the well known and celebrated village on the Bosphorus, in which most of the foreign ministers have their summer residences: just now they are all away, excepting the internuncio—he is here, thank God ! Ah, you in Europe, you cannot imagine how agreeable it is to find upon the hill of Pera such a European house, in a style of perfect elegance ! But, setting that aside, I could not gain access to all I wish but for the internuncio. He has just informed me that I have permission to visit, next Friday, the harem of Rifát Pasha, the minister for foreign affairs. I am in constant communication with him, though it is scarcely possible to keep that up while he is at Buyúkderé, especially during the last days, when torrents of rain and tempestuous winds

have prevailed. Some fifty caiques—at first it was said two thousand—have been dashed in pieces in the Bosphorus; six larger vessels have foundered, many houses along the shore are damaged, because the ships' bowsprits broke through them, and the bodies of more than thirty persons who have perished are already picked up. The equinoctial tempests have set in unusually early.

We had a fine day for our trip to Buykúderé, but were plentifully splashed, for, in doubling the little promontory, the current is always so strong, that men running along the shore are obliged to tow the caique. We had three pair of oars, and yet the passage took three hours; the return is performed in less time, because then you go *with* the current.

Buyúkderé is situated to the north of Constantinople, on the deepest bay formed by the Bosphorus; and hills, meadows, and ravines full of plane-trees and evergreen oaks are grouped on the acclivities behind the place, but not high enough to command a view of the water. Very near it, and on the same bay, lies the village of Therapia, where the French minister has his summer residence and a large garden full of magnificent trees. To a person living at this place, the wholesome fresh air, the beautiful prospects of the coast of Anatoli, with the ruins of the Genoese castle overgrown with ivy, and with the gigantic mountain—moreover the numerous walks, which one has not in Constantinople, afford, no

doubt, great pleasure; but I am more pleased with the scenery of the shore during the passage. It has more variety, more warmth: the Bosphorus is narrow and winding, like a river: at Buyúkderé, it is like a lake, and the country monotonous.

The return, by the same route that we followed on our arrival in the steamer, is surprisingly interesting, for the scenery on either side becomes more and more beautiful, so that you ought to have a hundred eyes to contemplate at once the diversified richness of the whole and the charms of each individual point. The village of Candili, on the Asiatic side, is delightfully situated on the slope of the hill. The old Ottoman forts, Anatoli Hissar and Rumili Hissar, lie most picturesquely opposite to one another, like two combatants broken by age. By their erection the sultans alarmed and harassed the Byzantine emperors, who in vain protested against it. Very near them now lies an unfinished Russian fortification, pointing to the future as they do to the past. All the black houses of the village of Jeniköi show that they belong to Armenians, who like to conceal their wealth under this exterior. The numberless Turkish country-houses, on the contrary, are of every variety of colour, like flowers, and of the gaudiest hues. To me they look like card-houses, frail and transparent, set up as ornaments to the Bosphorus, but uninhabitable by men. When children, we had little pasteboard houses, in which we kept grasshoppers—do you recollect? They make a good ap-

pearance, however, especially as a contrast, when you come from Buyúkderé, and from the solemn ivy-covered ruins; it is like passing from autumn into spring.

The Grand Signor, who is said to have some fifty palaces, great and small, in and about Constantinople, has of course several kiosks upon the Bosphorus, and the large palaces of Beglerbeg on the Asiatic, and Tchiragan on the European side. The latter, erected by sultan Mahmoud, is said to have cost thirty-seven million guilders [£3,700,000 sterling]; and this may have been the case, since the architect contrived to build at the same time no fewer than twelve houses for himself out of the pickings. Ladies of the sultan's family have also their palaces on the Bosphorus—the men not. A sultan has no male relations; either they disappear in their infancy, or, when they grow up, they are kept as invisible as the brother of the Grand Signor Abdoul Medjid.

Scutari, with its dark back-ground, the celebrated cypress grove of the cemetery, is a grand ornament to the Bosphorus, for, like a great city, which it really is, with its more than 100,000 inhabitants, it completes the trio of Pera, with its different appurtenances of other suburbs, and of the city of Constantinople properly so called; so that each of these three divisions forms a considerable city, while together they compose the present Stamboul.

Upon a rock in the Bosphorus, nearest to Scutari,



is situated a building with a fine name but a melancholy destination, the Tower of Leander, the lazaretto for persons infected with the plague. What the name of Leander signifies here nobody can tell. According to an old tradition, it was called the Maiden's Tower, because a princess was confined in this tower by her father to save her from a predicted calamity. Now this princess had a lover, who, to gain access to her, disguised himself as a gardener, and carried her a basket of roses. Rejoiced both by the gift and the giver, she hastily took the basket, when, behold! a venomous serpent darted from the roses, and stung the maiden in the bosom. The lover instantly killed the viper, and sucking the empoisoned blood from the wound saved the life of the princess. With the further incidents of the story I am not acquainted, but I hope the old king was convinced that against love there is no protection, and that whoever overcomes its dangers will be able to surmount any others. And now this tower is a plague lazaretto!

Fortunately, this terrible disease has not appeared for some years at Constantinople, and it has also been exempted from destructive conflagrations. But, in 1831 raged at once plague, cholera, and a conflagration which consumed 40,000 houses, and among them the hotels of most of the embassies. The English has lain ever since a ruin amidst a neglected garden; but it is in contemplation to build a new one. The French is building; the Russian just finished,

but not furnished—a real palace of hewn stones, each of which is said to have cost a ducat. The view is one of the finest in all Constantinople ; and if the fitting-up of the interior is as magnificent as the situation and the building, the emperor of Russia, on his next visit to Constantinople, will have a truly imperial *pied à terre*. The internuncio occupies the Venetian palace : not a splendid edifice, but sedate and stately, just as Austria itself is always and every where in its external demeanour ; and as I like inexpressibly to see both in States and individuals, without any trace of ostentation. It pleases me doubly, on account of the exceeding kindness of its inhabitants.

But the prospect from the terraces and from the great colonnade of the Russian palace may vie with the most celebrated in Constantinople—with those from the Tower of Galata and from the Seraskier's Tower, which we ascended in the first days after our arrival. The former stands on the declivity of the hill of Pera, almost close to the wall which surrounds Galata, and the gates of which are shut at night. For Galata, a town founded by the Genoese to promote the interests of commerce, acquired such importance under the feeble Byzantine emperors, that it soon became a petty state, having its own court of judicature, its own church, and likewise a fortress, with embattled walls, towers, and gates. As the emperors were not capable of preventing the independence of the Genoese, they were obliged to put

up with their arrogance in their own residence ; and it was not till the fall of Byzantium itself that Galata was ruined.

It forms to this day the commercial division of Constantinople, where the merchants and bankers have their warehouses, magazines, and offices, sometimes in houses, in which may plainly be perceived the half demolished or decayed tower. The walls are standing, but most of the towers are ruins, and the whole wall is completely overgrown with ivy and other creeping plants. But this is only a bit of the great panorama spread out around the Tower of Galata, and it lies at its foot. The eye follows the whole bend of the Golden Horn, which forms, perhaps, the finest harbour in the world. There all possible vessels, caiques, sailing barks, steamers of all nations, merchantmen, frigates, ships of the line, are lying conveniently together, as upon the sea ; and yet a connecting bridge is thrown from Galata to the city, which, though but of wood and already out of repair is no ornament, but a great convenience. We counted seven Turkish frigates, all dismantled, and in the most deplorable condition. Some ships of the line appeared to be equipped. On small natural or artificial rocks are scattered throughout the whole harbour sentry-boxes, in which soldiers do duty for the sake of order and security ; and they themselves enjoy the most perfect and undisturbed repose, for there they sit knitting stockings—a favourite occupation of the Turkish soldiers. More

pleasing objects in the harbour than these good fellows are the sea-gulls, which, in millions, have their abode there, and, white as snow, perch on the masts and yards, or rock themselves on the waves.

Beyond the harbour the city spreads itself out in its whole length, from the point of the Serai to the land-wall, and beyond this the suburb of the potters, to the mosque of Eyub, with its plane-trees and cypresses. This mosque is a peculiarly sacred edifice, erected in honour of Eyub, who was Mohamed's standard-bearer. Here takes place the important ceremony of girding the Grand Signor with the sword, which nearly corresponds with the coronation of a king; and never has foot of infidel profaned its sacred floor. Burial places inclosed by railed arcades, overshadowed by cypresses, here and there adorned by rose-bushes, which lend to the cold tomb-stones a breath of their lovely life, lead to the mosque; in these celebrated, learned, and holy men are interred. At the gate of the outer court sat a watchman, who at first would scarcely allow us to peep in, to admire the largest, the most umbrageous, of all the many majestic plane-trees that we had yet seen about Constantinople. But our dragoman so tamed and softened the Cerberus by mild words, and without any bakshish, that he grew quite civil, and at last conducted us among the tombs, naming the most eminent of the dead interred there: for instance, Ebn Sund, a famous lawyer in sultan Suleiman's time. So profound, so undisturbed a peace

reigns beneath the cool green shades of Eyub, the whispering and the rustling of the lofty tops and the mighty branches of all the noble trees shed round such a repose, that the Moslem intolerance which dwells beneath appears like insanity—for all intolerance is a false notion founded on the folly of self-conceit, which makes the faith of him who harbours it the centre of the universe. In the world, where so many follies are at home and find abundant nourishment, religious intolerance is not to be wondered at; but, among graves, whose secret none has fathomed and none revealed, it ought to be silent. It was terrible to me that the Turk should be for driving me away, as though I were a noxious animal, though I have indeed as much devotion for what is really worthy of devotion as anybody can have. This one is obliged to put up with here; but it is hard for me.

I have been led away from my panorama by a digression, my dear Clara. I only meant to say that the city spreads itself out in its full extent before the Tower of Galata, beginning with the brilliantly beautiful Seraglio Point, and terminating with the solemnly beautiful mosque of Eyub. Beyond the city you perceive the sea of Marmora, but only like a narrow stripe, bordered by the mountain chain of Bithynia; its Olympus, crowned for some days past with snow, ascends like a light cloud at the horizon. The other parts of the panorama consist of the view of the Bosphorus, and of the bold hills which com-

mence just beyond that of Pera, and are said to run undulating through the country, and gradually rising into the Balkan. One of these hills bears the dreary disconsolate cemetery of the Israelites, which I lately mentioned. Another is called Okneidan (arrow-place), where sultan Mahmoud practised archery, after the Turkish fashion, without target, merely shooting to as great a distance as possible to exercise the strength of his arm. Wherever an arrow fell, a stone is erected as a memorial of the feat; here an obelisk, there a Corinthian pillar, yonder a Byzantine, this of snow-white marble, that gilt and painted. A small kiosk, in which the sultan rested himself after this exertion, begins already to decay, and in a few years will be as much, but not so handsome, a ruin as the mosque of Piale Pasha, at the foot of the Okmeidan, in a grove of elms and plane-trees, already is.

The prospect from the Seraskier's Tower completes that from Galata, as it chiefly presents a bird's-eye view of the city itself, and then a most magnificent view of the Sea of Marmora, with the Princes' Islands and the Asiatic coast. The seraskeriat corresponds with the ministry of war of the European states, so that the seraskier is something like minister of war, and one of the most important personages of the Sublime Porte. On an extraordinarily spacious and open place stand the buildings of the seraskeriat, of which the Tower alone strikes the eye, and that only because it is a tower, not because it is handsome.

You ascend, accompanied by a police-officer, find at the top a coffee-room, and enjoy the view most conveniently through twelve large bow-windows. We sat there a long, long while, sometimes at one window, sometimes at another. Whenever and wherever you see the Propontis, it is always rendered by a magic play of colours beautiful as an everlasting *Fata Morgana*; and a bird's-eye view makes you much better acquainted with the physiognomy of a city. We were struck by the great number of buildings with cupolas, which are not perceived in going through the streets. These are partly khans, partly imarets: these are kitchens for the poor, in such number, that it seemed to me as if half Constantinople must be fed at them; the former, buildings in which merchants from foreign countries find at once lodging and a warehouse for their goods. Thus there is a Persian khan, in which are the magazines of the finest shawls; and there are some Armenian ones also.

A khan is always built of stone, inclosing an inner quadrangular court, and two or three stories high. An iron door closes it at night, so that the inmates and their goods are very safe and tolerably well protected from fire. This institution is highly needful in a country where there are no inns—that is to say, not for Turks, only for Franks. A lodging in the khan consists of an entirely empty room. There the traveller spreads the carpet which he has brought with him, and then has all the accommodation that

he needs. Upon his carpet he sleeps, he sits, he eats, he writes, he smokes : a carpet suffices for his whole household establishment. Good God ! what spoilt creatures are we Europeans !

As I am on the subject of beautiful prospects, I must not forget that from the hill of Bulgurlu, though it did not particularly please me because, according to my taste, it lies too far inland. At Scutari we mounted a talika, and were at least an hour and a half in reaching the Bulgurlu, the highest point of which, crowned by two trees belonging to the cedar species, we were obliged to ascend on foot. As I observed, you see all that imparts beauty to Constantinople ; but you see it at too great a distance. On the side of the Bulgurlu stands the kiosk in which sultan Mahmoud died suddenly and lonely—of poison it was said at the time of his death ; here I am told, of drinking wine to excess. I should think both untrue. Never yet did any mighty potentate, to whom are attached many hopes and many fears die at a critical moment, but partisans as well as adversaries contrived to find out some very extraordinary cause of his unexpected decease.

A gleam of sunshine, the first for these three days, entices me out. So, till to-morrow, my Clara.



## LETTER XIII.

TO MY SISTER.

Hebdomon Palace—Ancient Byzantine Remains—The Atmeidan—Extermination of the Janissaries—The Seven Towers—The City Walls.

Constantinople, September 21st. 1843.

THE gleam of sunshine which enticed me out the day before yesterday, my dear Clara, showed me a remarkable illustration of the perishable nature and transformation of all earthly things; it showed me the ancient Hebdomon palace of the Byzantine emperors, inhabited by a beggarly crew of Jews; the utmost magnificence plunged into the deepest filth. The ruins of the imperial palaces in Rome are not less decayed, and on their sites grow cabbages and weeds; but the remains are grander; in a more open, sequestered situation, they may be more like the wilderness—this is like a common sewer. Through the quarter of the Blacherne, which has retained that name ever since the Byzantine era, when a palace and a gate upon this spot led to it, you proceed to the Hebdomon palace.

This quarter is chiefly inhabited by Jews, and those of the very lowest class; and the most beggarly of all have established themselves on the top of the hill, about the walls, and even in them. A couple of miserable houses are so built that you must pass through their disgusting rooms to look

through one of the ancient windows, on the outside of which a column is still standing; and you must wind your way through all sorts of wretched garments and utensils, in order to climb a ruinous terrace, from which there is a view of the open country. Bakshish of course: but a score of women and half-naked children, who had assembled outside, assailed us with such cries for money, at the same time seizing me, poor creature, who never carry a para about me, and holding me fast by the arm, the veil, and the shawl, that the dragoman had great difficulty to clear the way. Rats harbouring in the worm-eaten remains of a long since mouldered throne! such was my impression.

Upon the whole, everything that belonged to ancient Byzantium—the Aya Sofia excepted—is destitute of the grand character of the monuments of Rome, and for this reason, at least so I account for it, because Byzantium itself was only a sort of imitation of Rome, and without real originality. Moreover, the Byzantines, an effeminate race as they were, must have built on a much smaller scale and with meaner materials than the proud-spirited Romans; for, though Byzantium was taken by the Mohamedans full a thousand years later than Rome by the German nations; and though we may reckon the barbarously desolating civil and foreign wars to have been quite as destructive for Rome as Islamism and earthquakes for Byzantium: still

there exists here not a single monument which affords the slightest glimpse of that grandeur which so undeniably pervades the Coliseum, for instance. There you have a whole city of antique monuments ; temples and palaces, bridges and baths, circus and amphitheatre, pillars and porticoes, tombs and triumphal arches ; you can join them together, build them up in imagination, and in some measure comprehend them. Here, though Constantinople has not been quite four hundred years in the hands of the Turks ; here, you have nothing, my dear Clara, but a heap of rubbish, with a few elegant apertures for windows—the Hebdomon ; amidst a confused mass of little Turkish houses, a tall porphyry shaft, the signification of which is unknown, and which is called the “ Burnt Pillar ;” a very fine cistern, with lofty colonnades, in which silk is now spun ; and in the Atmeidan, (the race-course) an Egyptian obelisk, a column, and a monument of brass, representing three entwined, headless bodies of serpents.

This Atmeidan is the Hippodrome of ancient Byzantium, where were held the chariot-races, in which the people took as outrageous delight as did the Romans in the fights of the gladiators in the Circus. At Rome too there was of course a Hippodrome ; it is now called, if I mistake not, the Circus of Caracalla, and from its ruins one might collect the complete arrangement of such a structure. Here, it is impossible : a spacious, uneven

place is bounded on one long side by the fore-court of the Achmedye, and on the three others irregularly by houses; in its centre, at one end of the long square, stand those three monuments, which are probably remains of the works of art, with which it was customary to decorate the Hippodrome. For, among the ancient Greeks, the Olympian games were held in honour of the gods; consequently, the places where they were celebrated were embellished with the most exquisite productions of art. The Byzantines borrowed them from their neighbours, the ancient Greeks, but of course without the religious signification; and, retaining only the splendour, not the taste, this diversion became the most insane, the most extravagant, the most distorted that ever people had. With the chariot-races of the Hippodrome were connected sanguinary feuds, insurrection, revolution, political and religious dissensions. On account of a charioteer, the city of Thessalonica rebelled against the emperor Theodosius I., who punished it with a prodigious massacre. The prudent emperor Justinian, and his artful and ambitious consort Theodora, attached themselves, he to the orthodox, she to the heterodox party, that they might exercise influence, and have authority over both the parties of the race-course; for the Blues were orthodox, the Greens heterodox. This did not prevent the two parties from falling out at a race, in such a manner

that a terrible conflagration, which destroyed half Byzantium, was a consequence of their quarrel.

The Atmeidan is, therefore, as important a place in its way for ancient Byzantium as the Forum for ancient Rome: in both was displayed the character of the people—hence the impression which both make, apart from locality and surrounding objects, is most diverse: in the Forum spoke and acted men, with the frequently harsh, frequently cruel, always profound gravity of the Roman; in the Atmeidan, the crude, sophistical, enervated Byzantines, whose real character it is as difficult to determine as the colour of the chameleon, diverted themselves even to bloodshed.

On this account I do not like them, not even individuals; so that there are but two or three females in the history of the Byzantine emperors, for whom I feel an interest—the “wise Pulcheria,” sister of Theodosius the younger, his guardian during his minority, empress after his death, a different sort of “virgin” sovereign from queen Elizabeth of England; for, though married late in life, as empress, she adhered faithfully to her maiden condition; and had not only a pure and pious soul, but a mind highly cultivated, and imbued with every sort of learning. Secondly, her sister-in-law, Eudoxia, wife of Theodosius the younger, who was a prodigy of beauty, virtue, and intellect, who constituted the delight of her husband, and was reputed to be the

pearl of all empresses. But an apple, which Theodosius had presented to her, and which was found in the hand of the learned Paulinus, subjected her, in her fortieth year, to the suspicion of incontinence, and she was repudiated justly or unjustly, went into exile, and shut herself up in a convent at Jerusalem. Against calumny, and against one's own frailty—for neither of the two is proved—no perfection is a defence. Irene, the great empress, the friend of Charlemagne and Haroun al Raschid, who proudly declined the hand of the former, and, hurled from the throne, was destined to expire in solitary monastic exile, on one of the Princes' Islands, within sight of her palace and her crown, separated by the Propontis only from Byzantium—Irene has one of those characters that *make* their own fate, and therefore my interest is excited for her. It is claimed in a very different way by Anna Comnena, who has related the conquest of Byzantium by the Crusaders, in the time of her father, Alexius Comnenus; for an imperial princess recording the events of her father's reign is a phenomenon that does not occur again, as far as I know, in the whole range of history; and so Anna Comnena is unique in her "History," as Johannes von Müller\* says of Cæsar; but not with quite so much justice.

\* The celebrated German historian of Switzerland. It is a curious fact that the first volume of a work destined to gain him such high renown, bore the false imprint of Boston, in the United States.—TRAN.

As I have made one digression from the Atmeidan to the females of the ancient imperial Byzantium, I will make another into a very recent period. In the Atmeidan (meat place) were situated the barracks of the Janissaries, and on this spot they drew up, with their kettles—a sign of discontent—and demanded, in the days of their insolence, the head of this grand-vizir or of that pasha, or sums of money, or any thing else to which they took a fancy. It was brought, flung into a kettle, and they went away contented. If not, mutiny, change of sultan, or some other act of frightful insubordination, ensued. To put an end to these excesses was for sixteen years the predominant idea of sultan Mahmoud's mind, which he could not execute till 1826, because he was obliged to go to work with the greatest caution. On occasion of the reforms which he partly made in the army, and partly designed to make, their opposition always broke out afresh; and he durst not take any direct measures against it, because their adherents among the populace, and indeed all classes, were too numerous. He contrived to give such a colouring to these reforms, as though they had been the real state of things in former times, and as though it was his intention not to introduce anything new, but to restore what was old. In this manner he gradually gained a firm footing and a sure hand; and a fetwa, which he procured in this spirit from the mufti, condemning all who opposed his reforms as transgressors of the

true law, was put in execution at the next disturbance raised by the still turbulent and refractory Janissaries. When they were assembled on their Etmeidan—to the number of thirty thousand, I have been told—sultan Mahmoud called together the Diwan, laid before it the fetwa approving his design, ordered his new troops to be collected, and to march with cannon to the Etmeidan. A furious battle, a prodigious slaughter, ensued. The Janissaries retreated before the cannon into their barracks; these were set on fire; the sword massacred here, the fire consumed there: in three days there was not a Janissary left in Constantinople, and, for a fortnight afterwards, the caiques in the Bosphorus were every moment running against a human head.

The excitement which pervaded the public mind in those days is said to have been most intense. All knew that something was in agitation, but none knew what, how much, how far. The Franks were always told, “You may be quite easy; it is not aimed at you”—but they too were in the most painful alarm; for, if the Janissaries had proved victorious, the Franks would have fared badly.

It is incredible what outrages the latter had to endure from the former. A very short time before their destruction, so I was told by a person of unquestionable veracity, a Janissary met an Armenian merchant, and called to him “Come hither! I have bought a new yataghan, and I want to try on thy neck whether it is sharp.” In such a case resist-



ance was useless. The merchant submissively approached, and resorted to remonstrances and entreaties. After a long colloquy, under the bare, glistening weapon, the merchant at length said, "I am in thy power, do with me what thou wilt; my orphan children I recommend to thy generosity." On this, the Janissary suffered him to depart. Perhaps the whole was merely a joke; but the moral torture of being exposed to the brutality of such a joke was really too great. For the rest, if the Janissary had chosen to be in earnest, the head of the merchant would have fallen, the murderer would have put up his yataghan, and there would have been an end to the affair.

At that time, indeed, the Christian, whether rayah or Frank, was estimated no higher than a dog, and was under constant apprehension of insult. Madame Balbiani lived seven years at Pera, without ever venturing to cross to Constantinople, so unsafe was it then. But those days are past; if you but use a little caution, avoid wearing green, as I lately mentioned, and the like, you meet with none but childish affronts.

Apropos of green! I was told that every one who has performed the pilgrimage to Mecca is now-a-days authorized to wear a turban of that colour. But I now hear that a man is appointed expressly to watch that no one wears a green turban, excepting the descendants of the Prophet; because this family still holds a distinguished position among the Mo-

hamedans. Among the Turks there are neither noble nor what we call illustrious families. All are nothing. The Grand Signor is everything! and he alone acquires distinction on whom he confers his favour, be he eunuch, boatman, barber, pipe-bearer, renegade, or slave. Such is the origin of most of the high functionaries, ministers, pashas. They please the Grand Signor by intelligence, cleverness, or other qualities that he values; or they display extraordinary talents; or they insinuate themselves by artifice into his good graces: in this manner they raise themselves out of dust and become somebody, sometimes persons of high importance, while they are in favour with the Grand Signor. In Turkey then, there is no other superiority of rank but one, depending on personal merit: hence I cannot help thinking that it would be a splendid country for the European Liberals, since they betray the same disposition to flatter the sultan in his palace, as the people in the streets, in order to attract notice.

Enough, at present, my dear Clara, about the Atmeidan as well as the Etmeidan, which both hold so conspicuous a place in the history of Christian and Mohamedan Constantinople, and have both been so steeped in blood. Among the other remains of the Byzantine era, of which chiefly I intended to-day to give you an account must be reckoned the aqueduct, which lifts its beautiful arches above and between the houses, and is at this moment under repair. We walked upon it as upon a lofty terrace. The aqueducts are works which the Turks

take some little pains to keep in order, because they set a high value on good fresh water and a copious supply of it; on this account, the sultans have at all times preserved the ancient aqueducts or built new ones. We intend in a few days to take a ride to Belgrade, where all the works of this kind, from the emperor Justinian to sultan Mahmoud, are comprehended within the compass of a few miles.

Individual fragments of ancient columns and pilasters are found rather frequently, in general in the most wretched houses, used here for door-posts, there for threshold. In a wall, in the Blacherne quarter, we found stones with some Greck letters; and a few days since, as we were returning home over the bridge, at the end of it before the gate of Galata, there had just been dug up a torso, a fragment of a marble statue from the waist to the knees, in a garment full of folds, such as the ancients were accustomed to give to their orators. In any other place, relics of this kind would be collected and preserved; here nobody cares about them. There they are left lying, till some poor man comes by and carries them off, to be applied to some purpose or other about his humble dwelling. More of them have no doubt perished from neglect than from actual destruction.

The architectural works of ancient times which have most interested me, because they are at once in the best preservation and most picturesque, are the city walls. This sounds paradoxical, it is never-

theless absolutely true. Yesterday, it was a most lovely morning, we took a caique and rowed over the Golden Horn to the Seraglio Point, then round into the Bosphorus, which soon opens into the Propontis, and lastly on this finest of all seas, still continuing to skirt the city to the famous Seven Towers, the ancient state-prison of the sublime Porte. Here once stood a palace of the Byzantine emperors ; upon a stone over the gate still figures the Roman eagle. How much would he have to tell us ! well for him that he cannot ! Whoever had been an eye-witness of all the horrors that have been perpetrated here, had been greatly to be pitied. To read of them only requires strong nerves : for example, the narrative of the circumstances attending the murder of the emperor Andronicus, and of sultan Othman II. both of whom were confined here. On the spot, all these came forth from memory bodily before my eyes. Besides such recollections the Seven Towers have now nothing terrible ; they are merely a citadel at one corner of the triangle formed by Constantinople, and the interior of which is not allowed to be seen.

Here we left the caique, and took a walk of an hour and a half along the land-walls, which extend from the Seven Towers again to the Golden Horn, nearly in their ancient form. They are three-fold : the first wall is without towers and appears to have been the lowest, because it has almost fallen to ruin and been carried away, so that you may conveniently see

the ditch on the other side, which is quite full of kitchen-gardens and fig-trees, and the two other walls; these are provided with bastions at regular distances, and so placed that the outer bastion covers the inner wall, and the inner bastion that part of the outer wall which stands before it. The bastions are mostly round, some quadrangular, one is an octagon; of course all of them are ruins—that renders them beautiful, for ivy, the wild vine, and still more delicate creepers, now closely clasp the cloven and fractured stones with their strong, slender arms, so that it really seems in many places as if nothing else held them together: and I could not help thinking of the heroine of the Persian poem, the fair Rhodaver, who drew her beloved Rustan up to the window by her hair; such is the impression of strength and tenderness produced by the sight. But it is not creeping plants only that have taken possession of the ground; there are also noble plane-trees, which, conjointly with the ruins, form groups so grand that you are often ready to imagine you have before you the remains of some vast ancient palace, not city walls.

The gates are comparatively small, narrow, and low; several were removed, others walled up, in times long gone by. The gate of St. Romanus, now called Top Kapu, Cannongate, fixes the eye, for here, on the 29th of May 1453, fell Constantine Paleologus, the last emperor of Byzantium and the seventh of his dynasty. Constantinople had

been besieged ever since the 6th of April, and sultan Mahmoud II, achieving apparent impossibilities to accomplish his purpose, caused ships to be transported overland, and a gigantic cannon cast, while the people of the city were engaged in a furious quarrel about the projected union of the Greek and Romish Church. Only 9000 men, capable of bearing arms, were to be found in that great city to defend the walls, besides the Genoese, to whom Galata belonged, under Giustiniani. The emperor was aware that the state of things was hopeless, and that all he could now do was to perish nobly. On the 28th of May, like one at the point of death, he received the sacrament in Aya Sofia, and in the assault he took his place in the ranks of the defenders. He fell, and his body was afterwards discovered among the slain by his purple boots.

While you continue to have the walls on your right, on the left are spread out alternately gardens, cemeteries, likewise uncultivated lands, and the Greek convent of Baluklu, with its umbrageous plantation of elms and plane-trees. The road rises and falls with the undulations of the ground, and, if you look back from the more elevated points, the silvery blue mirror of the Sea of Marmora meets your eye. In the cemeteries were seated Turkish women, eating, as they always are; at the coffee-houses, which are infallibly to be found before every gate, sat men smoking in silence, as they, too,

always are. Then, again, there were solitary spots, where the grasshopper was to be heard chirping in the grass. A peculiar character of peaceful repose was diffused at the foot of these ancient walls, which had beheld so many savage and sanguinary conflicts. An impression of grandeur was thus produced by the whole, while the eye was continually enjoying the new objects which developed themselves at particular points.

At a coffee-house we rested a few minutes in the shade of a plane-tree, and keenly did I regret my inability to draw; for a mosque, with an indescribably graceful cupola and minaret, rose out of a sea of verdure, which overflowed the walls in richly tinted waves: it would have formed a charming picture. In another place, the ruins of the Hebdomon appeared above the wall; but such were always and everywhere the exuberance and freshness of the vegetation, that I could not help exclaiming: "It does not signify—Constantinople must be left in the hands of the children of Mohamed, for Nature herself declares for them, and auses the colour of the Prophet to wave like a streamer from every pinnacle?"

This was a most delicious walk, and it is the only one that you can take with convenience, that is, without being obliged to climb, and without crippling your feet on the stony ways. Here is no such thing as is called with us a promenade—a place planted like a pleasure ground, and arranged for

pedestrians, horse exercise, and carriages. If you inquire for such a place, you are always referred to the great cemetery of Pera, where it is true you find, especially on Sunday, a great number of people walking, but not near so great as that of the dogs which have quartered themselves there, and the hideous howling and barking of which, together with the dreariness of the place on which no care is bestowed, instantly banish all idea of a promenade. Among the cracked and prostrate tombstones of the Armenians and the Catholics, which lie on the one slope, the mother brutes have made their lying-in dormitories, and the whining squeak of their whelps increases the dislike that I have to these places. It is indeed incredible how closely that which is most beautiful and that which is most repulsive lie, in striking and unveiled contrast, to one another. But the scenery of Constantinople is assuredly some of the finest in the world.

Farewell, my dear Clara. Here is constantly something new; to-morrow, I pay my visit to the harem.



## LETTER XIV.

TO MY BROTHER.

Visit to the Harem of Rifát Pasha.

Constantinople, Sept. 22nd. 1843.

MY dear brother, it affords me inexpressible satisfaction to have it in my power to give you to-day some account of a place which is as inaccessible to your foot as are to mine those numerous places closed against me by the significant intimation, "*Ma non le donne,*" more especially as one might expect this to contain more interesting mysteries of beauty, of love, of passion, than those others.

I have been to-day in the harem of Rifát Pasha. If you imagine that it is as easy to pay a morning visit at Constantinople as at Berlin or Vienna, you are egregiously mistaken; this was a really perilous expedition, and I have taken a slight dislike to all social connexions extending across the Golden Horn. For it is more difficult to get from the Venetian palace to the residence of Rifát Pasha, than in Berlin to drive down from the Oranienburg to the Halle gate. You must descend the hill of Pera, then cross the crazy bridge, which in two places is so steeply arched, in order to allow vessels to pass under it, that you are obliged to drive down most cautiously with a drag; and lastly proceed through the narrow, horribly paved, up and down streets in

the city, which are so contracted and so crooked, that the fore-horses were sometimes out of sight in turning a corner, and because the way is so execrable, at a foot-pace. The internuncio had, therefore, the kindness to introduce my request, and Countess Stürmer took the trouble to go with me. Now, my dear brother, charming as you may figure a harem to yourself, I must frankly confess that, after seeing two, one has no desire to see a third, and that the interest with which one enters the first arises solely from unacquaintance.

This morning, about ten o'clock, we started from the Venetian palace; Countess Stürmer, a native of Pera, perfect mistress of the Turkish language, and myself. The Turks like early hours, and this was appointed. On the steepest part of the hill of Pera, one of the horses fell; a footman hurt himself severely in going to render assistance, and a second in a less degree; but, for fear of more such accidents, they were ordered not to leave the carriage. You may imagine how I felt. With my personal apprehensions when riding was associated the unpleasant feeling that I was the cause of all these mishaps. I drew breath, when we had conquered the hill and the rotten bridge, and strove to banish the return from my thoughts.

About eleven we arrived at the pasha's residence, where again the entry of the inner court could only be effected by a masterpiece of skill. A dozen

servants, of course all of them eunuchs, were in the lower hall. The stairs were covered with the finest mats, as was also the octagonal ante-hall to which they led, where we found a great number of female slaves, from among whom a lady stepped forth and bade us welcome by giving us her hand and nodding her head. It was the sister of Rifát Pasha, a widow, and mother of two little girls. Then came his wife and saluted us in the same manner; and we were conducted into a saloon contiguous to the ante-room, in which were the mother, the wife, and the little daughter of Muclidar Bey, the Turkish ambassador at Vienna. This saloon was completely Turkish: window after window opposite to the entrance, and windows again half way along the two side-walls; under them a broad sofa covered with white cambric, upon which flowers of different colours were wrought in worsted with the tambour-needle. Before this sofa were two long mattresses, covered with cotton stuff, striped red and white, for those who preferred a very low seat; and, lastly, towards one side, a European couch and chairs, covered with yellow Utrecht velvet, and of old-fashioned make. The gaudily painted walls, the superabundance of small slit-up window curtains, the mats on the floor, the small piece of furniture resembling a cupboard in a niche opposite to the door, were all exactly as in the kiosk of the Grand Signor at the Sweet Waters.

The whole saloon was full of females. The two ladies of the house and the European and Turkish

visitors sat down on the different sofas, while the slaves partly stood at the back of the saloon, partly squatted upon the floor, or performed the duties of attendance: these consisted in handing round sweetmeats, of which the guest takes a spoonful and drinks some water to it, and afterwards coffee, out of the well-known, small, flowered porcelain cups, standing in a sort of silver egg-cup. The coffee is not handed round, like the sweetmeats, upon a tray, but each cup is brought separately, cautiously presented with two fingers, and must be received with the like caution, in the same way, because they are filled to the very brim. When you have emptied it, you need but look up, and one of the slaves in attendance instantly steps forward, and holds out her open hand. You place on it the cup, over which she lays the other open hand, a manœuvre by which all collision of the fingers is avoided, and the diminutive utensil is safely carried away, and which every waiter at the commonest coffee-house executes with great dexterity. In waiting upon the guests, the pasha's little nieces and his daughter-in-law, twelve years old, were very active, though not troublesome or awkward, as is frequently the case with children among us; but they showed the same quiet tact as the slaves; for this belongs to their education.

Had we smoked, the slaves would have had a good deal more to do. Muchdar Bey's mother now took a tchibook; the other ladies did not smoke, perhaps

out of courtesy to us. You will be curious to know how they look, and I am truly sorry to say that we have not found in them a trace of beauty. The pasha's sister has a face that bespeaks extreme good nature and benevolence: but it is so plump and round, and her figure in general so remarkably squat, as to give me the idea of a full moon. She wore a lilac taffeta spencer, and a white silk gown with flowers of various colours, the skirt slit up before and at each side, and the hinder part terminating in a train, both garments so excessively tight that you would be surprised how that bulky form could find room in it. No part of the dress had plaits but the prodigiously wide trowsers of golden-yellow taffeta, which descended so low and in so many folds as to render the whole foot invisible, and to make it impossible to judge whether it was covered by stocking, slipper only, or nothing at all. On her head, the lady wore the red cap with blue tassel, from beneath which, on the middle of the forehead, protruded a bunch of false curls, which was entwined with three braids of hair, and adorned with three flowers of diamonds. The narrow sleeves of the spencer were slit up at the wrist, and under-sleeves of white muslin, with fringes and bows of lilac silk, hung from beneath them, like enormous ruffles. The hands had no other ornament, but nails stained with henna.

Such was the dress of all the ladies, only of different colours; not all the slaves were in silks, and

the ladies only wore diamonds. The children were most profusely dressed, and their silk trains and the diamonds and feathers on, I suspect, with an artificial abundance of braids and curls, looked very singular. Some of the spencers were closed as high as the throat with hooks and eyes; some not at all. Muchdar Bey's mother, in particular, exhibited her full bust, in a manner that in Europe would appear rather comic in an elderly lady. In all these dresses my eye missed the goodly sight of a white washable stuff, which, according to our notions, is necessary for every dress, and which must accompany even the most costly of velvet or satin, in the form of chemisette or sleeves—for those under-sleeves, adorned with coloured silk, made by no means the impression which something washable would have done. According to our taste, these dresses were none of them clean enough.

A principal topic of conversation was the difference between the European and Turkish ladies' costumes, and they expressed themselves particularly adverse to stays. But their spencers are so tight as to be nearly equivalent to the latter. Of course, the conversation was confined to externals; for, to questions which interested me most, for instance, on what footing is a favourite slave in regard to the mistress of the house, they returned no answer when our interpreter adverted to the subject. They talked, nevertheless, of other things, horrible, criminal, unheard of in Europe, as being universally customary: and so I

learned that the women, when they have had one or two accouchements and are tired of them, destroy their unborn children.

We inquired also concerning their occupations, and were told that they had a prodigious deal to do; but, on the other hand, they admitted that all the embroidery and the household duties were performed by slaves, so that I cannot conceive what it really is that they fill up their time with. To receive many visits, the higher the person, the more numerous, and always for the whole day—this, so said our interpreter, is one of the principal employments of the Turkish ladies. That is, indeed, a horrid robbery of time; but to us it appears only like sleepy indolence. I would fain have asked: but are you not ready to die of *ennui*, in your monotonous seclusion, which deprives you of all participation in the life of your husband? You know not his friends or his foes, the sphere of his operations or his employments; nay, not even the world and the relations in which he lives. He shares nothing with you, and you are obliged to share himself with your slaves—are you not then weary to death of so degrading an existence?—Probably I should have been answered, No; for life in the round of ancient, established custom, is also life.

And then they have at their disposal that substitute of all women who have no powerful interest in life, and which is found as frequently in European society as in the Turkish harem—intrigue. Of

course this is confined to the narrowest, I might say, the lowest circle ; but in it they seek hundreds, thousands of cross and by-roads, to arrive at their object. And, that you may see, my dear Dinand, that people here as well as in our civilized society, are fond of talking about the most private affairs of their dear neighbours, I will tell you what is said about Rifát Pasha's harem, and which made us curious concerning *l'objet aimé*.

Well then, Rifát Pasha has a most peculiarly favoured female slave, who excited the jealousy of his wife to such a degree, that the latter made every possible effort to pull down her rival from her high position. Of course in vain. So long as one is loved, the machinations of others do no injury, and frequently they even serve to strengthen afresh an already wavering affection : so averse is man to submit to contradiction in the sphere of the feelings ; for reason is required in order to give ear to reason, and love and reason do not even lie within the same sphere. "A love that is not a miracle, is no love at all,"—so says the author of the Emperor Octavian, and it is the finest thing that Tiek ever said ; but reason has, as every body knows, and as Rationalists have proved over and over again, nothing to do with miracles. To break the spell of that favourite, the wife had recourse to a truly desperate expedient. She directed the most beautiful and the most fascinating slave in Constantinople to be purchased, and presented her to her husband, content to endure the



new rival, so she could but overthrow the old one. Is not this a genuine harem expedient?—So wilful and so disconsolate? Any other, only not that!—not that!

You will, no doubt, be as curious to learn the result of this scheme as we were. Well, then, all was in vain: the favourite retained her situation. The latter was to-day among the attendant slaves, and not to be distinguished from them but by her exquisitely beautiful figure:—tall and slender as a nymph, supple and pliable as an osier, she formed an extraordinary contrast to the uncouth shapes of the greater number. Perhaps, however, we might scarcely have remarked her, had not the ladies, after the dinner, of which I shall presently give you an account, stopped in the dining-room to perform their ablutions, while we were conducted back into the saloon by some slaves. She was of the number, and all at once we were struck by her handsome person; for she spoke, she smiled, she was cheerful, and that made her handsome. Hers was one of those faces of which people say, “But how plain she is! what small eyes! what a large mouth!” Suddenly, the irregular features were stripped, as it were, of their plainness, and the face appeared transfigured. A Greek slave, who seemed to perform the office of stewardess in the harem, and with whom our interpreter conversed in her native language, said that this was the favourite slave; but where the beauty was, whether they did not choose to let us see her, or whether she had been

sent away because she had not accomplished the desired purpose, we did not learn ; and only so much is certain, that among all these females there was not a single beautiful face, and but a single interesting one, and this was precisely the favourite's.

Animated and good-humoured as she had just now appeared while conversing with our interpreter, so grave and motionless she became when the ladies of the house entered. She instantly retired with the other slaves to the back of the room, stood still there, without changing a feature, covered her hands with her long under-sleeves—covered hands are a sign of respect among the Turks—helped to wait on the company, and now and then squatted upon her heels like the rest, and just as ungainly as they. This cannot be an enviable existence :—to be loved by the husband and hated by the wife, and at the same time to be a slave in attendance on that wife. Still she did not look in the least unhappy or melancholy, for her lot is very ancient, as ancient as the time of the patriarch Abraham. But none can be expelled from the harem, like poor Hagar. If she sinks in favour she enters the circle of the ordinary servants, and makes way for the new star.

When our visit had lasted about an hour, we were for putting an end to it ; but, instead of that, were invited to breakfast, and conducted through the octagonal ante-chamber into a long eating-room, which had windows at its two short ends, and was, of course, admirably adapted for its destination, as the light

did not strike upon the eyes of any of the party. At the entrance stood female slaves in a semi-circle, some with wash-hand basins, others with jugs, and towels, embroidered on the edge with gold and silk of various colours. Water was poured over our hands, and the Turkish ladies thoroughly prepared themselves for eating. Muchidar Bey's mother took off her spencer, that she might have more freedom in her movements; and the others turned up their under-sleeves, or tucked them beneath the narrow ones of the spencer. We then seated ourselves on European chairs, at a long table, set out precisely in the European style, upon which were vases of flowers, glasses, plates, none but objects to which we were accustomed; and the slaves waited upon us in the same manner as our own servants do.

It was a complete dinner, which began with European soup and other dishes, and we were agreeably surprised to see that a clean silver knife and fork accompanied every change of plate. Should you have expected this hyper-gentility in a harem? After the soup, a plate, containing an entire large fowl, was handed to each person, then one with a fish, and then I know not what, for Turkish dishes came in for a change, many very sweet and others excessively greasy—a real abomination to me. Many dishes were handed round, and when we did not help ourselves at all, or in the opinion of the slaves not in sufficient quantity, they put more upon our plates. There was, upon the whole, a curious medley of

foreign and domestic manners, customs, and dishes. Of course, none but the ladies of the house and their guests partook of the dinner; but the slaves talked unrestrained with them and among themselves.

The pasha's sister sat beside me. For soup, cream, and the like, she used a spoon of black horn, and for everything else, her fingers only. A truly remarkable sight! diamonds in the hair, and all the ten fingers, with orange-coloured nails, dripping with fat and sauce! The other ladies, of course, fed themselves in the same manner. Actively as their hands were engaged in this occupation, I had opportunity to observe them: they were small, fleshy, with short, stumpy, undeveloped fingers—fingers which probably are strangers to every other kind of activity but that in which we employ our forks. I must confess to you, that I almost fancied they were webbed. After, at least, twenty different dishes, the pilaw concluded the repast. For dessert, we take sweetmeats; the Turks take a plateful of rice and mutton; and so the ladies socially helped themselves from the same dish with their hands, and ate with a high relish. After such service, the hands certainly require a more thorough washing than we are accustomed to give ours in the small dark blue glass bowls. I had almost forgotten to mention that, beside us foreigners was placed champagne in cut-glass decanters; but we refrained from giving any scandal to the followers of the Koran, and did not test its genuineness.

After dinner we returned to the saloon, took coffee and ices, and, after a short time, again wished to take our leave ; for conversation, by means of an interpreter is always dull, and, when continued for hours together, becomes absolutely tiresome ; but we were assured that the pasha would return immediately from the Diwan, and begged to stay a little longer. Now, I should have been glad to be entertained in the way invariably described in eastern stories ; with the singing, dancing, and lute-playing of the slaves ; for, as it is beneath the dignity of Turkish ladies to cultivate talents of this kind, they ought at least to take care to have about them persons capable of varying the monotony of the harem by such amusements. But in this there was neither beauty nor talent.

You cannot conceive how unpleasant it is to speak with persons who only see the world from behind their grated windows, and the curtains of their araba, and who, nevertheless, are by no means abstracted from worldly interests, but are wholly and solely absorbed in them ; for here the minds are engaged to a greater degree than even the body. Existence becomes frightfully material. We inquired how marriages were brought about, with this total separation of the sexes, and learned that these are in general managed by the mothers, who go from one hare'm to another, and make matches for their sons and daughters, to which the latter, from their extreme youth and inexperience, assent without

opposition, as soon as the mothers have found suitable partners for them.

Rifát Pasha's son, a lad of fifteen, has been married these six months to a girl of twelve. She had waited upon us very attentively when we took coffee on our first arrival, and learned that she was the pasha's daughter-in-law. At length, the son came in: he seemed, both in person and behaviour to be well suited to his little childish wife: both look quite as immature and undeveloped as any young persons among us at the ages of twelve and fifteen years: and, as people marry to *live* not to *play* together, these have manifestly done so too early. But is it not a folly, nay almost a sin, thus to rob poor children of their childhood, and to pluck off the flowers of their youth before the time?

It just occurs to me that I have not yet said any thing about the wife of the pasha; it is because we saw least of her: she was probably engaged by the dinner, that is, by the European arrangements. She also wore superb diamonds, and in her youth, while her delicate features still retained their freshness, she may have been very handsome. Now she was the less so, as they had no prepossessing expression.

At length we broke up, without awaiting the arrival of the pasha, and, with the same ceremonies in the circle of the slaves, we took our leave, and the son accompanied us down stairs. Our return was unattended with accident; at the dangerous

places we walked up the hill, and about four o'clock I was again seated in my lodgings, glad to have seen a harem, and well content if I were never to visit another.

Most of the ladies of Pera, as I learned from our interpreter, speak more or less fluently both Turkish and modern Greek, the latter on account of the servants, who are almost all Greeks, and have a great capacity for learning foreign languages. The Perote families are mostly Italians, Venetians, and Genoese, but have been long settled for the sake of trade at Pera, and become denizens. Their acquaintance with the Turkish language has brought them into connexion with all the foreign embassies in Constantinople, in which individual members of them held the important post of dragoman; for you know that Austria alone has an Oriental seminary, in which young men are trained for eastern diplomatic business. The Perotes have no other country but the hill of Pera, and no other national interest but that of the State into whose service they have entered. Is not this an absolutely abnormal phenomenon? I do not think that there is elsewhere in the world anything like this homelessness, which has established itself here.

Farewell, my dear brother!

## LETTER XV.

TO MY BROTHER.

Travelling Disappointment—Excursion to the Aqueducts of Belgrade.

Constantinople, September 24th. 1843.

To the account of the harem, which I gave you the day before yesterday, I add one more short letter, for I have leisure, as this is a day of rest. I took a ride yesterday to Belgrade, and it has so excessively fatigued me, that I shall not undertake any more long excursions. In travelling, you can never do exactly what you wish: you cannot arrange matters so but that you are obliged to give up many things which you are desirous of seeing, as is my case in regard to the little trip to Brusa. Every eight days a small steamer starts for Mundania, on the Sea of Marmora, and returns hither on the fourth day, so that one has just time to go to Brusa, situated on a delightful plain, at the foot of the Bithynian Olympus, and to ascend the mountain itself. I was extremely desirous to see that country, famed for being one of the finest in the East, and to visit the city which was the first residence of the Ottoman sultans; but it has always so happened that I was engaged on Fridays, when the steamer sets out. On the first Friday I wanted to see the sultan on his return from the mosque; on the second,



to hear the howling dervises; on the third, it rained; and on the fourth, the day before yesterday, I had to pay my visit to the harem, which could not be postponed, partly because Ramadan, the great fast of the Mohamedans, is about to commence, and partly because I am obliged to leave the day after to-morrow, if I mean to go by the Austrian Lloyd to Beyrout, and that I am decided to do, because I cannot make up my mind to take a passage in the steamer which departs a fortnight later under the Turkish flag for Syria, as it is especially destined for Turkish passengers. Thus, to my great regret, I was forced to give up the trip to Brusa, and instead of surveying to-day the plains of Asia Minor from Olympus, I must content myself with having beheld it yesterday evening in resplendent beauty, with its snowy crown reflecting a roseate radiance.

I rode to Belgrade on account of its celebrated aqueducts, and partly to try a saddle, which I shall absolutely want for my Syrian journey; for I have determined to perform it with all possible convenience, because I shall have unavoidable fatigues enough to encounter. At least, so say some gentlemen, who have just made that journey, and who now feel such need to rest and recruit themselves, that to them Constantinople seems extremely comfortable, and but little Oriental; whereas, to us it is the very reverse. If, then, there are really such prodigious toils to undergo, I must try to lighten them as much as I can; for when I am over-fatigued in body, the

senses are no longer capable of conveying to the soul impressions of beauty and majesty, and then I should have made the whole tour to no purpose.

From all that I am told here, I conclude that the main point is to keep stedfastly in view the special object for which it is made, in order not to be frequently put out of humour and disheartened. I make it to acquaint myself with the countries where once great civilizations sprung forth, like blossoms, from the stem of their religions, and decayed when the pollen of those blossoms ceased to fructify. I make it to see those places where our civilization, the most multifarious of all that ever existed, had its origin. Pleasure, amusement, feasts of intellect and of art, an uninterrupted succession of natural beauties, I expect not, I seek not: if I desired these, I would go to Paris, then to Italy, then to Switzerland; I might do so in the same time, with less expense, without fatigue; my object is to go from the world that *is* to the world that *was*, from the European present to the Oriental past. There, melancholy deserts, ruins, desolations, must prevail, and there, single and solitary as the stars emerging from a clouded sky, must arise majestic, consolatory, cheering recollections, to which the spirit attaches its hopes, and deduces what *is to be* from what *has been*. Hopes, I would extract—nothing but hopes . . . not for myself, not for others alone, but for us all. In Europe, the aspect of things is so

hopeless, so perturbed! Almost every one is out of his place, and is secretly or openly seeking another. All that subsists is to be altered, re-modelled, or even overturned. Every one feels the necessity of reform, but not one has hit upon the precise new form, according to which things are to be moulded. Neither religion, nor society, nor the State, stands any longer on the old solid base. The principles from which they have hitherto developed themselves are disputed, or absolutely denied. I am filled with anxiety when I observe all this on the spot. But, if I am in the East, if I contemplate the ruins of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, or Omar's mosque upon the Temple of Solomon, or the sand over the marvellous works of Memphis and Thebes; if I reflect at the same time that such grandeur, power, and magnificence were doomed to perish, and that our whole great western civilization, fresh and new, may, nevertheless, follow them; this consideration inspires me with confidence for a yet unknown, but certain, and in its kind, perfect phasis, that will commence over the ruins of our world. For there will be ruins greater than those of Baalbec and Thebes put together. They are already making their appearance; men are merely keeping them together for a while with iron clamps, and not one of them has the courage to say: "Look, they are but ruins!"

But which of us, reflecting upon the state of religion, society, and governments, has not asked

himself a hundred times, "How long will this last?" Not, therefore, to gather recollections for myself, but to gather hopes, hopes which have not the slightest reference to myself and my own person, I make this tour; for I hope to write a not uninteresting book concerning it; I hope not to be poetically excited by it, neither do I hope to lead an easy happy life while making it; only just what I have told you above: and this need of hope must be very great, since it urges me to confront courageously all the unavoidable inconveniences with which the journey is attended. But only those which are unavoidable! that I am resolved; for I have no such intention as to perform a pilgrimage in the spirit of the piety of the middle ages, accompanied with voluntary privations and mortifications. As for mortifications, my dear Dinand, I am too much the child of my ease-loving age not to execrate them with all my heart. And yet I am doing things every moment which would give you a right to ask: "But why torment yourself so?" Ah, my dear brother, if there were no contradictions in human souls, we should soon come to an understanding with ourselves and with others.

At the mention of Belgrade, you will certainly think of the capital of Servia. But it is only indirectly that you may do so; for, when the Turks took that city, many of its inhabitants abandoned it, and settled in a village a few miles from Constantinople, and that is the little Thracian Belgrade. It had its

moment of fashion, when Lady Mary Wortley Montague, wife of the English ambassador to the Porte, more than a hundred years ago, passed the fine season there. Whoever has learned English must have read her exquisitely beautiful Letters from Constantinople, and it is really a pity that they are still treated only as a school book. At present Belgrade is considered as an unhealthy place to live at. The many waters and the overshadowing trees are said to generate fevers: people content themselves with taking a ride thither to see these things, which, in the eyes of the Turks, are at once curiosities and the quintessence of all beauty. How highly they prize trees and streams is manifested by the designations of the "Celestial Waters," and the "Sweet Waters," and by their particular fondness for visiting both these places. But Belgrade is far too distant for the Turks; none but Europeans go thither. The wood of Belgrade is in a manner sacred. Not a tree in it is felled. It feeds the numerous springs that supply Constantinople with water.

At eight o'clock yesterday morning, we rode through the *grand champ*, as the great cemetery is commonly called, and past the great barracks, the guns of which command the Place, a spot peculiarly adapted for rioting, and part of the city. Now-a-days there are no riots, but of dogs against equestrians. We descended to the Sweet Waters, and then entered the fields of Thrace, which, treeless and untilled, form far and wide a succession of hills. In

deep places, caused probably by the recent heavy rains, the meadow-grounds were quite swampy; those that lay higher and drier were so covered with thyme as to impart a strong scent to the whole atmosphere, before the plant was trampled upon by the horses. Then the brisk morning breeze wafted to us absolute waves of aroma. Perfumes in the pure open air are to me something enchanting, and, when coming from Constantinople, they were rendered doubly gratifying by the charm of novelty.

By degrees the country becomes more pleasing: individual trees make their appearance; on elevated points you perceive aqueducts running from hill to hill: you then ride on through low grounds where all prospect is shut out. Thus you first come to the aqueduct of the emperor Justinian, who, after the Roman fashion, reared one range of arcades upon another, and these support the channel which conveys the water. It is a pity that the arches are not of uniform width, and have not a handsome contour.

Now commences the wood, composed chiefly of chesnuts and oaks. But do not figure to yourself such oaks as yours in Holstein. Wherever I have seen oaks, I have been obliged to confess that the oak needs German soil to develop itself in its full vigour. They are not so thick, not so spreading, and by far not so lofty, as with us. The very leaves are smaller. They may be of another species—that I will not pretend to decide; but, in comparison

with the oaks of North Germany, these look stunted. The wood itself contains abundance of bushes and underwood: sometimes it ceases, and then begins again: of course, it does not receive that attention which is paid to our forests. But, as the only one in Rumeli, it is made much of, and thought beautiful.

The aqueducts of the emperor Andronicus and sultan Othman are basins, the pipes of which are not visible. They are situated near the village of Pyrgos, beyond which commences the wood of Belgrade properly so called, consisting chiefly of the eatable chesnut-tree, which looks just like that of Pyrgos. The character of the whole is extremely tranquil and almost melancholy, as woody, and at the same time thinly peopled tracts almost always are. You see no inhabitants, no field or garden labour going forward, no activity of any kind. The ways are foot-paths and scarcely that. Beyond the wood, you get into a quite open country. At this time of the year, too, the woods, even with us are still as death, in the absence of the dear little birds, which make them so lively in spring, by their cheerful chirping. They have had a summer full of joy and love: now, the pleasures of their little life are past, they must attend only to the means of prolonging it. To me there is nothing more melancholy than a very fine day at the end of summer in a wood; and I know nothing more enlivening than a June day in the same place.

About one o'clock having passed some extensive ponds, we arrived at Belgrade. We had been round to the different aqueducts, and on horseback ever since eight o'clock, consequently we were rather hungry; and at the inn—or what shall I call the hovel before which we alighted?—there was nothing to be got but butter, black coffee, and fresh water. I had hoped to meet with a thing that I am very fond of, *gjaurd*, a kind of sour milk which the Turks prepare most excellently: but there was none in the village. The dragoman was sent out a second time to forage, and after a long absence he brought back a few fresh eggs, some sweet milk, and a piece of a new loaf; the latter so moist, that it seemed to have been rather washed than baked. To this fare our dinner was limited, to my very great satisfaction. One sees on such occasions upon how little it is possible to live; and I was, moreover, amused by the striking contrast between my last three dinners. To-day I sat upon a balcony, canopied by the open sky, in the shade of a filthy hut, and ate out of a black pan the eggs which some peasant-woman had boiled. Yesterday, I dined in the harem of the Turkish minister for foreign affairs, with all the elegance which Turkish habits, exchanged for European, admit of; and the day before, at the inter-nuncio's, with diplomatists, with travellers of different nations, with persons of celebrated names—in short, in the best society. Is not this really diverting?

The aqueduct of Sultan Mahmoud, which we



visited after our frugal meal, is by far the handsomest of all—a very spacious reservoir of snow-white marble, with open and covered basins, connected by terraces, so that the whole structure looks like a grand palace, which, moreover, is situated in the thickest part of the wood. This is an interesting spot, at which we tarried longest, because we met with acquaintances among a larger company. But, when I had to mount again, I found myself so tired that I had rather declined giving “my kingdom for a horse.”

We had no need to return through Belgrade and Pyrgos, but took a nearer route, leading out of the wood, above Buyúkderé into the road from that place to Constantinople: but I was tired, for, since I was in the Pyrenees, I had not been on horseback, and in that state the shortest way is too long. For the rest, on that elevated point above Buyúkderé, we had an incomparably beautiful view. Hills sloped down to the very place, which lay at the bottom, on its spacious bay, as on a tranquil lake. Between the hills of both shores, the Bosphorus disappeared and appeared again, according to its own windings and those of the bay. On the left was spread out the Black Sea, and on the right, beyond the Propontis, extended the hilly coast of Anatoli, above which towered, in brilliant majesty, the royal Olympus, clad in the purple radiance of evening. Add to this the transparent atmosphere, and the blazing glory of sunset in the South; and

yet, it was really a shame, but yet I was and continued to be tired; and right glad was I, when, at length, about half past seven, we reached our quarters.

Now, my dear brother, farewell, and do not take it amiss that I break off my letters so abruptly and unceremoniously. Were I to enter into assurances of affection, there would be no end to them; and every moment I have is bespoken. Besides, you must take it for granted that I think of you, the dear and distant objects of my love—this my frequent letters attest. So be not too particular about the form.

## LETTER XVI.

TO MY MOTHER.

The Palace of Tchiragan—Ramadan—Concluding Observations—  
My Firman.

Constantinople, September 25th. 1843.

THIS is the last letter, my dearly beloved mamma, that I shall write to you from this city. All the preparations for my departure are made, and tomorrow afternoon I set out for Smyrna. I am the more gratified that I could this morning obtain access to the interior of the sultan's palace of Tchiragan, after I had so often admired the exterior; and I will give you a hasty account how this was managed. The imperial gardener, who is to lay out the gardens

to that palace, is a German, and comes occasionally to Madame Balbiani's. I saw him a few days ago, and he undertook to introduce me into the palace without a firman ; so, at nine o'clock this morning, a caique conveyed us to the place of destination.

I believe I have already told you that this palace is an agglomeration of several and totally diverse pavilions, which are united by galleries into, not a regular, but an harmonious whole ; the marble steps of which, washed by the Bosphorus, and the marble colonnade mirrored in its waters, form particularly pleasant and conspicuous objects. Now the interior is neither the one nor the other ; for there that singular Turkish taste, which we cannot call anything but tasteless, and the material of which it is built, stucco and wood, appear too prominently. The principal ornaments of the apartments are mirrors and clocks, four, six, eight, in each. Some of the clocks are musical ; and the first thing that was done for our gratification in one apartment was to set all the six clocks a-playing at once. The intention was to surprise us, and we were surprised!

The clocks were almost all from Paris, and of that exquisitely beautiful bronze, with parti-coloured enamel, the art of making which is confined to that city. They must have heard at Constantinople of the European fashion of placing all sorts of costly, curious, and useless knick-knacks on tables and mantel-pieces ; and they have imitated it in the palace of Tchiragan to such an excess as to set

little miserable decanters, paltry porcelain vases with withered flowers, and all sorts of wretched porcelain ware on the polished tables. Before one clock lay, for instance a trout: a servant lifted up the upper half, and showed us that it was in reality a sort of terrine, with a cover. Of the like kind were all those things that had not come as presents; but even these, for instance, two porcelain vases, with the portraits of the emperor and empress of Russia were not by far so magnificent as royal presents of this kind usually are in Europe. Coloured lithographs, representing views in Switzerland and all the capitals in Europe, hung against the gaudily painted walls of several of the apartments; on the other hand, broad sofas, with cushions, covered with purple or crimson and gold stuff, stood in most of them.

One room is very handsome: it is situated in the pavilion with the marble colonnade, and is the grand audience-chamber, where the throne of the Grand Signor is placed on solemn occasions. In general, it stands quite empty: but it is large and lofty, and the extremely elegant ceiling, wrought in stucco, is supported by pillars, which, at first sight, you would take for marble, because you could scarcely suppose that those without are of marble, and those within of plaster. Yet such is the fact: they are of plaster, and each of them is regularly entwined with a wreath of vine leaves.

In another pavilion the sultan passes the morning,

after he has left the harem, in which he sleeps : but the pavilion containing this, with its grated windows, was not shown to us. Another again is his afternoon abode, and, in one of the rooms there, I was struck by the singular door and window drapery, of black taffeta and white muslin, with light blue fringe. In the upper story are two or three rooms that are said to be elegant, and a small saloon destined for the reception of the foreign ministers. Here had been placed all the most costly candelabra, vases, mirrors, and European arm-chairs, covered with dark red satin ; and thus was produced a whole neither elegant nor superb.

The garden of this palace is quite new, situated on the steep and totally bare side of a hill, where as yet, nothing is to be seen that would give us the idea of a garden—no flowers, no shade, no verdure, no water, nothing but the heavenly view of the Bosphorus : perhaps in ten or twelve years it may be transformed into a garden. In the centre, between the pavilions, is a parterre of flowers, where, however, you see nothing rare or handsome but what you find in ours—climbing roses, dahlias, and the like. Orange and lemon trees stand in pots, as with us, and are kept in winter in hot-houses.

Did you expect that I should give you such a meagre account of the Serai of the Grand Signor ? It is indeed no fault of mine ; for I know not what else to say about a building without taste, without treasures of art, without recollections ;

and no one can say more, if he adheres to the truth. I hope that all my descriptions of Constantinople will be strictly consonant with truth, because I am come hither a perfect novice, without prepossession for or against it. In Europe, this is almost impossible, because there you interest yourself in one way or another, long beforehand, for the country in which you intend to travel. At least, I was so far a novice that I know not whether any one has yet written a description of Constantinople. Now, my dearest mother, I wish that you may not be acquainted with any either, and then mine will at least have the little charm of novelty for you.

To-day Ramadan commences: that is, the great twenty-eight days' fast of the Mohamedans, which they are obliged to observe so strictly, that from sunrise to sunset they must not drink a drop, nor eat a morsel, nor smoke a *tchibook*. At the moment when the sun sets a gun is fired; this is the signal that they may take refreshment: all rush to the coffee-houses, and doubly indulge themselves, to make amends for the severe privation. For the populace, for the labouring class, it is really severe. A couple of boatmen, for example, who have to row to *Buyúkderé* and back, must not drink a glass of water, even though they are fainting for want of it. The rich take their ease: they sleep the greater part of the day, and are up and about at night.

As the Turks have not solar years like us, but lunar years, Ramadan falls eleven days earlier every

year, and, after a series of years, it will happen in the hottest and longest summer days, and then it will be really cruel. At the conclusion of the Ramadan, there is the three days' festival of Bairam, celebrated with rejoicings, amusements, and religious ceremonies in the illuminated mosques. Yesterday the minarets and the vessels were illuminated, but not much; and it was a pretty sight to see these stars fallen, as it were, from heaven, hovering here in the air, yonder over the water. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by the various illuminations, combined with the profusion of water in the environs, which are also rich in verdure: if I have attempted it here and there, I have not been successful; and you may believe that Constantinople surpasses every description.

A few days since, when I rode to Belgrade, I had risen earlier than usual, and beheld a truly enchanting scene: the mists of morning covered mysteriously the whole space; beyond them, the mighty sun darted forth his rays, in order to break through; and around them, on vigorous wings, flew the morning wind, to scare them off, and to prepare a way for the light. They began gradually to sink gently, slowly; here appeared a glistening cupola, there a white minaret, and there another, and another; and upon every object that projected above the fog, resembling a sea covered with silvery foam, the sun threw his roseate rays, his first, fresh, young glance of love; and, as if built of rose-coloured marble upon a base

of mother of pearl, there stood the beautiful edifices, just like those we read of in fairy tales. But the higher the sun rose, the lower sank the fog, so that by degrees the more elevated groups of houses made their appearance, then clumps of cypresses, then the masts of the vessels, and, lastly, the whole mighty mass of the city, which must be seen at a distance only, if you would wish to be nothing but charmed by it. Enter it—the spell is broken! it is then no fairy city, but a filthy city; and it loses, on a nearer approach, not merely as a whole, but taken individually, as I have just found so strikingly exemplified in the case of the palace of Tchiragan.

Nevertheless, or perhaps for that very reason, Constantinople is exceedingly well worth seeing, because the union of the beautiful and the repulsive, which strikes the eye, is so unveiled, and impresses upon the whole a stamp of disorder, confusion, and neglect, which is again characteristic of the internal state of the empire in general. In many things, the government is taking pains to make improvements. Three young German physicians, trained here by a physician from Vienna, lately received their degree in the presence of the sultan and all the high functionaries, and took an official oath—a thing that was never before heard of. This ceremony was performed with great solemnity, and the sultan is said to have been interested and somewhat touched by it. But the sympathies of a monarch ought to be of a creative nature; active ones are not even sufficient; and



with such as are merely passive, no great advances can be made. Experiments are tried; if they fail the affair is dropped; whereas a monarch with creative sympathies has at his command a thousand means, even though a thing has miscarried twenty times, to accomplish it at last. But I do not believe that either Abdoul Medjid, or any other Grand Signor brought up in the Princes' Cage by women and eunuchs, will attain to a development which at once knows and wills. For this, indeed, the endowments of Heaven, the free gifts of God, are the principal point; and the regenerating genius of a prince depends as little upon inclination, humour, or education, as a financial, or an artistical, or any other: but, since I have seen a harem, this soil seems to me fit only for producing nothing but stunted plants; and in it a sultan vegetates till he ascends the throne.

And then, I find every thing here so futureless! Those Europeans, who enter the Turkish service, come by way of experiment for a number of years, to introduce this or that, and go away again when the time for which they have engaged themselves is expired; or, they come to make money, for they are handsomely paid, and depart as soon as they have attained that object: or, lastly, they come as adventurers, for the purpose of trying their fortune in Turkey. Not a single European comes hither out of interest for the people or the country, and still less does one stay here for any other than a personal object: what advantage, what benefit, for a perma-

nence, for futurity, can thence accrue to a country, to a nation?

Most of the higher Turkish officials are purchased slaves. A slave has no mother country: he cannot have one: he lives for himself alone. He must keep, to a certain degree, within the circle of his duties; but whence is he to derive that impulse to an activity extending beyond the sphere of antiquated routine? and when the wheels of a state-machine have kept it moving for centuries together, they get old and crazy, and do not revolve with sufficient freedom and vigour:—but he takes good care not to meddle with them. Add to this, that the population of Turkey is diminishing from year to year, as is the case in all misgoverned countries, partly owing to polygamy, partly, as I am told, to the universal practice of women destroying their unborn offspring, when tired of the annoyance of lying-in: and I ask, how can hopes be entertained of young, healthy shoots for the future, when the marrow of the tree is destitute of vital power? A State governed by slaves; families in which the women dislike to be mothers, because they are slaves, not wives—what can be more contrary to nature, and what else can this state of things betoken but an advanced stage of decline? So it was in ancient Rome: there too this dominion of freedmen, there too this decrease of population, there too this repugnance of the women to become mothers, but, it is true, out of lewdness only, which I have not heard attributed to the Turkish women; but or

ancient Rome there had preceded a glory, which kept pace with the subsequent decline, and which the Turkish empire has been very far from attaining. Rome, however, had a period of freedom, and that the most brilliant—a free youth. Turkey has ever been a realm of despotism and slavery.

By way of conclusion, here is a touch of the comic: I have at length obtained the firman which I solicited for the prosecution of my tour, from the ministry for foreign affairs—to use the European term, for I am not acquainted with the Turkish designation. "I am told that it is unnecessary, but that does not signify; in this country one must be prepared for all contingencies. But it cost a good deal of trouble to get it, and the secretary whose duty it is to draw up such a firman, not daring to take the responsibility of furnishing it upon himself alone, higher officials were consulted. Now, guess why! Because no woman ever applied for a firman before. It was reserved for me to introduce this unparalleled case into the annals of the Ottoman empire; and I shall not fail to bring this important document back with me to Europe, because it is probably unique in its kind in the world. For the rest, it looks mean enough, and, though rare as the Phœnix, it is by no means beautiful as the Phœnix.

Now farewell a thousand and a thousand times, my much loved mamma, and wish me a prosperous voyage, for we have still windy and unsettled weather, and I shall have to be about eight days at sea. I kiss your hand.

## LETTER XVII.

T O M Y M O T H E R .

Voyage through the Bosphorus, the Propontis, and the Dardanelles, to Smyrna—Ionia—The Seven Churches—Excursion to Burnabad—Handsome Smyrniote Women—Walk to the Ruins of the Castle and through the City.

Smyrna, September 29th. 1843.

I AM now in Asia, only Asia Minor indeed, but yet really and nominally out of our quarter of the globe. Now I beg you, my beloved mamma, above all things, to be perfectly assured that I am by no means prepared, out of joy at being in Asia, to think everything beautiful and superb. Not at all—I am determined, if it please God, to keep my eye unprejudiced, and to think only that beautiful which makes such an impression upon me, no matter whether in Asia or Europe. Having premised thus much, I confidently assert that Smyrna has nothing beautiful but its women and its grapes.

But, before I say anything about Smyrna, I shall give you some account of my voyage, and the more readily, because I have been unusually well. This gives me hope, and I cannot help thinking, “Now I have conquered sea-sickness for ever; now I shall certainly be able to bear the sea!” Whether that is the case, this evening will show, for the wind is vehement, and we start at six o’clock.

On Tuesday, the 26th. at four in the afternoon,

the good steamer *Seri Pervas* conveyed us out of the Golden Horn, through the Bosphorus, into the Propontis, and, rapid as was its progress, we could see Constantinople spread out far and wide, and till sunset, admirably illuminated. I was the fortunate sole possessor of the ladies' cabin, had light and air in it, and to these circumstances I verily believe it is owing that I felt so well. At night, a quite contrary wind sprang up, a south wind with a high sea, and both accompanied us to the entrance into the bay of Symrna, that is, above twenty-four hours. I spent them lying quietly on my sofa in the cabin—this I call being well at sea—and had the different points named to me as we passed them. Alas! merely points that have become poems, and merely names that sound like songs!

Libyssa, Hannibal's grave! That was an enemy worthy of ancient Rome, for he was as great as the greatest of her sons. Here he died, in the foreign land of Bithynia, a voluntary death by poison, when his star had ceased to shower destruction on the heads of his foes. When he had no further means for indulging active hatred, he resolved to die, and died. Ah! how this pleases me in the ancients! Their voluntary death is not by any means to be called suicide. They were always full of one great unselfish idea, and parted from life without convulsions of selfish despair, as soon as it ceased to find its place in the world.

Xerxes crossed the Dardanelles with his army, and

was vanquished by little Athens. The Ottomans too crossed the Dardanelles, and took Gallipoli, and the extensive empire of Byzantium was not capable of driving them back into Asia Minor.

There is the coast of Ilion in the plain of Troy, where peacefully rise the mounds which cover the two mortal foes, Hector and Achilles, as well as that of Patroclus, and which proclaim from one thousand years to another, their own glory and the immortality of the blind bard who sang their achievements. Ah! old Homer, how thou wouldst smile, didst thou but know the pains taken by the speculation of our petty, hollow age, to draw thy great and fertile existence into the beggarly sphere of doubt!

When you leave the Dardanelles, formerly called the Hellespont, the shores of which are far inferior in beauty to the Bosphorus, the first islands in the Archipelago are Imbros, Lemnos, and Tenedos! then Mitylene, the ancient Lesbos. It was to the coast of Lesbos that the head of Orpheus floated, after the wonderful singer, who had conquered the nether world by his love, and the rude brutal powers by his music, was murdered by the Thracian Mænades. In his profound inspiration there was something which, opposed to their raging fanaticism, looked like a silent reproach; so they killed the illustrious singer. The inhabitants of Lesbos gave his head an honourable grave: Apollo blessed it, in consequence, with the gift of poetry—it was the birth-place of Arion and Sappho, of Alcæus and Terpander, who

invented the seven-stringed lyre—and with a beautiful and luxuriant nature into the bargain.

Samothrace is seen distant and dim; there was the seat of the ancient Orphic mysteries, for, in the youthful days of nations, their bards are endowed with other gifts than in the period of their manhood, or of their infirm age; they are seers, foretelling the future, prophets who strive to prepare men for the days of the coming times, and infuse into their words more than the multitude comprehends. Whether many different points may not have been more generally misconceived than understood, is a question which I sometimes ask myself, when such an expounder of Dante or Shakspeare falls into my hands.

And again it was night, and when morning came, we had been lying at anchor for some hours in the harbour of Smyrna, and I went upon deck in high expectation. My first words were, “How like the coast of Spain, about Alicante and Carthagenal!” and so it really is. The same sharp, bare, reddish yellow hills, which, destitute of trees and shade, rise flush from the shore, out of which the sea has scooped a spacious gulph. Smyrna itself, however, is a considerable commercial city, such as the south of Spain cannot match, where more than one hundred thousand human beings lead an easy life, and many become wealthy, and where a sort of European society is formed by the families of the consuls of all nations. The Franks’ quarter, next to the sea,

which first strikes the eye, and in which, of course, the hôtels are situated, has a tolerably European aspect, and I imagined that, with Constantinople, I had taken leave of uncleanness, till a walk through this city taught me that I was mistaken. For the rest, its situation is by no means striking, and least of all when you come from the green shores of the Bosphorus.

I am now in Ionia, on that wonderfully favoured soil, where the fairest blossoms of Grecian and Christian civilization were developed: and, singularly enough, this soil does not interest me so strongly as such places generally do. But I know why. Ionia formed no distinct whole, like the more fortunate little Greek republics. From them it borrowed its civilization, its language; to them it gave up its great men, its thinkers, philosophers, poets, and artists, Hesiod and Herodotus, Thales and Pythagoras, Homer and Anacreon, Parrhasius, Zeuxis, and Apelles. All this we comprehend under Grecian civilization, and its blossoms, such as Athens and Corinth, are blended for us with the idea of their nursery, which Ionia in a great measure was.

●

Subsequently, in the earliest times of Christianity it found here a home, where it flourished in vigour and purity, as it was founded by the apostles; and the most ardent of them all, the most active, and perhaps the one who best understood how to propagate it most effectively, Paul, was a native of Asia



Minor, of Tarsus in Cilicia. From Patmos the favourite disciple of Christ, John, wrote to the seven churches of Lesser Asia the seven letters which form an introduction to the Apocalypse, and are addressed to Ephesus, Laodicea, Sardis, Thyatira, Philadelphia, Pergamus, and Smyrna. The last of them receives this cheering exhortation: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." It is indeed a flourishing and opulent life that has established itself around Smyrna, and imparts to it greater prosperity and splendour than these half annihilated regions are acquainted with; but the "crown of life" is a promise, which, under the dominion of Islamism, has not yet found the time of its fulfilment.

Of the other six congregations, not one, it is said, is so considerable and in such a flourishing state as Smyrna: some of them are insignificant places, others no longer exist; for instance, of Ephesus nothing is left but scanty ruins, and yet it possessed one of the wonders of the ancient world, the temple of Diana. All is now dust and ashes. The temple has disappeared, and the congregation to which John wrote, "I have this against thee that thou forsakest thy first love," is dispersed. Turcomans and Ottomans have dwelt there; and on this spot the Mongols under Timour pitched their tents for more than thirty years. It then fell under the Turkish yoke, and now it is an unwholesome swamp, where malignant fevers prevail at this

season of the year. Such is the end of the ancient, universally renowned, magnificent Ephesus.

For the rest, those Christian churches cannot long have preserved themselves in their original purity, for the apostolic energy and simplicity seem to have subsisted only till Constantine embraced the Christian religion, and thus clothed it, in a manner, in the temporal purple, which is not destined for it; for its Founder expressly says, "My kingdom is not of this world." So early as the fourth century, when they had scarcely recovered from the persecutions and tortures inflicted on them by the Roman emperors, the Christians began to fall out among themselves, to abuse vulgarly, to hate bitterly, and furiously to persecute one another; and all on account of the different interpretation given by certain speculative and mystical teachers who arose among them, not only to the words and doctrines of Christ, but also to his appearance itself; so that the Christians split by degrees into I know not how many sects: Arians, Nestorians, Jacobites, Monophysites, and numberless others, many of which still exist in the East.

The Councils, at which these lamentable disputes were not so much adjusted as suppressed by some arbitrary decision of the majority or of one influential leader, were most of them also held in this same Ionia; such as those of Nicæa, of Ephesus, of Chalcedon: and they always came to the conclusion to draw a limit there where the Founder of our religion

has placed *none*—namely, to faith; for he says, expressly and simply, “Blessed are they that believe;” not they who believe this or that. It is incalculable what mischief theology has done to religion. What a mistake to suppose that reason is detrimental to it! O no! the sublimest understanding will bow most profoundly before it. But that quackery which is practised with the understanding, the acumen of speculation, the subtilities of erudition, the sophistries of doubt—these are excessively detrimental to it, even to the present day, because man has the lamentable propensity to place himself above what he has learned. Hence some think that they can dispense with the divine precepts, because this or the other dogma appears to them untenable; while others entrench themselves behind the authority of those councils, to preserve intact that which they secretly fear they shall not be able successfully to defend. And to such prejudiced teachers man is sent in quest of the truth! Whoever does not descend into the depths of his own soul, whoever does not look his own spirit sincerely and stedfastly in the face, whoever does not feel the urgent necessity of longing, inquiring, searching after knowledge himself—he is badly off in these our days.

I sometimes figure to myself a man who has the purest, the noblest faith that can find entrance into a soul—the faith in those blessings which Christ enumerates in his Sermon on the Mount, who seeks them, who aspires to them, who strives to attain

them and them alone—for this I call real faith, to live and move, to breathe and exist for knowledge and in it—what a perfect man he must be, and how happy in his perfection! And then I ask myself, whether it can contribute the value of a straw to his perfectibility, or to the increase of his happiness, whether he is of opinion that Christ existed before the creation of the world, or not till afterwards; or that Christ had *only* a divine nature, or *only* a human nature, or both natures blended into one—and then I can do no other, than, with the deepest sincerity, answer, No! Is, then, such an opinion altogether a faith?—does it penetrate with ennobling power into the human essence?—does it impart strength for overcoming afflictions?—does it give courage for the combat with never-ceasing temptation?—does it give buoyancy, confidence, will, any thing that breathes the breath of life?—does it not stand aside, like some distinguished stranger, whom you dare not invite to your table, but by whose presence you feel in some degree honoured? But my faith is my bosom friend, who sits down with me by my hearth, even when it is cold—at my table even when it is empty—and helps me out of all tribulations; and a single word of Christ's has in it more of that vivifying energy than the decrees of all the councils of Asia Minor, which were incapable of devising a maxim to be compared with this, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

And so it is not cheering or elevating thoughts

that meet me when I go back to the history of Ionia. I must penetrate into profound antiquity, in order to forget all the verbal and scholastic squabbles ; and, on a journey to Palestine, the Christian past lies nearer to the heart than any other. A visit to the Seven Churches, by the by, is much in fashion, especially with the English. Into my plan it never entered. I want to visit Palestine, to tread that soil upon which the word of God fell like seed from heaven. What the hand of man has made of it I see sufficiently round about me in our world ; that is, deserts and ruins greater than those of Ephesus.

My dearest mother, it will not be particularly amusing to you to be told by your daughter that she is going to loggerheads with the Councils ; so I will rather tell you about a ride we took yesterday, after I had got rid, by means of breakfast and dressing, of the last relics of the *désagrémens* of the steamer. In summer the wealthy Frank population are distributed among three villages near Smyrna—Burnabad, Budsha, and Sedikoi. They have country-houses, gardens, trees, and a rich vegetation, which the city itself has not. Burnabad, we were told, was the finest, and we rode away for it on quiet, but not the most docile of asses. As I cannot ride astride like the Turkish women, I sat aside, with the right foot in the stirrup, upon my broad saddle, which certainly was not very convenient. Still, I managed extremely well, and we proceeded for two hours through the plain, parched, I might say

pulverized, by the intense heat of the sun, and diversified only by shadeless olive trees, and dry beds of rivulets; for here it is still the height of summer, though that season has already lasted for five months.

Burnabad is not seated upon the sea, nor has the place any immediate view of it. Each individual villa, with its garden, is surrounded by a high white wall, so that it looks hot and confined outside, but very pleasant within—only on a very, very small scale, somewhat like a parterre of flowers in comparison with what we call a garden. You may sit there on a shady spot, and enjoy the sight of clumps of pomegranate and citron trees; but as for walking on those narrow paths, paved with small stones or shells, to prevent dust, that is indeed extremely unpleasant.

The dragoman first took us to the house of a wealthy Greek merchant, the mistress of which received us most hospitably, and conducted us into her cool, handsome saloon, and then into her hot garden. The prospect from the peristyle, over the high flight of steps outside the saloon, was the only pleasing one that I found at Burnabad; over the cypresses in the garden and between the hot red sides of the hills, we had a cooling and refreshing view of the ever incomparably beautiful sea in the distance. The saloon was furnished quite in the European style: the daughter of the house seated herself at the pianoforte, and played *Casta Diva*.

We were told that Smyrna had in winter an Italian Opera; it was exactly like the coasts of Italy, or Spain, and the extraordinary civility towards strangers reminded us agreeably of Andalusia. Treated with coffee, confectionary, and fresh water, according to the Oriental custom, two minutes after our arrival, and presented with flowers, we departed in about half an hour from this hospitable house. For one of us, brought up in our ceremonious Europe, and in society where not a creature speaks to another till he is at least acquainted with your name, and would rather know your condition, family, pedigree, it is inexpressibly, strangely agreeable to be received as though you were an expected guest. I cannot recollect where this text of Holy Scripture stands, "Be hospitable, for ye know not but that ye are entertaining an angel." But this law still prevails throughout the East, and even here in the Levant, as we are accustomed to call the commercial Frank establishments in these parts.

An Englishman's villa was on a larger scale than that Greek one, but had not the refreshing sea-view; and when we reached home about five o'clock, I was not very curious about Budsha and Sedikoi. On our return, at what is called the Caravan Bridge, we met with long trains of camels, going into the interior of the country. They all stride along slowly and gently, one after another, and will not follow any other leader but an ass, which, with a bell about his neck, opens the march. The tanned faces of

the drivers, who either rode upon or walked by the side of them, had much sharper, more marked features, than the inexpressive physiognomy of the Turks. At a large ancient well by the road, the ugly, temperate beasts were watered, and each waited patiently till it came to his turn. If you meet such a loaded train in the extremely narrow streets of Smyrna, you are obliged either to turn back, or to step into a house, for there is no room to get out of the way.

Towards five o'clock it had become delightfully cool, and in the Frank town there were all the extremely handsome Smyrniote women standing chatting neighbourly together, or sitting *en famille* in the hall of their dwellings, with the house-doors open. Yes, they are indeed exquisitely beautiful, with splendid, large, dark, animated eyes, and fine regular features, instinct with mind and life. You need but look at them to comprehend the ancient Ionian beauty. Add to this, they wear a handkerchief wound most gracefully about the braids of their dark hair, sometimes of silk, sometimes of white muslin, with flowers of different colours embroidered at the corners. Oh! what a lovely thing is beauty! I get nothing by it if I see the fair Smyrniote women chatting before their doors in the cool of the evening; but it puts me into a good humour.

There is another beauty of Smyrna, by which



do get something, for I eat it—I mean grapes—grapes such as you have no conception of in Germany, so large, so juicy, so fiery, in short, the very ideal of grapes. The fig-season is gone by, to my great regret. For figs I have an unfortunate passion, and I cannot gratify it in Germany; here their time is unluckily past. The famous dried ones are prepared in a most disgusting manner: people spit on their hands, then squeeze the figs flat between them, and pack them close in hogshheads, so that they stick together. Till they come to Europe, they are in the state in which we are fond of eating them.

The society of Smyrna is, as I have observed, making its *villeggiatura*, and, in consequence, I met with none of the consuls for whom I had letters: but they came to town very early this morning. The Danish consul related to me that, when a very young man, nearly forty years ago, he had become acquainted in Holstein, I know not through whom, with an old gentleman, who had made a very extraordinary impression upon him by his talents, his rare attainments, and his fondness for astronomy: he added that he was a Herr von Hahn and asked whether I might perhaps be related to him. I said, quite delighted, that he was my grandfather; and he rejoiced to bid his grand-daughter welcome here. It was indeed remarkable to find, after the lapse of so many years, the name of my

grandfather held in such honour here, on the coast of the Ionian Sea, by a person who was an utter stranger to me.

In the family of the Dutch consul, that post has been in a manner hereditary for more than a hundred years. I am very fond of hereditary succession: it imparts a certain repose which that which has been acquired does not give; it awakens not the vain ambition of attaining this or the other, but that noble one which goes hand in hand with the certainty of attainment—to perform one's duty to the best of one's power. It may make a man proud, never vain. For that reason I like it.

On another day, we took a long walk through the city, and up the hill where lie the enormous ruins of the ancient castle, which formerly commanded the city, and in the time of the Romans was a very splendid building, but of which nothing is now left but some pieces of wall and an incredible quantity of rubbish. There you overlook all Smyrna, the Turks' quarter, situated on the slope of the hill, quite apart from the Franks' quarter, like a distinct town: the plain, looking like a leopard's skin, yellowish with dark spots—these are gardens and cultivated fields; and then the sea, bordered by lofty hills, which, however, form no defence against the storm that ruffles it. It was too tempestuous to stay long on the top. A flock of sheep stood timidly crowded close together among the ruins, not daring to venture in quest of the scanty herbage, and the

armed shepherd could not do anything for their protection. We absolutely flew down hill, and I afterwards regretted exceedingly that I could not fly also out of the endless filth of the Jews' quarter.

We had first been in some houses in the Franks' town, which looked very inviting. The hall is always as wide as the house-door, and of the depth of the whole house, having no door at the farther end, so that you step through a verandah of vines or rose-trees into a small garden, which though, it is true, but a few yards broad, is neat and fragrant, and is generally decorated in the back ground with a small fountain. How delightful it looks, when you peep in at the open door, to perceive the quiet enticing little garden, especially when a handsome woman is seated in the cool chiaro-scuro of the hall!—But I must abruptly throw down my pen, and on board. Adieu! adieu!

## LETTER XVIII.

TO MY SISTER.

Departure from Smyrna—Lydia—Company on board—Tchesmé—Chios—Erythræa—Small Islands—Rhodes and its ancient grandeur—The Knights of St. John—Cyprus and Larnaca.

Beyrout, October 6th. 1843.

GOD bless you, my Clara ! the voyage is got over, and, well and hearty, I have once more set on foot the dear, good, and marvellously beautiful land. The first thing I have to tell you is that the day before yesterday I drank your health, as was befitting your birthday, and that in the most celebrated wine in the world, in Cyprus wine, and at the Franciscan convent at Larnaca in Cyprus.

Ah ! it is like a dream, all that I have seen near and at a distance, and where I have been, during the last eight days. To mention merely the names of Chios, Patmos, Samos, Rhodes—does it not sound like an harmonious chord ? does it not make as agreable an impression as if you were to take up a bouquet of fragrant roses of all colours ? Ah ! how beautiful is the world ! how great ! yet not so impenetrably extensive as you are apt to imagine, before you have taken a few right hearty steps in it. Here I am, sitting as quietly and in as good health at the foot of the Lebanon as under our lime-trees

on the extreme coast of the Mediterranean, as on that of the Baltic. I have had to encounter no dangers during the long journey, no horrors have threatened me, not a finger has ached. To be sure, I have been sea-sick, but that is rather an incomprehensible defect in my constitution than a disease, and it is utterly impossible that the body should always feel well: therefore mine suffers when at sea. The moment I set but one foot on shore, I am quite well again. Sea-sickness, it is true, is excessively annoying; but yet we have had a magnificent voyage, when I look back at it and call every thing to mind.

Eight days ago to-day, I went on board at Smyrna, and yesterday morning, at sunrise, we came to an anchor here in the road. But we stopped a good deal by the way. At Smyrna, I met once more with Grillparzer, who came thither from the plain of Troy, but only for a moment, to take leave of him. I rejoice sincerely that I have one agreeable acquaintance more in Vienna, a city which I have always liked—for he is agreeable to me, like all those who, with great and shining talents, have remained upright and downright as God created them. This may be thought very little and very natural. Yes, it may be little enough; but alas! nothing is so rare as what is natural.

Our boat danced violently from the quay to the steamer, the *Lodovico*, and I saw plainly that we

should have a bad night. A black-blue stratus cloud stood like a wall in the west, and through it the setting sun here and there flung sparks, not rays. The hills too had wrapped themselves up closely in their own stony mantles. Nowhere those marvellous tints, that transparency of the air, that fine shading and blending of sharp-drawn lines with the ether, which impart such charms to a southern sky.

So did I take leave of the ancient luxurious Lydia, where Cræsus once amassed his prodigious treasures, whither Cyrus extended the Persian dominion, where the sword of Alexander stretched the Persians in the dust, where the Macedonian general Antiochus, after the death of the hero-king, founded the kingdom of Syria, where that was put an end to by the Romans, and where the Romish Byzantine power, gradually abridged by Turcomans and Mongols, was crushed into the dust by the Ottomans. The Ottoman sultans continued to have a partiality for this country, long after they had gained possession of Constantinople, and adorned Magnesia, the ancient capital of Lydia, with the splendour of their presence and of their buildings.

But in this Turkish rule, as I have already told you, there is more of a destructive than a conservative principle, so that it sets up something for the moment, but cannot give it permanence. Its sceptre is like the wand of a malignant fairy, and, without evil design, it injures wherever it falls. The countries governed by it are drained, the sources of

life dried up. In men, in productions of the land, in wealth, they produce not one-tenth of what they produced in other times; air and soil are deteriorated, for in them are pernicious elements, which immediately gain the ascendancy, when not counteracted by man, with his energy, his care, his incessant attention. No overpowering foe, no ravaging conqueror has, during the Turkish sway, pitched his tents here; and yet these countries are desolated as if by ruthless enemies. Earthquakes, it is true, have been frightfully busy in doing their share, and they are a power which paralyzes the hand of man, as they keep himself in perpetual apprehension and alarm. But if so besotted a despotism were not the real genius of the Sublime Porte; if there were any one who studied to amend, to improve, to advance; if the pashalik were not to be totally drained, that the tribute may be paid and the officials may amass wealth; some one or other would hit upon the idea, that there are other things to try and to introduce here than the European uniform for soldiers, and their European exercises and manœuvres—all which things contribute not in the least to render them warlike and brave. Where agriculture and commerce are not pursued, protected, and encouraged, the State is destitute of the right as well as of the left hand, of that which receives as well as of that which gives; for all other sources and resources become exhausted in time.

This country, however, is not entirely without

manufactures. At Brusa are woven very handsome stuffs of silk and cotton, many of them worked with gold, others watered and made to look like satin, which might even be worn in Europe, if we had not there stuffs entirely of silk at the same price. The celebrated Smyrna carpets are not manufactured in the city itself, but farther inland; and for durability and beauty they far surpass the best English—to say nothing of the French and Brussels. There were some on board the steamer, and among them a superb one belonging to a pasha, who came with us to this place.

The *Lodovico* had assembled, in its not too extensive space, an extremely diverse and numerous company, with which I gradually made acquaintance. So many different persons crowded together in so narrow a compass, I have not before met with, for, in my voyage down the Danube, on leaving Pesth, though the number of passengers was much greater, so great as to be absolutely impenetrable and consequently inaccessible, they were all Hungarians, and mostly tradespeople; but here all nations, all religions, all classes were huddled together: a Dervise and a Franciscan, a Wirtemberg parson and a Maronite ecclesiastic from the Lebanon, that Hassan Pasha and three peasants, German colonists from the Crimea, going to the valley of Jehoshaphat near Jerusalem, a French couple, who seem to be making a real pilgrimage to Palestine, for they mean to confine their visits exclusively to the holy places, and an



English couple going to spend their honeymoon in the deserts of Arabia; then more English, Germans, and one Swede. I assure you, Clara, it was excessively amusing.

The ladies' cabin was a small, dark, incommodious den, with a single light and air-hole as big as your hand. Luckily, I had to share it with the English lady only, who like me, was accustomed to travelling, consequently prepared for inconveniences, and who also, like me, quietly retired to her berth, as soon as the vessel was in motion. There we remained quite still, though, in the forty hours' passage from Rhodes to Cyprus, it was a real punishment to stay below; and we were rather angry with the Frenchwoman, who came three times a day to arrange her head-dress and her mantilla before the mirror in our cabin, complaining at the same time of her headache, and her cold, and her feverish state, and when she had finished her toilette, going to the saloon and making a hearty meal. This lady's husband was a person who was gradually shunned, like an evil being, by the whole ship's company. He always commenced his phrases with "Le grand père de ma femme, le duc de . . . ." or, "Le cousin de ma femme, le marquis de . . . ."; or he inquired the way that he ought to take to the cedars of Lebanon, a question which, being all strangers, like himself, we could none of us answer.

The pasha was a very troublesome fellow-passenger in a different way. In the very limited space left

upon deck for persons who had taken the first place, half a dozen of his squalid, ragged slaves were constantly standing, or running to and fro—pipe-fillers, pipe-bearers, pipe-bringers, and I know not what ragamuffins besides, whose bare legs terminated in tattered slippers, and whose elbows peeped through the rent coat-sleeves. If you had anything in your hand that attracted the pasha's notice, an opera-glass, for instance, or a telescope, he beckoned to one of his slaves, and the slave instantly took the opera-glass, or whatever it might be, out of the hand of the owner, and delivered it to his master. He examined it, tried it, and when he was tired of it, he gave it back to the slave and the latter to the owner. Some chose to consider this behaviour simple, childlike, engaging; for my part, I could only think it rude, for he conducted himself as if he had been lord and master of the vessel; and his stupid slaves once obliged the English lady to rise from her seat, that they might spread his carpet on the spot in the shade. One of his people having struck the engineer, the captain, a very forbearing man, this time demanded satisfaction, threatening that he would otherwise turn out the slave upon the first rock they came to; for such treatment could not be endured. This the pasha comprehended. He called the offender to him, made him fall on his knees by his carpet, pulled him down by the head, and chastised him with his hand and afterwards with his slipper, in the way that people chastise

children. He was then about to belabour him with the telescope, when the dervise ran up and dragged away the slave, roaring and blubbering like an ill-bred boy, and the pasha again took up his tchibook. I cannot express how coarse and brutal this whole proceeding was; and I should not have mentioned it at all, but that it serves for an illustration of Turkish manners.

The history of the three Swabian peasants, who never stirred from their place upon deck during the whole passage, is very extraordinary. They emigrated, as great numbers of the Wirtembergers do, about twenty-five years ago, with others of their countrymen, to Southern Russia, where they settled under the protection of the government, where they cultivated an excellent, highly productive soil, had no more taxes than eighteen *kreutzer* per man to pay, and felt quite contented. Their colony increased to several hundred souls. They are Protestants. Now it appears that religious dissensions have broken out among them, and given rise to separatists. These have taken it into their heads that the time of the fulfilment of one of the apocalyptic predictions is at hand; that Christ is about to appear again upon earth, to govern the world for a thousand years, in peace and happiness; and that he will graciously gather his own people closely around him in the valley of Jehoshaphat: and so they, his faithful flock, must needs remove thither and await his coming.

Accordingly, they were for breaking up all at once, and departing. They did, however, listen to the rational representations made on the part of the Russian government, advising them, before they set out with wives and children for the valley of Jehoshaphat, that is, before they blindly plunged themselves into misery, they should send three deputies to Constantinople, and thence to Palestine, to convince themselves on the spot, and with the authorisation of the Turkish government, of the feasibility of their design; and those peasants in the Swabian doublet, with the broad-brimmed Black Forest hat, and the broad German brogue, were those very three deputies. The brother of the Wirtemberg parson had gained their confidence, and to him they related what I here repeat to you. When he inquired how they were led to suppose that Christ is about to appear on earth, they replied that some of them had been told so by their *hearts*.

And on this chimerical notion of ignorant, hot-brained enthusiasts, a whole congregation was ready to sacrifice its present tranquil, prosperous state for an ideal future. To what a height must stupid fanaticism have arrived to render this possible! and how weak must these people have been to be led into such folly! But what I should like to know is, whether people whose hearts tell them things so destructive to the welfare of others, ought not to be sent to the mad-house on the part of the government.

In the middle ages, at various times, ideas of the millennium, and likewise of the end of the world filled all heads. People have always chosen to represent this as a speculation of the Catholic Church, which sought by the propagation of such ideas to gain dominion over souls, and occasionally over purses. Now, many centuries later, in our enlightened age, Protestants do the same thing.

I conversed most with the Franciscan, Father Jean Battista, of the convent of San Salvador, at Jerusalem, who had been to Paris and Constantinople, on business of his Order, and was accompanying the French couple from Rome on their pilgrimage—which did not seem always to amuse him. For, in spite of his coarse cowl, his sandals, and his cord-girdle, Father Jean Battista is a man who, like any other child of this world, had rather be amused than annoyed. He is thirty-six years old, and entered the Order at sixteen. In his birth-place, Genoa, this early entrance is allowed, but not in the Ecclesiastical States and Tuscany, till twenty-four. I said, “Who knows what life is at sixteen, and who can renounce that which he knows nothing about?” He replied, “One knows it, and knows well what one is doing;” but I believe such cases must be exceptions. He is a handsome man, with an intelligent, good-humoured eye, and a sarcastic mouth.

He told me a great deal about the concerns of his Order in the East, which interested me much. After

the disastrous termination of the Crusades, the holy sepulchre, like the whole of Palestine, fell into the hands of the Mohamedans; the convents were destroyed, the monks and ecclesiastics expelled, and the pilgrims, when there were any, were without succour, either for soul or body. St. Francis then solicited of the pope at Rome, in behalf of his recently founded Order, permission to go to Palestine, and to render assistance in every possible way to the pilgrims, as well as to the Christians settled there—a permission which he obtained in 1304, to the exclusion of all other Orders, excepting the Carmelites, and which was then equivalent to martyrdom, or at least an extremely dangerous mission.

The Franciscans commenced their work with that indefatigable perseverance, which distinguishes the Catholic church in all its enterprizes, and in which it employs regular clergy, when interests extending into futurity are involved; because these continue steadily within the sphere of the monastic spirit and cannot act out of it, for they would then be nothing more than a dead member of a living body. The convents of the Terra Santa, the general designation given to them, are spread from Constantinople to Damascus, and to Fayoum on the borders of Upper Egypt. They are all under that of San Salvador, at Jerusalem, and are generally recruited from that house; but, of course, under the direction of the general of the Franciscans, who resides at

Rome, along with the other generals of Orders. They are partly lodging-houses for all pilgrims, without distinction of person or confession ; partly schools for Christian children, partly guardians of the holy places, sometimes all these at once, and at all times a centre and rendezvous for the Catholic congregations. Missionaries they are not : this occupation would be a useless one among the professors of Islamism.

This reminds me that I made acquaintance in Constantinople with an American missionary, that is to say, a German, in the service of the American mission, which is of the Scottish or Presbyterian confession. It is said that there are many of them there, and that their operations are directed to the Jews, whether successfully or no, I have not heard.

But to return to the convents of the Terra Santa—they are all under the protection of the *Most Christian* king, namely the French king. Is not this an anomaly? France, which has suppressed all the convents in its territories, which even abolished for a time the Christian religion itself, has still continued, ever since the days of St. Louis, protector of all the convents in the East. For the rest, they have suffered severely from the revolutions in France and Spain during the last fifty years, for they are supported entirely by voluntary contributions and alms. The Greek Church, with its convents, has thriven in the like proportion, probably favoured by the powerful protection of Russia ; and so has the Armenian,

which has on its side the great wealth of its confessors, mostly bankers, commercial men, merchants, and the highest financial officers of the Turkish empire. Every firman authorizing any act connected with religious matters, the erection of a school, the repair of a church, must be purchased, and at as dear a rate as possible: and, as the Armenians are opulent, they always have firmans at their command. These three confessions are the predominant in the Levant.

The Catholic Church regards the Greeks as schismatics, on account of their separation from the papal chair; but the Armenians as heretics, because they follow other dogmas, and are Monophysites; that is, they believe in a divine nature only in Christ. If you ask how this is to be understood, I must repeat what I recently wrote to one of you—these dogmas are not to be understood at all, but may be argued about for ever. The Council of Chalcedon, however, declared itself, A.D. 451-453, in favour of a two-fold nature in Christ, and thereby the separation was consummated. The Greek schism took place later, in the year 858; and the last attempt to effect a reunion was made at the Council of Florence in 1439, but in vain. Here in Syria, the Maronites form a considerable sect of the Catholic Church. The ritual is said to be different, and the clergy are allowed to marry. When I expressed my surprise at this, the Padre replied: “L’église tolère tout ce qui n’attaque pas la foi.” And this is at bottom equally wise and



fitting, as it ought to have only a spiritual authority, and at the same time it retains the power to uphold the principle.

It was not the Padre who told me all this that I have been relating to you, still less about the enmity in which those three churches live with one another in Palestine. I had already heard a great deal on this subject at Constantinople, and avoided all conversation that was likely to take this turn, for fear of conceiving too strong a disgust at the state of Christianity in Jerusalem, and arriving there filled with prejudice. We once got in conversation upon the subject of the great dispute between the Jesuits and the Jansenists, which, in the time of Louis XIV., set half France by the ears, and originated in the question, whether it is divine grace or free will that operates in man. Now, I am entirely for grace, because I have learned from myself how limited free will is. When the Padre asked whether this was a Protestant notion, I was really ashamed to be obliged to confess that I was utterly ignorant what the Protestant Church teaches on that head; but, when he said that one must not ponder too much over such matters, I could not help smiling, for I knew full well that the pope at that time issued a bull against the Jansenists and their doctrine of grace; because, if divine grace were the only operating power in the human soul, the Church would lose all dominion over souls.

You will ask with surprise how I could find time

for these various discussions, as I was during the whole time in the small cabin with the English lady. After we had left Smyrna, at six o'clock on Friday evening, and had been going all night, we lay at anchor twenty four hours in the bay of Tchesmé, opposite to the island of Chios, after the captain had made an abortive attempt to put to sea again. The wind was so high and so directly contrary, that the ship could scarcely move from the spot, so that he was afraid lest his stock of coals should be consumed before he reached Rhodes. In the memorable bay of Tchesmé, I made these different acquaintances, and had time to survey the scenery and the environs into the bargain. Here, on the 5th of July 1770, the Turkish navy received the death-blow, from which it has never since recovered, when the united Russian and English fleet, under Orloff and Elphinston, blew it up by means of fire ships.

The insignificant little town of Tchesmé is seated between the shore and bare cloven hills; but opposite to its bay lies the charming island of Chios, adorned in the morning light with silver hills, at noon tinged gold yellow, and in the evening crimson; the outlines of which, at once soft and well-defined, are absolutely of Ionian beauty. Like an exquisite flower, or a superb shell, the enchanting island floated upon the waves, and with a telescope I saw the houses and gardens. Twenty years ago, during the insurrection of the Greeks against the Porte, the Turks perpetrated here cruelties and butcheries, the

traces of which are said to be not yet effaced ; but at such a distance you see nothing but the beauty which God has given it—as, at the sight of a lovely face, one cannot instantly detect the sorrows that are preying upon the heart.

The ruins of Erythræa are situated inland, beyond the hills of Tchesmé. In the remotest antiquity this was the home of the Sibyl, who shared with the Persian, the Samian, and the Cumæan, the reputation of the greatest wisdom and the profoundest insight into futurity. Longing after a better futurity—that is a family trait stamped upon the human race ever since its origin. Nations have the most diverse deities, laws, manners : they understand not each others language ; in their efforts they stand in hostile opposition ; and one epoch after another rolls away, unheeding or condemning—but, in the one indelible trait, they are, from one thousand years to another, all, all brothers ; and this longing, expressed by a sigh, a cry of terror, or a complaint, resounds like a long echo into eternity. Individual men, endowed with souls divinely great, went to meet this longing, and gave it that which takes away its sting but not its impulsion—an aim, and the belief in that aim. Do you imagine that the ancient priests, in the temples of Memphis and the grove of Dodona, were wretched impostors—that the sibyls and prophets were extravagant enthusiasts ? Oh be assured that they were acquainted with that want of human nature, which demands something more than bread and labour, and will not be denied ;

and therefore they were its greatest benefactors, greater than those who gave them spinning-jennies, beet-root sugar, or steam-engines: they gave them the belief in their own eternal perfectibility. To live and to strive in this spirit, after this aim—that is what gives the joys of Olympus, or the felicities of the Elysian fields, or everlasting happiness, or the kingdom of God; for who can speak in any other than his own language?

To have awakened this aspiration is putting a strong pilgrim's staff into the hand of the weary wanderer and giving him a flask of water; with these let him seek his home. Only false prophets, the blind fanatics, such as all ages have produced along with these seers, they only say to him, Now thou hast attained it. Christ taught us to pray, "Thy kingdom come!"—but the Separatists sent out those poor peasants to the valley of Jehoshaphat, because the millennium is to commence immediately!

Now, my dear Clara, I had abundance of time to meditate on all this; for, at half past six in the morning of Sunday, the 1st of October, we again ventured out of the bay of Tchesmé, and did not return to it, though the sea still ran very high. I was extremely reluctant to go back to the dull cabin, wished most particularly to see Patmos and the other beautiful islands, and therefore attempted, like the pasha, to establish myself on deck; but his slaves made me almost nervous with impatience, trampling incessantly upon my feet, and emptying his pipe

close to me. I retired, in consequence, to the cabin, and there I staid till we reached Rhodes on Monday morning.

So I saw nothing of Samos, where Pythagoras was born, who taught his disciples never to salute the rising sun otherwise than with hymns, as a messenger of light. Neither did I see Patmos, where John the Evangelist found a retreat during his banishment, and which we passed so close, that the Greek convent on one of its hills was distinctly perceived—nor Cos, the birth-place of Apelles, whose name, as an object of veneration, is transmitted traditionally from one family of painters to another, on no better authority than the admiration of the ancients, for not a stroke of his pencil has descended to later times—nor, on the continent, the rocks of Cnidos, near which lie the ruins of the town that produced Praxiteles, and has given its name to his statue of Venus. A year ago, I saw one in the Glyptothek at Munich, which bore the name of Venus of Cnidos. Which is the genuine? But how poor in every thing like art and cultivation are now these places, and how rich the West deems itself in the possession of a few of their crumbs!

A dark blue cloudless sky overspread Rhodes when, in the morning of the 2nd of October, we hurried upon deck, to see as soon as possible the ancient far-famed island which bore one of the wonders of the world. Rhodos, in Greek, is the rose, and Rhode was the name of the lovely daughter of Aphro-

dite, whom Phœbus here beheld on Mount Atabyris and gave her his love: so says the tradition which consecrated the island as the favourite resort of the sun-god. His statue it was which, cast in brass, eighty ells in height, and set up over the harbour, to do honour and return thanks to him, after Demetrius, "the destroyer of towns" had, in the year 282 before Christ, besieged Rhodes, but not taken it. Earthquakes, from which these delightful regions suffer so severely, threw down this wonder of the world; and in 672, when the Arabs conquered the island, its fragments are said to have loaded nine hundred camels.

The town rises amphitheatrically upon the shore, and terminates in an extensive well cultivated plain. Its walls and bastions give it a fortified appearance, and single palms wave like flags of peace over the chivalrous warrior, who, in full armour, seems to lie here upon his bier. The Atabyris overlooks the whole island, which was enveloped by the hot sun in a roseate glow. It looked most magnificently. Could the sun's rays have melted the brass, which the aboriginal inhabitants of the island, the Telchines, understood the art of working with such enchanting ingenuity, that their images exercised an irresistible power over the soul of the spectator? O no! no! the sun's rays had nothing to do with the matter, and those ancient masters pronounced no magical incantations over their productions; their magic was their genius. Would to God that we had now artists of whom we

might say, they pronounce incantations over their works, so irresistibly do they seize upon the soul!

Rhodes has had two great, glorious and brilliant epochs: the Hellenic, when it was a city of the arts, its public places adorned with three thousand statues, and its halls with the productions of Zeuxis and Apelles; the Christian, when the cross of the Knights of St. John waved from its pinnacles. Of the former nothing remains; of the latter, everything but that banner.

The Christian nations of the middle ages had long, not so much given up, as forgotten their solitude to gain possession of the holy sepulchre; the Christian sovereigns had long confined themselves to the defence, not of the Holy Land, but of their own dominions, against the Turks. But there still existed a little tribe, which, though a hundred times worsted, yet continued with unconquerable perseverance to oppose the Turks: a tribe which, without country, without hearth or home, without wife or child, without anything that the material man of our days deems necessary for living, yet lived, and lived gloriously: for it lived for an unselfish idea. A whole tribe? do you ask? Yes, a whole tribe of men constantly recruited out of the best blood of the West—the Knights of St. John. To the vows of monasticism they added the vow of chivalry—to combat without rest or peace for the right. They defended the rights of God upon earth, his altars, his churches, his congregations, his

unprotected and helpless, his poor and sick. Never did Order spring from a purer, a nobler motive. Hence, there appears to me to be a prodigious difference between such an Order and modern societies, associations, or by whatever name they may be called. In the former, the individual was obliged to give up *himself*, wholly and entirely, without exception or reservation; to do nothing for himself—all for the whole; in the latter, a man gives his money, or his vote, or a day in the week, or something else, without relinquishing any of his personal connexions, any of his spiritual or temporal interests. It is perfectly natural that the one should be capable of accomplishing extraordinary things, if he pursues commendable objects; for the latter it is inexpressibly difficult.

Now, it was certainly something extraordinary that the Knights of St. John should, for above three hundred years from their institution, live for the same idea that had given birth to them. The Templars had perished so early as the commencement of the fourteenth century by the Scylla and Charybdis of all human works—their own arrogance and the envy of others. The Teutonic Knights, who carried on their crusades in the north of Europe against the Prussian heathen, and who combined with the suspicious zeal for conversion, a still more suspicious zeal for conquest, founded a distinct State, which soon became an entirely temporal sovereignty. The Knights of St. John alone never ceased to contest



with the Turks every foot of their existence ; and, driven from all the points which they occupied in the vicinity of the Holy Land, they conquered for themselves, in 1411, under their grand-master, Foulques de Villaret, the island of Rhodes, expelling the Turks, and establishing themselves there. In 1440, they repulsed the sultan of Egypt, by whom they were besieged, and, in 1480, the still more dangerous attack of the fleet of sultan Mohamed II. In 1522, their last hour arrived. On Christmas-day, after a siege of six months, conducted by sultan Suleiman the Great in person, the grand-master, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, was compelled to surrender the city. Six hundred knights, and five thousand fighting men, and the inhabitants of the city, women and children included, had defended themselves like lions, from St. John's day to the 20th of December, against Suleiman's army, one hundred thousand strong. Want of everything, of provisions as well as means of defence, forced them to surrender, and on New Year's day, 1523, the surviving knights left the fair island, and settled in Malta, which Charles V. gave to them. The Turk entered—the jackal took possession of the abode of the lion.

This impression the city made upon me in the highest degree. As the knights left it, so the Turks established themselves in it, taking nothing away, and adding nothing, but according to their custom leaving to Time the work of ruin : and that destroys

more slowly than the busy hand of man. Gates, towers, walls, the church of St. John, the Strada dei Cavalieri, are entirely oriental. It makes one quite melancholy to pass through this street, and to see the elegant sculptures on door-posts and window-frames : here a piece of an exquisitely wrought frieze, below a roof that is tumbling in ; there a pillar transformed into a door sill. In many of the windows are still the well-preserved window-crosses, such as with us are to be found only in the most ancient houses of old cities. In other windows, they are either broken out; or walled up along with them so that the elegant stone garlands stand out in sharp relief from the whitewashed wall. Heaps of rubbish and filth are piled up around the houses. Some appear to be quite deserted, others half in ruin, like clothes which do not fit the wearer. The jackal must turn out! the Turk must be off! I said to myself over and over again; and I bethought me of a king who should render all these marvellous islands free and happy, and raise them again to that flourishing state which they enjoyed in the olden time, when Samos, for example, under Polycrates, equipped a hundred vessels of war. Figure to yourself these ancient war-ships as small as you please, so much is certain, that at this day Samos cannot muster a hundred fishing-boats. But the great European powers would, I fear, not extend their protection to my "King of the Islands;"—that would be unlucky for him. I cannot help thinking at the

same time of the King of Greece, whom they have now made a constitutional one also. For how long?

We strolled through the town in all directions; went through long vaulted passages, the former destination of which it is impossible to guess; gained admittance into St. John's church, which is now a mosque of desolate appearance, on the walls of which may be discerned half erased Christian sculpture; inspected the gates, above one of which, in a small niche, is the forgotten image of some saint—whether the Virgin Mary or St. John, I could not make out; ascended the embattled tower by the harbour, which commands a view of the island, and of the sea to a great distance, and got at last to the bazar. This is genuine Turkish, consequently very disagreeable; but Clara, I discovered there something that I had longed for in vain at Constantinople—figs, very small green figs, no bigger than our plums. The dragoman picked out about three dozen of the very best, and paid for them twenty paras, one silver groschen! [three half-pence English] and at last the seller said that we might take as many more as we pleased into the bargain. Every fig was like a tea-spoonful of fig-jam. The grapes seemed also to be very good, and the fruiterers had plenty of customers; for, to people just come from on board a ship, fresh fruit is particularly refreshing.

Highly delighted with my short visit to Rhodes, we returned about two o'clock to our Lodovico, and

started again with a very high but favourable wind, so that, during the forty hours' passage to Cyprus, the sails were not unfurled. My English lady and I never stirred out of our cabin. You may conceive how glad we were when, at sunrise on the 4th, we were told that Cyprus was in sight. By nine o'clock we were lying at anchor in the road of Larnaca, on the south-east coast.

As Rhodes was dedicated to Apollo, and Samos to Juno, who passed her childhood there, so Cyprus was the island of Venus. The goddess was worshipped in the temples of Paphos, and Amathus gave her one of her names ; for to this coast she was borne by the waves, when they had given birth to this pearl of peerless beauty. The charm which we are apt to attach in imagination to the favourite haunts of Venus has vanished with her temples and her groves. The island is composed of a white chalky soil, on which the cactus flourishes, and the palm thrives. It produces completely the impression of the South : sky and sea so invariably blue, the ground so dazzlingly white, that the eye nearly closes to avoid the glare, unbroken by any shade.

We landed at La Scala. Such is the name given every where to the place of landing and embarkation, whether in the town itself, as at Constantinople, or forming a distinct place, as in Cyprus. We walked from it about half a league to Larnaca, here passing a palm of surprising beauty, there walls, which in the time of the Venetians may have formed a watch-

tower, and there an earthen hovel, which looks like a square chest, and the court-yard of which is enclosed with a cactus hedge. Slowly, like moving buildings, laden camels are seen passing over a range of inland hills, and their ungainly figures look really deformed, as they march by an elegant palm tree.

At Larnaca there is a Greek and a Latin convent ; by this ancient Byzantine appellation, all the Catholic convents in these parts are designated. We went to the latter, because a new church is building there, and found in it Franciscans of the Terra Santa, who were just then celebrating the festival of the patron and founder of their Order, by a dinner to which all the consuls were invited. In the fore-court, they treated us hospitably to wine, biscuits, and cold water, and the venerable father-warden made excuses for not inviting the whole party, saying that the rules of the Order were rigidly enforced there, and signifying *Ma non le donne*.

The 4th of October is St. Francis's day, and your birth-day, my Clara ; so that is the way in which you came by the libation of Cyprus wine. The old conventual church is a small, dark, cellar-like chapel ; the new one, built of fine white stone, furnished by the country will be lighter, more cheerful, and of better proportions : a father of the convent is the architect.

We afterwards sat for a considerable time in a coffee-house at La Scala, drinking lemonade and coffee, and the gentlemen playing at billiards.

Many inquisitive persons came to see the strangers, and among the rest a man dressed in the European style, who, when he heard German spoken, acknowledged himself to be at least a half-German. He was a native of Russian Lithuania, assisted in 1831 to revolutionize, and, after all sorts of adventures, including a wife picked up in Spain, had become army-surgeon in Cyprus. Is it not most amusing to revolutionize against the Russian government, and then put one's-self under the Turkish? He highly praised the easy, comfortable life which he led among the excellent Turks. We asked about this and that, and at length it came out, that such a person is well paid, has slaves of both sexes, cares for nobody, need do little and know less, and if he should chance to have any misunderstanding or difference of opinion with a superior officer, or with any Turk whatever, he must admit in words that the latter is right, always right—then he may quietly do just what he pleases behind his back: an easy life truly! We wished that he might long continue to enjoy his good fortune, and returned at four o'clock on board—for the last time, for we arrived here yesterday morning at half past six.

I am sorry that we landed precisely on this most uninteresting point in Cyprus. In the interior of the island, there are said to be fine and nearly unknown ruins of antiquity, and at Famagusta, we should probably have met with vestiges of the Venetian way, as we found of the Knights of St. John in

Rhodes. After the Crusades, Cyprus was the last fraction of the kingdom of Jerusalem left to the Crusaders; and the kings of the house of Lusignan set up their throne in the land of Venus, after they had lost it in the Holy Land. Through "The Daughter of the Republic," a title conferring equality of rank with kings—through Catherine Cornaro, widow and mother of the last Lusignans, Cyprus came into the possession of Venice, and flourished, blest and overflowing in population and zechins, as were all these parts, before they fell under Turkish despotism, and were subjected to that blood-sucking, life-draining institution, called Pashalik.

You are, perhaps, surprised that I should find leisure here for such an immense letter. My dear Clara, the heat here is so oppressive, at least, for us foreigners, and in M. Battista's very uncomfortable hotel, that one cannot leave the room till towards sunset, and is obliged to pass the day as immovable and lightly dressed as possible. I have, therefore, plenty of time, and am glad that I could describe the voyage so circumstantially, for it was highly interesting, and so much the more deserving of a long recapitulation, as my stay was but transient as a pilgrim's at the points where we halted.

## LETTER XIX.

TO MY MOTHER.

Arrival at Beyrout—The Lebanon—Scenery—The Town—  
Houses—Provisions—Arabian Wedding.

Beyrout, October 8th. 1843.

EVERYTHING can be described, my dear mother—people, their way of living, their dress, their houses, their passions, their condition; everything but the nature, the physiognomy, of a country. This one must set about geographically and ethnographically; if one has a genius for those sciences, life will be infused into the shapeless mass, and that form will be given to it, in which its individuality is most clearly expressed. If one has it not, the description will only make the same barren impression as a map, at the sight of which you think, so that country with the green boundary is Syria, and that with the red, Asia Minor! I have it not; therefore, Heaven preserve me from descriptions! But, when I cast a look at this rich, sun-saturated country, when I inhale the aroma of its plants and of its air, when I sit up till late in its nights, which are softer and warmer than our days, I cannot help thinking, and yet I will describe it, even though I make nothing more of it than the country with the flower-wreath boundary.

In my letter of the day before yesterday, I pur-



posely abstained from saying anything about the first impression made by Beyrout; I wished to make myself a little better acquainted with this nature. However, as it is generally the case with me, the first impression is indelible, and I think it was more than the magic of the name and the place which enchanted me when I went upon deck on the morning of the 5th. The light tint of early morning, azure interwoven with silver, hung down from the vast sides of the Lebanon, and spread far and wide over the sea; and only the highest points of the mountains yet wore the crowns of gold brought them by the morning sun. On the shore lay the old dark town, composed of nothing but turrets and hovels, black as though it were in mourning; and sap-green plantations of mulberry-trees surrounded it and climbed the first eminences of the Lebanon.

By degrees, till the time for disembarking arrived, the sun, rising higher and higher, appeared above the mountains, and illumined the whole grand landscape. The majestic Lebanon was tinged with a gold-red, as if smiling at the sea. Upon its surface danced millions of gold spangles, and the waves gently rippled as though paying him a morning salutation. The green of the gardens was transformed, as it were, into emerald; and the turrets and terraces of the town received their share of the heavenly light—a somewhat golden tint. It now looked exactly like that butterfly which we call *Trauermantel* (mourning cloak) and which has a white border

around its black wings. So dark is and remains the town, while the glorious light encompasses it in every variety of forms.

The amiable wife of the Prussian consul-general called upon me a few hours after my arrival, and invited us to dinner. There I had an opportunity, on the very first day, of observing sunset from the finest point of view in Beyrout, namely her *liwan*. Here I saw the morning scene reversed. The house of the consul-general is situated about half a league from the town, on gradually rising ground, where there are many villas, amidst gardens and plantations of mulberry-trees. There you have the whole verdant wooded slope before you, down, quite down to the sea. Detached, cheerful-looking houses are scattered among the gardens; and it is only quite at the bottom of the hill, between these and the sea that you perceive something of the town. But the king of Syria, the Lebanon, reigns here too; for all this country is his, lies at his feet and in his bosom; and, as morning put a crown of gold upon his head, so evening threw a crimson mantle over his shoulders, and he glowed so radiantly before and after sunset as I have seen only the snow-capped peaks of Switzerland glow. The Lebanon, however, has no such cap of snow, and consequently the landscape wanted something of its highest perfection—everlasting snow above the plants of a tropical climate. In the spring, when the winter's snow is still lingering on the mountain-tops, while the plain is already

hotly clothed with luxuriant vegetation, the view must be perfectly beautiful. But now the scorching summer sun has consumed the snow.

Such was the first day at Beyrout. Exquisitely beautiful, was it not? And such was the second, and the third, and the fourth day, and such would be every day, if one were to pass all one's days here. You sit in the *liwan* in the day-time, on the terrace, that is, on the flat roof, in the evening, and contemplate the sea and the mountains in sun-light and moon-light; and, at times, when it is not too hot, you take a ride to the palm-wood and admire the magnificent trees, and enjoy the scent of the acacia, the genuine, that is, which is almost overpowering. This wood is the pride of Beyrout. Palms form its crown; beneath their tall stems flourish large plantations of mulberry-trees, of which the greatest care is taken, because the breeding of silkworms is assiduously prosecuted. Hence this is the predominant tree of the country, intermixed with carob-trees and fig-trees, with palms and pines. These latter lift their beautiful, tranquil, erect heads into the air, and the others form the underwood, so that a wood has a rich and magnificent character.

This, however, does not prevent you from sinking, just outside the gates, into sand a foot deep, which renders walking most fatiguing and unpleasant, especially as, the moment you leave the sea, you find yourself between cactus-hedges as high as houses, which surround the gardens. This plant needs

little water, and therefore grows here to a monstrous size; every other vegetable production is reared by attentive irrigation. Every consideration gives way to that, and so the roads are turned into canals, and rendered impassable by banks, thrown up whenever water is more or less wanted here or there. Where no care is taken to irrigate, nothing grows; and where no plants grow sand grows. From year to year it spreads further and further; it advances insensibly but steadily, so that, after a series of years, large tracts are discovered to be inundated with sand. These encroachments might be prevented by plantations; but these are not made. The Turk sits with his hands on his lap, smokes his tchibook, and says "Kismeth!" which is equivalent to Fate, and which makes him quite easy about all the sand-inundations in the world. In my eyes the land, the willing, beneficent feeder of the human race, is a thing which, though I possess no more of it than a bird on the house-top, deserves to be held in respect and honour. It grieves me to see it neglected, so that it cannot show its powers, cannot bestow its treasures, especially here, where a paradise might flourish.

What air! Every inhalation is an enjoyment, and penetrates deeper than the bosom; it penetrates the soul and disposes it to cheerfulness. Here every thing is light. When you go abroad, you need not carry with you any cloak against your return in the evening; if you do not like to walk in the sand, you

mount a quiet nimble donkey, and ride off to dinner. I have chanced to come just at a most lovely time, that of the full moon. It is so bright that you may distinguish the colour of objects, and it does not make them appear black; and then the soft warm air!—and the night is really like day without sun. On the first evening, when I rode back from the consul-general's to the town, between ten and eleven o'clock, I had, according to European custom, taken a cloak along with me; but I put it off, and have not encumbered myself with it since.

There is a moment, just when the sun is about setting, when it is comparatively cool, and when the air is said to be injurious, so that you must cover your head. Later in the evening, the warm temperature returns; and in summer, the difference between the warmth of day and night is said not to exceed one, or, at most, one degree and a half of Reaumur. It seems, therefore, to me impossible to take cold. Still all strangers who make any stay are ailing at first; for the climate stirs up the blood too violently, and excess in regard to diet is punished much more severely than with us.

Beef there is none; it is too heavy, and therefore not wholesome. The mutton is excellent, only very fat; and you must, therefore, be cautious of that too. Fowls are quite innocent, and so are small wild birds about half the size of larks, which are a very favourite dish. Of our garden vegetables there are few or none: on the other hand, rice and tomatoes

constitute part of every meal. The latter are, in reality, the potatoes of the East; as indispensable, at least, if not so nourishing. They belong also to the class of the nightshades; their botanical name is *solanum lycopersicum*, vulgarly, love-apple. They have a brick-red colour, which they communicate to any dishes to which they are used as sauces, or in other ways.

The fruits in season are splendid grapes, and bananas or pisang. I remember that, while I was a child, some bananas having been once brought to maturity in the hot-house at Remplin, a few of them were given to me, and with a certain solemnity, as something very extraordinary. Since that time I had neither seen nor eaten any; but I still recollected that they tasted very mealy and insipid. I recognized the pale yellow fruit as soon as I saw it, and was desirous to taste it; but I found it just as juiceless and flavourless at Beyrout as at Remplin; and I was told that a person must get accustomed to it to like it. The best bananas are said to be grown lower down on the coast of Syria, near Saida, the ancient Sidon.

I am not telling you all this, my dear mother, for the purpose of giving you my bill of fare, but to convey to you some idea of the country, where bananas grow upon the trees instead of apples and plums; such is the nature of this country. The town—yes, indeed, that is very far from agreeable, and, with the exception of its capital pavement, composed of large flag-stones, it has

nothing to recommend it. The first entry into it is tumultuous enough. The boat cannot get to the shore for the sand. When it is coming from the steamer and approaching the land, a troop of half naked Arabs go to meet it, plunging into the water, seizing the trunks, laying hold of the passengers, and carrying them in their arms, if not very softly and conveniently, yet quite safely, through the waves. Then ensues, as in every other country in the world, a warm altercation about the transport of the luggage, and at length you set out for Battista's *locanda*, passing through the most singular streets that I ever beheld, for they are more like cellars and subterraneous passages than the streets of a town—so narrow and dark are they, even where they are not overarched from one house to another. At first, I conceived that all these archways were preparatory to the entrance into the town itself: but no! they are so contrived as a protection against the sun.

The individual houses are just as singular, consisting of quadrangular turrets, flat at top, of unequal height and area, which are united by stairs, bridges, and terraces. Every house looks like a little fortress, or a *donjon*, and to this gloomy impression the rarity of windows, the grating before them, and the dark colour of the stone, of which they are built, contribute. The interior of my *locanda* also is not much more cheerful than a prison. In the pitch-dark rooms on the ground-floor I have not looked about much, for there is the culinary department, from

which you do well to turn away your eyes. You ascend the narrow, steep staircase, and find yourself all at once in the open air, on the flat roof of a cavern-like sub-structure, above which the turrets rise quite irregularly. In every turret there is a lower and upper room; there is no such thing as a suite of rooms, or only two connected together—which, according to our notions, is most inconvenient. Between two of the turrets is placed the *liwan*. The open space in the middle, over which is spread a tent-like cover of canvas, serves for dining-room. The whole somewhat reminds you of the arrangement of the ancient houses of Pompeii, and the present style of building in Granada and Seville, if you will but indulgently compare that open space with the *atrium* of the ancients and the *patio* of the Andalusians. I have an apartment in the upper story of a turret, which has monopolized all the windows that ought to be in the others: it has six. Two look towards the street, and are closely grated with bars of old pine-wood, which gives out an agreeable, strengthening scent; two others look towards the vacant space belonging to the house, and are half grated; and the two others open upon a terrace, where cats amuse themselves, and are every moment poking their heads through the broken panes and drawing them back again, scared at my presence. Against the fourth wall of the room stands my bed, and there is also the door, which has neither lock nor key, nothing but a plain, though colossal bolt, so



that it cannot be fastened at all outside. I have fellow-inmates of my apartment in formidable spiders, whose nets seem to have been spread for these dozen years. You know how alarmed I used to be on account of such companions, my dearest mamma. Well, I have already so accustomed myself to them, that I pacify myself with the idea. In Europe I will be alarmed again at spiders, not here ! For the rest, I ought to thank Heaven that there are not scorpions or centipedes in such a room ; and this reflection makes me more indulgent towards the spiders.

The tops of the turrets are beyond dispute the most agreeable places. They are quite flat, and you climb up to them upon swaying ladder-like stairs, you have chairs, brought and you seat yourself, because walking is not pleasant at that height, since the platform has no parapet, and you enjoy the cool evening breeze.

I cannot help thinking of the rocks of Adersbach, when I see from above all the black, shapeless buildings around me, and at bottom the narrow dark zigzag streets. All Beyrout looks as if itself and its streets were hewn out of a rock.

In the evening, people are merry enough here. It is still their Ramadan, when the day is so silent and tedious, and they try to sleep it away, that they may suffer the less from the rigid fast. At sunset, as soon as the muezzin has summoned to evening prayer from the minaret, booms the gun that gives the wished-for signal for recruiting exhausted bodies

and souls : the coffee-houses are opened ; the vendors of fruit and bread bring their goods ; in the streets, as in the houses, people eat, smoke, and that not quietly as at other times, but with that extravagant joyousness which abstinence begets. You hear children shouting with delight, singing the monotonous music of the tambourine. On Friday there is military music at the pasha's. From our turret we overlooked his court, illuminated with torches, and had the music at first hand. It was hideous—a combination of discords, which each player produced arbitrarily, out of time and out of tune. On the roofs of the houses appeared women like ghosts, muffled up, according to the custom of this country in a wide, thick, *white* veil, to hear the concert. There was something of the lower world, and at the same time something excessively pleasing in the whole scene. The black buildings, the horrible music, and the glare of the torches, reminded me of the waltz of the devils in *Robert le Diable*, and belonged to the lower world ; while, in a higher region, the silent, white, female forms were at home ; the garlands of lamps which illuminated the gallery of the minarets flung down a softened radiance ; and lastly, the moon, in diamond brilliancy, flooded with her unearthly rays the earthly light as well as the earthly darkness.

The merriment lasts till late at night, and my six windows cause me to have a much larger share of it than I like : through these penetrates the noise

from the street, through those the illumination of a very near minaret, and through the last pair, the gossip of the women or the mewing of the cats, who seem alternately to visit that terrace. At sunrise, all is silence again. The twenty-third night of Ramadan is an important moment for every Mohamedan. It is the night *al Kadr*, the night of glory, in which the angel Gabriel brought down the Koran from the seventh heaven. On that night, the fate of all mortals during the coming year is decided and fixed—as the Jews are said to believe concerning New Year's day.

Ten in the evening.

As we set out to-morrow morning for Damascus, I will tell you, in all haste, that I am just returned from an Arabian dinner and an Arabian wedding. The former was Europeanised, at least in the form, for it took place at the house of the Austrian consul-general, who has a genuine Arabian cook from Cairo, and who gave me this treat. The dishes were all named to me, but my ear does not retain sounds to which I am not accustomed; therefore all I can say about them is that very strong spices predominated in them all.

Inquiry was then made at the house of the tradesman where the wedding was about to be held, if we could have permission to be present, and, as an affirmative answer was of course returned, we went thither. A wedding always has something con-

strained, something unpleasant; the new-married couple get tired of the tumult; and the guests know not in reality why they should be so excessively merry. But to the tortures of an Arab wedding, those of a European one make no approach. The marriage ceremony was performed about noon, according to the ritual of the Greek Church—for the Arabs, natives of the country, are not all Mohame-dans, but belong also to the different Christian confessions, and the latter are said to be very numerous here in Beyrout. After the ceremony, the bride is conducted to one room, and the bridegroom to another; she, surrounded by all her female relations and friends, and he, in like manner, by all those of his own sex; and there, parted from one another, they are entertained with music, singing, dancing, conversation, visits, meat, and drink—no longer than three days and three nights. What say you to this colossal faculty of amusement? I must confess that I am quite stunned by the half-hour's visit.

The house was in precisely the same style as my locanda, but the noise resounded far away in the dark street, as if it were a palace, with a thousand guests. I had to pass through the dark ground-floor, and up the dark stairs to the open inner space. There I was received by the master of the house, a cousin of the fatherless bride's, a handsome young man, whom the Oriental dress, especially the large turban, became extremely well; and he led me by the hand to the apartment of the females. When I

entered, they rose from the sofa, which, broad and low, runs along the walls; but so as not to stand upon the floor but upon the cushions; and the bride, who sat exactly opposite to the door, was supported in this difficult evolution by two of her neighbours, because etiquette requires that she should move as little as possible. I was conducted to her, seated beside her, and I surveyed this remarkable image. Image indeed! for the poor bride looked just like a doll. She must not stir, nor speak, nor look at any one, nor move a feature, nor lift up an eye; and, to make sure of the latter, they rub her eye-lashes with a viscous preparation which absolutely glues them together. Her eyebrows are arched and stained black, her cheeks red. Not only have the fingers ochre-yellow nails, but the hands are permanently tattooed with arabesques of a dark blue colour. In short, if this bride were to be given up at three days' end to a European, his first words to her must infallibly be, "Wash yourself, my angel!" Her hair descends in braids and loose stripes—false mixed with her own—over her shoulders; and flowers, ribbons, and shining ornaments are wound round the *tarbush*, as the red cap with blue tassel is here called. This head-dress is not ungraceful.

The rest of the dress is such as I have described it when in Constantinople, only the gowns are without trains; and thick, variegated shawls, bound round the waist by way of belt, give the figure an

incredibly clumsy appearance. The necklace of the bride was composed of strings of small gold coins, so that she seemed to wear a gold breast-plate.

There she sat in this heavy dress, stiff and motionless, with pendent arms, more like a mummy than a living creature—least of all like a joyous bride. Should marriage prove a galling yoke to her, she might have foreboded its oppression from this commencement. For the rest, whether the statue-like movelessness, to which she is condemned, is meant to denote regret for her lost virgin state, indifference towards her wedded condition, or maiden bashfulness—for this singular formality must be a symbol of something—she most certainly knew not herself.

The other females were more or less decorated and painted like the bride; therefore, I am not able to say whether any one of them was handsome. Their eyes were not glued together, but wide open, and the dark pencilling about them made them look ghastly to me. An eye, to please me, must above all things look at me honestly, and not, as it were, from under a mask. So far, I like the fiery Spanish eyes infinitely better than the highly vaunted oriental.

Strangers of the other sex also were admitted into this room, which was lighted by a large three-beaked lamp, that stood in the middle of the floor. To my regret, there was neither singing nor dancing; therefore I abridged my visit to the bride, to pay one to

the bridegroom, who was confined in another turret by Arabian nuptial etiquette. On the sofa, among all the men, would not have been a suitable place for me; so I took a chair opposite to the bridegroom, and then the music which we had already heard when in the street began afresh. In one corner of the room, on the floor, were seated the musicians; one drummed on a pair of kettle-drums, of the circumference of a plate; another struck the dulcimer; the third belaboured a small stringed instrument, and at the same time all of them sang with all their might, in tones the most inharmonious that ever issued from human throats. Savage shouts alternated with nasal and guttural sounds—it was an execrable concert!

We stopped a short time and then proceeded to what may properly be called the drawing-room, the open room, where we were treated to excellent lemonade, and tchibooks or nargilehs were offered to the gentlemen. And so the entertainment ended for me, and I was heartily glad that I was not obliged, like the other guests, to stay till the day after tomorrow. My nerves are strong enough for hardships—not for diversions. Farewell, and good night, my dearest mother!

## LETTER XX.

TO MY SISTER.

Brief sketch of the History of the Caliphs.

Beyrout, October 9th, 1843.

MY dear Clara, ever since six o'clock I have been in readiness to start, *en costume de gamin*, the riding-whip in one hand, my hat in the other, expecting from minute to minute the signal for departure. It is now half past seven: the four riding-horses are, it is true, saddled; but of the three pack-horses, not one has yet arrived, and I am just informed that we shall breakfast here, and then make one stage of it to our quarters for the night. We breakfast at ten; so I have plenty of time to write to you, and I will employ it to the best advantage, my dear Clara, and tell you something about the history of the caliphs, to one of whose residences, the ancient far-famed Damascus, the "paradise-scented Scham," as the Arabs call it, I am now bound. For the history of men and nations interests you, God be thanked! for that is a sound and healthy taste, which sets the head to rights when ready to turn round, dizzy with all the hollow scribbling of our days. Should I be interrupted, it will not signify: it is equally annoying in any other letter, if we cannot proceed to the conclusion in the same mood in which we set out; but as



no particular mood is requisite for this, I can begin it to-day and finish it, for what I care, a year hence.

Of the most celebrated residences of the Arabian Caliphs, two are in the East, Damascus and Bagdad, one in Africa, Cairo, and one in Europe, Cordova. Mecca and Medina are the holy cities of Islamism ; it was only in the very earliest times that they were the seat of the caliphs. Mohamed was born at Mecca in 569, of the tribe of the Korcish, and of the family of Hashem, which latter had the custody of the Kaaba and the presidency of the republic of Mecca. The *black stone* in the Kaaba was regarded by the Arabs as the most sacred of objects ; it fell, according to tradition, a ruby, from heaven, throwing over all Arabia the radiance of the morning dawn ; but, through the sins of men, the light expired, and the brightness of the ruby was drowned in the darkness of coal. Oh Clara ! methinks every human heart is a little Kaaba, in which the ruby is liable to be transformed into coal. But are not an all-comprehensive truth and an all-penetrating poetry contained in the few words of this tradition ?

Ishmael, from whom the Arabs are descended, as they assert, built the Kaaba, and Abraham and the angel Gabriel assisted him in the work. The Arabs had sunk into idolatry, and, till his fortieth year, Mohamed left the great idea of an only spiritual and eternal God to ripen within him, before

he promulgated it, and endeavoured to impart a better knowledge to his countrymen. I have sometimes heard him called a false prophet; this is unjust: no Mohammedan calls Moses, David, to say nothing of Christ, a false prophet; and with as good right might Zoroaster and Confucius be so called, but which they never are. Ought envy to mingle with the hatred against Islamism? You find in the Koran: "Righteousness consists not in turning your face to the east and the west in prayer, but he is righteous who believes in God, and in the last day, and in the angels, and in the scriptures, and in the prophets, and gives cheerfully of his substance to kindred, to orphans, to the poor, to pilgrims, and generally to all who ask for it; who sets the prisoner at liberty, who is punctual in prayer, who bestows alms, who patiently endures affliction and adversity, and the dangers of war—he is righteous, he is truly pious." It is far from these doctrines to the divine sermon on the Mount; but there is nothing false in them.

It was not till the year 609 that Mohamed proclaimed his doctrines: he found zealous adherents and zealous persecutors. The latter he resisted till 622; he then perceived that nothing but flight could save him. He fled to Medina, with his friend and father-in-law Abubekr; this is the Hegira, from which the Arabs commence their era. Mohamed lived ten years longer as a priestly and military ruler, and during that period subjected

all Arabia to his law. He died on the 7th of June, 632.

Under his successors, the first of whom was Abubekr, with the title of Caliph, commenced the long series of conquests achieved by the irresistible impetuosity of the Arabs, whose religion took root wherever their sword established itself. The Persian monarchy of the Sassanides was overthrown, under King Jezdegerd, by the Arab general Said, in 651. At an earlier period, in 640, Amru had conquered Egypt, which was a province of the empire of Byzantium, and like that empire, Christian, but so rent by sects and heresies, by dissensions and persecutions, that the majority of the inhabitants, the Copts, chose rather, with their heterodox creed, to submit to the yoke of Islamism than to that of orthodoxy. The emperor Heraclius was incapable of defending the fine rich country, and so Syria fell an easy prey to the Arabs.

But their victories and triumphs carried them beyond all bounds, so that they lost their equilibrium at home, and not more than thirty years after Mohamed's death fell into schism and sanguinary civil war. At an earlier period, in an expedition against the Beni Mosstallack, Ayesha, Mohamed's wife, and the daughter of Abubekr, was lost one night while on march with the son of Ssafwan, which furnished evil tongues with a fertile theme for satire. When Mohamed asked his four faithful followers, Abubekr, Omar, Othman, and Ali, (his

son-in-law,) their opinion of this adventure, the three former expressed themselves thoroughly convinced of Ayesha's innocence; Ali did not. It was requisite that the twenty-fourth Sura, that of the Light, should come from heaven, to testify in her favour, and against Ali and all sneerers. He had nevertheless his adherents, who were called Shii, that is heretics, by whom those who implicitly believed were denominated Sunni, or true believers.

In the sanguinary contest for the Caliphate, which Ali waged with Moawyah, of the house of the Ommyades, the Shii rallied around the green standard of the former, the Sunni around the white one of the latter. Religious dissension was combined with political, and it subsists to this day; the Shii predominating in Persia, where Shah Ishmael with his family, the Saffi, introduced their doctrine in the beginning of the sixteenth century; and the Sunni in the Turkish empire.

The Ommyades proved victorious, and Moawyah transferred the seat of the Caliphate to Damascus. His successors sunk amidst the debaucheries of their palaces; but the nation, whose energies were steeled by the tribulations and perils of warfare, prosecuted its conquests under great commanders. The whole north coast of Africa, including ancient Carthage, was subjugated before the end of the century, and, in the beginning of the next, Tarikh

commenced the conquest of Spain. Musa completed it in 713.

The Caliphs, regardless of the improvement of the people, sought not to open for the exertion of their aspiring energies any other channels than the savage and blood-stained ways of war; hence a revolution was inevitable. Abul ben Abbas invited the Caliph Merwan II. and his family to a grand banquet at Damascus, and caused them to be put to death. One member of it only escaped to Spain, continued faithful to the Ommyades, and acknowledged Abdurrahman as the true Caliph. He made Cordova his residence in 755.

The Abassides could not maintain their footing in the place where the preceding dynasty had been so cruelly exterminated. In 750, Al Mansur II. began to found Bagdad, and the black banner of the Abassides soon floated over the splendour of the new residence, which, more especially under Haroun al Raschid, from 786 to 809, became, not merely by the highest pomp of wealth and power, but by the everlasting glory of intellectual cultivation, a sun of the East which threw his rays into the far West. Under him the Arabs made as great progress in literature and the sciences as they had previously done in their military career; and, from their astronomers, physicians, and philosophers, Europe, still barbarous, began to derive knowledge.

The foreign conquests were too hastily made to

be consolidated; besides, very few of the Abassides possessed the sagacity and the wisdom of Haroun al Raschid: they first enervated themselves, then those about them, and lastly the people, who imitated the great in debauchery; and they could not prevent distinct provinces of the empire from becoming independent kingdoms; such as that of the Edrisites in Fez, of the Soffarides in Persia, of the Fatimites in Egypt, and others in Africa and Chorazan. By degrees their rule in Bagdad became merely nominal, and their Emir-al-Omra had the real military power in his hands—nearly in the same way as the Major domo of the Frankish Merovingians—till the Turcoman leader, Togrul Bey, of the tribe of the Seldjukes, came conquering and made himself sultan in the Syrian provinces of the Caliphat. His relation, Sulciman, founded in 1073, the kingdom and dynasty of the Seldjukes of Rum, and ruled from the Euphrates to the Bosphorus. The dynasty of the Abassides was no more, and that of the Seldjukes fell, with the whole monarchy, before the Mongol prince, Jenghis Chan, at the commencement of the fourteenth century.

All these torrents of invaders spread themselves over Syria, and for this reason I mention them; for the Caliphat was by this time transferred to Egypt, where, from the beginning of the tenth century, the Fatimites, descended from Ali and Mohamed's eldest daughter Fatima, reigned independently. They conquered Syria in 969, but made Masr-el-

Kahirah, the present Cairo, their residence. They defended, lost, and recovered from the Crusaders Palestine, and all the petty kingdoms which these had founded in the East. The great Saladin, of the house of Eyub, the famous and high-spirited adversary of the crusader-kings, was sultan of Egypt—for this title was now substituted for the ancient one of Caliph, and Syria, ever since united with Egypt, was conquered, in 1517, by the Turkish sultan Selim I. and divided into several pashaliks of the Sublime Porte.

Mehemed Ali recently made the attempt to reunite it with Egypt but the great European powers have taken the old infirm dynasty of the Turkish empire under their protection, and preserved Syria for it; probably it is less dangerous than a new one, which, of course, has always more of the enterprising spirit of youth. Be this as it may, three years ago Ibrahim Pasha was obliged to evacuate Syria, and the Turk vegetates, as sovereign of the country, over the Tyre and Sidon of the Phœnicians, over the ruins of Baalbec, the Roman city of the Sun, over the paradise-scented Damascus of the Ommyade Caliphs, and over the Jerusalem of the Christians. These places I shall now see, and first Baalbec, to which a journey of two days and a half will bring us.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

LETTERS  
OF  
A GERMAN COUNTESS.

LETTER XXI.

TO THE COUNTESS SCHÖNBURG-WECHSELBURG.

Journey across Lebanon to Baalbec, and over the Anti-Libanus  
to Damascus.

Damascus, October 14, 1843.

My much loved Emy,

It seems as though I were never to write to you! Throughout the whole of this long journey I have sent you but a solitary letter; the only excuse I can offer, is that in addressing one of your dear circle I seem to address you all; to-day, however, I will direct my communication to you. And how much have I to tell you! I am in Damascus! So far from home I have never yet been; Lebanon and Anti-Libanus lie between me and the Great Sea which separates me from Europe;—but alas! Da-



mascus is not the Paradise, which the enthusiastic poets of the Omiades have described, and which European travellers have re-echoed in prose.

But I will commence with our departure from Beyrout, which took place at ten o'clock in the morning of the 9th instant. First of all I must, however, introduce you to a very worthy personage, whose business it will be to provide and take charge of all the arrangements and requisites throughout the journey, our factotum in short, and dragoman. He is a native of Cyprus named Giorgio, who was well recommended to us at Constantinople, and who without doubt is a most adroit and serviceable man.

Though Giorgio bears the title of dragoman, you must not infer that he is one of the important and sometimes great men who act in that capacity to the European Legations, nor even one of the Interpreters to the Porte, by whom, in former times, all political business with foreign countries was transacted, because few beside themselves, (who were generally renegados,) understood the Western languages. Giorgio is neither more nor less than what we should call in our own country a courier, a servant who has to attend to all the arrangements of the journey; but as it is indispensable that these couriers should be able to speak Turkish, Arabic, and Greek, besides French and Italian, they also are called dragomans in Constantinople.

Giorgio having performed the journey several

times, knows exactly what is wanted, and has furnished us accordingly. These requisites are not small: they consist of two tents, mattresses, and other bedding, a table, a couple of chairs, a cooking apparatus, coffee service, washing basin, table-linen and towels, candlesticks, lanterns and lights; a stock of rice, maccaroni, tea, chocolate, coffee, lemons and sugar, all this besides a few carpet-bags was sufficient luggage for three horses.

The wisest thing that I have done for a long time was to send back my refined lady's-maid from Constantinople, as people of this description are worse than useless in travelling in Lebanon, or across the Desert; and, what will perhaps surprise you still more, is, that while in Vienna I purchased a complete *costume de gamin*, very simple, consisting of a blouse and pantaloons, of grey woollen cloth, a red and white striped chemise closed at the throat, a round straw hat, and high-buttoned shoes of coutil, most convenient for a journey of this kind, where you have to sleep in your tent, consequently without changing your apparel, and frequently have to ascend and descend very steep and stony places on foot. Our long riding-habits and usual style of dress are quite unsuited to travelling here, while my costume, to which in rainy weather I add a brown burnus which completely envelopes me, is incomparable.

Giorgio wears the Albanian dress of pure white cambric; and I really could not help smiling when first I saw this tall athletic man, with his brown

physiognomy, dressed out like a child, in white muslin, with red morocco shoes and a gaily coloured sash. In rainy weather, he puts on a dark brown felt mantle which is impervious to the wet, and covers him from head to foot.

The morning we started from Beyrout there was quite a tumultuous scene, as four Frenchmen, *en route* for Jerusalem, were to take their departure at the same time. Their twelve horses and our seven, the attendants and luggage of all kinds, completely crammed the small court-yard belonging to the house, while there was a clamour, shouting, quarrelling, commanding and countermanding, which baffles all description. The mule-drivers insisted on placing the baggage one way, the dragoman another; this horse was too weak to bear anything, the other strong enough to bear all. The luggage was packed and taken down again: this did not fit—that was not firm enough. The delay thus occasioned was however of no importance, for as the first days' journey was not to extend beyond six leagues, an early departure was unnecessary.

At length, however, everything was arranged and we set off, the pack horses leading the way, the *Seis* (the conductor of the mules), sometimes riding upon one of them while his two men walked by the side, then followed Giorgio incessantly encouraging and driving on the men and beasts: I rode next, then Bystram, and a servant closed the rear.

Our cavalcade met with but few obstructions, for

the road over the mountains is one of the narrowest I have ever seen, and the horses are accustomed to follow in a line, and will not move abreast, even when there is room. Gradually ascending, we at first rode between hedges of splendid cactus which enclose the plantations, then proceeded through groves of olive and mulberry trees, where the acacia, with its small golden blossom, round and soft as silk, diffused the most delicious fragrance. At home we cherish the tiny plant in a hot house, here it rises to the height of our elder trees.

We did not long remain in this lovely southern region, but ascended higher and higher along the most unbeaten paths imaginable, over rumbling stones, some not larger than a man's fist, and others complete boulders. The poor horses can scarcely find a level spot large enough to place their feet firmly along the whole range of Lebanon; but they are accustomed to it, and are wonderfully expert. They first try their ground, then proceed with all the caution and circumspection of a cat. My faithful horse did not once make a false step; for though this steep ascent is by no means pleasant, it is perfectly safe, and the traveller has nothing to fear on this score.

Lebanon bears not the slightest resemblance to either the Alps or the Pyrenees; it cannot boast their luxuriant declivities, their eternal fields of snow, their thundering cataracts, their abruptly rising peaks, and crystal summits, which, towering high

above the clouds, look in majestic grandeur upon the vales below : Lebanon is a calcareous mountain chain, and although its highest points, the Djebel Makmel for instance, are said to rise 9000 feet, this does not change its formation, for it consists of long undulating, craggy ridges, above which rise those isolated heights, which are always of a dome-shaped, and never of a conical character. Here the water has had full play among the calcareous rocks, which it has saturated, rent, defaced and then abandoned; hence Lebanon has an austere aspect, far different from the coolness and the freshness of the running streams and fragrant meadows which greet the Alpine traveller.

Yet Lebanon is not sterile, though devoid of the natural luxuriance of uncultivated vegetations. The Maronites, that industrious little band of Christians, who have settled in these mountains, have adorned it with corn fields, and vineyards, with villages and convents, especially on its western slope, which faces the sea, and is by far the most pleasing. Nay, as we traverse our rough, wild path, and looked down from the heights, we were often struck with the picturesque beauty of a peaceful hamlet embosomed in umbrageous fig-trees, sequestered in the defile beneath, or to descry a little church, overshadowed by palm-trees on some distant rock; while again above our heads, herds of wild goats, with their long black hair, were skipping from cliff to cliff, or browsing on the scanty herbage.

We also met large droves of asses and mules, for

Beyrout, you must remember, is the harbour of Damascus. All the productions of Persia and the far East, which are in demand in Europe, are conveyed by way of Damascus to Beyrout, and again European goods are sent to Persia and Bagdad through this city. England inundates the Levant with her commerce, especially with cotton manufactures of every description. The principals of two Manchester houses were our fellow passengers on board the steamer, and came for the purpose of forming mercantile connections in the Levant. France sends her silks, which are so beautiful, and at the same time so inexpensive that the oriental ladies greatly prefer them to their own; Italy also contributes her share: but the Lyonese goods are sent wholesale to Persia.

Neither is Germany excluded, and I was not a little surprised to ascertain the nature of the goods which two German merchants brought to Beyrout. Only fancy! into the very mart of oriental shawls and Damascus blades, the one introduced cotton shawls from Elberfeld, and the other steel and hardware from Solingen. Who would have thought this in the time of Charles the Great and Haroun al-Raschid! The extent of the commercial intercourse between Beyrout and Damascus is indicated by the long train of mules; but at first sight it appears greater than it really is, for the bales of goods which we should transport in one good sized waggon, are here borne on the backs of many mules.

The villagers whom we met greeted us with much cordiality—the women laying their hands on their breast, while the men touched their breasts and forehead. The women have the best of all possible reason for not touching the forehead, even, because they cannot! for the most hideous head-dress that a vitiated taste could invent, rises aslant above their eyes, in the form of a cone a yard high! This monstrous wooden tower is fastened to their heads by means of a wooden spring; over this they throw their dark blue veil, which is secured with a band or leathern strap to this tower, cone, or horn, for I really know not what to call this frightful machine!—and they then feel perfectly satisfied that they are quite in the fashion. The great pressure of the spring is said to occasion such intense pain that many women sleep with the horn fastened to their heads, as they cannot endure the torture of replacing it after it has once been removed. This crown of honour appertains however to the women only, and not to the young girl, and is worn exclusively by the Maronites. Beneath this dark blue veil, which shrouds the entire figure, they wear a blue or white dress and ample white pantaloons, of a thin coarse calico.

The men have a much better appearance: their large turbans, fully plaited pantaloons, and their gay jackets, with slashed hanging sleeves, form a very picturesque costume. Here and there we saw them working in their gardens. The threshing floor

is always laid down close to the fields : it is a circular spot, cleared of stones, and the ground is firmly trodden down. In one of these they were threshing with a sort of sledge or dray ; it was a very animated sight : a horse is fastened to this uncouth machine, upon which stands a man who drives in a circle round the floor which is thickly strewn with corn, till the chaff is fairly separated from the wheat.

Our first day's ride, which terminated at a quarter past four, at the Khan Husseyn, was by far the most interesting portion of our journey, inasmuch as it presented to us at the same time the cultivation of Lebanon and its beauty. The peculiar charm of Lebanon consists in the contrasts of the loveliness of its colours with those of the ocean. The naked barren rock steep itself in the effulgence of the glorious sunbeams, and at morn and evening especially, enshrines itself in a floating veil of roseate hue, blended with gold and purple, or tinged with deep tender violet, such as no pencil ever yet portrayed, which like a rainbow fling their harmonious hues over the sterile mountain chain and mitigate its austerity, while the ocean, far below at its base, visible at every creek and inlet, retains its peaceful, heavenly blue.

A khan is an inn, a small, low building rudely constructed of stones, and is generally built in the vicinity of a spring or well. It has neither door



nor window, but admits light and air, man and beast, through the same aperture, a sort of archway supported by pillars.

Independently of shelter, a good khan affords coffee, fowls and eggs; but an indifferent one, absolutely nothing. As all the droves of mules and horses rest outside of these khans, and their drivers within, you can imagine that a halt there is by no means agreeable.

Those who possess a tent have it struck at the distance of at least a hundred paces, and are merely supplied with the requisite provisions from the khan. Our tent, which is very commodious, and covered with double linen painted in green oil colour and furnished with partitions, is easily put up and arranged. This done, the common grey one is pitched for the men, after which I sit down to dinner, which consists alternately of fowls and rice, and fowls and maccaroni. Giorgio proposed a greater variety of dishes, and was very anxious to display his skill in preparing omelets and cutlets; a request with which we complied at Damascus, but during our journey we deemed it an unnecessary annoyance to extend the culinary department beyond what was absolutely needful. For my own part, I should have no objection always to confine my dinner to one dish; but I suppose I must not speak of this plebeian taste, and only indulge in it during my pilgrimages in the wild desert. While

dinner is preparing, I perform my toilette, and in about an hour and a half after our arrival, sit down and partake of a good meal.

Tea is served later. It is just possible that sleep may follow; but the night is the least agreeable part of the time. It is bitterly cold in the mountains as soon as the sun has set, and, in spite of clothes, plenty of covering, and a well secured tent, the keen night air makes one shiver. It is, however, an unspeakable comfort that we are quite unmolested by insects of any kind.

At daybreak I gladly leave my comfortless couch, which consists of a straw mat, a thick carpet, mattress and pillows, which, according to the custom of the country, are stuffed with cotton instead of horschair, and covered with a wadded deer-skin quilt; this is followed by an unwelcome moment, for while I am drinking a cup of strong coffee, the tent over my head is taken away, and I sit without shelter in the cold morning air. Packing up and lading the animals occupies about an hour, the most uncomfortable one throughout the day. Our camp stools are the last put up, and the first taken down. My departure generally takes place at seven o'clock, and no trace remains of our encampment, save the small black spot of ashes surrounded by stones, which indicate the place where Giorgio performed his cooking.

Thus you see, my dear Emy, that I have a house and a complete establishment, for as was our first

night's lodging at the Khan Husseyn, so will it be throughout the whole of our Syrian journey. Thus for the first time in my life I have a house of my own, and this, the house of a Bedouin—a tent! Yes, Emy, you may smile, but this was prophesied as I lay in my cradle. We generally say of improbabilities—"This was not sung over my cradle;" but all the improbabilities of my eventful life were sung over mine; all, yes all; and I understood them too, at least the greater part; and I suppose I shall understand the whole by and bye. As I was seated the first evening under my tent, and beheld at a glance, mountain, sea, and sky, the most sublime objects that the eye of man can look upon, and was indulging in the play of fancy, the nursery tale which induced me to say, "thus it was sung as I lay in my cradle," flitted before my imagination.

You either know, dear Emy, or you do not know, that there are certain lines in the palm of the hand, which as they either converge or diverge, indicate that in after years, its owner *will* or *will not* possess a house of his own. Thus at least was told the tale of chironiancy in our nursery, and filled me with sorrow and displeasure; for, O misery! the lines in my hand unequivocally declared—no house. And, such are children! my brothers and sisters, each gifted with the pledge in their hand, of the sure possession of fine houses, were not a little proud of their prospects, while I, the eldest, had no such inheritance; and many were the bicker-

ings which this ideal-promise gave rise to, till at last our chafed spirits were calmed by the declaration—by whom suggested I know not, perhaps by myself—that if not a house, doubtless a palace would once be owned by me! When the question of our future houses and castles was agitated, I boasted much of mine, but nevertheless involuntarily withdrew my eyes from the ominous lines in my hand.

And now, while on Mount Lebanon, when after the lapse of so many years, these childish days rose to my mind, how happy was I, dearest Emy, that fortune had spoken true; for had I been mistress of a house or castle, I should probably never have pitched my tent on Lebanon, but like yourselves have had to sit at home, shut up between four walls. Thus even in early infancy, Providence often accords to us a presentiment of our future lot, and on these heights too, we are specially admonished to look above for safety and protection. In Europe we have many human defences, laws, penalties, magistrates, and police;—here our only shield against robbery, murder, perils and accidents is the arm of Omnipotence, and this has never failed me.

Soon after daybreak on the 10th, the scenery around the Khan Husseyn was most splendid, for, when lighted up by the morning sun, it is yet more beautiful than in the evening. Through a deep cleft in the mountain, we beheld the entire promontory on which Beyrout, with its cheerful gardens and pretty houses rises from the sea. The harbour and

shipping were distinctly visible; a majestic vessel with outspread sails was swiftly gliding along, while another had already gained the distant sea, and with its snowy wings looked like a fairy-ship entering the haven of Heaven. Around us lay a world of ruined rocks: on a distant declivity a village in the shade of early twilight, and above it on a higher eminence, already illumined by the morning sun, stood a large convent; and while the herald of day speeded his course over the mountains, the pale moon, evanescent as a vapour, gently and lingeringly descended, as a dream-like vision below the distant horizon.

Had I always such a scene before me, I should not easily grow weary during the hour of packing; but such a prospect as I then enjoyed is rarely met with.

We started at seven o'clock, and at nine reached the height of the pass, by means of a very indifferent road. Henceforward we had to descend the mountain, and thus lost sight of the glorious ocean, nor did the view from Anti-Libanus into the valley of Bekaa, which separates the two chains, at all compensate for what we had left behind. This ridge is uncultivated and uninhabited, and even less bold and rugged than Lebanon itself, while Bekaa, a very fertile corn land, possessing a fine soil, is at this season of the year parched by the summer's sun, and sighs for the autumnal rains to gladden it with verdure. After the soil has been fertilised by the rains, the operations of tillage are superficially

and easily performed. The corn ripens quickly, and is gathered in the spring, after which the land assumes the dry, burnt up appearance in which we saw it.

Travellers who speak of Bekaa as a paradise, must have visited it in the spring. Yet without doubt this valley might be one of the most luxuriant upon earth, rich as the plains of Lombardy, as the Vega of Valentia and Granada, if similar care and industry were bestowed upon it. It has an abundance of water, for the Lcontes, a considerable river, which rises from a lake in Bekaa, runs through the whole valley, and falls into the sea above Tyre, and might be admirably employed in irrigation, and Bekaa thus be converted into a fruitful garden. But there is no probability of this being done, as the inhabitants are extremely simple and their wants are amply supplied by moderate labour, while the government thinks only of draining the land and the people, never of improving the one, nor contributing to the well being of the other.

If the Turkish government could be depended upon, I mean if it could command order in its own dominion, how much good might be effected if two or three thousand skilful and industrious Germans were sent to this favoured land, instead of being exiled to America with precarious prospects. Unhappily, however, there is no security here; were an insurrection to break out among the Bedouins a

Turkish Firman could afford our colonists as little protection as Turkish soldiers.

When Ibrahim Pacha was governor of Syria, he endeavoured to introduce several branches of industry: for example, the coal mines in Lebanon; but after he was forced to leave the country, all this fell to the ground. He is accused, and I believe with justice, of having thinned the population by levying troops; but the Turkish government has as much need of troops as Ibrahim, and the essential difference between it and the Egyptian is, not that it is more lenient and spares the people, but that it cannot enforce its commands in obtaining the number of troops required; indeed every time that soldiers are levied there is an insurrection; and the people look for one as a matter of course. A government without authority and power is in fact none at all, because it can neither repress evil nor encourage good; it is a burden to the people, a puppet in the eyes of the multitude, and a means of unlawful gain to a few individuals.

But to proceed with our journey. We gradually descended the hill by very wretched paths, and our horses were obliged to skip like goats and balance themselves like rope dancers; but the noble beasts acquitted themselves with great dexterity, though we were thoroughly shaken at every step. Plantations of fruit trees, and groups of poplars and willows, surrounding pretty hamlets are scattered like little

oases in the plain; yet they are mere specks in the wide spread valley, and neither the silver poplar nor the willow call forth joyous feelings: the heart, however, is gladdened by a sight of the fresh verdure, especially at the mill of Zachle, where we rested at half-past one and partook of some refreshment.

These trees and the little stream that turned the mill had quite a European aspect, but not so the people. Here the inhabitants are no longer Maronites, at least not exclusively, and we frequently met Arabs who saluted us with "Salám aleikum!" "Peace be with thee." Several of them approached us with much curiosity, to see how my companion lighted his cigar by means of the touch wood. The words and gesticulations of the men betrayed the utmost astonishment; but the women looked on with apparent indifference. Bystram gave away several cigars, and completed the marvel of their ignition among those who were not followers of Mahomet, or who did not observe the Ramadan in all its strictness; but they did not in the least understand the art of smoking, though they spoke with great satisfaction among themselves of havannas, and to my great surprise were acquainted with the native land of cigars.

At last a splendid looking man rode up to us, with a large black and white turban, flame coloured jacket with hanging sleeves, and enormously full plaited white pantaloons, having all the appearance



of an Arab prince. His bearing was high, and he remained mounted, looking down upon us with an earnest, dark brown, wrinkled countenance. There was something so majestic about him, that I saluted him in the oriental fashion; he seemed flattered, and returned the compliment, slightly bending forwards, and slowly laying his hand first upon his breast and then upon his forehead with a dignified, graceful reverence, such as no man in a black coat ever offered me. He received the cigar which Bystram presented to him, and immediately commenced smoking. When we resumed our journey he led the way, making his horse, which by the bye was not a fine one, parade before us, and rode with us about half a league to Kerak.

Here we visited Noah's tomb, as it is called, which is held in great veneration by the Mahometans. A fine edifice, the upper part of which resembles a mosque, encloses this most wonderful of all tombs; but if any portion of the ark lies buried in that interminably long, narrow, stone coffin, it must surely be the mast! Our Arab friend here left us, and we rode on till five o'clock, when we reached the village of Temnin which lies in the open plain. From its southern extremity rises the Djebela Shelkh, said to be the Hermon of Scripture. It is the highest point of the Lebanon and Anti-Libanus chain; and though a colossal eminence, it is in fact a shapeless mass, and is not distinguished from those

around it. We were now in the ancient Cælo Syria, and I was all impatience for the coming morrow which was to bring me to Baalbec.

At length the day broke ; while we were making hasty preparations for our departure the women and children of Temnin assembled around us, though we had located ourselves without the village. They looked at me with inexpressible curiosity, examined my boots and gloves, and begged me to draw off the latter while they triumphantly showed me their hands, which were painted blue, and which they evidently thought much the prettiest. One of them examined my eye glass, while another drew a pin out of my hair. I became impatient of their importunity, and called to Giorgio to drive them away. He thundered at them with his powerful voice ; but they remained immoveable and told him that they would not go, for the sight of a Frankish female was quite a curiosity to them.

There is no doubt that European ladies have occasionally visited Lebanon ; but as the tent is pitched sometimes here and sometimes there, it is very possible that these women had really never seen one. I therefore patiently submitted to my fate, and the more readily forgave their curiosity because I was indulging in the same propensity in regard to them. I am resolved to discover the oriental beauties, with their gazelle eyes and fascinating grace, so exquisitely delineated in all the keepsakes by the burin of the artist, and so glowingly described by the pen of

the poet. Hitherto my search has been in vain: I have seen no beautiful women, except in Smyrna. The contour of the face is certainly different from ours; their features are sharper and more decided, hence there is something harsh and coarse in their countenance, and the formation of the mouth almost approaches to that of the brute creation. I have been fortunate enough always to see the women look cheerful; but when they are angry they must look like very furies. The absence of youthful countenances is very striking; you see only children and old women, while the intermediate age appears to be totally wanting.

Besides colouring their hands the women paint their bosom, which, in striking contrast to their half veiled faces, is quite uncovered; the favourite device, drawn in dark blue colours, seems to be a palm-tree in the centre, with a star on each breast. In the mountainous districts, the veiling of the face consists in merely raising the corner of the veil and holding it over the mouth, while walking abroad, or in the presence of men, a fashion which rather savours of coquetry, as their fine dark eyes are thereby seen to the greatest advantage, set off as they are by their broad eye-brows and long silken lashes. In my opinion these long soft eye-lashes are the only beauty which the women have to boast of.

After leaving Temnin we were five long hours in crossing the gradually rising plain, which, though a fine arable soil, retained throughout its treeless,

uncultivated character, till we reached Baalbec. About twelve o'clock we pitched our tent by the side of a fine walnut-tree, close to a little water mill, facing the ruins, and affording the finest view of the gigantic temple with its six wondrous columns, which, for the last hour and a half had already engaged our eager gaze. On this celebrated spot the God of the most ancient nations of the East,—the Assyrians, Babylonians, and Phœnicians—the God of Light, was ignorantly worshipped. The one, eternal, invisible God, whom all apprehend, whom none can conceive, whom all the religions of antiquity endeavoured to symbolize in order the better to comprehend: whom the Bible teaches us “to worship in spirit and in truth,” this mysterious Being was believed by those nations to be revealed under the veil of light. The most beneficial, genial, and vivifying of all lights was the sun, and hence the symbolising imagination of the ancient Orientals constituted that luminary, a God, which they worshipped under the image of Baal. The planet of the night they regarded as his sister and deified as Astarte, the Ashtaroth of the Bible. Thus also the Persians had their Mithras and Mylitta, and the Greeks their Helios and Diana.

Love and admiration of light—thirst and yearning for light—and the ultimate adoration of light, erected all these altars, built all these temples;—taught the Chaldean Magi, to worship the sun without altars, and the Ghebers to worship fire without

temples. Light! this has been the unsatiable yearning for thousands of years, and will be to the end of time. Light to the eye that it may behold beauty: light to the heart that it may be pure and true: light to the mind that it may possess knowledge! In Christ these were concentrated and he is emphatically called "the light of the world," and with the pure light of the heart, and the bright light of the mind he overcame the world. We too are called to overcome the world; but, alas! each one of us best knows, even when light has dawned upon his mind, what a world he has to overcome, before it shines with full radiance on his soul.

You may imagine, dear Emy, what solemn impressions filled my mind amidst these ruins where the veil of form, with which every religion invests itself, gradually became so dense and darkened, that the in-dwelling spirit could no longer penetrate it. The adoration of light degenerated into gross, sensual idolatry, a warning to all coming ages to cleave to the essence and not to the form; to the idea and not to the appearance. Form and appearance are frail and perishable, therefore imperfect and always needing renewal; and if the spirit which once animated them cannot be renewed, then they become ruins, though not always so beautiful as those of Baalbec.

The reign of those ancient divinities was already passed when these wondrous temples were erected for their worship. The Roman Republic had expired

on the trophies of the victories, which she left to her conquerors the Cæsars; and Syria was not the least of these trophies. The Romans not only permitted the vanquished nations to remain in the enjoyment of their customs, their laws and their religion, but they even honoured the worship of all their Gods and protected their temples and priests. The Christians alone did not experience this toleration; and why? In the faint clouds on the distant horizon, Rome already perceived the coming storms by which she was to be overthrown, and therefore she combatted Christianity with weapons of every kind. Among these was the splendour with which the Emperors of the second century endeavoured to invest the worship of the ancient divinities; and this tendency made the temples of Baalbec arise on the spot where the former edifice, dedicated to the sun, had stood. We went through the splendid lower vaulted passages of the gigantic temple, which, in the subterraneous compartments, might have served the priests for the performance of their mystic ceremonies, or for keeping the treasures of the temples. The ruins are throughout of Roman origin, even to the very foundations; and we discovered on a key stone of the vault the word "Divi;" the rest was illegible. The single blocks are bevelled all round with a border about two inches broad, which manner of treating the stone does not appear earlier than the time of the Roman Emperors, and tends to confirm the opinion of its probable

date.\* The enormous blocks of stone thirty feet in length, which form the foundation of the basement are it is true without this wrought border; but the workmanship is Roman, and as grand and solid as that of the Coliseum and the Pont du Gard.

The style of both the temples is the Corinthian, in all its beauty, and in the smaller of the two, the temple of the Sun, is in admirable preservation: wreaths and festoons, foliage and flowers, grapes and ears of corn, interspersed with dancing cupids and graceful forms, are scattered with such lavish prodigality over every part of this magnificent building, by the exhaustless and magic hand of art, that it might be deemed too rich and luxuriant, did we not call to mind that this Temple was consecrated to the Sun, and portrays the symbols of his wondrous influence. The elaborate and chiselled workmanship of the individual portions heighten the grand effect of the complete whole. The stone is worked as with a needle; and it is only from the precipitated fragments of the cornices and capitals that we really

\* Such was my impression at the time; but having since been in Greece, I have discovered my error. The subterraneous building of the Hecatompædon at Athens was wrought in the same style; and when the Parthenon was erected on the site of this ancient temple, this lower structure was retained and enlarged by an additional building. This consists of unhewn stone, so that it is evident that stones thus wrought were used in Greece in the time of Pericles.

discern the massiveness of the blocks, and the extreme delicacy with which they are wrought.

As I do not know to what deity the second temple is dedicated,\* which is larger than any I have ever seen, namely 120 feet broad, and twice as long, I will designate it the Giant-Temple. Properly speaking, very little of this edifice is in perfect preservation, except the subterranean buildings of which I have already spoken. Its two colossal vestibules in the walls of which were niches for altars and deities, and from which the ascent into the temple was by a flight of steps, can readily be completed by the imagination, especially if it is lively enough to clear away the rubbish which fills the doors half way up.

Of the temple itself nothing is perfect save six columns; but these are of such a character that in gazing upon them we think not of ruins, but of some magic creation, whose destination none can tell. Slender as the cypress, bright as gold, they rise aloft and gracefully bear the well preserved architrave. They filled my soul with such a wonderful effect of harmony that they seemed like the chords of a lyre; and the unison between their form, and the heavens to which they aspired, between their colour and the sun which gilded them was so complete, that I should scarcely have marvelled had a melodious strain issued from them at

\* It was sacred to the Great Gods of Heliopolis.—TR.



the rising of the God of Day. The full blaze of noon in which we first beheld and examined these temples was not favourable to their grandeur. The stream of light above and around has the effect of compressing and lowering them, and they now appeared to me less majestic than while at a distance; but the lower the sun sunk in the west the more colossal they seemed to become.

We passed the whole day amid these ruins. Mohametans, Christians, Turks, Selucidæ, and Mongols, and above all the most fearful earthquakes have repeatedly visited this spot. The Emperor Theodosius converted the Temple of the Sun into a Christian church; the Saracens employed its stones in the building of a mosque; after ages reared an embattled fortification above the walls of the giant-temple; mountains of ruins and heaps of rubbish have been precipitated and piled in chaotic masses by the convulsions of nature; and yet, in spite of all these desolations, the residue stands forth in imperishable glory.

In the village a small temple of Vesta, circular, like all those dedicated to this goddess, is converted into a stall for goats; it is overladen with ornament, and indicates the heavy architecture of the age of Constantine. About half an hour before reaching Baalbec, I saw eight truncated columns of the finest Egyptian granite: they had been set up, and blocks of stone laid upon them by way of architrave to give the whole the appearance of a temple; but

it was in bad taste and looked trifling. The existence of granite columns in this place is, however, remarkable, because the only building material met with in this neighbourhood comes from the lime stone quarries at Anti-Libanus, which are quite close to Baalbec, and where we saw immense blocks hewn and ready for building, waiting for transportation.

The natural beauties of Baalbec are confined to a few large walnut trees, and a beautiful streamlet of delicious water, which turned the little mill near us. The village itself, like all those in Syria consists of an irregular agglomeration of square clay huts with flat roofs; and the total absence of gardens, trees, and flowers gives them a most desolate appearance. When there are gardens they always lie beyond the villages, and sometimes at a considerable distance from them; but they are never found in the village or attached to the dwellings in which, to my mind, their chief attraction consists.

Early the next morning I hastened to the ruins, to behold the sun rising upon them as I had seen him set the evening before: it was a wondrous scene, and now I understood the fable of Memnon's melodious statue! Meanwhile the tent had disappeared on the bank of the stream, the horses were saddled; and—we were forced to leave. Yes! I exclaimed, Baal is fallen! But the eternal God of light lives for ever, and guides our foolish hearts as

surely as the glorious sun guides our little darksome world.

Throughout the weary way across the Anti-Libanus, my thoughts were buried amid the ruins of that fallen world—of the heathen God of light and heat. While thus musing, the fable of Tithon and Aurora was suddenly unravelled. She was an undying Goddess, while the youth she loved so deeply and so truly, was mortal. She besought for him of Jupiter the boon of immortality, and Jupiter granted her desire. But alas! not eternal youth, not imperishable vigour, had Aurora besought for her beloved. He was indeed immortal, but his earthly frame faded away, and in the arms of the Goddess of eternal youth, reclined the aged Tithon. Aurora is time. She has seen many a Tithon grow old and grey who she fondly thought was immortal, and over whom for a short season, she rejoiced in the prime of his beauty. When this fleeting moment is expired, immortality indeed is his, as it is that of a ruin, a thought, a lesson, a deed; but he himself irrevocably fades away, in obedience to the fiat of earthly decay. And do we not all, like Aurora, too fondly cherish some fading Tithon, some idea—some remembrance—some idol? Who has the happiness to say, No! who has the courage to say, Yes?

Thoughts like these make one solemn; nay, so awfully solemn that sometimes, quite overpowered,

I cover my face with my hand to chase away these feelings, and involuntarily exclaim—Can I yet smile? But mine is a solemn journey: everywhere the present and the past stand side by side, like the little mud hovels by the side of the ruins of Baalbec: those the most miserable—these the most glorious in the world. All admonish us of Aurora and Tithon.

Lebanon is inhabited by 80,000 Maronites, and Anti-Libanus chiefly by the Druses, who were at one time possessors of the whole mountain. The Druses are an inconsiderable, mysterious people, of whom little is known, except that they are wild and warlike, and neither Mahometans nor Christians. Whether they worship false gods, or are without any religion whatever, as some suppose, is not known with any degree of certainty, as they are very reserved in their intercourse with strangers. Al-Haken, the Fatima caliph, who flourished from 996 to 1021, is regarded as the prophet of the Druses. He was a wild, half-witted fanatic, who gave himself out as the founder of a new religion. If a Druse embraces the Christian faith, (a circumstance of rare occurrence—though it occasionally happens through the influence of the Greek and Maronite congregation and convents with which they are surrounded) he observes the most inviolable secrecy respecting his former religion. A handsome young Druse, the waiter at Battista's Inn at Beyrout, who was baptised three

years ago, interested us much on account of his origin; but there was about as much hope of making a stone wall speak as of inducing him to say a word.

There are many Greek communities in this neighbourhood—and in Baalbec there is even a bishop. At Zachle, and also in the village of Zebdani, where we pitched our tent, we were told there was a Greek monastery: but as those belonging to Heathens, Christians and Mahometans are very similar, it is difficult to distinguish one from the other by their external appearance.

Above the stone bridge we rode into the Anti-Libanus range, along the declivity of the mountain, enjoying a fine view into the large, extensive valley which was bounded on the south by the mighty Djebel Sheikh, and in the north, seemed to lose itself amid hills in the plain. After travelling three hours, the narrow ridge became more steep and rugged, and the loose stony zigzag path so unsafe, that, for the first time, I preferred trusting to the security of my own foot to that of my horse. Had I been on the mountain-top of the Grimsel or the Wormser Joch, I might have expected to meet with this wilderness, destitute alike of vegetation, human life, and water, but certainly not here, where a strange and melancholy loneliness rested upon all.

It was refreshing to descend into a mountain gorge, through which meandered a brook, covering the banks of its narrow channel with verdure, and

clothing the shrubs and bushes with bright and cheerful green. This limpid brook is the source of the Barrada, the Pharphar of Scripture, which carries fruitfulness and fertility to the gardens of Damascus; we welcomed it again and again in the course of our journey, after leaving it, to make shorter cuts over the mountain ridges, where its windings would have led us too far about. I should not be at all surprised if the Druses worship water; for in these countries it is the very essence of life and fertility. Wherever there is a drop of water, flowers and grass immediately spring up around it: and wherever a stream flows, the most luxuriant vegetation and umbrageous foliage gladden the eye. The soil is good, but the fertilizing element is wanting. Desolateness characterizes the region; yonder side of the Anti-Libanus lies the boundless Syrian desert with the ruins of Palmyra, and which extends as far as the distant Euphrates.

After a short halt we proceeded from one defile to another, along the dry stony beds of the wild mountain torrents, which flow only in winter. They were not entirely barren, for a species of oak, which attains only the height of a shrub, and is used in dyeing, thrives amid the boulders. The stunted trees, together with the piercing wind and chilly atmosphere, imparted a very northerly character to these hollows. I should have fancied myself in the Jura Mountains rather than in Anti-Libanus, had we not met large bands of mounted Arabs, all armed

and wearing enormous turbans and gaily coloured clothing. They greatly enlivened the tedium of our journey, and gave us not a moment's uneasiness, for they suffered us to pass on quietly, without offering us either molestation or greeting.

The government, in order to prevent the interruption of commercial intercourse, has compelled all the Sheikhs of this neighbourhood (*i. e.* the Elders, who, as in the patriarchal times, are still the heads of their tribes) to acknowledge the joint pecuniary responsibilities of all the villages, so that they must make common reparation if travellers or caravans are robbed. Here, where they all have settled dwellings in their villages, and subsist on the produce of their gardens and fields, the government may find means to oblige them to observe this discipline, and hence a traveller may proceed with safety ; but among the Bedouins, (the shepherds and the nomade tribes), these means are unavailing, for if they are called to account, they hastily take down their tent and flee to the desert.

The Turkish soldiers have, moreover, such fear of the Bedouins that in the event of any hostile attack they would not make a stand ; hence whenever parties need protection, it is invariably found expedient to seek that of the Bedouins themselves, through their Sheikh, or, in plain English, to purchase it. We were anxious to proceed direct from Damascus to Nazareth, and thereby to avoid the great detour to Beyrout ; but, while there, we were informed that the

interior of the country was in too unquiet a state to admit of it, and this unwelcome intelligence has been confirmed since our arrival at Damascus. We must therefore abandon this cherished plan, for as the powerful Bedouin tribe—the Gerasi on the west side of Jordan, is at enmity with its neighbours, we might easily come between two fires. Of all this, however, we had as yet nothing to fear; quite the contrary, we were everywhere welcomed with the greatest eagerness, mingled with a large proportion of curiosity.

As we rode through gardens into the village of Zebdani, where the inhabitants were seated in groups at their doors, enlivening their long Ramadan with cheerful conversation, we were urgently pressed to pitch our tent in the small open space in the centre of the village, in order that they might the better observe all our ways and doings. But as neither their vicinity, nor that of their houses was at all desirable, on account of the vermin, we rode to the other end of the village, and halted amid the ruins of a little mosque on the banks of an arm of the Barrada.

Silver poplars stood by the side of the rivulet, and bushes of wild roses and blackberries formed a shady hedge. It had a cheerful, European aspect, and reminded me of home; but I am unable to enter into the enthusiasm with which Zebdani and its orchards have been extolled. It is true, Zebdani is



a large village, it has extensive orchards—which are enclosed with hedges; but I certainly did not cross the sea, and the mountains of Lebanon to admire poplars and blackberries! Our Saxon and Silesian villages are far more verdant, much neater and better built, and I should have had no need to perform a pilgrimage over a wilderness of stone, had I been in search of beauties of this kind. To find Zebdani enchanting appears to be considered inseparable from a journey across Lebanon. I have given you a faithful picture of it, and you may admire it or not as you please.

We had scarcely alighted from our horses at half-past four, when the Sheikh Abdallah, the chief of a neighbouring village, entered Zebdani at the opposite side. He was dressed in a dark red mantle and white turban, and was riding on a camel, his attendants being seated on horseback. He was received with every demonstration of respect; that is to say, the men fired their guns, and the women set up a piercing cry of joy. This peculiar tremulous shout is called *sugarit*, and is more shrill than the sound of a trumpet. About twenty paces from our tent, by the side of the rivulet, stood a deserted khan, in front of which was a splendid sycamore, whose lower sweeping branches formed a kind of arbour. Here the Sheikh took up his quarters for the night; a superb carpet being spread on the ground to form both his seat and his couch. As the restrictions of the Ramadan forbad his eating

or smoking till after sunset, he seated himself with perfect ease upon the carpet, and took no notice either of the villagers or of our party.

When the women had exhausted themselves with shrieking a welcome to their exalted visitor, they turned their attention to me. I was, however, soon heartily tired of their importunity and incessant teasing to unbutton and take off my gloves. I therefore retired into my tent to arrange my hair, and secured the entrance, which was scarcely three paces from the stream. This was more than they could bear : they endeavoured to peep through the chinks, and pressed forward with such violence that the stakes of the tent gave way and they tumbled over the cords. I called Giorgio to my assistance, and in their backward evolutions, a boy tumbled into the water ; but this only afforded them fresh cause for laughter ; and their curiosity was so little damped that the next morning they assembled in a complete crowd to see us start, and " Salam ! Salam !" was re-echoed on all sides. A lion, a real lion—not " a London Lion !" would not cause a greater commotion, if introduced among a number of fashionables in one of our drawing-rooms, than a European lady among these uncivilised Arab women.

Rain had fallen during the night, and it was still mizzling a good deal at seven o'clock yesterday morning, when we commenced our last day's journey. It was rather a fatiguing one, for we rested only half an hour at noon, and did not arrive at the gate of

Damascus till five o'clock ; but, with the exception of the first day, it was the most interesting part of our excursion. On leaving Zebdani we again passed through gardens where cows and goats were browsing on vine leaves and the tender shoots of the mulberry trees. The plantations are intersected by numerous narrow channels supplied by rain ; but farther on the soil becomes marshy, and cultivation ceases. The Barrada seems to lose itself in a swamp, but it merely makes a bend, breaks through the mountain, and falls in a beautiful cascade into a deep ravine, which it traverses in its whole length.

The road, which follows the course of the river, is in some respects artificial, and in one part is supported by a wall, while in others, it is cut through the declivity of the mountain. At the rocky pass, El Sak, a good safe bridge is thrown from one bank to the other. This pass is remarkable for its numerous caves, which have regular entrances hewn, at a considerable height, in its steep calcareous sides. Some of these entrances are supported by rude pilasters, while others are ornamented with architectural designs. I am told that the Arabs leave their clay-huts in the winter, and seek shelter in these caves from the cold, which is doubtless very severe in the mountain villages. It is, however, difficult to conceive how they can get into these nests without wings, for the rocky walls are quite perpendicular, unless, indeed, the caves have some secret entrance. "It is certain that in ancient times they had another

destination; they were sepulchres, and have been transformed by necessity from abodes of the dead to dwellings of the living.

The country now assumed more and more the character of desert and oasis. The mountains, along whose declivities we proceeded, seemed to be petrified sand-stone, and presented a dreary, barren aspect to their very summits. But when we looked down, and the projecting rocks did not conceal from our view the windings of the Barrada, how striking was the contrast! The silver poplars and the walnut-trees waved and rustled so invitingly below, and their splendid emerald verdure was so refreshing to the eye, that we longed to descend and walk under their cool shade. It is most unaccountable that not a single village is built in this beautiful hollow; they are all perched on the bare stony declivity, so that the inhabitants not only dwell most uncomfortably, but likewise have the trouble of carrying up all the water, and driving their cattle down to pasture under the trees. I can only account for it by supposing that the air along the banks of the river must either be unhealthy or be esteemed so, as the people here are very cautious in this particular. Our tent, too, was never pitched under a tree, nor even on a grass-plot, for the nightly dew is said to render the exhalations of the plants injurious to health, and this caution is probably founded on experience.

On reaching the summit of a mountain, we be-

held a boundless arid plain stretched out at our feet; but from the midst of its yellowish dust-coloured surface, rose an extensive verdant oasis, glittering with cupolas and minarets; this was Damascus, surrounded by its gardens and plantations of apricots. Yet it has neither a grand nor a picturesque appearance, though it looks pleasant and fertile. The Barrada, on quitting its mountain cradle, and entering the plain, divides into seven small branches which irrigate and fertilize the gardens, but the beauty of the landscape is gone; for the meandering stream disappears, and nothing remains but a desert, an orchard, and the faint outline of Anti-Libanus. Such, my dear Emy, is in strict truth, the appearance of Damascus!

## LETTER XXII.

TO MY MOTHER.

Damascus — General external appearance — Interior of the Houses — Israelitish women — Bazars — Cafés — Minarets — The Old Castle — The Seraglio of the Pacha — Salahieh.

Damascus, October 15th, 1843.

YOU can scarcely conceive, my dear mother, what were my feelings as I entered the gate of Damascus. I had heard so much of the fanatic disposition of the inhabitants, of their hatred to Christians, the small number of European residents, and the rare

visits of travellers, especially ladies, that I felt extremely uncomfortable ; and though I said nothing and endeavoured to conceal my feelings, I was very much agitated.

It was about five o'clock on Friday, the Mahometan Sabbath, and all the people were in motion, impatiently awaiting the firing of the cannon which was to announce their liberty to enjoy themselves. Crowds were flocking to the coffee-houses, bakers, and other provision shops, in order that food, drink, and pipes might be at hand the moment the signal was given. The chief places of concourse were the bazars, where everything of the kind is offered for sale. These bazars are very narrow and dirty, and differ only from the confined streets, by having rotten boards and poles thrown across from the opposite roofs, and covered with torn straw mats, rags of carpets, old clothes, &c. This is a bazar, and such is the half of Damascus.

Immediately on passing through the city gate, we entered one of these bazars, which was so narrow that I had the greatest difficulty to keep my feet from touching the enormous turbans of the pedestrians on my left ; their only place of refuge was by the side of the counter in the houses, or rather mean wooden booths, not very unlike cupboards ; our pack-horses completely blocked up the way, as the luggage projected on either side ; and then there was such a commotion ! Even in bright day-

light it is dark in these odious bazars, to say nothing of the evening.

However, we at length arrived at the house of the Prussian Consul, to whom the consul-general at Beyrout had written, requesting him to assist me in finding some place of abode; for though Damascus can boast of what is called an inn, it is a very indifferent one, and we were not sure whether the Franciscan convent would admit a lady. But, to my dismay, the Consul was from home; and his wife had not heard either of a letter or any expected travellers, and I at once concluded that the communication had not arrived. We had no alternative but to turn back and try our fortune at the Franciscan convent, and, to our annoyance, had again to pass through the detestable bazars. Here, too, the Padre Guardiano was absent on business, but his worthy procurator undertook to direct us to some place of shelter; men have no difficulty of this kind, as they are lodged at the convent; but with us helpless women the case is altogether different.

While we were waiting, the Consul arrived, and confirmed our surmise that no letter had reached him. He was soon followed by the head of the convent, a cheerful little old man, a Spaniard by birth, who heartily bid us welcome, and placed at our disposal the whole of the Casa Nova. This name is given to the quarters which are attached to every convent belonging to the Terra Santa, for the

accommodation of strangers, travellers, and pilgrims. This building is not under the roof of the convent, but always close to its precincts.

Escorted by the Consul, his kavass, and a dragoon of the convent, we proceeded thither in grand style, with lights borne before us, but again through a bazar! This public procession was made in deference to the opinion of the world, for it would have been thought unseemly if a woman had disappeared within the precincts of the convent. Now, however, we feel more at liberty, and always go through the convent, one of the corridors of which terminates in front of the Casa Nova. As the Casa Nova has only two compartments—rooms they cannot be called—the whole is not too large for our party. Miserable as my apartment was, I was heartily glad to be under shelter. A long day's journey on horse-back, succeeded by considerable anxiety of mind, added to the annoyance of the last two hours,—during which I had to carry on a conversation with the brothers of the convent, the Guardiano, and the Consul, in Spanish and Italian, neither of which I understand,—had so completely exhausted me, that I was quite thankful when I found myself alone in my own room. The obliging friars offered to board us, but we declined, as this would only have given them needless trouble, and our own provisions are infinitely better dressed by Giorgio.

Considering the misadventures of the preceding



evening, we are in a tolerable condition ; but it is only tolerable ! Damascus is not the place where, as soon as you have left a miserable shelter, you forget that it is miserable. There is so little worth seeing here, nothing in short, except the interiors of the residences of the opulent ; for you may wander throughout the whole of this large wide-spreading city, without meeting with a single interesting object, for the celebrated Mosque of the Omiades is closed with rigorous severity against Christians. You go on and on through one narrow lane after another—streets they cannot be called, for the houses almost meet—turn corner after corner : here you tread upon a living dog, there upon a dead rat, or you stumble into a hole in the ground, and all the while you see nothing before, behind, and around you, but clay walls with little low doors, and at every ten steps, a window barricaded with thick wooden bars. If you turn into a bazar, you can positively see nothing, for here all is dark ; and if your eye becomes gradually accustomed to the darkness, and you stand still at one of the booths to make a purchase, you are instantly surrounded by a crowd of inquisitive people, who so completely throng you that you are thankful to make your escape.

In the whole large city of Damascus there is not one open space—not a single spot where you can breathe freely or enjoy the fresh air. Everywhere you are encompassed by clay walls, and these walls, the houses, the roofs, the people, the animals,—

everything in short, is covered with dust. Your dress has a train of dust, a foot deep, your shoes and stockings are dust colour; if you accidentally brush against a man or a wall, a layer of dust covers your mantilla; if you go through a bazar the dust showers down upon you from above;—in short, Damascus is at this season neither more nor less than a dry, dusty, clay pit in which innumerable, narrow paths and passages have been dug.

Such, in sober earnest, Damascus appears to me. But now comes the surprise! It is as great, as if a fairy were to lead you to a molehill and say: “What seest thou?” and you reply peevishly “A molehill!” Then she touches it with her wand and says; “Go in, what seest thou now?”—“Now—oh now I see a fairy palace!”—My fairy is the good Consul. He is as kind and attentive to me, as if I had brought him fifty letters of introduction, and as if he thought of nothing else but my amusement. This is the more obliging as I have not even the claim of a countrywoman, for he is a native of Syria, and is descended from an Italian, Israelitish family; but he has been mindful of the injunction of the great law-giver. “Love ye therefore the stranger: for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.” And truly I feel an alien and a stranger in the precincts of Damascus.

The object of the greatest interest, as I have before observed, is the interior of the houses; but as these belong to private individuals it is not always

easy to obtain admission ; the Consul, however, did me the kindness to pave the way. Yesterday morning at an early hour, his kavass arrived at the Casa Nova. He is an exquisite of the first water, dresses in a different costume every day, and is always accompanied by his Moorish servant. He follows us at every step like a shadow, for our protection, or rather I should say, he walks close before us, touching the pavement with his silver headed cane, to notify to the passengers that they are to make way. He wandered like a sun before us yesterday through the dismal bazar, clad in a rich flame coloured cloth, ornamented with gold lace, and a keffijeh wrought with gold twisted round his turban, while his Moor steered his course behind him like an eclipsed moon.

I paid my respects to the lady of the Consul, and then accompanied this hospitable family to their friends and acquaintances, to inspect the interior of their splendid mansions. As the commerce between Europe and Damascus is carried on chiefly by Israelite merchants, I should infer from the appearance of their dwellings and the costly dress of their wives, that it is very lucrative, although the Consul assured me that mercantile houses, like those in Europe, were not to be found in the Levant. There is so little ready money in circulation, that the capital is placed out at 25 per cent., and where the security is very good, at 18. Large money transactions cannot be made ; and ac-

According to our notions trade is carried on in a very singular manner. The merchant does not confine himself to one particular article of commerce, as silks, cottons, porcelain, or jewellery, but he imports from Europe almost everything which finds a ready sale in the Levant, and disposes of the individual articles wholesale to small merchants and tradesmen.

Yesterday being the Jewish sabbath, we had an opportunity of seeing the ladies in their best attire, which is certainly very splendid. The head dress is adorned with natural flowers, and entwined with a wreath of diamonds; two or three large drops of emerald fall over the forehead, while the hair flows in curls and ringlets over the shoulders and waist, or is plaited in innumerable little braids, each of which has a small gold coin fastened at the point. Sometimes these plaits are made of silk as a substitute for false hair, which is very generally worn by the ladies. Several rows of beautiful pearls are suspended round their necks; but I never saw any of a very large size.

The costume is Oriental; wide pantaloons, long, open skirt and tight boddice, cut very low in front and pinched at the waist, the chemisette or tucker being of transparent gossamer. The most violent contrasts are preferred. One of the ladies wore cherry-coloured pantaloons, a skirt of white cambric-embroidered with a border of coloured silk and gold, a satin boddice of bright green, and a

striped Persian shawl tied round the waist; another wore pantaloons of a bright citron, a rose-coloured petticoat and a black velvet boddice, while a third was dressed in an entire suit of sky blue fringed with gold, set off with a superb purple shawl by way of girdle.

Perhaps you will say this does not sound amiss, and still less so when I add that the majority of the women are very pretty; and yet whenever they approached me, my first sensation was that of slight repugnance. They paint themselves so odiously! Their eyebrows of a jet black, curved as a Byzantine arch, below the under eyelid a black stripe which extends to the temple; their cheeks of a pretty red, but very unlike the glowing hue of nature.

Beneath this disfigurement of paint the countenance has to be sought out. The contour of their figures is completely spoilt by their compressed busts and the thick shawl wound round their waists, and what makes them appear yet more stiff and even awkward is the custom of walking upon kabkabs; these are low stilts or foot stools, made of wood, inlaid with mother o' pearl, about a foot high and fastened with a leather strap to the ankle. Upon these they walk about in the house, whether it be to keep their dress from trailing on the ground, to add to their height, or to save their feet from touching the cold marble halls, I cannot say. Upon these kabkabs, they even contrive to walk up and down stairs, an effort which requires no little dexterity;

yet for all this, it is most ungraceful. The foot must always be put out straight, and the knee stiffened, otherwise off falls this barbarous machine, the clatter of which is besides intolerable ; far different to the quiet noiseless step which seems to belong to a graceful woman decked with pearls and diamonds. When first I saw them I involuntarily thought of clodhoppers. One of these ladies, very tall and stout, and by no means pretty, dressed in the gayest colours, with a yellow shawl round her waist, which set off her large figure to the utmost disadvantage, towering above all the men, and clattering with her kabbaks, approached me very majestically. I was quite overcome ! It was for all the world as if the queen of chess were stalking towards me the whole length of the chess board ; and, thought I, shall I take a Bishop's leap and get out of her way ? The sight was all too overpowering !

As it is indispensable to accustom your eye to the dark before you can distinguish the objects around you, so, when standing opposite these ladies, you must overcome their violent contrasts of brilliant colours before it is at all possible to discover their features. When my eyes were no longer dazzled by the glare, I was delighted to find that I was surrounded by pretty faces. The features of the youthful females are very soft and delicate, and though they assume a sharpness with age, they never lose their delicacy. The profile from the forehead to the nose is particularly beautiful. Their

eyes are disfigured by the painting around them ; they may be beautiful, but to me they were not attractive ; they are neither eloquent in silence nor animated in conversation. A salutation is made by touching the lip with the tips of the fingers of the right hand, laying them on the heart, and then mutually shaking hands ; the ladies make these movements lightly and quickly in the air ; but I, as a true German, cordially laid my hand on their painted fingers glittering with diamonds, and could not help thinking how much neater was the look of a Parisian glove.

We took our seats on a broad divan ; and the lady of the house, according to the Oriental custom, waited upon her guests, presenting each with lemonade and confectionary, and then with a transparent napkin worked in silk and fringed with gold, which we passed over our lips. Pipes were not offered as it was the Sabbath, on which the Israelites are not permitted to light a fire ; on other days the ladies smoke as well as the men, and generally use Persian nargileh. Here I can easily understand a woman's smoking : they are compelled to resort to it, to while away the time ; and, indeed, if I were obliged to sit in my court at Damascus by the side of a fountain, under oleander and orange trees, decked in diamonds at 11 o'clock in the morning, with my hands before me, I am sure that in less than a year I should have recourse to the same antidote against ennui. Their days flow

on from year to year just as I have described it. The life of these wealthy females is perhaps the most easy and free from care in the world ; their husbands lavish upon them diamonds, pearls, and costly shawls, to their heart's content, while they in return do the honours of his house with cold politeness. Some of them have a very imposing appearance ; and one especially in a gorgeous, yet chastely elegant attire looked so queen-like and beautiful, that the fair Esther in the Court of Ahasuerus seemed to move before me.

The interior of the houses was not less striking than the appearance of their inmates. On entering the house-door we had to pass through a narrow, dark, covered, zigzag passage, which led to an uncovered quadrangle paved with variegated marbles and surrounded by the different apartments, quite irregularly arranged. Here is the open Liwan, or alcove, there a flight of steps leading to a terrace, and on the other side again the entrance into a splendidly furnished saloon. Arbours of jessamine, roses, oleander, citron, and orange trees, rise from the marble floor, in the centre of which plays a copious fountain in a marble basin, spreading a delicious coolness around.

The apartments are very high and the windows close to the ceiling, by which means they are lighted from above and are very cool in summer. The ceiling is of wood, richly painted, gilt and inlaid with mother o' pearl. The doors are similarly ornamented with great taste, and conceal cupboards built in the walls



all round the room. Sometimes these little recesses have no doors, and form arched niches decorated with the most elaborate and beautiful carvings. The floors are covered with carpets and straw mats ; and the part next to the entrance is always considerably lower than that on which the divan is placed.

At this step or platform the ladies leave their kabkabs and the servants their shoes, as the latter always enter barefooted and the former in gay morocco slippers. These slippers are again often left in front of the divan, for the ladies usually draw up their feet and seat themselves in the oriental fashion. No room has more than one door, and this generally leads either into the open air or into the Liwan. To form the most correct notion of the Liwan, you must fancy yourself in a very large alcove, raised a step, which, however, is not attached to one of the apartments, but to the quadrangle itself, whence you can always enjoy the fresh air, water and flowers, while reclining on your sofa, and are at the same time able to overlook the whole house as nobody can come in or go out without passing through this quadrangle.

Two of the most elegant houses which we visited had a forecourt, around which the domestic offices and the apartments for the servants were situated, and beyond this the inner court or quadrangle, with the Liwan. We went into five houses, all of which were constructed on a similar plan, differing only in the extent of the building, and the richness of the

carved work and other ornaments. The most splendid is that inhabited by the English Consul, who has arranged it in the most comfortable manner, and filled it with European furniture. In the other houses, besides the divans and carpets, I saw only large chests made of pine-wood, studded with brass nails; this is the genuine oriental style. Here and there stood a rush bottomed chair, and I was going to add a table, but I just recollect that I have only met with one, a dining-table; which was at the residence of the Prussian Consul. The only articles of foreign furniture in these houses are the chairs.

The British Consul has converted his quadrangle into an actual flower parterre. Everything is more congenial and comfortable; the house is the largest I have seen, and does not look nearly so empty as the rest. It is animated by another spirit, a spirit which claims affinity with the arts and sciences. There we find books, prints, and maps; and the thousand little elegancies of refined life, which, though they are the offspring of indulgence and luxury, are nevertheless tokens of advanced civilization. The British Consul, who with the single exception of the Austrian diplomatist, is the only educated man in Damascus, assured me that the mind deteriorates in the remote East, and that the few ideas which the European may bring with him are soon lost; nor can any originality of mind be developed, still less enlarged, as it is neither called

forth, nor brought into contact with surrounding objects. Truly, my dear mother, I had rather live in a simple German cottage, than in one of these splendid Damascene dwellings, with their beauteous princesses of a thousand and one nights.

The residence erected in the last century by Assaad Pacha, is said to surpass every other in magnificence; but as the present occupant is a Turk, it is difficult to obtain admittance, and very few strangers are permitted to see it; the Consul, however, has promised to take me there to-morrow. A khan erected by the same Pacha, in the last century, is the finest public building in Damascus. In Constantinople the khan is, at the same time, a coffee house and an inn for travelling merchants; in Syria it is a little village inn; but this khan is both a bazar and an exchange. It is really sumptuous. The spacious square court has a large fountain in the centre, and is surrounded by three finely-proportioned arcades, surmounted by nine cupolas, the whole constructed of alternate layers of black and white stone, elegant as a saloon and commodious as a market-place. Here business is transacted, and the principal merchants have their stores and counting-houses all round; but on the sabbath they are of course closed.

The fashion of facing buildings with alternate stripes of black and white, which we meet with in Italy in the ancient domes of Monza, Sienna and others, is here pretty general, with this difference,

however, that in Italy they are of marble, while here they are only of stone. Several minarets are in this style, but they are all heavy and entirely devoid of that graceful lightness which characterizes those at Constantinople, and compensates for the want of architectural ornament.

Of the celebrated mosque of the Omiades I am not able to speak, as I was not permitted to see the interior. We were taken to a coffee-house, the owner of which conducted us to the top of his roof, and then along those of several of his neighbours, till we succeeded in obtaining a view of the fore-court and the cupolas, which are not at all remarkable. The great bazar, with its many dark avenues of shops, encompasses the mosque, and we saw that there were several doors communicating with it, which were standing wide open. Accordingly when we afterwards passed through the bazars, we very much wished to stand still awhile at these doors to get a distant peep at the interior; but our Sun with his satellite continued his course without stopping, and the dragoman told us that the people did not like strangers to look at it.

As all eastern nations believe in "the evil eye," they are perhaps afraid lest Christians should annihilate their mosque with a look; otherwise their exclusiveness seems unaccountable. We met with the most absurd charms for the evil eye, and I remember having seen over a house-door in Scutari, a hare's head with a lobster's claw; which was sup-

posed to render this house secure against it. It is not always your enemy who is endowed with the evil eye; your friend may harm you, if he has the misfortune to be afflicted with it. This superstition extends as far as Italy, where the *Gettatura* is the universal talisman against 'the evil eye.'

From the roofs of the houses we also had a view of the old palace, a pile of heavy ruins, beside which a solitary, downcast palm, keeps watch. The crusaders and Mongols may have lived there:—this, on a close inspection of the building seems probable; but, that caliphs should have dwelt there is incredible to those who, like myself, have a vivid remembrance of the Spanish palaces, the Alhambra, and the Alcanza in Seville.

We returned late in the afternoon to the Casa Nova, where the Padre Guardiano paid us another visit; he is a good-tempered, chatty old man, and I look upon his truly benevolent countenance with delight, while he is talking away with great animation. There are seven Franciscans in this convent, which belongs to the Terra Santa. Their occupations consist in the daily celebration of the complicated service of their church, which is frequented by the resident Roman Catholics; the care of a school for boys and girls, who are taught in Arabic, and seem to amuse themselves amazingly at the same time; and lastly, in giving instruction in that language to the brethren who have arrived from Europe, and who are destined for the East. It seems almost

unaccountable that any one can come all the distance from Spain to Damascus, to undertake the humble vocation of teaching little children to read ; but these men seem really interested in the work, and the natural and primitive simplicity with which they follow their calling, delighted me much. Their unpretending convents, which were much oppressed till Imbash, as the old Padre called Ibrahim Pacha, governed Syria, are the only monuments of the times of the Crusades.

There is also a Lazarite convent, in which there are, however, only two monks. The convent of the Capuchins fell with the fatal murder of Father Thomas. The Guardiano said he would stake his life, that the deed had been committed by the Jews, and grounded his conviction on the popular tradition of bygone centuries :—that they made use of Christian blood in their religious ceremonies. The middle ages of Europe gave birth to this unfounded tale, partly in consequence of fanatic hatred, and partly by means of consequent persecutions, to obtain possession of the wealth of the Jews, which was fondly believed to rival in many instances, the treasures of an Eldorado. The Turk, however, with his fanatic hatred towards other creeds, is animated by that dark spirit ; the rapacity of men in power is great, and hence it was always worth the attempt to accuse the Jews of a crime, in order to extort from them a ransom, or to confiscate their property. The conversation at the Prussian Consul's

had turned upon this melancholy subject in the morning, and he expressed himself calmly and deliberately, as one who looked upon the crime as a total impossibility. I was very anxious to bring my old Padre over to the same conviction; but as I have never *thought* upon such subjects in foreign languages, I found it impossible to *speak* of them; hence I was soon compelled to exclaim, "He olvidado el Español e dimenticato l'italiano." This, however, does not disturb our good understanding.

Early this morning we set out on an extensive perambulation of the city. I could not become reconciled to the fact that Damascus is really devoid of all monuments of fine Arabic architecture, yet so it is. All the buildings, both ancient and modern, are of clay freestone in large square blocks, which become hardened by the action of the atmosphere; even the city walls are built of this material. At the gates we sometimes see large hewn stones, but these are always of Roman workmanship; I have not met with any Arabic ornament, or Arabic elegance, whether on a fountain, or a minaret. Either all has vanished since the Turkish conquest, or, what I think is more probable, the Spanish Arabian, from their constant intercourse with the Christian Gothic Spaniards, attained a much higher degree of civilization and refinement, which very unequivocally manifests itself in their buildings.

What shall I tell you of the wretched coffee-houses

whither we were conducted, that we might "enjoy a fine prospect," which consisted in a view of the small muddy brook, which flowed sluggishly between poplar bushes along the wall? Or what shall I say of the garden of the Pacha adjoining his residence, which is designated with the proud name of the Seraglio? A garden in which we gazed on each other in mute astonishment, for besides cabbages, nothing flourished in it, save marygolds and cockscombs! More interesting, though wholly apocryphal, are the house of Ananias, which has been converted into a small chapel, in the street called straight; the spot (now lying between gardens) where St. Paul had the vision, and heard the voice saying unto him, "Why persecutest thou me!" and the wall, where after his conversion, the disciples took him by night and let him down in a basket.

In our rambles in one of the suburbs, we saw the celebrated ancient plane tree, the trunk of which is forty feet in circumference, the vigorous branches of which are covered with the most verdant foliage; we likewise passed the numerous burying places and sepulchres of celebrated mystic doctors and saints whose chief school was at Damascus. But we could not venture to stop long at them, for the passers by looked at us with evident displeasure, and the Kavass shook his head. I cannot tell you, my dear mother, what a painful sensation was excited in my breast when I found myself contemned and excluded on account of my faith. We returned through endless



bazars, the number of which prove the commercial character of Damascus. Commodities of a similar kind are always sold in the same row;—thus in one street are kabkabs of all sizes and heights, from the most common to the most elegantly inlaid; in another, children's red morocco shoes; here, turbans; there again, every description of chests and boxes studded with metal nails; while here again, are caftans of the most brilliant colours. I have purchased one for my brother, who will probably wear it as a dressing-gown; there is nothing peculiar about it, but the cut of the hanging sleeve, and the fact that it was made by a tailor of Damascus.

I was extremely incommoded in the bazars by numbers of inquisitive women crowding about me. They were effectually veiled, for according to the universal custom in Syria they were covered from head to foot by an enormous white cambric veil, and wore a thin coloured silk handkerchief hanging over their faces. They looked such ghost-like figures, that they really made me shudder when I first saw them. When the wife and daughters of the Consul accompanied me yesterday, they also threw just such a thick veil over their diamonds and shawls. The intercourse between the two sexes is quite unconstrained; but the Arabian custom does not permit a woman, whether Mahometan, Jewess, or Christian, to appear unveiled in the streets.

We visited the Greek Church, which numbers above seven thousand adherents. It was the hour

of divine service, numbers of these white female figures went closely veiled to their latticed gallery. I was not allowed to enter the body of the church, which is said to be very large and handsome, and to have some very fine carved work. I was offered a seat in the women's gallery; but I was fearful of disturbing them in their devotions, and after all of not being able to see anything behind the lattice; I therefore looked at the men in the vestibule, and had the greatest difficulty in the world to persuade myself that these people in caftans and turbans were christians. How foolish! thought I at length, half angry with myself, are a black coat and a christian identical? Such is the power of habit that it seems to deprive us of common sense!

At noon, we rode with the Consul through the vast gardens of Damascus to the village of Salayeh, which is inhabited only in the summer time. These gardens, or more properly speaking, orchards, abound in the most delicious apricot, which is the fruit of Damascus, as the pistaccio is of Aleppo, and the fig of Smyrna. A fine conserve is made of these apricots, which form an extensive branch of trade. This tree predominates in the immense plantations of noble fruit-trees which surround Damascus. Walnut, olive, pomegranate, and fig-trees compose an exquisite mosaic of foliage, which is rarely equalled in luxuriance and vigour. This boon of productive natural power is the only, but unquestionably the imperishable beauty of Damascus; and the oriental

who, languishing under his burning sun, can realize nothing more delightful than verdure, water and shade, cannot fail to regard Damascus as a Paradise.

The high clay walls of the gardens have, however, an unpleasing effect, and the destructive dust was very disagreeable, and often drew off our attention from surrounding objects to the appearance of our own party. And a strange party we must have looked ; methinks, not very unlike equestrian performers. The kavass was dressed in white, green, and gold, and rode on horseback, holding in his hand his inseparable companion the long staff, the point of which he rested like a lance on his stirrup. His sombre Moor, and our Seïs were likewise on horseback, but the Seïs of the Consul rode on a milk white ass, decorated with many crimson tassels, Thus, like a gay shining snake, we wound our way through the narrow bazars, round the city and apricot groves. Adieu, my dear mother, the sun is set, and I am going to dine with the Consul. Farewell, till to-morrow.

### LETTER XXIII.

TO MY MOTHER.

House of Assaad Pacha.—Arabian House and Harem.

Damascus, October 16, 1843.

WE had much difficulty in finding our way through the pitch dark bazars to the residence of the Consul. His lady, who received us courteously, was dressed

even more splendidly than yesterday, in pearls, emeralds and diamonds, with a magnificent scarlet shawl, and kabkabs a foot high. By the side of all this splendour I sank into obscure nothingness. She speaks only Arabic, of which I am ignorant, and our conversation is therefore confined to expressive gestures. The dinner was in some degree served, though not dressed in the European style. Mishmish—as the apricot is called in Arabic, was prepared in every possible variety, sweet and sour, warm and cold. This was obligingly done at my particular request, for I had heard so much of the mishmish of Damascus, which in its most simple form, that of a dried jelly, accompanies the poor pilgrim to Mecca, and the camel driver to Bagdad, and in its most perfect state, that of a conserve, is relished at the dessert of the wealthy, that I wished to become acquainted with it. Mishmish conserve is certainly very good; but the art of preserving fruit is much better understood at Nice. There were likewise pistaccios of Aleppo, and to the great satisfaction of my hostess, who is a native of Aleppo, I approved of the general custom of her country of eating the fruit with a little salt.

We dined in the quadrangle; not a breath of air was stirring, and the flame of the candles burnt as steadily as in a closed room. It was like a fine summer evening in Germany; very different from Beyrout, where the evenings are hotter than our warmest noon-day. The winter in Damascus is cold, the

snow not only falls, but sometimes remains on the ground for days together. At that season it must be awfully cold in those lofty, empty apartments, when their doorway and the whole quadrangle are filled with snow. Hence the palm is a stranger here, and the citron is found only in the very sheltered court yards of the houses. The winter is ushered in and terminates with rain. There is uninterrupted summer for six months together, with total absence of rain ; but the supply from the Barrada never fails.

The people are said to be in a state of agitation just now, because the season for levying troops is at hand ; there is generally a commotion on these occasions, when excesses are always committed, sometimes against the pacha, and sometimes against all persons excepting Mahometans, however innocent ; for excitement must always have an object upon which to expend itself. Under a government in whose hands the sceptre does not rest, but trembles, it can scarcely be otherwise than that the people will rise against an oppressive measure. If an insurrection should break out, the Consul intends to take his family to Beyrout, and to leave his house in the care of a Turkish friend, as it will be quite safe under the protection of a Mussulman.

This morning we went to see the house of Assaad Pacha, which is called after the name of its founder, and is inhabited by one of his descendants, a very wealthy Arab, with whom the Consul is well acquainted. On account of the Ramadan we could

not be admitted before noon, for the master of the house occupied the celebrated saloon as a sleeping apartment, till that time. Compared with this house, I must confess that all the others I have visited are as nothing—it looks like a palace among them. In the first place it has a grand entrance, a handsome vaulted gateway high enough to admit a man on horseback, and though the entrance is broken, as in the gates of our fortresses, and as in the Alhambra it is still a hall; whereas those in the other houses resemble a court.

With the exception of the fine gate, Assaad Pacha's house, like the Alhambra, has nothing remarkable in its external appearance; it is a large irregular building. As I have called the private residences fairy castles, I can find no superlative for this most beautiful of fairy palaces. I can only say that in magnificence of plan, tasteful execution and splendour of adornment, it is in comparison with them what a palace is to a cottage. Quadrangles, pavilions, alcoves and fountains, are unsymmetrically but most picturesquely combined, and the grand garden saloon which the master of the house quitted on our arrival, is the most charming that fancy can conceive. It occupies the whole of a detached building, which is surrounded by oleander, myrtle and jessamine. The interior is divided into a central apartment, and three raised alcoves, or Liwans, each of which is as large as a moderate sized drawing-room. The walls are faced with diagonal stripes of black, white and red

marble; the floor is covered with mosaic work of the rarest and most variegated marbles, forming elegant arabesque patterns. In the centre apartment rises a fountain, surrounded by truncated columns of black, white, and red marble. Each of these columns is hollow and throws up a jet of water which falls into the basin, so that it looks as if a crown of silver rays were formed over it. The ceiling is of dark wood, richly gilt in stripes interspersed with inlaid ornaments of mother o' pearl. Immediately below the ceiling is a row of small arched windows, the frames of which are of marble, and the glass painted in the most glowing colours, with verses from the Koran in Arabic characters, which look like talismanic signs. Wherever the eye turns, it rests on the most costly materials, and the most tasteful and elaborate execution.

The rarest of the rare is here blended together; splendour and elegance are combined, and I know not whether to exclaim, how magnificent! or how lovely! Broad divans run along the walls, a large handsome carpet, with another of smaller dimensions over it, were spread in one of the alcoves; on these lay a few cushions, which form the simple bed of the Orientals. It must be pleasant to rest here and indulge in waking dreams! The pavilion is ascended by several beautiful flights of marble steps, and the door and window frames are also of marble. Several other apartments were shewn us which were certainly as handsome as those in the residence of

the British Consul, but they could not be compared with those of the grand pavilion. I have at length seen something in Damascus which answers the expectations I had formed of its splendour, something that is not unworthy of the times of the Caliphs.

The Consul took us to see another Arabian house, which formed a striking contrast with that of Assaad Pacha. It was built a few years ago, by its present possessor, in the style of the houses of Constantinople; the walls were painted with frightful landscapes, and the ceilings bedaubed with flowers, in the barbarous taste of the palace of Tschirigan and the Kiosk of the Sweet Waters. When we were on the point of leaving it, a message was sent, requesting the gentlemen to retire, as the ladies wished to see me. They had scarcely withdrawn into the area, when I was surrounded by a crowd of females so excessively ugly, they really made me start! Truly the owner of this harem is not to be envied! The ladies and their female slaves were in the highest degree uncleanly and slovenly, nay quite disgusting; and looked as if, according to the prevailing custom here, they had slept in their clothes, and that not for one night only.

They were quite boisterous, laughed, and screamed aloud, stared at me, and seized my hands; the savages in the South Sea Islands could not be more rude or turbulent in the expressions of their curiosity. And this was the harem of a rich and distinguished man! Truly the effects of living in a harem are un-



feminising and debasing in the extreme. What a melancholy contrast between the behaviour of these women and that of the Jewish ladies, who like them are born in Syria, and are equally destitute of the advantages of education. In one point there is an essential difference: the free intercourse of the other sex, which gives a taste and refinement, to which the inmates of a harem must be strangers. I felt exceedingly uncomfortable amongst these uncivilised beings, and was heartily glad when I rejoined my companions. The sight of such coarse women was revolting to my feelings. I had rather see a drove of oxen or sheep, for the harem degrades women to the level of the brute creation.

Do not be offended at this strong expression, my dear mother! I could not see them and I cannot think of them without indignation. Men who take the liberty of writing about things which they do not understand, have too often asserted that the Oriental females are not unhappy in their harems. So much the worse for them! Is a cow unhappy in a verdant meadow? The harem is a meadow which amply supplies the requirements of animal life. Enough! I cannot think of it; my heart sickens at the thought. Happy for me that I belong to the ancient Northern barbarians—to the nations of the Teutonic race, among whom, even in the most remote times, woman had the place which Providence assigned her. Polygamy is a wall of separation between the Oriental nations and Christendom.

You are doubtless dissatisfied with my description of Damascus, and I am sorry for it; but the much lauded and extolled city of the Caliphs has not inspired me with enthusiasm. Moorish Spain has spoiled me! Those who do not, like me, travel as fancy prompts them, but on a systematic plan, should first visit Syria and then Spain, thus following the Moors in the development of their history. Tomorrow we start for Beyrout, which we hope to reach in three days. How much I have had to endure in this depôt of dust from insects and vermin is inexpressible, and in truth quite insupportable! Farewell, dearest mother!

## LETTER XXIV.

T O M Y S I S T E R.

Return from Damascus—The Mukeri—A rest day.

Beyrout, October 21, 1843.

“*De las cosas mas seguras, la mas segura es duḡar!*” This admirable Spanish proverb is applicable here in the fullest sense of the words. Here, my dear Clara, people are always in doubt, whether they shall do this or that, whether such a thing shall be accomplished or not; whether such a person, who is to give his services for a good sum of money will be pleased to move his little finger at the right moment or not, all is most uncertain. The value of

time is unknown here. To-day? Why to-day? Why not to-morrow? Why not next year? A most provoking indolence prevails, which might perhaps be understood, if this indifference also extended to money making; but here it stops. Money is coveted above everything; not in the way of industry but of extortion, for all seek to exert themselves as little as they can. Eulenspiegel's axiom comes to my mind here: "Give me thine"—money—"and I will retain mine"—service.

I hope I shall be a genuine philosopher by the time I return to Europe; by genuine, I mean practical; of speculative philosophy I think nothing. I hope to become patient, long suffering and gentle, in this practical school, virtues of which I stand greatly in need, as you are well aware. In Germany I travel with my watch in my hand; and if I go by railway from Dresden to Leipzig, and am five minutes beyond the appointed time, I exclaim, "Alas! alas! there is no great gain of time in travelling by railway!" If there is a delay of half a minute in changing horses, I cry out pettishly, "What a badly managed inn!" Duly to appreciate railways and post-horses, they must be viewed from hence, and Anti-Libanus is the very point of view.

It was not till about eight o'clock on the 17th that we took our departure from the Casa Nova at Damascus, for as the horses and men were lodged in various quarters, it was not possible to collect them all at their post at six o'clock, as had been arranged.

They did not arrive till seven, and then packed the luggage so hurriedly, that, as we passed through the narrow bazars, it was often on the point of falling off, and of being dashed to pieces by coming into collision with a slope. Among other bazars we were compelled to pass through that of the butchers, a most disgusting place. There the sheep, for the supply of the whole of Damascus, are slaughtered, skinned and quartered, and our horses had to walk through the running channels of blood, and over the still palpitating animals. I was truly glad, when after riding three quarters of an hour, we reached the city gate ; but here we were obliged to halt and to repack all our luggage.

Where the gardens of Damascus terminate, vegetation disappears ; and after leaving them we proceeded along stony and steep roads into the bare calcareous mountains. Here the oasis-like character of the city is very striking. We rode till half-past two o'clock, through the rocky waste of Anti-Libanus, without passing through a village or even meeting with a single brook. At length we came in sight of both, and the Mukeri desired to halt for the night. Mukeri is properly speaking the designation of the mule drivers ; but the name is applied indifferently to the whole class of men, whether they have the charge of horses or mules ; we, however, decided on proceeding, as it would have been unwise to encamp so early in the afternoon, especially at a dirty village.

The men obeyed indeed, but kept up such an in-

cessant quarrel—screaming, bellowing, raging and fighting, till they were quite hoarse and exhausted; an Arabian quarrel in short, of which it is not possible to form any idea, even in Naples itself. They studiously delayed the journey, sometimes to water the horses, sometimes to arrange the luggage, sometimes to make alterations which were not in the least required; Giorgio, whose disposition is not very lamb-like, at last lost his patience to such a degree that he struck the Seis with a switch, upon which the latter, by way of revenge, overturned the baggage of one of the horses into the water through which we were unfortunately passing at the moment.

We were now of course compelled to halt as the things had to be taken out of the water and dried; and, at half past three we struck our tent in the desolate, rocky defile, amidst an uproar and tumult that baffle all description. I now thought it time to interfere, and assuming all due dignity: said very majestically: “Mafisch Bakschisch” that is, “there is no drink-money.” Properly speaking I ought to have said no “drink-money will be given,”—but my knowledge of Arabic did not yet extend to conjugation. In the tumult of the moment—my words seemed to fall unheeded upon the ear; but on the following morning the Mukeri came to my tent, and laying their hands upon their breast said very humbly. “Buon giorno, Signora,” this was by way of apology, and to assure me of their submission. I sent them word through Giorgio that it was my

intention to pass the night at khan Murad, and to reach Beyrout on the following day, and that they must prepare accordingly. With this they were satisfied, and thus peace was re-established.

It is scarcely possible to conceive how intensely cold it was in Anti-Libanus on the 18th of October before sunrise. My fingers were so benumbed that I endeavoured to warm them on the neck of my horse, while the poor animal stood shivering, with his tail between his legs. As soon as the sun rose above the mountains it was more tolerable, and at noon even warm; but it was never hot. We journeyed from half past six till a quarter before one, in order to reach the khan El Merdshi in the Bekaa; but again, throughout the whole of our ride we did not see either a village, or khan, or even a drop of water! There is something inexpressibly inhospitable in the whole region of Anti-Libanus. We met several trains of mules, perhaps, as many as forty or fifty animals one behind the other, laden with bales of merchandise, on their way to Damascus. Later in the season, when hurricanes and sudden thunder-storms are frequent, travelling along the road is impracticable, because for a distance of seven or eight leagues neither shelter nor lodging can be obtained.

On the last offset of Anti-Libanus we saw a ruin, which may have been a castle of the Druses, or what is more probable, an ancient fortress of the Crusaders; opposite to it, on Mount Lebanon, lies ano-

ther ruin, which, at a distance appeared in a tolerable state of preservation. Both are visible at the same time, on entering the Bekaa, to the north of which rises Zachle embosomed in groves of poplar. The khan El Merdshi is situated upon the Leontes, close to a bridge which is thrown across the river. This river might probably be waded with safety at other places, but as the banks are swampy, travellers always pass over the bridge; hence numerous customers resort to this khan, which comparatively speaking has such superior accommodations, that I was able to obtain curds and whey! A large caravan of camels rested here at noon, and I looked with much interest at these animals, which will probably ere long convey me to Egypt. Their appearance is by no means attractive, and the gurgling noise which they make in drinking is really frightful.

After halting half an hour, we left the khan, and began to ascend Lebanon; the path is very rough, and though we might not be in danger of breaking our necks, we certainly ran no little risk of breaking our legs. Our poor horses, which are never groomed, and miserably fed at night upon a pittance of chopped straw with a little barley, seemed scarcely able to cope with the journey. I was very glad to find something like a stable for them at the khan Murad, which we reached in three hours, for a cutting wind was whistling over the mountain. We were obliged to pitch our tent upon the flat roof of the khan, the only level spot that we could find, and

to secure it by twisting the cords round heavy stones, which supplied the place of the tent pegs.

We were encamped in a very airy situation it is true, yet far better lodged than a party of Englishmen who arrived after us; for as they had no tent, they were obliged to take up their quarters in the khan itself, among the men and animals. We watched them as they rode off the following morning, when they looked as neat as if they had passed the night in the best hotel. They seemed very contented and independent, and each of them took his knapsack and his little wadded coverlet and laid it upon his horse. They were naval officers, and therefore accustomed by their profession to hardships of every kind; we could not help contrasting them with the four Frenchmen who left Beyrout at the same time as we did, and who made more fuss, and required more indulgences than the most fastidious lady.

Men ought to be able to endure privations and fatigue, or they are not worthy of the name of men; the case is different with respect to ladies, and we do not expect it from them, though, as regards myself, I do not apply the rule so strictly, for I must be able to restrain or to indulge myself as the case may be, and this discipline is wholesome both for mind and body; but not every lady is equal to it.

Both yesterday and to-day I experienced an uncomfortable feeling from the sudden transitions of the temperature; the change of the atmosphere



from seven in the morning, till four in the afternoon, during our journey from khan Murad to Beyrout, was as great as from the cold of autumn to the heat of summer. At the highest point on the pass over Libanus we again came in sight of the beautiful ocean; but we had to descend four thousand feet ere we reached it. The different zones, through which we passed, were clearly indicated by the vegetation. On the brow of Libanus the cultivation commences with vineyards and a few vegetables; a little lower fig-trees appear, small and stunted, but gradually increase in size; then we descended to the region of the olive, and at length through palm groves, and fragrant hedges of acacia, came into the verdant gardens of Beyrout, which appeared quite refreshed by the copious rains, which had fallen for three days during our absence.

A welcome surprise awaited me at Baptista's hotel. When the Druse Francesco shewed me into the apartment which I had previously occupied, I did not recognise it; so much had it been improved. All the cobwebs had disappeared; the walls and the ceiling had been newly white-washed, and the curtains of the six windows, and of the bed were as white as the driven snow. In short, it was bright and pure as the chalice of a lily. I am quite charmed with it—especially as the Casa Nova was by no means clean.

Yesterday was a day of rest; we intended to set out early this morning by way of Tyre and

Sidon, for Carmel, and accordingly took leave of the Consul-general and his lady, till we should meet again in Germany. Indeed it is not improbable that we may meet again here, for according to the latest accounts, the disturbances in the region of Samaria are so great, that there is some difficulty in travelling to Jerusalem by the direct road; and as for passing through the wilderness, nobody but myself would dream of it. There it is safe to-day and unsafe to-morrow, just as the Bedouins may happen to be disposed. I am, however, inclined to prefer the most inconvenient expedition by land to one by sea, for as the steamers have ceased to ply, the only alternative is to go by a sailing vessel, which I have not the patience to submit to. To lie becalmed four or five days at the entrance of a roadstead, or to be driven by a storm, some hundred miles out of your course, all which and much worse may happen on board a sailing vessel, would be more than my newly acquired Eastern patience could endure. I shall follow the plan which we adopted in Spain, where we were pretty much in the same case as here; namely, go as far as we can, and turn back when we can proceed no further.

This morning, when I was already equipped for the journey, Giorgio arrived with the intelligence that he had not succeeded yesterday in concluding a bargain with the owner of the horses, and that he now demanded quite an exorbitant sum. As

I clearly foresaw that the dispute would occupy the best part of the morning, I at once gave up the idea of setting off to-day, that I might not be annoyed by being put off from hour to hour. Now was I not right, in saying in the beginning of my letter 'of all certain things the most certain is to doubt.' The Mahometan never says: to-morrow I will do such or such a thing, without adding "Inshallah," "if God will." It is a precept of the Koran, and is founded on the circumstance that Mahomet being questioned concerning the history of the seven sleepers, replied that he would communicate the matter to-morrow; but did not receive a revelation respecting it till a later period. "Mashallah," that is, "what God will," is likewise a common expression among them; but the most general is Ya Allah! pronounced Yallah—this is "Oh God!" With this one word, Yallah, a little conversation may be kept up; for it is an exclamation either of joy or sorrow, expresses astonishment, surprise, or anger and means forwards, go on—good, good—just so—for all I care, &c. Indeed it is as multi-significant a Proteus word as the Spanish Vaya, vaya, and is used just as frequently.

The Arabian singing likewise reminds me of the Spanish: like it, it falls inharmoniously upon the ear. Our mule-drivers, when in a good humour, sung all day long, or I should rather say they uttered, with all the power of their lungs, wild, discordant tones, which sounded more like wrangling than

singing, and when they passed from the one to the other, the difference was really not very perceptible.

The abstinence of these people put me quite to the blush. I thought myself extremely moderate on this journey, yet I had everything that I wanted in abundance and of the best quality, though not in much variety. The mukeri, who had daily to travel eight or nine hours on foot along the most fatiguing roads, subsisted on a piece of bread not larger than my hand ; and if we passed a vineyard or a field of maize, they would take a bunch of grapes or an ear of the corn. This was all the solid food of which they partook : if there are nutritious qualities in water, it is conceivable that they need but little substantial nourishment ; for they passed neither stream, well, or puddle without taking a draught. If water is not nourishing, they must have the capacity of a camel, which drinks by anticipation. With an empty stomach, they wrapt themselves up at night in their miserably thin cloaks, which are so scanty that they did not cover their naked, shivering legs, and slept so soundly on the stony ground, under the beautiful, but ice-cold firmament of Heaven, that Giorgio had to awake them every morning. Their teeth actually chattered with the cold while they packed the horses ; but as soon as the sun appeared, they sang till the mountains re-echoed. Sometimes one or the other would run on some distance before, in order to rest till we

came up to him, which he effected by crouching down upon his heels in the Arab fashion. This mode of sitting appears to be far more inconvenient than that adopted by the Turks, who sit cross-legged.

The evening we were at the khan Murad, I stared full of astonishment at our Seïs for his twofold dexterity : he squatted upon his heels, and, in this position, wrote upon his left hand, with pen and ink, the reckoning which he was to give to his master at Beyrout. This facility in writing of an Arabian Seïs really astonished me ; in Germany when a young man has attained this proficiency, he forthwith turns author ; but here he is contented to remain a mule driver. This evidence of good sense gives a favourable opinion of the Arabs. They are, however, said not to manifest it on all occasions, for they are extremely vain, and consider themselves infinitely superior to Europeans. As they fancy that they can learn nothing from a European, they of course do not learn anything, though their talents would very well qualify them for doing so with great facility. It is therefore infinitely difficult to live among them, and to employ mechanics, or servants who pretend to understand everything better than yourself ; who do not like to use the slightest exertion, and yet eagerly seek to profit by the European in every possible way. Of course I cannot say this from personal experience, but such I am assured is the fact. Hence, till habit, which gradually smooths every difficulty, has in-

tervened, domestic life presents a series of grievances to a European who has to contend with inconveniences of which we can form no idea at home.

Mrs. von Wildenbruch, who possesses the happy tact of overcoming obstacles with amiable resolution, and at the same time is quite impartial in her opinion of the country and the people, has told me of many things which must incredibly increase the burdens of everyday life. I was surprised to learn that she is even obliged to send to Malta, for shoes for her little girl, as the nearest mart where anything tolerable is to be had. Yet, compared with Damascus, Beyrout appears highly civilised. The resident consuls have gathered a small circle of Europeans around them, and the regular arrival of the steamers once a fortnight with letters and newspapers, keeps up an interest in public affairs, which is further promoted by the influx of passengers of merchantmen and other vessels, especially French and English, who bring intelligence from every part of the world. There are two tolerable inns where travellers may find accommodation, and can be supplied, by the European merchants with many articles which they may require on their journey. But in the event of a lengthened visit, and especially of a permanent residence, Beyrout, with all these advantages, does not meet the social claims of European society. This strikes me very forcibly on a second visit, and I can feel for those who are expatriated here.

Beyrout is very advantageously situated, and enjoys

a salubrious climate. Its roadstead too is the best on the Syrian coast; but they are all bad, with the exception of that at Alexandretta, where, however, the climate is so very unhealthy, that a few days suffice to lay up a whole ship's crew with pestilential fever. Beyrout is as ancient—at least historically—as its celebrated neighbours Tyre and Sidon, for it is mentioned in Scripture by the name of Berytus; but one would never infer this from its present appearance, for it looks exactly like a fortress of the middle ages. The houses have the appearance of little towers or castles, where the Crusaders or Saracens defended themselves from the assaults of their enemies, and yet enjoyed light and air within. At whatever period the present town of Beyrout may have been built it must have been in unsafe times, though the construction of the houses plainly testify that there was much individual freedom and liberty within the walls.

We took a walk through the town and afterwards went to the camp, which is permanently fixed before the gate in front of the pacha's residence, and serves as barracks for the Arnaut soldiers, who are now here. The Palikari are remarkable for the symmetry and beauty of their figures. Their costume, consisting of ample white fustonella, and jacket embroidered with gold, and a broad girdle, in which they wear the yatagan and pistols is rather theatrical; but they put it on most knowingly and with perfect consciousness of their personal beauty. One of them

actually placed himself right before us, and slowly and gracefully turned round on his axis.

But if such a handsome young barbarian may not be a little vain of his beauty, whither in the world may poor vanity repair with a good conscience ; here it seemed to me to be quite in its right place. Whence these men have this dignified deportment, that elastic step, that graceful motion of the arms, is inexplicable, if we deny the distinct characters of the different races of men. This I am far from doing. I believe that nature has the right to endow her creation at pleasure, and to enrich whole nations, as well as individuals more lavishly than others. In a savage or half savage state, the stamp of race is transmitted through thousands of years, and the descendants of the victors in the Olympian games, have inherited naught from their fathers, but their form. Under the hand of civilisation the stamp of race is the most speedily effaced, but happily not altogether ! Something of the peculiar endowment, whether personal or mental, remains, and testifies that man is not entirely an artificial product of culture. And now, my dearest Clara, I must bid you farewell. Carmel is our next point ; but as it is nearly four days' journey from Beyrout, I cannot say from what place my next letter is likely to be dated. Perhaps I may find time to write to you by the way.



## LETTER XXV.

TO MY SISTER.

Sidon (Saïda) Emir Beschir—Lady Hester Stanhope—Tyre (Tur)—Oriental Travelling—St. Jean d'Acre (Acca)—The Little Bairam—Mount Carmel.

Monastery on Mount Carmel, October 25th, 1843.

I found it impossible, my dearest Clara, to write to you on my route hither, as I had hoped. After travelling a whole day on horseback under a scorching sun, I was really glad to lie down upon my mattress at night. I did not want for leisure, as our daily journeys were short; but I felt quite indisposed to take up the pen. I know not how it is, but this journey has fatigued me more than that to Damascus, which was considerably longer. Perhaps my present horse has not such an easy pace, or it may be owing to the excessive heat, which does not abate, even during the night. I am in a constant state of perspiration, and, as I never suffer from it in our bracing atmosphere at home, it makes me feel quite faint. Here, however, on the top of a promontory, six hundred feet above the level of the sea, the temperature is perfection, and I am already beginning to revive. The air is quite different to that of the burning sands of the coast, or the parched, extensive heaths over which we passed, and without assuming the bleakness of our northern

latitude, it refreshes the blood and invigorates the nerves.

We arrived at the convent at half-past ten this morning; and although there is but little to be seen here—so little, indeed, that our dragoman proposed that we should merely breakfast here and resume our journey—we have decided on remaining till tomorrow. Throughout the whole course of my journey I have not met with another spot where I felt so truly happy, and could say, with such real satisfaction, here I will stop a day.

I know not whether it is the wondrous, majestic beauty of nature, the quiet, consolatory peace of the convent, the thought of standing at the threshold of the Holy Land, or thankfulness for having proceeded thus far on my pilgrimage in safety; but, in short, it is more exquisite upon Carmel than upon the Bosphorus, on the summit of Libanus or amid the ruins of Baalbec; not more delightful to look upon, but to be there. Here I would erect my tabernacle, if the world were to me an empty void. Here I could enter into that feeling which constrained Lady Hester Stanhope to expatriate herself, never more to return to her native land. My predilection for a convent life has revived, and I cannot help saying: “Happy is he who is permitted even to pass through this place; but happier he who may dwell here.”

The monks have not the appearance of devotees, but are plain, straightforward men, who, agreeably

to their calling, discharge their duties, without turning to the right hand or to the left. One of them is a German, a Bavarian from the neighbourhood of Afschaffenburg, who lived a considerable time in the Carmelite convent of the Penitents at Wurtzburg—which perhaps you will recollect we visited together—whence he was sent to Bagdad, and ultimately to this place. I must, however, candidly confess that I am not much smitten with our countryman, who looks as if he cherished the remembrance of the Bavarian beer of his youth.

This convent is the only one in Palestine which does not belong to the Franciscans, or to the fraternity of the Terra Santa, because a very ancient tradition has constituted Mount Carmel the cradle of the order of the Carmelites. In other parts of Syria, in Libanus, Bagdad, and even in remote parts of India, the Carmelites have convents, partly for the spiritual charge of the resident or travelling Roman Catholics, lodging and accommodation of strangers, and partly for the training of missionaries. I asked the Padre Guardiano whether the conversion of the Hindoos was really making progress. He was honest enough to reply, very little; but added, that the missionary stations were a great benefit to the young children, who, according to the custom of the country, are exposed in great numbers, and who would otherwise inevitably perish. When a missionary finds one of these poor half dead little wretches, then,—you will expect

me to add, he takes it up, carries it home, nourishes and educates it? No such thing! He baptizes it, by which, continued he, "the child obtains the privilege of enjoying eternal bliss with Christ in Paradise!"

I gazed at him with unfeigned astonishment; but he spoke as he felt, and really believed that the child thus obtained this unspeakable privilege! To imagine that God would assign to the undeveloped soul of a baptised infant a better place than to that of a poor babe which is not baptised, one need, indeed, become the inmate of a convent, who, by the strict observance of outward ceremonies has insensibly become accustomed to esteem the outward form above the inward work. This kind-hearted but blinded man had this dogma of his church so much at heart, that it was his earnest desire to go to India. But in the selection of persons for missions of that nature, the general of the order does not so much take into consideration personal inclination, as individual suitability for the office.

At breakfast I was introduced to the other monks, who afterwards conducted me over such parts of the convent as the rules permitted. The church is a fine building in the form of a Greek cross, lighted from above by a cupola; but the pictures are hideous, and the miraculous image of the Virgin Mary of Carmel, placed over the high altar, is an ugly, dressed out, wooden doll. I am now sitting in my room, at the large strongly barred window

which affords a boundless view of the magnificent sea, along whose coasts I have travelled all the way from Beyrout. I was told that I should find this journey tedious, but I certainly did not, although there are no peculiar attractions by the way.

The road from Beyrout to Acre is performed in three short days' journey, during the whole of which we travelled across a plain with the Mediterranean on our right and the heights of Libanus on our left. These mountains sometimes recede into the distance, leaving a large open tract of land, and then again run so close to the shore that they touch the waves and form promontories on which the road is continued by a steep ascent.

The heights of Libanus decline so gradually that they sink to the level of hills in the vicinity of Acre, where the range terminates. The extensive plains of Acre, through which several rivers flow into the sea, separates Libanus from Carmel. It was the ancient boundary of Canaan, or the promised land, which was situated between Libanus in the north, the Great Sea in the west, the Arabian Desert in the south, and the river Jordan and the Dead Sea in the east. It was called "the Promised Land" by the Israelites, because it had been promised and, in part, given by Jehovah to the descendants of Abraham; and by Christians "the Holy Land" because our Lord lived and suffered here. But it has almost lost both these designations, as well as that of Palestine, and is now comprehended, with the adjacent

countries in the north and east, under the general name of Syria. My thoughts are already in Palestine, and I have some difficulty in bringing them back to Beyrout, which we left on the 22nd of October at 8 o'clock in the morning.

Our road at first lay through plantations of mulberry and groves of pines, then across a tract of deep sand which the sea has deposited along the road. After riding a couple of hours, we bade adieu to sand and plantations, but the soil retained its productive character, and evidently needs only cultivation to render it one of the most fertile; for we except the stony promontories and some sandy tracts, there is no want of water anywhere. We were often obliged to ride through tiny brooks which in the rainy season are swelled to streams, and are not only difficult to pass, but often obstruct the road. They meandered between lofty oleander bushes, profusely covered with bright red flowers, which had a splendid effect under the deep blue of the firmament above us.

The road over the promontories was rugged and steep, otherwise very convenient. Now and then we saw a ship cleaving the calm blue sea, and on the high projecting rocks of Libanus are scattered villages and Christian monasteries, and forts of the Druses. Emir Beschir the last prince of the Druses, and his twelve sons resided at Deir el Kamar, in this neighbourhood. He was an ambitious, artful man, who grounded his claim to the sovereignty on

the ancient conquest of Libanus by the Druses, and considered all the inhabitants as his subjects. Whatever character man assumes, if he can support it by suitable means, his claim to it is acknowledged, and the means employed by Emir Beschir was to be on good terms with the adherents of the three hostile religions: the Maronites, the Mahometans and the Druses, who reside in these districts among or near each other. In order to gain the first he is said to have become a Christian, to have built a church, and to have attended divine worship with them; for the followers of Islamism he built a mosque where he participated in their religious exercises; and lastly he was successful in ingratiating himself with the Druses, who called him their great emir, the prince of all Libanus.

In 1832 when Ibrahim Pacha conquered Syria and governed it as representative of his father Mehemet Ali, Emir Beschir submitted to him, but he fell with the Egyptian sway in Syria, in 1840, when the European powers thought it time to expel the powerful vassal of the powerless Porte from that country. It is said that Emir Beschir was just on the point of deserting Ibrahim Pacha, and taking part with the Porte, when he was sent to Malta, whence this octogenarian prince was removed to Constantinople, where he now lives. His sons were all scattered, and his palace is lying in ruins, like that of Lady Hester Stanhope, which is also situated in the mountain above Saïda.

An eccentric character such as hers, is rarely endowed with that decided, clear perception of its object which will prevent its diverging into extravagance. The total seclusion to which she retired, after the death of her uncle William Pitt,—when England and intercourse with the English became intolerable to her—presented the most favourable soil for her eccentricities. She expected a Mahometan Messiah, and many were the extravagances in which she indulged upon this point. Strange tales are related of her vagaries: on one occasion she ordered the punishment of the bastinado to be inflicted upon a courier, who was the bearer of letters, because she did not wish to receive any; and on another, being dissatisfied with her agent, she caused the half of his beard to be shaved off, and desired him to go thus disfigured, to Damascus. I could fill sheets with similar anecdotes.

At half-past five o'clock we arrived at Saïda, the Sidon of Scripture, no longer celebrated as in the time of the Phœnicians for its purple dye, but for its bananas, which flourish in great profusion. The Arabs are so fond of the banana that they believe this to have been the fruit which tempted Eve in Paradise, and they even fancy that they can trace the figure of the serpent's head in the form of the blossom. We halted at the city gate and pitched our tents on the solid sand of the shore, between



the Mediterranean and large gardens abounding in olive trees enclosed with tamarisks.

The evening was beautiful, and it was charming to fall asleep by the sound of the glorious cradle song with which the murmuring waves lulled the earth to rest. However peaceful it may have been during the day, the waves always dash higher and higher after sunset, in spite of the most profound calm, while at night they lash the shore and roar like the voices of the spirits of the storm. I could wish always to sleep by the sea coast. If I happen to be awake during the night, I do not hear these dismal ghost-like moanings and creakings, of I know not what beings, currents of air or other unknown causes, which have confirmed the belief in ghosts and goblins, and which in the silence of night are heard at times in every house. I have no belief whatever in ghosts; but, whenever I hear that creaking, sliding and tapping, my hairs stand on end, as the ghost stories have it; but this feeling is never awakened by the peaceful sound of the waves. In listening to their gentle lulling it is impossible to think of ghosts, but only of the great, the good and mighty spirit who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand.

Whilst we were preparing for our journey at sunrise, all was life and activity around us; the women with their pitchers upon their left shoulders came tripping from the town to draw water, from a remarkably fine well close to us; and many children

were running about, inquisitively regarding all our movements. On one side men were slaughtering sheep, and on the other many hands were employed in making pretty lace of yellow silk and cotton. Thus engaged in ordinary trade and manual labour proud Sidon, once the queen among the cities, now appears. Its situation is beautiful; like Beyrout, Tyre, and Acre, Sidon stands upon a rising ground which overhangs the sea, and a bridge leads to the ancient fortress, which is built upon a ledge of rocks.

We rode between the town and its gardens, having passed which we came to a scorched heathy tract, which, however, when it is cultivated after the autumnal rains, is extremely productive. To my great regret our whole day's journey was of the same character, and lay at some distance from the sea. We crossed many streams, the banks of which were covered with oleander in full bloom. Over one of them a decayed bridge formed a picturesque ruin amid the gay cheerful thickets. This river was probably the Leontes, which rises in the plain of Baalbec, near the ruins of the temple of the Sun. It empties itself into the sea in the vicinity of Tur, the ancient Tyre. "What city is like Tyrus?" exclaims the Prophet, "like the destroyed in the midst of the sea."

We passed by the silent city, which looked desolate and melancholy, and destitute of the verdant environs which usually surround the towns of Syria.

I am ashamed to confess that a gazelle captivated me so much, that my attention was so riveted by this singularly beautiful animal, that Tyre received only a transient glance. The only excuse I can offer is, that it was the first time I had ever seen a wild gazelle. Fleet as the wind she bounded forwards, sometimes stooping, then springing up, now capering with short leaps, and again darting forwards with the swiftness of an arrow;—most delicate in her figure, and graceful in her movements. The Oriental poet borrows from the gazelle a thousand graces to describe the beauties of his mistress. The large, soft eye, the fairy tread, the delicate foot, and inimitable grace, I have found more than realised in the gazelle;—but certainly looked for them in vain among the Arab women.

We rode for an hour and a half beyond Tyre, and stopped at a village, the chief buildings of which were a large khan, and a water-mill, turned by a beautiful limpid stream—a sight not often met with here. Perhaps it was from the bed of this stream that the sand was taken for the manufacture of the glass for which the Phœnicians were so celebrated. Foreign nations imagined that none but the sand from a river in the vicinity of Tyre could be employed for this purpose, till they discovered that any sand might be used.

Stories of robbers and thieves now thickened upon us wherever we passed the night, and whenever our

people entered into conversation with the inhabitants, we heard of nothing but the insecurity of the road; a journey to Nazareth was considered hazardous, and to Jerusalem impossible. Bedouins, it was reported, infested the country as far as Acre. A poor Arab, who possessed nothing in the world but his tobacco pipe and white woollen cloak, in which he enveloped himself in a most picturesque style, wanted to go by way of Nazareth and was heartily glad to join our caravan, but trembled at the thought of what might happen to him after he should quit us. Thus it seems that the poorest wretches are not secure from being plundered. The delectable history of an Englishman which I heard in Beyrout, but there looked upon as an invention, here assumed a degree of probability.

The story was this: this unfortunate traveller had joined a caravan at Jerusalem, but had incautiously remained behind. He fell among robbers who so completely stripped him of all, that he was in some little difficulty how to return to Jerusalem, as the only article of dress which the Bedouins had left him was his hat, of which they could make no use. In this deplorable state, and with his hat upon his head, he set out on his return like a monarch of a savage tribe.

I am, however, under no apprehension that a similar catastrophe will befall us, for while travelling in Italy, Spain, and Palermo, the same chimes

were rung; banditti were said to lurk in every turning of the road, and yet I never lost the value of a pin. Even now that the accounts of robbers become more and more alarming I do not lose my courage; but it was really amusing to look at our poor Seis, the rich man, as I call him, who was half crazy with despair. He is the owner of the four mules which carry our dragoman and baggage, and the fifth which he himself rides, with an enormous pipe in his hand, and a turban on his head as large as a bomb. His man rides upon an ass; and as all this treasure is now exposed to the greatest danger he is in a terrible fright. At other times he assumes the dignified bearing of a rich man, especially in the evening when he deals out to his servants the rations for the mules; but whenever stories of robbers are related, which at present seems to be the favourite topic among the people, he completely loses his self-possession, and anxiously consults with the dragoman respecting means of defence.

You must bear in mind that all of us, masters, servants, mukeri, horses and mules are living in the closest proximity imaginable; by day riding side by side, or behind each other, and during the night crowded in a small space, so that I had both time and opportunity to study the *faits et gestes* of our rich man, whose timidity amuses us excessively.

The scene in the neighbourhood of our water-

mill was very pretty : several travellers mounted on fine horses with gay saddles arrived soon after us, and reposed on carpets near the khan, and I observed that their negro slaves led the horses about a considerable time before they took them to watering. Some poor pedestrians likewise stopped here, squatted contentedly upon their heels, and chatted away incessantly, very patiently awaiting the sunset before they refreshed themselves with a pipe and a piece of bread. Our tents formed the third group, and conversation passed from the one to the other, for the Arab is a sociable and talkative being. Even on the road, they always call to each other from a great distance, and converse as long as they can hear each other's voices, and how much more when congregated together at an inn! I must confess that it is excessively amusing to be at a khan, where you can see every description of people, free from constraint, each following their own peculiar customs. This we should never attain at home, even if we were to pass our whole life at an inn. Not that there is a lack of travellers at our inns; quite the contrary, but we see them only when they are formally seated in due order at their meals; and no sooner is the cloth removed, than each returns, hermit-like, to his own apartment. By the refinements of education and the usages of society, we lose the habit of associating with the world in general; and, in spite of our endeavours to keep aloof in order to avoid un-

pleasant collision, we in fact do not attain our desired object—that of maintaining a certain dignified deportment among plebeian life. Here it is otherwise, for travelling in this country is on a larger and more liberal scale, than being transported by steam from one place to another.

Lately I pronounced a panegyric upon railways; now I must do the contrary. Thus it must always be, according as we give prominence to the advantage or disadvantage of any arrangements. As railways are entirely conformable to the spirit of the age, calculated for the progress of industry and utility, punctuality and saving of time, the soul of business is connected with them; and there are moments when one values these above anything else. But when one thoroughly feels the enjoyment of passing through the world in conscious independence, and in profound, unrestricted sympathy with surrounding objects, relying only upon one's self,—which feeling is most predominant in my nature,—then the railway becomes an abomination: hence my enjoyment of travelling in Europe is gone.

Picture to yourself the difference in true and lively colours, between being hurried one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles in a day, in an isolated, shut-up, heavy carriage, amid a constant din, unable to hear, or see, or think, and finding yourself towards evening duly delivered at an inn, and that of riding on a good horse in the refreshing air, under the clear sky. Perhaps you may not accomplish above

twenty or twenty-five miles in a day ; but you are at liberty to halt by the side of some inviting stream and enjoy your breakfast, or you may stop and pluck a sprig of oleander to ornament your bonnet, or pause to watch the singular motions of a sea-spider ; nay, you may eat, drink, rest, or proceed, according to pleasure ; in short, you are at liberty to do as you list. You are free : and here lies the magic.

The railways cramp my power of will, inasmuch as they depress my imagination. It may be for my good ; but I do not like to be controlled, even for good, on this point. It is, in fact, too bad, that every individual in Europe is now placed under a rigorous guardianship, on the pretext that the mass is thereby formed for the enjoyment of liberty. I do not believe that the mass gains what the individual loses : for in important moments where you are called upon to show who you are, and what you can do, the individual must always step out of the line, and place himself at the head, and the multitude, which without him can neither decide nor act, implicitly follows him.

But in Europe people are easily persuaded. The railway forwards a man, with five hundred others, in three days, from Berlin to Dresden and back, so that he has just had time to visit—besides the railway stations—the Bruhl-terrace, the picture-gallery, and the opera, and all at once, he is convinced that he has a mighty share in the freedom of the age. But it is the peculiarity of this nerveless



age to make nothing of freedom but an abstract idea, which dissolves in a phrase. The East is the land of the individual: here he must either care for himself, or attach himself to one who can care both for himself and for another.

Our party has just been joined by several travellers who will go under our protection, so that in the event of an attack from the dreaded robbers, we shall be all the stronger. This is the beginning of the feudal system, and thus I am living, as it were, in the middle ages. The pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre, lodging in a convent, the insecurity of the road, the arrangement of our caravan, the junction of poor pilgrims, nothing is wanting to complete the illusion. You will hardly guess how I was awakened yesterday morning: by the cries of a flock of cranes who were passing over our heads. How often when I heard these tones, late in the autumn, and saw these birds journeying in their phalanx through the sky, have I longed to wander with them to southern climes. Now I was in their winter quarters, and my thoughts wandered back to the northern land which they and I had so lately quitted. How delightful is it, that thought travels swifter than the crane can fly from one quarter of the globe to another!

While the shepherds were leading their flocks from the village into the open wilderness, and the sun threw his glorious mantle over the dark, high ridges of Libanus, we broke up our encampment

about seven o'clock. We had to cross Cap blanc, the highest promontory along this coast. The road is partly artificial, that is to say, the masses of stone rock have been removed out of the steep path which runs over it, in a zig-zag direction; but this can scarcely be called an improvement, for the horses have no firm footing upon the bare, calcareous rock, and often slipped, especially in descending. When once we had crossed the hill the road was again very good, and we proceeded without interruption through the plain.

Here several picturesque objects presented themselves, such as a village shaded by palm-trees, on a rising hill near the sea; on another adjoining Libanus stood two immense pillars; further on, large groves of orange-trees, which appeared to be without a master and running wild; among them were the finest flowering shrubs, a profusion of roses and oleanders in full bloom, and an arborescent plant bearing an exquisite flower, half white, half pink, about the size of a camelia, but the petals were more loose. The effect of all this brilliant red among the shining foliage of the orange, was most splendid. Now and then we had a glimpse of the sea, with Acre in the distance, and Mount Carmel in the background, and then again it was concealed by downs. We likewise came in sight of an ancient aqueduct, perhaps five miles long; it looked like a cheerful veteran amid the youthful plants which encompassed it on all sides, with their rich and verdant

foliage. Part of the arches were of modern architecture, and here the plants did not thrive in the same luxuriance.

The nearer we approached Carmel, the more animated everything became, for it was the first day of the little Bairam, which closes the long fast. Proceeding through deep sand around the city walls, we reached the gate which leads to Carmel. Here we found the whole population, men, women, and children, soldiers and Bedouins mingled together, amusing themselves very peacefully. Two common and three Russian swings seemed to be the centre of attraction, and afforded great diversion. The smokers were sitting in large circles, enjoying their nargileh. Another object of interest was a small boat, which plied on the shore, and took such as had a mind for a short excursion on the sea, a ten minutes' voyage—for they had no sooner started than the boat returned for a fresh set of passengers. Parties of young men were amusing themselves on the damp, solid sand of the shore with leaping, and some of them displayed much agility. The children were neatly dressed in their holiday clothes; many in silk caftans, and all with small gold coins appended to their head-dress. How the women had performed their toilette did not appear, as the white veil inexorably concealed every beauty of figure or dress. A veil is graceful, but not when it enshrouds the entire person.

A few people of rank, with their attendants, and

several Arabs mounted on fleet dromedaries were riding among the crowd. There was neither music, dance, nor song; but cannons were fired from the ramparts, and single musket shots, the chief demonstrations of joy among the Arabs, were heard at intervals. It was only half-past three when we arrived, and we might have reached Carmel by seven, but I was rather fatigued, or perhaps a little indolent, and was besides much amused by the motley groups around me, and we accordingly stopped at a khan near the gate. About sunset the people in the town dispersed quietly, and soon after, all was still.

The Orientals do not like to keep long vigils; and though they are in some measure compelled to do so, by the strictness of the Ramadan, yet, as soon as it is over, they gladly return to their usual habits of retiring betimes, and rising early. The evening, however, was fine enough to induce me to remain in the open air, and I sat at the door of my tent a considerable time, contemplating my beloved acquaintances, the stars. When I say that I am acquainted with them, I only mean that I know them much in the same manner as we know many loveable persons; we do not exactly know what they are, nor are we able to give any precise account of their qualities whether good or bad, but they are so constituted that we cannot help loving them. This is certainly the happiest kind of acquaintance, and such is mine with the stars. I looked up to them

shining in their bright illimitable sphere, while they looked down upon me grovelling in my little, darksome world ; how vast was the difference ! and yet there was sympathy between us, for the best part of our being belongs to the eternal world of light.

I sought the evening star, which, like the eye of love, is always the first to wake and the last to bid us adieu. But it was gone, probably to follow the departed sun in his course. Suddenly a star of uncommon magnitude and brilliancy shone forth in the glorious firmament, and sank slowly and majestically into the ocean. Speaking of the stars, do you know why the Turkish arms bear a star in the crescent ? I was not aware of the reason till I met with it a short time since in Von Hammer's Ottoman Empire.

Among the Byzantines of heathen antiquity, Diana was specially honoured as Hecate, the goddess of night, as well as Phosphora, the harbinger of morning. As Hecate, the moon was her symbol, and as Phosphora, Lucifer, or Phosphorus, the star of the morning. She was always worshipped as the mild goddess of light. The Byzantines introduced her symbols into the ancient arms of their city ; these fell into disuse among the Christian emperors of Byzantium, but were afterwards reassumed by the conquering Turks, who, probably without knowing their origin, constituted them the arms of the empire, to ennobel their sovereignty by giving it the stamp of antiquity.

A goddess of light must surely be a graceful

symbol of the most delicate purity, the beauteous Anahid, the Persian goddess of light, is represented as surpassing them all. Her loveliness attracted two rival angels, Harut and Marut, who descended in human form to the earth, and wooed the mortal Anahid. She escaped their importunities by means of some talismanic words which she had learnt of them, and ascended into the skies, where she was welcomed by the immortals, who made her the genius of the morning star. And while the lovely Anahid, playing her aerial lyre strung with sunbeams, leads the morning dance of the shining stars, the two apostate angels are suspended by their feet in a well at Bagdad, where they teach men magic, till the bright stars shall cease to shine! Is not this fable as lovely as the star to which it gives a soul?

We can see only the walls of Acre from hence; opposite to the sea, they are still lying in ruins, just as Admiral Stopford left them after the bombardment in 1840, on occasion of the famous taking of Acre, which sealed the downfall of Mehemet Ali's government in Syria. How often has Acre been the theatre of war! Napoleon, you will recollect, fruitlessly besieged it in his campaign to Egypt. In the time of the Crusades it was a place of great importance; and, after untold hardships, was taken by Barbarossa, the son of Frederick of Swabia, who here instituted the order of the Teutonic knights, and who died and was buried here. Acre was the last fortress which the Christians retained in

Syria, and of which they were deprived in 1291, by the Mahometans. The Arabic name of the town is Akka, which signifies broken, and thus, in truth, it appears. A bay runs some way up into the land between it and Mount Carmel, which can only be approached by riding round the shore. To our left lay sand hills, or downs, which bound and protect the plain, that stretches out beyond them, from the inroads of the Great Sea.

We rode through two rivers, the last of which was the celebrated Kishon. On its further bank rises a beautiful palm grove, with underwood of oranges, pomegranates, figs, and St. John's bread-fruit tree, and extends as far as Caypha, which lies at the foot of Carmel. Here we began to ascend, at first very gradually, through an extensive olive grove, in which herds of goats and oxen were browsing; then, by a more steep ascent, over a good path, along the naked, chalky sides of the rock, till we reached the convent, which majestically crowns a projection of the mountain.

We met with a very cordial reception from the monks, who were astonished to learn that we had not met with anything unpleasant. The road is considered very insecure, and we indeed saw several armed Bedouins sneaking about the downs; but our party was probably too large for them to venture an attack. Here we have been again told that it is next to impossible to travel along the coast from hence to Jerusalem by way of Joppa, as the country is very

desolate, and the frequent resort of Bedouins. The day after to-morrow we shall set out for Nazareth; but there seems to be not much more security on that road, and from thence we hope to continue our pilgrimage to Jerusalem. I will write to you from Nazareth. Adieu! A thousand kind adieus!

## LETTER XXVI.

TO THE COUNTESS SCHÖNBURG-WECHSELBURG.

The Convent—Its erection and arrangement—The Carmelite Monk, Father John Baptista—A happy day.

Convent on Mount Carmel,  
October 26th, 1843. Eight o'clock A.M.

HERE I am! in the most lovely and elevated seclusion of nature. Before me lies the deep blue sea—a world of waters stretching out as far as my eye can reach, my thought can roam, or my earnest longings can speed, even into Heaven itself—which in the far, far distant horizon, imperceptibly blends with its waters, and seems to drink in its lovely waves. Its heart-reviving billows send up their music, melodious as seraphic strains, and fill my soul with awe and gladness. I have been thinking much of you, my precious Emy; for whenever my heart is full, I think of all I love; hence, in my happiest moments, a band of cherished spirits seem to hover round me, and these moments are perhaps my happiest, because the richest in mental



gratification. But your loved image, my Emy, is most vividly present with me in this sacred retirement; because you also would esteem a day in the solitude of Carmel one of the happiest of your life; it is so still and so peaceful, that it diffuses a heavenly calm, which penetrates the inmost soul. There may be views more picturesque and beautiful from the mountain crests of the Mediterranean, such as Taormina in Sicily; there may be convents more retired, and situated amid more lovely, diversified scenery, such as the Camaldoni at Naples; but neither at Taormina nor at Camaldoni do you feel the blissful solitude of Carmel, which seems destined by nature for a life of anchorite stillness. At Taormina the thoughts are distracted by gigantic ruins, Mount Etna, and the coast of Calabria; at Camaldoni they are even more dissipated by the entrancing beauty of an Italian landscape; but upon the rocky brow of Carmel, six hundred feet above the level of the sea, they can be concentrated at will, and grasp one mighty subject without distraction.

The boundless ocean rolls before you, and, if you *seek* for another view you may find it by turning northwards to Akka, the Ptolomais of antiquity, and the St. Jean d'Acre of the Crusaders; or southward to Jaffa, the Joppa of scripture. But these are in perfect unison with the scenery, and the promontories of Carmel form the link between Syria and Palestine. Here the sea, which has rolled from

the pillars of Hercules between two continents, lashes the shores of the third ; and this thought—this image satisfies the mind.

Persons of a lively temperament would not believe that it could be very attractive up here ; they would fancy that the monotony of the surrounding objects would soon weary the mind, and inspire melancholy feelings. A tender pensiveness of spirit, free from all dejection, appears to me to be one of the most enviable states of mind, because it is the happy point at which the passions cease to covet, and therefore begin to aspire to higher objects with greater ardour. We may be cheerful with others, and appear so to them, and all the while feel this pensive melancholy at heart. Mirth is suitable only to the exuberance of early youth, and there I never object to see it ; let others be merry if they can, for my part I never desire to be so.

Oh ! this solemn stillness ! it is as if the waves were rippling through my bosom, so that I no longer feel the throb of my own heart. I should like to lie down in them, and be lulled to sleep by their roar. What a blissful slumber, and what an awakening ! Oh ! the moment when in the presence of nature, one does not feel as an individual ! This merging of the spirit with the great spirit of the universe, this blending of one's own being, with the unbounded, essential all ; this dissolution of all passion in dreamy ecstasies ; this, this affords the most intense bliss. It is paradise ! the fulness of enjoyment

without void or consciousness of want! If the latter is felt, if the former is sought for by our own exertions, we lose, we separate from paradise; it is a fall from heaven to earth, a humanizing of the spirit. Fallen spirits—I do not mean fallen, in a theological sense, as synonymous with sin, but fallen from the higher unbounded, to the lower bounded sphere—fallen spirits, such are men, and they must emerge from this limited and finite sphere around them, by aspiring to the infinite and eternal.

Carmel like Sinai, is one of the holy mountains of the East. Upon Sinai the law was given: "Thou shalt have none other God but me." And upon Carmel this first and great commandment was maintained in the days of the prophet Elijah. When the nation of Israel had departed from God, and followed the Syrian worship of Baal and Ashtaroth, then the Lord accepted the sacrifice of Elijah, and the altar which he had raised was lighted up by fire from heaven, while the altars of the priests of Baal remained cold and dead, because they had Gods besides the Lord Jehovah. This commandment apparently so easy, who among us does not transgress daily? who among us has *no* gods whom he treasures and cherishes in his heart? who among us has not seen with amazement his idol altars remaining cold and lifeless? who has not felt the power of the Almighty Prophet, with his strong arm shaking to its very foundation, his vainly imagined sanctuaries? and who does not feel the unceasing combat between

the principle of good and evil, the tendency to leave light for darkness, Jehovah for Baal.

Such was, and alas, ever will be the state of ruined man. In the profound solitude that reigns here, the heart opens itself more unreservedly and fearlessly to the light than it does in the world below; I therefore feel it good to be upon Mount Carmel, and can understand the oft repeated declarations of the scriptures of the Old Testament: "And the Lord spake unto him." The soul must be wholly abstracted from the world, in order to hear the still, small voice of God within, and to comprehend that inspired foresight into futurity with which those prophets were endowed. The heavenly visions and inspired revelations of these highly gifted spirits, emanated as irresistibly from them, as the conviction of the astronomer who affirmed: "in such a quarter of the heavens there must be a planet, and there is one, though it is not yet discovered;" and it was discovered.

The Carmelites pretend that the Prophet Elijah had a vision, which in the mysterious, symbolic language of the East, revealed to him the coming of the Virgin; and on this tradition the order of the Carmelites, or rather that of St. Mary of Carmel was founded. This order had originally no founder or rules. After the example of Elijah, Christian anchorites lived in the caves and holes of Mount Carmel, to give themselves up to the contemplation of heavenly things, and their model was held in the

highest estimation among all persons of the most opposed religious persuasions ; for they regarded the great prophet as a forerunner and messenger of the Messiah. To this day the Persian Magi regard Zoroaster as his disciple ; the Jewish Rabbis maintain that he is occupied in writing the history of every age of the world ; and the Mahometans imagine that he is living in a heavenly oasis, where the tree and source of life flourish and preserve to him, immortality.

Albert, Archbishop of Jerusalem gave the devoted inhabitants of Carmel a rule which was confirmed by Pope Innocent IV. Over the cave of Elijah a convent was erected, in which the monks might find refuge from the Saracens, and where they could hospitably entertain free of expense, the pilgrims who resorted to the Holy Land. They were however, dispossessed several times, and their convent desolated. When Napoleon besieged Acre he expelled the monks from this convent, which he turned into a lazaretto ; but at his departure, he left the poor invalids to their fate. They were taken by the Turks and murdered, and when the monks ventured to return to their convent, they found it filled with skeletons. They collected the bones in a cave, and a few years ago religiously interred them, under a small pyramid in their garden. The monks manifest much kindness of heart to the living as well as to the dead : the suffering, the oppressed, and the stranger, all are objects of their care.

The history of the convent as it now stands is very interesting, I will give you a brief sketch gleaned from a pamphlet by Alexander Dumas, which he wrote for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions for the convent. In the year 1819, John Baptista a Carmelite monk residing at Rome, received orders to repair to Palestine and examine the ruins of the convent upon Mount Carmel, and to see whether they were capable of repair. He found the convent in the state to which the Turks had reduced it, after the departure of Napoleon, plundered, desolated, and the doors and windows destroyed. The fraternity had gradually died off, and only one father was still living, who resided at Caypha, on the northern declivity of the mountain.

Father Baptista, who was an architect, soon saw what was to be done, namely: everything; but *how* to accomplish it was the difficulty, which was the greater, because Pacha Abdallah, who ruled in Syria at this very time was animated by an ardent hatred towards the Christians. He imagined that the opponents of Islamism might easily convert the convent into a fortress, and he therefore caused the shattered ruins to be undermined and blown up. The Greek war of independence broke out shortly afterwards; the Christians had less security than ever in Syria; and father Baptista, finding that nothing could be undertaken for the present, returned to Rome. But the thought that the holy mountain was no longer to be the abode of peace, com-

passion, and pious contemplation, no longer a home for pilgrims to the Holy Land: that wild animals, and yet still wilder Bedouins should house here, and render it unapproachable to Christians—this thought pained his inmost soul, and left him no peace.

More favourable times seemed to dawn upon him in 1826, and he accordingly proceeded to Constantinople, and by means of French interest and intercession, obtained a firman from Sultan Mahmoud, sanctioning the rebuilding of the convent, and he accordingly hastened to Syria. The last monk of Carmel had died in the interim, and John Baptista found himself alone among the ruins, without a counsellor or a sympathizing friend. He drew the plan of the present building, an oblong square; in the centre of which he placed the church, surrounded by the cells of the monks, and numerous guest chambers, in the upper story; and in the lower by magazines and rooms for stores of all descriptions: a mill, a dispensary, and in short all that might be requisite for the use of a convent situated in a barbarous country, and where every means of subsistence or cure must devolve upon itself. The building was constructed sufficiently strong and durable to bid defiance, in some measure, to the inclemency of the weather, to the lapse of time, the fury of destruction, and the rapacity of robbers. The plan being completed, he calculated the cost, which amounted to 350,000 francs, and which he resolved to obtain. The papal see gave him no support

in his work, and he was obliged to carry it out himself.

In the spirit of St. Theresa, the great reformer of Carmelites, with that confidence which bears within itself the pledge of fulfilment, with that calm indefatigable zeal, which does not for a moment lose sight of its object, he began a pilgrimage through the world, and solicited alms from Damascus to Gibraltar, from Morocco to Dublin, and whenever he had collected a certain sum of money he returned to Carmel, and the poor mendicant monk put forth his skill as an able architect. He of course completed his work; for an enterprise undertaken with such perfect devotion to a conceived idea, such entire self-renunciation of all personal objects, must succeed.

The convent on Carmel has stood for some years a charitable refuge, ready to receive and to provide board and lodging for Jews and Turks, Protestants and Heathens, for three days together, for the sake of God. Invalids are permitted to remain a longer time. It was limited to three days in order that one may make room for another. Besides this, those who stand in need of it, receive provision for their journey, bread and cheese, and if requisite some article of clothing. The building and fitting up have cost 500,000 francs, the whole of which Father Baptista has obtained by solicitations from high and low, from the prince and from the labouring mechanic. The beautiful marble floor of the church was presented



by the duke of Modena, the bells by the king of Naples, and the organ by his queen. The worthy architect now resides here as one of the six fathers of the convent; but he is unfortunately on a journey to Constantinople, so that I shall not have the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with him. Is it not delightful—here is a poor monk with an empty hand, but an energetic mind, and a full heart, and he procures everything, literally everything, the permission, the plan, the workmen, the money! and within ten years he has accomplished his undertaking on a princely scale; and that in our days!

A storm has passed over the sea. I was awakened very early by the lightning and the crashing of the thunder, mingled with the roaring of the billows. A hurricane arose, drove the clouds together, which poured down torrents of rain. I have passed the day in alternately writing and looking out of the window. At breakfast some of the monks gave us their company for an hour, and I strolled out once or twice to look at the garden. Now the sun is setting. What a beautiful sight! The fair blue sky of Syria is spread like a tent above the deep blue sea, and divided from it in the horizon by a streak of gold, from the centre of which, the globe of fire is suspended like a ruby in a golden necklace. Wearied of this earth, it sinks deliberately into the unseen abyss of water. Now it has set, and sea and sky, like soft protecting eyelids, close gently over it.

Such is the scene from my window ; for one row of apartments faces the north west. The rooms are vaulted, neatly white-washed, extremely clean, have large excellent iron bedsteads, with white curtains, and are furnished with everything necessary. The one which I occupy has the additional luxury of a sofa and a small toilette glass. Our fare is very good, cleanly and abundant ; and the friendly monk who acts as caterer sets before the stranger many little delicacies which he himself has prepared. Kermes berries are presented to the men, and orange-peel stewed in sugar to the women who may come here ; the latter dish is admirable, and I should have afforded him the greatest pleasure last night if I had emptied the whole plate : though his only remuneration would be the trouble of preparing a fresh supply for the next visitor.

The gardens of which I spoke are very small, and consist of a vegetable garden in front of the convent and a newly planted vineyard at the back of it. The only trees are a fig and two olive trees ; because the monks have neither the money to purchase others, nor time to attend to them if they had. They are now raising a wall round the entire building as a protection against wild boars that invade the garden, and jackalls which trespass upon the hen-coops, and the Bedouins who occasionally steal the fruit. These Carmelites upon the whole are not subject to the very strictest rules, for though bare-footed they are allowed to sleep upon a straw

mattress instead of a board ; but they do not lead the quiet, easy, indolent life, which is generally attributed to the inmates of a monastery.

Ave Maria ! they are sounding the knell of the departing day. How peaceful is the sound of the little bell, whose clear tone, reverberating through the solitude of the mountain, conveys to God the evening hymn of the soul, as the roar of the wind and the waves pour forth the vespers of Nature. Ave Maria ! is a salutation of peace ; therefore I hail you with it from Mount Carmel, my Emy, you and all my loved ones in distant Europe, and in the very heart of Germany. Would that, with the salutation, I could send you a portion of the blissful stillness that surrounds me here.

No spot I have hitherto seen on my travels, no place in the East, neither Olympus nor Libanus, neither the delicious shores of the Bosphorus, nor those of the Propontis, so rich in traditions, and in beautiful fables, has made such a sublime impression upon me, as Mount Carmel. I shall think of Mount Carmel as long as I live.

## LETTER XXVII.

TO MY SISTER.

Journey to and from Nazareth—Insecurity of the road—The  
Loca Sancta.

Convent upon Mount Carmel, October 28, 1843.

AGAIN upon Carmel! I have returned from Nazareth and, I am thankful to say, safe and sound; but I am in difficulty in regard to our future proceedings, for I found it was quite impracticable to proceed to Jerusalem direct from thence. I have decided on remaining here, till I see what arrangements can be made; for to Jerusalem I am *resolved* to go. The Bedouin tribes are in such a state of mutiny, that they lately drove back a division of two hundred troops which the pasha of St. Jean d'Acre had sent to quell the disturbances in the district of Nablous. Even under the escort of a Bedouin sheikh there is no security, as his authority is respected only by his friends, and not by his enemies; and you are as liable to encounter the one as the other.

The Padre Guardiano of the Franciscan convent at Nazareth, advised me to go back to Caypha or St. Jean d'Acre, and from thence proceed to Jaffa in a sailing vessel. The French baron, who when on board the steamer, could speak of nothing but the high connections of his wife, had followed this plan. Padre Federico, the Bavarian, gave us the same

advice here ; but I have a great antipathy to sailing vessels, especially at this season of the year, when the hurricanes generally set in : besides, after landing at Jaffa our difficulties would begin afresh, for we should still have a twelve hours' ride to Jerusalem.

As we had travelled from Acre to Carmel, from Carmel to Nazareth, and back, constantly surrounded and watched by suspicious people, without any casualty, I had conceived the heroic idea of proceeding in the same manner to Jaffa. But this was considered a fool-hardy notion, and met with no sympathy. My travelling companions would not be answerable for all probable mishaps which might befall us ; the good monks deemed it altogether impracticable ; and our "rich man" vowed that he would not proceed another step without an escort, as he had already endured too much anxiety—unless, indeed, I would engage to replace his mules, should they be stolen. This I positively refused, and we accordingly decided upon the plan rejected at Nazareth, and dispatched a messenger to the sheikh of a neighbouring village, to solicit his escort.

If he will undertake it, we shall not have anything to fear, at least so asserts the worthy caterer, who, in troublous times once placed himself under his care. We shall scarcely proceed to-morrow, as the Arabs never arrive at a decision till after the most prolix discussions. I must have patience ; but it is very difficult, as my time is precious, for we must

perform the journey through the wilderness in the latter part of November, as the weather might become too uncertain at a more advanced season.

Meanwhile we are once more at Carmel, which we reached at two o'clock in the afternoon, after an uninterrupted ride of eight miles from Nazareth. When we departed from Carmel, early yesterday morning, I really felt very sad to quit a spot which has interested me more than any place in Syria. I then thought I should never see it again; and as we slowly descended the mountain, and entered into the hazy regions below I mentally exclaimed, "Peace be with thee!" The morning was very sultry and oppressive, and when we had gained the olive yards, I turned to take a farewell look at the convent. A beauteous rainbow had flung its wide-spread arch over the sombre building. This unexpected sight gladdened my heart, "Hope spread her rainbow wings around," and rekindled my feelings of thankfulness, for though Carmel may no longer be to me, yet it will be to others the abode of peace, hope, and love.

We journeyed through Caypha, and along the Kishon, which flows slowly through a deep, slimy bed, and does not look as if it ever could have swept away the hosts of Sisera. Here in the ancient days of Israel the prophetess Deborah uttered a song of triumph, more wild and enthusiastic than we can now conceive. "The kings came and fought, they took no gain of money. They fought from heaven. The stars in their courses fought

against Sisera. The river Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon, O my soul! thou hast trodden down strength." I thought of the days when a woman slew Sisera, when a woman killed Holofernes, and a woman betrayed Samson, and when they were honoured for such deeds, so enthusiastic was the love of country. I cannot approve of it. Treachery may be a safe guard, but an honour it can never be; and to a woman it ought never to be accorded as such, for treachery is a weapon inherent in her nature, because she is weak.

In dwelling upon the horrors of the past I had no thought for the insecurity of the present. On a sudden our dragoman drew his pistols from his belt, and pointing to a distance, exclaimed, "Voilà des coquins." All weapons were in instant readiness, when a group of armed Arab horsemen appeared. I also prepared myself for *combat*, that is to say, I put my foot into the stirrup, took up the bridle which I generally drop for the sake of ease, and seated myself firmly in the saddle, in case we should be put to *flight*. It was, however, a useless precaution. Our caravan, which had been joined by three wanderers,—who according to the custom of the country were armed with club-like shepherds' crooks, and was thus augmented to nine men,—was too formidable a match for the four Arabs, and we thus passed without being molested. They were wild looking young men, who would in all probability

not have left a lone traveller in the possession of his coat. As it was, they contented themselves with inquiring of one of our people who we were, and what was our object, and then passed on.

To this have my adventures among these Arab hordes been as yet restricted; but it is really very provoking that the mishaps of others should give rise to a host of obstacles, which often blasts a fair project, or engenders a dissatisfied spirit, which mars all pleasure. Both happened to me at Nazareth. I was anxious to go to the top of Mount Tabor, and to visit the Lake of Gennesaret, which have been rendered so interesting by the gospel narrative. This might readily have been accomplished with an escort; but as my reaching Jerusalem, the main point of my journey, was rendered so difficult and intricate on account of great insecurity, I resolved rather to give up every thing else, and without further digression or voluntary delay to set out for the Holy City. We had already seen Mount Tabor from the plain of Acre. The Arabs call it Djebel Tor, and indeed they always contract, abbreviate, and half swallow all names, so that it is impossible to write them according to their pronunciation. Yesterday we kept advancing still closer to Tabor, when we left the plain and the valley of the Kishon, and crossed the mountain ridge, between Jordan and the sea.

We were now in ancient Galilee. To our right extended far and wide the peaceful plains of Esdrae-



lon or Jezreel, so celebrated in Scripture, and so renowned for their beauty and fertility. This plain may be very rich corn land, and in spring be ornamented with the choicest treasures of the floral kingdom, but at this season of the year which is so peculiarly unfavourable to vegetation, I am sorry to say it had a very sterile appearance. We breakfasted at the village of Geida, but we did not see any plants in the environs except enormous hedges of cactus, as tall as trees, which serve as a defence against the jackalls, and low thorny, thistle-like plants which cover the ground in great exuberance, to the no small discomfort of pedestrians; it is here called the spina-sancta, but I am not acquainted with its botanical name. The declivities of the hills were covered with stunted evergreen oaks and bushes.

We had now lost sight of the sea, and of the more genial plants and trees; but the atmosphere is by no means chilly, for there are no high mountains in the neighbourhood, Carmel being only twelve hundred feet high, Tabor scarcely two thousand, and the others in the same proportion. We were not entering any grand mountainous country with wide spreading valleys and plains, but a hilly country intersected with ravines, hollows, and precipices, the calcareous and cretaceous formation of which appears to be confusedly thrown up and washed bare, so that it has an exceedingly dreary and barren character. The little villages do not present a striking

appearance, for they are built of the stone of the rock, and are generally imbedded in the hollows and ravines of the mountains. The houses are low, square, and very rudely built, with here and there an aperture for a door or window. They have the appearance of caves, and often recline against the rock; indeed I should imagine that many of them are excavated out of the rock itself, which the chalk formation would render easy, and to which its many natural caves seem to invite them. Sometimes these houses are covered with a clumsy dome or minaret; and this is a mosque.

Wherever there is a good supply of water, and the situation is favourable, plantations are made round the villages, chiefly of oranges intermixed with figs and St. John's bread fruit tree, and interspersed with vineyards, the branches of which creep along the ground and form the most beautiful festoons. Thus compared with the surrounding country they are like oases in the desert. When the plantations are scanty, a most melancholy impression is produced on the mind, as nature appears so altogether sterile and inhospitable. This is the case with Nazareth, which lies in a mountain hollow.

Such is the state of the place in whose obscurity, were veiled nearly thirty years of a life which diffused light, and blessing, and glory, exceeding that of any other in this our darksome world. This is the cradle of Christianity: Jesus of *Nazareth* was nailed to the cross, and his disciples more power-

fully animated by his death, which was human, than by his life, which was divine, went out into all the world, and preached the gospel to every creature. And thus the little sect of the Nazarenes, as the Romans disdainfully called them, became the germ of the wondrous, wide spread civilization of the world, which in the breast of every human being from the cottage to the throne, strives to unfold itself in one and the self-same blossom, the blossom of love.

What man wills, he wills from love — undivided love. Happy is he who has comprehended and embraced true love. Alas! alas! for the last 1800 years, men have endeavoured to make faith a law and love a science, to enforce the one and to teach the other; theologians dispute whether Christ was divine, how far he was so, how long, and to what degree; till they lose themselves in ungenial regions where reason tarrics no longer at home, and where the heart feels itself a stranger.

I cannot comprehend how any one can call a life like his, other than divine. In the history of the world we meet with many lives full of greatness, purity, nobleness, self-denial and self-sacrifice; but compared with his they are mean, unimportant in resolve, and circumscribed in action; here tainted by a weakness, and there by a blemish, which are inherent in all that is human. Each casts a shadow—his, alone excepted. From its earliest dawn to its close, all is uniform, ineffable light: this we call perfection, and perfection is the stamp of

divinity. He took a view beyond his own short life into the souls of men, such as he only can take who is all-sufficient in himself. Therefore he could say: "I have overcome the world," and by these words he indicated what man should strive to do, and what, in a limited sense, he may accomplish. And besides this, what a fulness of pity for every weakness, of consolation for every sorrow, of wisdom for every folly, of solace for every trouble, of grace for every error, of sympathy for every struggle, for all—all and every one who is engaged in the combat, and who has not yet overcome! Truly he was wholly divine, he was the highest manifestation by which God revealed himself to man, and the purest organ through which he ever spoke.

\*             \*             \*             \*

And now, dearest Clara, I wish you to understand with what feelings I look upon Nazareth, and shall look upon Jerusalem and Bethlehem: with serious devotion, but not with remorse or ecstasy. You must not reckon on my critically and sophistically investigating and examining the various traditional spots and monuments, for example, whether Christ delivered the sermon on the mount on its eastern or western declivity, as is the order of the day, and which secures vast reputation to those who know how to place their own speculation in the room of ancient tradition. This requires much learning, perspicacity, and above all, a well

grounded conviction that something good and useful is to be effected by it. I am totally devoid of this three-fold requisition, especially of the latter, because I find that criticism is rarely useful, takes much and gives nothing in return: denounces a matter as false, and erects something in its place which it calls Truth, and which in its turn is subject to the criticism of others, and liable to be overthrown by them. Whatever spirit animates the bias of their judgment, you must follow it. I have it not, and I am glad of it; therefore do not reckon on my pointing out to you geographically and topographically: this is the site of the house of the Virgin Mary at Nazareth, &c. Eighteen hundred years indicate them as such—fifteen hundred years have covered them with churches and altars:—the consolation, the strength, and the peace which there flows in humble believing hearts has invested them with an awe-inspiring sanctity. And why not? “Because,” says the opponent, “there is nothing but monkish tradition in favour of it.”

Till the fourth century, Christianity was an oppressed, persecuted religion, and many of its followers had only tradition, which was preserved and handed down from generation to generation. And why should these ages have lost sight of the remembrance of the localities which had been rendered sacred by the birth, life, instruction, sufferings, and death of the Messiah; for the christian communities, though persecuted and oppressed, and

therefore the more strongly attached to what they held sacred, never became extinct in Palestine? It appears to me neither unnatural nor improbable, that, with the remembrance of the doctrines, the localities associated with them should have been cherished in the memories of the Christians of the three first centuries.

Thus Helena, the mother of Constantine, the first Christian empress, found Palestine and the Christians. The persecuted followers of Jesus now raised their heads; their palladium was no longer despised, but was invested with honour. What had long been concealed, was fearlessly brought to light, and they were permitted to resort to the spots of holy and mysterious interest. Helena built churches and chapels for the assemblies of the faithful, which have in effect existed ever since; for although destroyed times without number, and shattered to ruins by earthquakes and enemies, they have always been rebuilt on the same spot, for, from that eventful period, the nations of the world embraced the Christian faith. If, during the succeeding centuries, the monks were the only witnesses of the genuineness of those localities, it arose naturally from the circumstance that they, and the clergy in general, alone devoted themselves to literature. The Protestant clergy do not approve that Protestants should place any faith in the ancient tradition handed down by Roman Catholics; and they accordingly come with their theodolite, their chronometer, barometer, and

thermometer, and the whole learned apparatus of criticism—always begin their researches with the preconceived notion that they *must* meet with what is false, and they of course do meet with much that is false, and more that is questionable ; but whether they themselves arrive at the true and correct decision, remains to be proved ; and unless they can do so, and make all unquestionable and clear as the day, I do not see what is to be gained by all this labour and disputation.

In this spirit Robinson's work on Palestine seems to me to be written ; it appeared about the same time as that of the missionary Eli Smith, on Palestine, and caused a great sensation in Germany ; but as yet I am acquainted only with that portion which relates to Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulchre. Their way of treating the subject met with much approbation in speculative Germany ; and I have undertaken to give to the American missionaries at Jerusalem the pamphlet of a Protestant clergyman who disputes the locality of the Holy Sepulchre without ever having been at the place ! This I call true German closet scholarship.

That among the numerous traditions there is much that is apochryphal, is so evident as to require no proof. Tabor for example, is not pointed out by any of the Evangelists as the place where our Lord was transfigured before his disciples, they merely state that he went up into " an high mountain ;" therefore it may just as well have been the neighbouring and

equally high hill of Hermon. Tabor, however, bears the glory of the transfiguration ; and what would be gained if we were told : “ You have hitherto believed that this is the mountain ; but it is incorrect. You must believe that yonder is the true one.” Hence we come to the conclusion ; “ We will wait awhile ; perhaps in the interim the most true of all may be discovered.”

To me, dear Clara, I must honestly confess that the anxious calculation on the one side, and the equally anxious assertions respecting this or that locality on the other, is but of little moment. I am in the land where the history of Jesus, fraught with the most wonderful and important events to all generations, was developed ; I stand upon the ground that was witness of his divine life, and this is enough. Churches and chapels do not occupy such a place in my heart that I should rejoice or fret, if instead of three feet to the right they lay three feet to the left.

With these feelings I regarded the Church of the Annunciation at Nazareth, built over the house of the Virgin Mary ; a small neat edifice with little ornament, and some ancient brickwork, which still encloses a decayed flight of steps in the rock ; thus too, the workshop of Joseph, and the table at which the Lord is said to have eaten with his disciples, a rude slab of stone. We were then conducted to the neighbouring well, which is called in honour of the Virgin, the Well of the Holy Mary, and



near which there are a few olive-trees. It was besieged by women, bearing large pitchers of clay upon their shoulders, who disputed with much violence for precedence, and seemed every now and then ready to tear each other's hair. As we passed through the village, the women, that is to say the Christians, called to me from within their doors, "Signora, buona sera! Come sta Signorita?" probably because they were interested in the presence of a foreign fellow-believer. The Mahometans laughed at me, and on inquiring the cause of our guide, he told me, a little puzzled, it was because of my taper fingers, which made me laugh too.

The Greek and Roman catholic population is said to amount to one thousand two hundred souls, and the Mahometans are not inferior in numbers. It was formerly much larger; but the fearful earthquake that desolated Syria on the 1st of January, 1837, in which thousands lost their lives, and whole districts were laid in ruins, fell with peculiar severity upon Nazareth. The pilgrims' house belonging to the Franciscan convent, where we were lodged, was built subsequently to that event; it is situated opposite to the convent, which, together with the church of the Annunciation, is surrounded by walls, gates, court-yards, and has the appearance of a fortress. Most of the monks are Italians; but a few of them are natives of Spain. By means of a school, the christian community is instructed in the

Italian language, and you are greeted in it, both by children and adults.

I was particularly pleased with the Padre-Guardiano. Every monk ought to have his mild, serious bearing, which, unhappily very few of them possess. This, combined with his musical language and delicate hands, imparted to him something peculiarly noble. He was young and handsome, like one of Leonardo's *chefs-d'œuvre*, with the colourless Lombardy complexion, and the reddish brown Capuchin beard. This sounds frightful, but is remarkably beautiful, and is a peculiarity of Leonardo. Now, for the first time, I saw it not on canvas. He likewise advised my returning to Carmel, and told me that three of the monks, who had nothing but their cowls, were robbed between Nazareth and Nablous.

I was sadly annoyed, and felt quite angry; and especially with the European Princes, who wish to be considered religious, and yet do not even provide for the safety of pilgrims visiting the holy places of their religion. Ought not France to be compelled to take it up as the ancient Protector of the Terra Santa, and of the convents, which lodge the pilgrims from station to station? Could not Russia effect this, since it would be comparatively easy, by reason of the preponderating influence which the members of the Greek church have obtained by their great numbers and wealth throughout the Levant? But political causes intervene, and hence the Powers of

Europe prefer according the Holy Land to the Turks, to granting it to one of themselves.

I mounted a little terrace near the pilgrims' house, and saw the sun sinking behind the neighbouring hills, and the silver moon travelling through the roseate clouds of the evening sky. My ill-humour vanished. I became melancholy, and could not help shedding tears. I had been longing to visit the lake of Gennesaret, the beloved sea of Galilee. There the disciples were at home: the poor fishermen, Simon Peter, and his brothers, and the children of Zebedee, whom Jesus called the sons of thunder; there they were mending their nets, when Jesus bade them leave all and follow him. And there our Lord himself was more at home than at Nazareth, where they refused to honour the prophet in his own country. Upon that lake, upon its banks, and the hills which encompass it, he passed the greater part of his eventful life, as recorded by the Evangelists.

There rises Tabor, and yonder the Mount of Beatitudes, where he spake of heavenly things; and there again, perhaps the wilderness where he prepared himself for his great work, and conquered the tempter. All these spots which were honoured by his heavenly life, I was not to see;—only that of his death: the obdurate Jerusalem. Perhaps his death will affect me more there, than it has yet done. I have always regarded it as so entirely in harmony

with the order of events, so completely answering and sealing the purpose of his mission, that, with all its accompanying circumstances, his death appears to me inevitable. But I was, and remained sad; and as we turned and rode away early this morning, and the hills looked so clear and beautiful, the words of the Psalmist came to my mind: "The north and the south, thou hast created them: Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name."

But I could not rejoice, for not only had I seen so little of Galilee, but I was not to see anything of Samaria; only Judea; Perea, on the further side of Jordan yields but little interest in christian history. In the time of our Lord, Palestine was divided into these four districts, and hence Herod is called, in the gospels "the Tetrarch." In Rome you must read Tacitus, in Spain the Romances of the Cid, but here the Bible, the history of the ancient kings and prophets, because these books bear, in the most decided characters, and unvarnished colours, the impress of their times, and can be perfectly understood, only, in the country where they were written.

Here I clearly trace the closest affinity between the headstrong, tenacious character of the Jewish people, and the nature of their country; and here in these rent caves, and upon these naked rocks, where the eye travels pensively from the stony earth to the cloudless sky above, I think I comprehend the melancholy, sublime obscurity of its prophets, who, wrapt in the mantle of mourning, with the stamp

of inspiration, in characters of fire upon their foreheads, walked among this people, who never forget, ever claim, and yet do not comprehend the promises of Jehovah.

And now, my dear Clara, I have poured out my feelings, till my heart is once more light and easy. What a happiness it is to be able to write! The paper retains the thoughts which unfold themselves readily, one after the other, affording a most delightful occupation, and a sure means of forgetting care. Our messenger has just returned, at half past nine at night, with the intelligence that the sheikh will undertake to be our escort as far as Jaffa, for two hundred Turkish piasters, about thirteen Prussian dollars; and that he will be here without fail early to-morrow morning. If all goes well we shall arrive at Jerusalem on the first of November: the obliging monks have thus calculated it for us, as our dragoman is not acquainted with this journey along the coast, because travellers naturally prefer the shorter and more interesting route, that leads direct from Nazareth to Jerusalem. I am glad that there is nothing to hinder our departure to-morrow morning. Adieu, dear sister.

## LETTER XXVIII.

TO MY MOTHER.

Departure from Mount Carmel—The Sheikh Nazir—Tantura—Morning on the Sea coast—Wells—Ruins of Cesærea—St. Paul—Haram—Jaffa (Joppa)—The Plain of Sharon—Ramla—Journey across the mountains of Judea to Jerusalem.

Jerusalem, November 2nd, 1843.

MY dearest mother, our pilgrimage was performed in peace and safety, and we entered the Holy City at four o'clock yesterday afternoon. Strange and peculiar feelings were awakened in my breast when I found myself upon the spot where in bye-gone days millions of men have fought and shed their blood for the sake of kneeling at one small spot of hallowed ground, and praying at the holy sepulchre. With what hardships did they struggle; with what zeal and energy did they combat; what privations did they endure, and what ecstasy rewarded their pilgrimages! "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" resounded from all sides, when they beheld it in the distance, and throwing themselves upon their knees, gave thanks to God, and sang hymns of praise. Jerusalem! They had reached their goal, and were now in the land of salvation. They fondly believed, that from the tomb of the Saviour flowed a stream of pardon, blessing, peace, and reconciliation, and they sought for it with the unrestrained ardour and enthusiasm of youth. But

the present age is hoary and chill, and incapable of such ecstasy, yet I should think there is not one, even in these lukewarm days, who could look upon Jerusalem with coldness or indifference; not I, most certainly, though I do not mean to rush headlong into it.

The rain is falling from heaven with that antediluvian flood-like violence, which, at this season of the year compensates for the long continued drought. I shall not quit my cell in the Casa Nova of the Franciscans to-day; but endeavour to realize where I am, and to prepare for all that I have to see and to do. My imprisonment will also enable me to give you some account of our journey, which we performed in four days; but notwithstanding all our preparations, it yielded very little worth relating, and not a single adventure; is not this provoking, after we had so fully equipped ourselves for it? In this respect our journey is quite in the style of Don Quixote, mistaking shadows for substances, flocks and herds for the redoubted knights of Micocolemba and Brandabarbaron, armed for combat with an imaginary foe, and always as in the act of flight from an enemy, who perhaps exists only in our fears. More than twenty times I thought of the valiant Frenchman, with his "*Je ne crois pas aux tigres car je n'en ai pas vu.*" But it availed nothing, I was obliged to proceed, as though I believed in them most firmly.

At seven o'clock on the 29th of October our escort made its appearance at the convent; and of what

do you think it consisted? Two men! The sheikh Nazir and his brother, who ran on foot by the side of our horses, for three successive days. Their arms consisted of guns, which forcibly reminded me of Nuremberg toys. And with these formidable weapons they intended to inspire the Bedouin tribes Abugosh, Beni Sahr, and however else they may be called, with respect and awe! The Bedouins are nomade shepherds who, with their herds and tents, wives and children, traverse the extensive countries, from the lower regions of the Red Sea to the Euphrates, and take up their abode wherever they can find pasturage and water, as their wants are almost entirely confined to these two main necessaries. The different tribes have fixed circuits, within which they move from place to place, and from which they make hostile or predatory incursions into those of their neighbours. Thus their fathers did before them and thus they continue to do to the present day; and this is perhaps the only law by which they will submit to be governed with a good grace. They regard themselves as the true and only descendants of Ishmael, and are very proud of their distinction. The prophecy respecting Ishmael, "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him;" has been accomplished in them from the most remote antiquity. They are for the most part Wahhabis.

The reformation of Islamism, which was commenced in Arabia, during the middle of the last



century by Abdul Wahhab, who asserted that he was bringing their religion back to its primitive simplicity, throwing aside all traditions, criticising all dogmas, and denouncing as useless many laws and customs, was too much in accordance with the Bedouin life of liberty, was too conformable with their character and being, not to meet with an almost universal reception among them. The orthodox Mahometan, for example, lays great stress upon offering up his prayer in a mosque: whereas Abdul Wahhab taught that all places were alike. The Bedouin in his nomadic life has no mosque, consequently the only extraordinary part of this new doctrine is, that it was not discovered before, because the different religious persuasions and their professors operate mutually upon one another, nor can it be otherwise if the latter are to be stirred up, and at the same time comforted by the former. Every tribe has its priest, who is called Chatib, and who is actually despised if he has the misfortune to be able to read and write. They also disdain the Fellahs, or settled peasantry, who in their turn have the most extraordinary dread of the Bedouins.

Our sheikh Nazir was the chief of a thieves' village; and we were informed by the procurador of Carmel, that he is not a Bedouin. He did not wear the very picturesque, simple costume of the Bedouins, whom we had seen in Libanus and Damascus: a white shirt, brown and white striped woollen mantle, and a yellow keffejeh fastened with

a hempen band across the forehead, and hanging over the neck and shoulders; but he was dressed in the costume of the Arab peasant in Syria, a shirt, caftan, and a loose dress, like a morning gown, which, in its clumsy shapelessness, resembles the European paletot. These dresses are so short that they barely cover the knees, and are for the most part worn out, faded and dirty, as the men lie on the ground, sleep in them, and seldom take off even the turban, except to use it as a pillow. The red tarbush, with a blue tassel forms the nucleus of a turban, round which they wind a long white cotton handkerchief; but while their head is so carefully covered, their legs are quite bare.

The costume has hitherto remained unchanged; but I must observe, that the so called paletot is quite an article of luxury, which perhaps only a sheikh and his brother may have the good fortune to possess. The costume is of a somewhat different character in the towns; instead of the shirt, or it may be, over one, they wear the wide Turkish pantaloons, which terminate at the knee, stockings or gaiters, though they not unfrequently have naked legs, and wear only a pair of slippers. The latter is the almost universal costume of the lower class of men: stockings and gaiters are associated with wealth, elegance, and distinction, and where these exist, the caftan invariably falls below the ancles, whereas the poor people curtail it at the jacket. They have a great predilection for gay colours, dark

red, sky blue, or orange and white, and other striped cloths, and consequently a group of these men talking together with great animation, and much gesticulation has a very striking effect.

I have not been particularly impressed with the beauty of their features ; they are delicate, it is true, but their expression is sometimes very cunning. When they are animated, either with joy or anger, they often assume quite a savage wildness ; at all events, here is physiognomy. Our sheikh was rather disfigured by the loss of his front teeth. I was assured that the Arabs had recourse to the painful operation of extracting the teeth, to escape being made soldiers in the time of Ibrahim Pacha : as they were thereby disabled from biting off the cartridge, in order to load their gun ; so I was told, but I do not understand it.

About eight o'clock we began to move. My feelings had been raised by the solemn sound of the little organ which accompanied the monks in their matins ; it is beautiful, even under inexperienced hands ; for like a psalm it always solemnizes the mind. We took leave of the monks with much gratitude, for they had shown us great hospitality and kindness, and I should advise every one travelling to Syria, so to arrange his movements, that he may pass two or three days upon Mount Carmel. When once we descended to the shore, we did not again quit it till we reached Jaffa.

Our only prospect was the blue sea on our right,

on our left, the white calcareous wall of rock, and before us the yellow sand of the beach, covered here and there with a thick layer of the most beautiful, variegated shells; sometimes it was damp and firm as a mosaic floor, and sometimes so dry and deep that the horses sank below the ankle, and when they drew out the foot, the purling sand removed all traces. Ruins occasionally lay between us and the sea, and we always pitched our night quarters among them.

We were joined at Sidon by a famished Armenian pilgrim, who was journeying from the far distant Diarbekir to Jerusalem, and whom I protected, that is to say, supplied with food, because he had an honest countenance. An Arab on horseback, a friend of our sheikh, and two men from Caypha, who were also journeying to Jaffa, associated themselves with us at the foot of Carmel, so that we formed a pretty large caravan. We met many persons, both on foot and horseback, armed with club-like staves, guns, or lances; as they approached, our sheikh or his brother always ran on before; if he was acquainted with them, he saluted them with a shake of the hand; but if they were strangers, he came to an understanding with them, and inquired after the "Arrab," as I always heard the Bedouins called, and the invariable answer was that they were rambling about on the distant mountains of Judea. This reply perfectly satisfied him, and we proceeded onward without hesitation. Whether we should

have had to apprehend anything from these people without an escort, I cannot say, but I believe not.

Most of the ruins which we passed were remnants of ancient fortresses. In one place we saw very distinctly that a gate between two pillars of rock had formerly commanded the entire road, which it could close at pleasure. Beyond, were the ruins of Atlith, formerly a castle of the Knights of St. John, but now a heap of stones. We were most disagreeably surprised when the sheikh made us ascend the calcareous wall at Tantura, at half-past one at noon, and informed us that we must pass the night in this village, as no other quarters were to be found on our next day's journey of twelve hours ! What was to be done ? We were compelled to remain. The ruins of an old fort had been converted into a khan, which was larger than these houses are in general, and had a court-yard which might be partially closed. Here our tents were put up, and the sheikh Nazir received the homage of his friends and acquaintance, who surrounded him and offered their salutations. In less than ten minutes between twenty and thirty people were seated around him upon their heels, chattering and gesticulating, while he squatted bolt upright in the middle as the centre of attraction. I ascended the flat roof of the building by a flight of broken steps, to obtain a view of the surrounding country. The village was perfectly bare; a large and uncultivated, but by no

means sterile plain extended itself as far as the mountains of Judea on the one side, and to the sea coast on the other. It is protected from the encroachments of the sea sand, by a steep calcareous declivity of the rock. At present it serves only as pastures for the herds of goats and oxen. Many places were literally black with goats, whose milk is excellent, especially on Mount Carmel. The herds of horned cattle, which are also pretty numerous, consist only of oxen, which are employed in agriculture. I did not see any cows, nor did I taste cow's milk.

We passed a very restless night, the accommodation being far too confined for the number of guests, as besides our party, several travellers of the country had taken up their quarters here; among others two Derwishes who were on a pilgrimage to Mecca. The dogs—the oriental watchmen of the night—barked incessantly without our encampment, and for the first time I heard the whistling howl of the jackals who prowl round the villages for prey, during the night.

I was the first to awake on the morning of the 30th, and speeded our breaking up at four o'clock, as our twelve hours' journey was to be accomplished before sunset. We departed, it is true, before sunrise; but not till near six, as the packing and loading was a much slower operation than usual, because it had to be performed in the dark and twilight. Added to this a violent east wind had arisen, which scattered the things here and there, and put out

both fire and candle. In the grey dawn of morning, faintly lighted by the pale stars, in the midst of a boisterous storm, between foaming waves of the sea, and of tossed up sand, which were dashed together between the feet of our horses, we set out on our long journey. With us, at this season of the year and under these circumstances it would have been rather uncomfortable; but here, the ride along the sea-coast was so beautiful, so incomparably beautiful, that it will ever be associated with my most delightful recollections.

I had not been very well on my way from Beyrout to Carmel; while from Carmel to Jaffa I travelled as if my journey were a flight, and therefore felt under much constraint; yet, notwithstanding these discomforts I was always blissful at heart, when I sat on my horse in the early twilight, and rode beneath the diamond spangled sky, inhaling the balsamic breath of morn, and listening to the deep sounding waves of the sea. I was not lost in thought or contemplation: I felt only the vigour, freshness and vivifying power of nature, and suffered myself to be carried away by her, like the swimmer confiding himself to the gentle waves of the sun-lit deep.

These glorious mornings! I always had an intense love for the Mediterranean, and always have its coasts appeared invested with a golden splendour in comparison with which our northern shores look colourless as lead. There must have been more

than ordinary sympathy between my soul and nature here, for this coast is said to be desolate, tedious, and unlovely. I have freely told you of what elements it consists; but I cannot help repeating it, I felt blissful at heart. Towards noon, however, when the heat became intense, and in the afternoon especially, when the sun shed a dazzling glare over the sea, and the rocks and sands powerfully reflected his beams, my bliss regularly vanished and gave place to lassitude. This was especially the case on the 30th, when the wall of rock completely shut us in against the east wind, and the vertical rays of the sun streamed upon our heads with the heat of a furnace.

Here I learned the full value of two Arabic words, "Bir" well, and "Moje" water, and by the help of these two I kept up a lively conversation with sheikh Nazir, who, like a true knight, always remained near me. The result of our conversation was, that I actually took a draught of the pure element out of his bottle. Our luggage had remained a little in the rear, and as I was resolved on no account to detain our caravan, lest we should be too late in reaching our quarters for the night, I contented myself with a piece of bread and goat's cheese for breakfast, remaining on horseback, whereas we usually halt for half an hour at noon. Truly, I am inclined to fear that you will be ashamed of me, when you think of your daughter condescending to drink out of the bottle of an Arabian semi-bandit,



and to eat bread and cheese sitting on horseback! Yes, my dear mother, but this is not the worst, I even took off my blouse and rode without it, because the heat was so oppressive.

All this sounds to us as unheard of, impossible, frightful, only because it cannot take place among us. Here it comes as a matter of course, and he who cannot learn to drink out of the bottle of an Arab, will do best to stop at home; for with claims to European fashions, customs, and manners, it is impossible to make any way in Syria. The truth of the case is, the notions of decorum are different in different countries; but whatever is the *decorum* of the place, ought not to be a cause of offence to any sensible person: indecorum alone is offensive. With a *naïveté* which cannot be described, the people perform their toilet in the morning, and, with the most perfect nonchalance, they secure their garments when they have to wade through the rivers. This cannot be called indecorous; and he who thinks that it is, I repeat, will do well not to come here.

During the last half of our day's journey, and just as we stood most in need of them, we passed three wells. A border of rough stone is always placed round the mouth of the well, and if it is not too large, the opening is covered by a heavy stone that animals may not trouble the water. "They rolled the stone from the well," often occurs in the Old Testament, and the custom remains unaltered to this day. Deeper and larger wells, the water of

which cannot be reached by animals, are left open, and the people descend into them by means of a flight of steps to draw water. Stones, rudely hollowed out, trunks of trees, and sometimes only pits in the earth, where the ground is sufficiently solid, are placed near them, as troughs for the cattle. The shepherd fills them and patiently waiting, waters his flock one after the other, just as in the patriarchal ages.

We found a numerous flock stationed at one of the wells, and another was coming down the rocky wall to the second well, whence I concluded that there is no water in the neighbourhood of the villages situated above the rocks. You can have no conception what a commotion arises in a caravan when a well is known, or supposed to be near; indeed it is impossible for any but those who have marched half-a-day over burning sands, under a scorching sun, to form the slightest idea of it. The thirsty travellers hail it in the distance, and quicken their pace; some run on before, the horses press forward with all their strength, and push each other at the troughs. My poor pilgrim put his head between those of the horses, and drank out of the trough, as he found it impossible to make his way through the crowd that besieged the well.

At Tantura our caravan had been considerably increased by the addition of people who were either going the same way as the derwish, or waiting for

company who were travelling in that direction. Among these were a married couple. The wife trudged on perseveringly on foot, in order to keep pace with the caravan, while her husband seated quite comfortably on the broad saddle of his ass, smoked his pipe, and even made his servant wait upon him, while the wife was obliged to carry the bundle with their little chattels. This, too, is the custom of the East, and if the woman's feet were tired, her tongue certainly did not suffer by it. Whenever we came to a pretty deep river, the water of which reached up to the men's girdles, *the attentive* husband actually dismounted and waded across, while she seated herself upon the ass, but, nevertheless, became thoroughly wet.

About two hours' ride from Tantura, we observed along the shore mountains of rubbish, among which we descried, or fancied that we did so, walls, towers, and aqueducts. They are the ruins of Cæsarea, the once splendid city, enlarged by Herod the Great in the spirit and style of the Romans; now the abode of jackals and scorpions, and its walls and cisterns so broken and shattered that none can visit it in safety.

An overwhelming effect is produced upon the mind on beholding, not only individual temples, palaces, or amphitheatres, but an entire, large, magnificent city, with its walls and gates a mass of ruins; a city which, down to the times of the crusades, was a strong, fortified place, and the see of an archbishop!

Now it is effaced from among its equals, and will ere long be obliterated from the earth, if the sand and sea carry on their work of destruction.

The whole of the Syrian coast, especially Cæsarea, occupies an important place in the Acts of the Apostles. Here Paul sat a prisoner two long years, under Felix, the Roman governor, and here he made that noble defence before Festus, Bernèce, and King Agrippa, which forced the latter to exclaim: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." From Cæsarea, Paul was sent to Rome, and delivered to the captain of the guard, but "was suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him." One may well conceive what influence a man like Paul must have had upon the Romans, who were fluctuating and unsatisfied between their lifeless gods, and saw in him, combined with the power of faith and conviction, the noble deportment and dignified eloquence to which they were accustomed, and which they so highly venerated. He, who could say of himself, "I am a man born in Tarsus, and brought up at Jerusalem at the feet of Gamaliel," was distinguished by the indelible stamp of culture and learning from the rest of the apostles, who had all their life followed a trade.

That a noble spirit, a cultivated understanding and profound erudition, are as capable of the most exalted degree of faith, as the unlettered and unlearned mind,—of this St. Paul is a glorious evidence.

To my great joy our twelve hours' journey was

performed in ten, probably because we had marched pretty rapidly; and at four o'clock we reached Haram, a little village, which like Tantura is situated above the rocky wall of the coast. We obtained permission to fix our encampment in the outer court of the mosque, which is of considerable dimensions, but were sadly disturbed all night by the howling of the jackals in our vicinity. There is nothing of interest at Haram except the ruins of an ancient fortress, situated on a neighbouring hill.

A ride of three hours along the beach brought us on the morning of the 31st to Jaffa, the Joppa of Scripture. We would gladly have retained the protection of the sheikh Nazir as far as Jerusalem, but he said that as he was unknown higher up the country, he could not be of any further service to us. We sat down under a large turpentine tree, in an open space before the gate of Jaffa, where a vegetable and poultry market was held. Here I paid him two hundred piastres, and gave him a bakshish, and a certificate of our satisfaction. He had just before, with great adroitness, taken a couple of eggs out of a market basket, which a woman, according to the custom of the country, was carrying on her head; and he was in the act of securing them most carefully in his broad girdle, when he saw that I had observed him. Without suffering himself to be in the least disconcerted, he gave me a significant look in token of understanding, and after awhile, going up to the woman, gave her back the eggs, admonishing her to

be more careful of her basket for the future. He then looked at me with the greatest self-satisfaction, as if to make me believe it was only a pleasant joke ; but by this time I was perfectly aware that, to regard other people's goods as their own, is an Arabic custom.

Jaffa is most lovely and very beautifully situated ; it is so thickly embosomed in orange groves, interspersed with pomegranates, vines, and dark leaved figs, that many trees are lost to the view amid the rich mantling foliage of the luscious grape. Large plantations of sugar-cane extend to a distance, and isolated palms and tamarisks are scattered here and there, while splendid hedges of cactus and acacia encompass the city. The most luxuriant grape vines entwine themselves in graceful festoons around the irregular arms of the grotesque cactus ; and brick wells, arched over with a dome, yield abundance of water, and add to the beauty of the landscape. Here we may form a lively conception of the Promised Land, flowing with milk and honey, and a wish arose in my heart that there were more here to participate in the fulness of this blessing.

The town stands upon a hill which projects into the sea. About half way up its declivity lies an old castle with round towers, in the solemnity and picturesqueness of the middle ages. The gate at which we halted, and which is also ornamented with little towers, has an equally pretty effect. A stately company met us, probably merchants, who inquired

of us in Italian respecting the arrival of the Austrian steamer at Beyrout. Several Jews also came up to us in the hope of transacting a little business. They were especially taken with our travelling-table, and one of them inquired whether it could not be purchased. I have a great respect for the Jews, on account of their unconquerable adherence to the law of their fathers; no similar instance is to be met with in the history of the whole world. We everywhere find the vanquished nations becoming the servants, and, after the lapse of centuries, adopting the religion of their conquerors: but the Jews, though scattered throughout the world, and every where cruelly used as servants, bondsmen and slaves, on account of their religion, have, nevertheless maintained their faith inviolate against Islamism and Christianity. This I respect in them, while I at the same time detest their mean peddling spirit, which cannot see anything without estimating its value.

After our dragoman had procured the necessary certificate of health which is demanded of travellers at the gate of Jerusalem, and had likewise obtained satisfactory information respecting the safety of the road, we mounted our horses and proceeded for a considerable distance through the splendid, luxuriant gardens of which I have spoken. Citron-trees bent beneath the weight of their golden fruit, of which we procured a dozen for half a piastre; the pomegranate was assuming its delicate vermilion hue;

the banana was ripe, and bunches of dates were hanging in rich clustres from the graceful palms. I wrote to you from Carmel, that on the road to Nazareth I could understand the wild melancholy of the ancient prophets ; but here, my dear mother, I can apprehend the tender, glowing luxuriance of the Song of Songs, which, like a beauteous, fragrant flower, is entwined in the diadem of wisdom, of the wisest of kings.

As soon as we had passed through the lovely gardens, we entered the extensive plain, which runs between the sea and the mountain, along the whole length of the Syrian coast, sometimes broad and sometimes narrow, and is known by the name of the Plain of Sharon. We now turned our backs upon the glorious sea, and rode inland for three hours and a half towards the little town of Ramla, gladdened the whole way by the sight of the mountains of Judea, which have to be traversed in going to Jerusalem. The plain of Sharon is a fruitful arable and pasture land, over which are scattered a few turpentine-trees, occasionally a well, and here and there some burying places. "But, shrouded in grief, thy roses, O Sharon, bloom no more." Thus sings the poet Bechstien, and the melody of that strain which has long dwelt upon my ear, is re-echoed in melancholy truthfulness on all sides around me. In this plain lies Ramla, which presents throughout an oriental appearance, unlike that warlike impress of the middle ages, which characterizes the other towns



along the coast, especially Beyrout. The houses are low, white buildings, with flat roofs, surrounded by fretwork galleries, with cupolas, minarets and terraces, interspersed with ruins, over which palms and other tender, graceful trees, like the delicate azederach, gently incline their heads; while the giant cactus rises, like a rampart, in the breaches of the stone walls.

The fine ruins of a tower, — a stranger from the west, however, attract the eye, in the midst of this genuine oriental picture. It is called the Tower of the Martyrs, because a large number of the knights templars fell here, not long before this religious military order left the Holy Land. It was a part of the buildings of their convent, the church of which was subsequently converted into a mosque. The church of the knights of St. John shared a similar fate. Much of architectural interest is probably closely concealed here, for the Turk cowers upon every thing, as the griffin broods over his treasures, which he may indeed guard but knows not how to estimate.

A convent of the Terra Santa, whose pilgrims' house was founded by Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, and a large Greek convent entertain the pilgrims who visit Jerusalem in large companies every year, especially at Christmas and Easter; even we, after we had looked about us a little while at Ramla, were called Nazarenes and Hadjis, that is pilgrims. I was by no means pleased to waste

\*  
half a day at Ramla, and as we were to join a caravan which was to set off at two o'clock in the night I did not like to put up at the convent, as we should have caused a disturbance there by leaving so early. We were, however, very badly off, for an unceasing firing was kept up in the plain during the whole night. Our people took it in turn to keep watch, for "the rich man," who is positively a species of griffin, insisted that there were robbers abroad. Whenever a pause happened to ensue, the dogs instantly set up the most desperate and enraged howling and barking. It was a wretchedly uncomfortable night, and in the middle of it I received the unwelcome intelligence that the caravan was not to start. I therefore laid down again for a couple of hours in the hope of getting a little sleep towards morning, when the firing should cease, but by five o'clock we were all equipped for our journey. When I quitted my tent and stood under the soft veiled firmament of night, which in the east is bounded by the pale streak of morning twilight, the stars still shone clear and bright: one of these brilliant orbs I love especially because it always stands above me in the firmament of heavens; I know it face to face, though not by name. I hailed its sight, and thought of the magi, who were guided by a star from the East to Bethlehem.

I was in the most anxious expectation till six o'clock, when we at last set out. I urged haste from joyous impatience, and Giorgio from anxiety to

gain the hills, as the marauders roam only in the plain of Sharon. We were proceeding at a quick trot, when "the rich man" suddenly protested that his mules were not equal to such violent marches on long days' journeys. Words ensued; but as the dragoman would not slacken his pace, the "rich man" beckoned to his Sancho Panza, who flung himself upon his ass, and both rode off in a tangent. It was highly comical, and yet most childish, for where did he mean to go, as we had safe possession of his horses? We rode rather slower, and indeed, we were compelled to do so, as we began to ascend along the mountain gorges, and on seeing this he soon came back. We were three hours and a half in crossing the plain, and as long in ascending; but our way always led through a defile, and then over a ridge, then again through a defile, and over another ridge, so that it seemed as if we were never to reach our destination.

The mountains of Judea are built upon, much in the same way as those in the vicinity of Nazareth, with villages surrounded by gardens and plantations. These are situated, partly on the declivities, and partly in the hollows, but upon the whole they are much scattered. The character of the mountains is inhospitable, and the olives, which in some few spots form a grove, look very melancholy, with their pale foliage and hollow trunks. The road was animated with peasantry, who suffered us to pass unmolested. On one occasion, however, we were a

little startled by an Arab who laid hold upon the gun of my travelling companion, though probably only from inquisitiveness, as a double barrell'd gun is a great curiosity among them. We also met a European traveller with his attendants, at whom I could not help staring, not because I was overjoyed at beholding a European, but because of his singular appearance, for he was mounted on horseback in a black frock coat, with a foulard as keffejeh under his hat. I have seen many strange things in the course of my life, but such an incongruity never! It was really most absurd upon the mountains of Judea.

On entering the beautifully sequestered village of Kirgat el Enab, the ancient Kirjeth Jearim, our dragoman gave us the welcome information that we had now reached the highest summit of the mountains. After we had halted awhile, we recommenced our journey, but the tantalizing ascending and descending still continued. Groves of citron, bright as emerald, rose near a cheerful brook, and encompassed the village of Colonia. Here a number of children ran to meet us, with pitchers of water, doubtless a most welcome sight to weary pilgrims who have travelled on foot; I, however, refused the pitcher which was offered me by a little girl, who was thereby disappointed of the expected baks-hish; and, when the poor pilgrim wished to take a draught, she hastily snatched away the pitcher. The love of money among these people, even among the youngest children is really quite grievous. That

they will not permit the rich to take a draught of water gratuitously, is not so very surprising considering its scarcity, and may perhaps find a parallel among us who have it in abundance ; but to deny a drink of cold water to a poor man, one of their equals, is really heartless.

Eager expectancy, excitement, and fatigue, combined to make me feel very faint ; we had still another acclivity to cross, and to traverse a frightful stony desert, which was also rather hilly. The poor pilgrim eagerly ran on before, that he might be the first to give the joyful intelligence that we had reached our goal. Soon his enthusiastic cry announced that we had indeed reached it : Jerusalem lay before us ! High, solid walls, cupolas, minarets, massive towers, and a few heavy, shapeless, buildings, were spread over this dreary plain, of the stones of which they were built ; behind the city rose the barren mount of Olives, still of the same grey colour ; while sombre olive-trees were sparingly scattered here and there : no smiling green—no running water ! parched sterility to the very mountain tops.

Thus Jerusalem presented itself to our view. My heart sunk within me, and we rode onwards in silence. On a level place by the road side, the Pacha was halting with his suite, and exercising some of his soldiers in throwing the djerid. The Jaffa gate of Jerusalem had all the appearance of a fortress ; it is not in a dilapidated state like most of the city gates in

the East, but is very strong and firm. We passed under it. Then, quickening our pace across a ruinous place, we rode through several narrow, gloomy, streets till we halted at the convent of San Salvador.

## LETTER XXIX.

T O M Y M O T H E R .

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre.—Casa Nova.

Jerusalem, November 3rd. 1842.

WHY does man place the crown of glory only on the brow of the illustrious dead? Why does he constitute the grave, the inevitable gate to apotheosis? Why from the tomb alone does the light emanate which discloses to him the greatness and the excellency of the departed? Is it because man regards the corporeal being as his equal, and compelled by the melancholy consciousness of his own imperfections, always ascribes to it more weakness than power, more selfishness than self-devotion? Or is it because, that in affinity with his spiritual nature, the invisible becomes divine and eternal, while the visible remains terrestrial and finite. The tomb of a great man produces upon the majority a more powerful impression than the places associated with his life, and hence the Holy Sepulchre which inclosed the remains of him, who alone of all that ever

lived, ought to be called *Holy*, is the spot to which every pilgrim first of all directs his eager steps.

The keys of the church of the Holy Sepulchre are in the possession of the Turks, who always keep it locked, except during the hours of divine service. Ibrahim Pacha has abolished the tax formerly levied upon every visitor, and nothing beyond a voluntary acknowledgment is expected; the rapacious door-keepers, however, cannot be avoided, for they actually sit within the very entrance of the church on a broad divan, smoking and drinking coffee.

The Latin convent of St. Salvador is at no great distance from the church of the Holy Sepulchre. The streets are crooked and narrow; the houses are built of stone, and, like those in Damascus, have low doors and scarcely any windows. The ground between the convent and this church is extremely uneven, alternately rising and falling. At the end of a street we descended by a flight of steps, and further on, by two very broad ones which lead to the great square, a large open court paved with flags which are actually worn by the feet of innumerable pilgrims; here was congregated a motley assembly of sellers of rosaries and crucifixes, beggars, devotees, idlers and pilgrims. The façade of the church, which is richly adorned and half-decayed, presents a striking contrast of wondrous beauty and extraordinary meanness: capitals and friezes of the most elaborate workmanship surmounted by a bare

wall with broken windows. The appearance of the church is very confined, being shut in by the adjoining buildings which belong to the Greek monastery, situated on the opposite side of the way. The prevalent style of architecture in Jerusalem is the dome, which could not be combined with the tower—and as the domes are not to be seen when standing in front of the façade, the edifice has scarcely the appearance of a church.

The interior however is totally different. Here is a world of churches and chapels: here are all creeds and sects of the Christian religion, except those that emanated from the Reformation. Here prayer is unceasingly offered, an uninterrupted worship of God carried on; here a deep, overpowering solemnity prevails, and attunes the soul to the contemplation of heavenly things; and methought the ever-burning, golden lamps which shed a fitful light amid the surrounding gloom were meet emblems of the little flame of faith, hope, and charity, which is here shed into the heart of the worshipper. The whole appeared a symbol of the true church of Christ, which he lived and died to found: a union of love to the honour of God, and the devotion of the world, under the veil of different forms. I folded my hands in silence; it was a moment of holy and thrilling feelings.

We began our wanderings through this remarkable church, which is built upon the summit and declivity of the rock, with visiting the most holy



place. We are in the East, dearest mother, and of this we are constantly reminded. In this country stood the magnificent temples of the various religions which prevailed before the time of Christ, the most sacred part of which was always a peculiarly consecrated place, which was only open to the priest for prayer and sacrifice, or to the worshipper for the especial strengthening of his devotion. This church resembles these ancient temples, not only in form but in destination, and is built over the tomb of Christ, upon the same spot which the Emperor Adrian gave to the Faithful. When the Emperor Constantine afterwards erected a Basilica over it, the original little house of prayer probably remained as a nucleus of the larger building. It is now a small chapel of beautiful white marble, which stands in a circular hall under the high dome which is supported by arches. It is divided into two small sanctuaries, the first is a kind of vestibule, and the second a narrow space, which encloses the tomb of Christ; the first is called the vestibule of the angels, because the sorrowing women met them there at the entrance to the tomb; opposite the door is the stone on which the angels are said to have been seated, when they replied to the Marys: "He is not here, but is risen!"

Stooping through a low, narrow doorway, we entered the chamber of the sepulchre, which was originally hewn in the rock, but retains nothing of its primitive material, except the oblong stone in which

the body was laid ; and even the upper surface of this is covered with white marble ; it looks like an altar, and indeed it serves as such when mass is read here. Forty-four perfumed lamps of gold and silver constantly light this solemn, dark spot, which is probably the only one upon earth which no one ever trod without seriousness and deep reflection, and where tears have flowed, and prayers have been offered, such as no other spot ever heard or witnessed. This conviction greatly tends to deepen the solemnity of feeling, and to consecrate this place as though angels still continued to watch by the Holy Sepulchre ; aye, and would continue to watch as long as there shall be “ weary and heavy laden ” hearts upon the earth. This, my dear mother, was my feeling, and perhaps I may seem cold in comparison with others who have contemplated the sepulchre, overwhelmed with sorrow and anguish. Such was not my case. I felt, indeed, that it was holy ground, but I was rather strengthened and invigorated, than subdued and broken hearted.

In front of the altar there is room for about three persons, and this fills up the space of the little sanctuary. As I entered, I saw a pilgrim standing in the opposite corner, and praying. He was an old man, with a long beard, white as snow, and had a fine, noble, and serene countenance. He had no rosary, nor did he move his lips in prayer, or drop a tear ; no, he stood silently in the corner, leaning against the wall, his folded hands resting upon his

pilgrim staff, but his soul was with his God. This is prayer.

The rotunda, in the centre of which the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre stands, is surrounded by arches, through which we passed into the vestibule and church of the Roman Catholics — the Latins, as they are called here. It is confined, mean, and dark, because the Latins are not only destitute of the great riches of the Greeks and Armenian churches, but are in fact, very poor. There is a small adjoining building which is occupied by those of the Franciscan monks who have to perform alternately, but without intermission, the sacred functions of their office. It is said that above this apartment there are, or were Turkish stables; this seems indeed strange, unless we bear in mind that we are standing upon what was originally a very irregular hill, the cavet and summit of which have been skilfully united with the church into one whole.

This part of the building lies several feet lower than the Greek church, which adjoins the rotunda, and is splendidly and richly ornamented, kept up in a magnificent style, and is unquestionably the most imposing. It is likewise vaulted with a dome, and the choir is divided from the cave by a wooden latticed screen, most tastefully carved, and richly gilt. The usual frightful and overladen decoration of the Greek churches, of pictures, gilding, carved work, and adornings of purple silks is here in the highest degree tawdry and extravagant. It is sur-

rounded by a dark arcade, or cloister, in the niches of which are chapels, founded in remembrance of events connected with the crucifixion ; one of the scourging, and the other of the crowning with thorns ; another is called the prison of Christ where he awaited his last moments ; while in another, the soldiers are said to have cast lots for his vesture.

We then descended twenty-eight steps into the sombre, picturesque chapel of St. Helena, which belongs to the Armenians, and through this, thirteen steps lower down, to the cave where the cross was miraculously discovered, and which has also been converted into a chapel. On returning to the cloisters, we went a little further, and by means of a steep stair case, of twenty steps, we ascended to Golgatha, the place of a skull, where two altars have been erected. At the foot of Golgatha lies a slab of reddish marble, upon which our Lord is said to have been anointed when he was taken down from the cross. And here we were again at the large entrance gate.

When you have seen the spot, it is easy enough to picture to yourself the whole scene ; to the right Golgatha, to the left the declivity of the mountain, and the sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea in a garden. This has vanished, and Golgatha no longer retains its slope, but by means of mining and levelling has been converted into a mass of rock upon which the altars are placed, while, further back to the right, on the side opposite the tomb, is the cavern in which Helena discovered the cross. These are

the principal points; but there is also a chapel of the Syrian sect of the jacobites, close to that of the Latins; a very wretched one belonging to the poor Copts, which stands in the rotunda at the back of the wall of the most holy place, and consists of a sort of wooden box, not much larger than a confessional, and the door of which was fastened with a pack thread.

In the vaulted passage behind the Greek church there are several doors which lead to the buildings of the Greek convent, and to the cells of those priests and monks, who, like the Franciscans, have dedicated themselves to perpetual devotion. One door leads into their kitchens, for the Greeks who, by their numbers, wealth, and interest, have possession of the most important of the *Loca Sancta*, and have consequently the most power and influence, make themselves more comfortable here than the other bodies of Christians; indeed, they bake, and cook, and have a regular household in the church; while the Latins and Armenians must content themselves with having their meals brought to them from their respective convents.



Yes, my dear mother, now comes the fearfully dark side of the picture of this church. If you already find too many chapels, if you are fatigued with the multiplicity of altars, if you feel that the lofty columns distract the mind with too many minutiae, and that the accumulation of objects for the eye is not soothing for the soul, which longs for

some great overpowering impression, how sadly is the spirit depressed and wearied to hear at every step a declaration to whom the several churches, chapels, and altars, nay, even the individual archways belong; how many ever-burning lamps each denomination is entitled to light; where, and in what succession they read mass, what rights each claims in ecclesiastical functions; how they envy each other, and always fancy that they are overreached and supplanted by other persuasions; in what hatred, enmity, and strife they live. Then, alas! the heart may well be overwhelmed with sorrow.

I had already heard much on the subject and was partially prepared for it, but I had not expected to find it carried to such an extreme. All this hatred and quarrelling is in honour of Him who taught and bequeathed Love and Peace! We know not whether we shall say, "be not so foolish," or, "be not so wicked." There they live together on the most holy spot in all Christendom, day and night persevering in prayer—thirty Greek priests, fifteen Armenians, and twelve Franciscans, and the pious thoughts which they *ought* to have in common, inspire them with no feelings of brotherly love.

The Latins appear to me to be rather oppressed since the great fire in the church, in 1807. At that time the Greeks, by means of their riches, were at once ready to rebuild and repair it, by doing which they acquired a claim to the whole; not exclusively

indeed, but so far, that they are considered as the keepers; and thus the guardianship of the Holy Sepulchre, which belonged to the Latins, was transferred to the Greeks, who besides, likewise possess the largest church, the altar of the crucifixion at Golgatha and several subordinate places. The Latins must now be content with secondary altars and their own narrow gloomy church; no piece of ground on which a numerous population has settled can be more accurately distributed, more strictly bounded and more carefully turned to account than the church of the Holy Sepulchre.

My feelings gradually became colder and colder, so that I quietly turned to the historical interest, and considered the place more as a kind of holy museum. The kitchen where the Turkish doorkeepers prepare their coffee, and the niches of the Armenians, with their bed-pillows are highly offensive to me in a church. The sacred edifice has no pretension to architectural beauty: it wants unity, harmony, and internal connection; but, possessing a spiritual centre in the most holy place, it has notwithstanding, a powerful effect, and it is some time before we perceive on looking around that the soul, but not the eye, has been able to discover *that* centre as a point of repose. From this agglomeration of churches and chapels, which are united into one whole by means of passages, steps and staircases, you may  some idea how irregularly several parts must be  each other, and that it must have required

much architectural skill to combine them in their present order. •

The Basilica of the Emperor Constantine was destroyed by Cosroes, King of Persia, who conquered Jerusalem in the year 614; but the Byzantine Emperor Heraclises restored it fourteen years afterwards. The Caliph Omar who took the city in 639 spared the church, but the fanatic Caliph Hakem, of the family of the Egyptian Fatamites, again laid it waste in 1009, but subsequently gave permission to restore it; till at length, in the twelfth century, after the crusaders had founded the Latin kingdom in Jerusalem, it was built by these kings, nearly in its present form, and all the *loca sancta* for the first time united into • one church under the same roof. I say nearly in its present form, because it is stated that some changes were made on rebuilding it, after the great fire of 1807.

Thus then it is likewise venerable for its great antiquity, and interesting as a building of that transitory kingdom, which so decisively proves that courage, bravery, and short-lived enthusiasm suffice to gain conquests; but that wisdom and prudence are indispensable to retain them. The plain sarcophagi of the noble Godfrey of Bouillon, and of his brother and successor Baldwin the First, are placed in front of a small chapel. Though the plastic arts were employed in adorning the church, I was sorry not to find any productions of genius. Two alto relievos in marble, and two paintings are introduced into



the most holy place, but they certainly do not tend to adorn it; I have already spoken of the tawdry ornaments of the Greek church, and the Armenian church of St. Helena is still more gaudily dressed out, with golden tassels and ostrich eggs exactly like the mosques, and with glories of thin silver plate round the heads of the painted pictures of their saints.

On the church being opened for our admission, it was soon filled with visitors; many indeed might have been locked up in it with the priests of their respective religions, as it is a very prevalent custom for pious pilgrims to pass three days and nights, or twenty four hours, or at least one night, within its precincts. It was delightful to observe the devout manner in which each, without taking notice of another, hastened to the place of his devotions. Here the poor Copt, wrapped from head to foot in his dark blue mantle, stood like a melancholy shadow before his miserable oratory; and there knelt the black Abyssinian, and kissed the stone on which the sacred corpse had been anointed: soldiers of the Albanian corps in their fantastic dress performed their genuflexions before the altar of Golgatha, and Russians, with their sheep skins and cropped heads, eagerly pressed forward with astonishment into the splendid Greek church; while women with large handkerchiefs over their heads, and pilgrims from Greece, and the south of Russia hastened to the most holy place which, as it can admit only a few persons at a time, is always surrounded by different

groups. Greek and Armenian priests in their black, mortar-shaped head-dresses, and Franciscan monks, barefooted and girded with a cord, wandered about among the crowd. There were also several travellers and visitors who, like ourselves, were semi-pilgrims, if I may use the designation, for we are not overburthened with the genuine spirit of the pilgrim, but have some liberty of thought for investigation and observation.

The effect of the whole was most imposing, and my inmost soul was deeply moved. I was standing in the oratory of a world, whose inhabitants were crowding around their altars. In this immense community individual dissonances and severities are dissolved. The limits drawn by the different persuasions disappear, before that spirit which soars above all limit; even the secular occupations, the Turkish doorkeeper with his pipe and coffee, the sleeping cells, and the kitchen, merged from their dark shadows into milder twilight. Thus we ever see that the base things of the world serve only as a foil to those that are holy.

I shall often repair to the church of the Holy Sepulchre; but I was anxious to give you some account of my first visit, since the first impression is always the deepest; when once you are acquainted with a locality, you become accustomed to one thing and criticize another, and, in every case, the page of the mind upon which the second impression falls is no longer blank, because the first is already

inscribed thereon. You must not imagine that I shall keep vigils here ; I know pretty well how much mind and body can bear, and they are certainly not equal to a night spent here in holy contemplations. I shall therefore defer my visit till the wakeful, energetic hour of morning ! Roman Catholic women have their places assigned to them for the night, by the side of the organ of the Latins, the only one in the church, and even Protestant women can be accommodated there ; indeed the Latins receive all the strangers with the greatest liberality, I mean liberality of sentiment, for their convent is not nearly so large, nor so well arranged as that on Mount Carmel, because the Terra Santa is impoverished, and this, as the Mother Convent, is obliged to support all the rest. However, it does what it can.

Our arrival was rather inopportune, for the Casa Nova was occupied not only by travellers, but also by the chancelry of the French Consul. The school is generally kept in two small dwellings in the town, which, however, the Consul has also taken possession of, till his own residence shall be prepared ; and the children are therefore instructed in some confined buildings attached to the convent. The Internuncio, not satisfied with giving me a letter of introduction, had likewise sent a written communication from Constantinople, so that the monks were really in some little perplexity. They, however, received me with the greatest readiness, and immediately caused an apart-

ment to be arranged for me. As no shelter could be obtained till it was prepared, they took us across the street into a sort of vestibule belonging to the church where we were regaled with coffee, comfits, and lemonade. Father Jean Battista who had journeyed with us from Smyrna to Beyrout here favoured us with his company, with several other monks. The Prussian Consul, whom we met under the gate, and to whom we had also brought letters of introduction, likewise joined our circle.

I cannot tell you what an agreeable impression it made upon me, to be thus received, though a perfect stranger, for love and not for money. It is true that in the hotels of Genoa, Naples, and Paris, I have been accustomed to fare very differently; but if there is any thing in the world of which one gets tired, it is the desolate luxuries of an hotel, to which every one contributes his mite. To-day however, I have quitted my little subterraneous chamber, for the French Baron and his lady have left the convent, and I have taken possession of their spacious apartment, which opens upon a terrace. Giorgio is again installed as cook, so that I hope time will not hang heavy upon his hands, and that we shall not give the good monks much extra trouble.

## LETTER XXX.

TO THE COUNTESS SCHÖNBERG-WECKSELBURG.

The Via Dolorosa—Gethsemene—The Mount of Olives—  
Bethany—The Mosque Sakhara.

Jerusalem, November 1st, 1843.

MY dearest Emy, "Via crucis, via lucis," is an ancient proverb which custom has inscribed over the cells of many convents; and truly the path of the cross ever leads to light, which, if not always visible to the world, is certainly manifested within. Christ has trodden the path before us, yet with this difference: the life which he led was a divine life, and his death a cruel and unjust death; while our life is full of sin, and our death its due desert. Of any comparison or similarity of measurement there can, therefore, be no question; yet, if we could not follow him in his path of sorrows, if we could not have fellowship with him, at least in isolated moments of his grief, we should regard him with indifference. The eye gazes around with a cold and inquiring look, till the soul secretly reveals what it in truth sees, and then it appreciates objects as they deserve.

The Via Dolorosa, the way which our Lord trod, bearing his cross from the judgment-hall to Golgotha, we trod to-day. But I am sorry to say we reversed the direction in which Christ was led, for we set out from the church of the Holy Sepulchre, went through the Gate of Judgment, passed the ruins of the old wall

which then encircled the city, to St. Stephen's Gate. All the different places of the passion which have been represented a thousand times, nay, measured out with line and plummet, and memorialised with images and pictures, so that they are well known to Christian Europe, were pointed out to us, with the greatest exactitude.

At the Gate of St. Stephen's, a declivity of Mount Moriah descends perpendicularly to the brook Kidron, and on the other side rises the Mount of Olives, so that it is divided from the city rather by a ravine than a valley. The character of the landscape is everywhere the same; solemn even to severity. The houses, the walls, the piles of rubbish, Mount Moriah, the bed of the Kidron, the Mount of Olives, and even the soil—all is of one and the self-same yellowish grey-stone; not a drop of water flows in the brook Kidron, not a blade of grass enlivens the boulders which, far and wide, cover the heights and the valleys. Only a few scattered olive trees, whose silvery grey foliage is in perfect harmony with the colouring of the landscape, seem to moan amid the graves of the Turks on the declivity of Mount Moriah, and those of the Jews on the Mount of Olives; desolation and the grave seem inscribed on all around: nothing is to be seen but graves, caves, tombs, monuments, and grave-stones. "Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Thou that stonest the prophets," came to my mind. For the prophets, the woman taken

in adultery; nay, even for the Saviour himself, the Jews had always an odious stone at hand.

A bridge is thrown across the brook Kidron, whence the road leads to a spot where eight primæval olive trees are standing, and which is said to be the Garden of Gethsemene. Here Christ encountered his last conflict. Once in the wilderness, before he entered the battle-field of the world he triumphed over temptation and he who could do this could triumph over fear. It was the same temptation, under different disguises, which was always presented to him, namely, to change his heavenly for an earthly dignity.

Christ might have been an earthly king; his disciples, his hearers, nay, the whole multitude, were ready joyfully to acknowledge him as such; they wanted only a word, a look, and they could not comprehend that it was not to be so; man always desires to draw from spiritual advancement a material benefit, and, blessed with heavenly revelation, he yet wants to build earthly tabernacles. And ah! how often are they annihilated by divine wisdom! Christ with his own hand destroyed his earthly palaces and thrones, and said to Pilate: "I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world that I might bear witness to the Truth." Here he spoke as God; but in Gethsemene, how mournfully he speaks as man; "Simon, sleepest thou?"

Pardon me, dear friend! I am writing of events

which you can read, in all their fulness, in the words of the four Evangelists; yet it is impossible not to do so here! You see the spots of which you have read so often, and you naturally associate the words with them. I have always had peculiar love for the garden of Gethsemene, because Christ was here so completely overcome with grief, and weighed down with anguish, and yet raised himself up again. I looked with interest at the old hoary olive trees, pondering whether they might be the same as those which then stood here. Their mighty trunks are quite hollow, and the cavities filled with stones, to enable them to resist the wind.

I dearly like the olive tree, it is an emblem of love, for it sacrifices itself, it consumes its wood and its marrow, and retains nothing but its bark to impart nourishment to its fruits; it might be made the symbol of maternal love. It lives to an immense age; and yet, after all, are eighteen hundred years an immense age? These trees seem to me like the history of our own times; they have lived from primæval ages, and, while generations have arisen and passed away, they have undergone no essential change, and nature around them has remained the same. This to me is the main point; and therefore I must confess, that the minute precision with which the monkish legends assign to every place, some action or word of Christ fatigues me excessively, and fails of making an impression. Here he is said to have



wept over Jerusalem, there to have prayed, while on another spot the disciples are said to have fallen asleep. This is too much! It may, indeed, have been so, but thought should be permitted to retire within herself, that she may ponder and meditate, and form her own unbiassed conclusions.

We ascended the Mount of Olives, to the spot which is honoured as that of our Lord's Ascension; it is covered with a plain chapel, surrounded by a large, circular, brick wall, the gates of which are locked and guarded by Turks. An Armenian church, dedicated to St. Pelagia, formerly stood here; but it has fallen into ruins since the Grecks obtained the upper hand. A small mosque, likewise much dilapidated, stands close to it, and beyond are some miserable dwellings.

We mounted to the top of the minaret, where we had a most splendid prospect over the city, and a panoramic picture of the whole surrounding country. From this point the view of Jerusalem is extremely striking—it rises so royally, so majestically, that I know of no city in the world to compare to it. My astonishment was the greater, because as we had approached the mountain from the west, we at first saw only its flat side.

The mount of Olives is situated due east, and from this place Jerusalem is seen lying on Mount Moriah environed with walls and towers, proudly looking down upon Kidron. The holy city! Holy for thousands of centuries—to the most diverse religions

and their adherents. To the Israelites it is holy, as the city of the ancient covenant, as the Temple of Jehovah, and as their lost, their ever beloved, and ever-lamented possession, which shall again become their earthly home, and where, in the valley of Jehosophat, the resurrection of the dead will take place. To the Mahometans it is holy in so exalted a degree, that they have no other name for it than *el-Kuhds*, the Holy; for here, upon Mount Moriah, where once stood the temple of Solomon, and now the splendid mosque of Omar or Sakhara, they believe that Mahomet ascended into heaven; that here he will one day judge the dead, and that the dreaded bridge *el Sirat*, the bridge of trial of the clean and unclean, will be stretched not wider than a hair's breadth, across from Mount Moriah to the Mount of Olives, over the defile of Kidron.

To the Christians, Jerusalem is holy, but alas! alas! in about the same manner as the garments of Christ were to the soldiers; each wants to have a part. I assure you I rejoice sincerely that not one of the Protestant churches has the slightest influence here, because thus, from their side at least, no dispute can arise; and I rejoice still more that the Turk is ruler, for were it otherwise, I believe that death, murder, and martyrdom, at all events, persecution and excommunication would inevitably ensue.

Here it is impossible to divest oneself of melancholy. Standing upon this high eminence and

looking around, we behold, in defiance of her former grandeur, the destroyed, desolated, plundered, and humiliated city, which has suffered tribulation such as has befallen none other in the history of the world, and which, whenever it has attempted to rise from its ruins, has always been overthrown afresh.

Opposite lies Golgotha, with truth emanating from the cross, which now as formerly, men care not to understand, because they find it more convenient and more pleasant to lead a life of ease and complacency, than one of struggle and self-denial. Therefore now as then they ask with Pilate: "What is truth?" It is that from the cross. Man must take up the cross and bear it—not coldly and insensibly—not suffering himself to be overwhelmed and crushed—not vaunting himself, nor lamenting under the burden—not regarding it as a chain, but as a file which severs the fetters of his mind and of his soul—not deploring himself as an object of special wrath, nor boasting himself as an object of special mercy. I know not whether men become so confused, or whether are they so by nature, that they are thus slow to apprehend the most simple truths!

Here in the foreground is Moriah, the Mount of Promise, which in general is little thought of because Mount Sion and Golgotha are so close to it; but in which I find something unspeakably touching, because here Abraham, obedient to the command, was ready to offer up his son, his only son—the child of promise! As they were going up towards

the mountain, the son timidly asked "My father, where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" "My son, God will provide himself a lamb;" and God was gracious. He does not always require the sacrifice of our most beloved; not, when like Abraham, we have not made an idol of it: but if we have,—then indeed!—

All we here see, all we call to mind or think upon, is quite overpowering, because it reveals the deepest recesses, the most innate feelings of the soul: because it unfolds in living images the destination and the call of man, and, admonishing and encouraging, knocks at the heart of every child of Adam. Hence I feel myself more closely attracted to these scenes than to any other; but they are so inexpressibly solemn, that the soul may well be sad.

Now, looking beyond the city over the country, I beheld hills piled upon hills, like shattered rocks, irregular rather than sublime, reminding me of destruction, rather than of creation. And these hills are perforated with grottos, which have been converted into sepulchral chambers—an undermined existence. It is not the transitoriness of terrestrial things,—not the fleetness of man's life that moves me, not death; for that releaser and deliverer from untold trials smiles upon me; no! the death's head grins at me in ghastly, unembellished nakedness! In the west extend the mountains of Judea, and their ramifications bound the horizon in the south

towards Hebron, and in the north towards Samaria. All, both far and near partake of the same monotonous hue, as if its head were bestrewed with ashes.

Only in the east towards the valley of Jordan, above clefts in the barren rocks, or rather at their feet, are blue spots and streaks, glistening as though they had fallen from heaven, the Dead Sea; and on its further side, a long far-stretched mountain chain, not striking in its formation, but enlivened by the reflection and the atmosphere of the water stands Mount Pisgah.

Here the eye reposes: here it again beholds that enlivening, that refreshing element, water. It is, indeed, called the Dead Sea, but compared with all that is around it seems a thing of life and motion, and the little spots gleamed like sapphires, so that I could fancy I saw the gentle waves rippling on the sea; and yet it was said to be twenty miles distant, in a direct line. From Nebo, on Mount Pisgah, in the country beyond Jordan, Moses looked towards Canaan with weary, mournful, longing eyes, ready to lie down in the lonely, unknown grave, where his people were not even to pay him the last honours. Other mountains, Moriah and Sion, are devoted to the memory of later generations; where Nebo was, none can tell; but the whole mountain chain appeared to me as a pedestal for the commanding form, beaming for thousands of years with undiminished splendour, of the aged, the mighty Moses, who was

at once, in superhuman proportions, the prophet, the law giver, the historian, and the poet of his people.

We proceeded further along the ridge of the Mount of Olives, and lingered at several spots which afforded a more open and beautiful view of the Dead Sea, and the transjordan mountains; but Jerusalem was no longer seen to the same advantage, and we then descended the declivity to Bethany. The road thither partakes of the cavernous character of the country, and lies through hollows, the sloping sides of which were enlivened here and there with plantations of almonds, figs, and apricot trees, a truly reviving sight! which filled my heart with joy; but it was very transient, for though there are gardens at Bethany, my pleasure vanished on our arrival there, because here again improbabilities were forced upon us.

Among other legendary places of interest, our guide pointed out a building on the top of a rock, which he called *il castello di Lazaro*. Can you possibly fancy Martha, and Mary, and their brother Lazarus, the inmates of a palace! Is it not much more probable that they lived in a small unobtrusive dwelling, where Martha had to use much personal exertion to receive her honoured master with due respect. But this is the way of the world, it always decorates its heroes with some paltry piece of earthly pomp.

With regard to the site of the tomb of Lazarus, I could see no objection: here, where nothing but

tombs are to be seen ; but I am convinced that the people think of all sorts of places which have the remotest possibility of being applicable, and thither they drag the stranger in order to obtain some trifling pecuniary remuneration. Thus it is everywhere ; but here it is annoying to a painful degree. The idlers incessantly tormented us, or rather our Cicerone, to visit the place where Christ mounted the ass on his entrance into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, and the Cicerone, true to his trade, of course assured us that it lay in our way. Half the population of Bethany, and all the children accompanied us to a place which was quite in the opposite direction, consequently the most unlikely to be correct ; and here they all called out for a bakshish. I was as much inclined to laugh as to scold. After a short stay at Bethany we returned to Jerusalem, along the foot of the Mount of Olives.

One of the most striking and magnificent buildings of the city, is the great Mosque Omar, or Sakhara, at the back of which is the smaller one of El Aksa, both situated on Mount Moriah, on the site of the ancient temple of Solomon. No Christian is suffered to approach it, not even to cross the threshold of the outer courts ! If he were discovered there, he must either suffer death, or embrace Islamism. The Mahometans attach such a sacred influence to the Sakhara, that they believe that every prayer offered up within its walls will be fulfilled, and they are fearful lest Christians or Jews

might there pray for the possession of Jerusalem; and hence arises their blind jealousy.

We obtained the nearest possible view of the Sakhara, for we saw it from the terrace of the Pacha's house, which joins the outer court area of the mosque. It is far grander than any other mosque, and has all the appearance of a noble and magnificent temple. The area is merely an open space surrounded by the private houses and buildings belonging to the mosque, such as schools, kitchens for the poor, and baths, which open into the bazar and different streets.

The inner court is a quadrangular platform raised twelve or fourteen feet above the area, and is ascended by several beautiful flights of steps, at the top of which are triumphal gates, the arches of which are borne aloft by two, and in some instances by three columns. In the centre of this platform, which is paved with marble, rises the octangular temple from a basement story, and is surmounted by a splendid dome, over which the golden crescent towers in simple grandeur.

The whole edifice seems one mass of lofty, stained-glass windows, which impart a lightness and elegance that I have never seen in any other mosque. A glimmering hue of green, the sacred colour of the prophet's standard, is thrown lightly over the whole building. There are no minarets, nor does the Sakhara require them; in other mosques they are indispensably necessary to compensate for their



want of lightness ; just as is the case with our heavy churches, where the light spire, rising gracefully aloft, indicates beautifully the soaring and aspiring of man's thoughts to Heaven. But the entire building of the Sakhara rises above the earth with such freedom and lightness that it needs no minarets. Whether seen close by from the terrace, or at a distance, from the Mount of Olives, it looks equally beautiful and noble, and incomparably surpasses any other building I have ever seen.

The Crusaders erected a church on Mount Moriah, where the Caliph Omar had before built a mosque, which the sultan Saladin afterwards caused to be restored. Perhaps the aged Omar, as leader of the victorious Arabs, thought nothing equal to his tent, for the mosque looks just like a tent,—like the tent of a triumphant king. But so far as I know, the Sakhara cannot boast of a regular style of architecture.

## LETTER XXXI.

TO MY SISTER.

Jerusalem and the Jews—Enlargement of the City—The Cœnaculum—Dwellings of the Lepers—The Jews' Palace of Wailing—Site of the Holy Sepulchre—Stillness of the Night.

Jerusalem, Nov. 5, 1843.

“GET thee out of thy country and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee.” With these majestic words commences the history of the children of Israel. All the other descendants of Noah were scattered over the world, and whether God spoke to them or not, we know not; for we have no revelation upon the subject.

But the Israelites were distinguished by having a revelation, and they have never forgotten that God was their leader. They were a stiff-necked, arrogant and obstinate people, and though, alas! this distinction did not restrain them from wandering after false gods, it always led them back to the worship of Jehovah, and enabled them to endure the greatest affliction with astonishing patience. The words I have quoted, dearest Clara, summoned Abraham, who, with his Father Terah had come to Haran, from Ur of the Chaldees into the land of Canaan. Abraham dwelt in Sichem, and afterwards removed his tent to the plains of Mamre, in Hebron.

The ancient Patriarchal mode of life as described in the Bible, may be most readily conceived in this country. The habits of the people are so simple and their wants so few, that they journey on exactly in the same way, and up to the same point, to which their fathers journeyed ; so that the lapse of time has had but little influence upon them. A mighty impulse which suddenly throws man off the ancient course, usually prepares his independent development. I do not believe that man thereby becomes better and happier ; for, what he gains in intelligence, he loses in energy ; but it is certain that mankind thus acquires manifold improvements, and this is undoubtedly an advance towards something better. This appears to me to be the destination of the western world, which does homage to the principle of movement, and, perhaps, because through violent convulsive movements from east to west,—such as the emigration of nations, the introduction of christianity, the influence of the Arabs, the combats with the Turks—it has received the impulses which it needed, and by which it has been trained.

The Oriental is more faithful to the principle of stability. He may perhaps sometimes take a leap, he may for awhile arouse himself for action, and then he performs something extraordinary ; but he soon relaxes and settles down at nearly the same point at which he started. It is true that the development of the Arabs proceeded for some centuries ; but we must remember that it was ~~only~~ in a country of the

West, in Spain and its immediate neighbourhood, and in contact with the Goths, the noblest race of the West.

In the whole of the East it was brilliant and transitory as a rocket, which soars to heaven and falls dead and extinguished to the earth. The cause of this, it is not easy to divine. Is it Christianity? This can scarcely be affirmed, for eastern nations, the Syrians and the Egyptians were Christians, and are partly so to this day, without having ever ventured one step into the region which we call that of movement, of progress, and of development.

The Orientals strictly adhere to their old habits, like the Israelites, the Turks, and above all the Chinese; each perseveres in his own way. Thus the meeting of Abraham's servant with Rebecca at the well, is a scene that may be witnessed here every evening; camels reposing at the well without the town, the women with their pitchers upon their shoulders, letting them down and giving the men a drink of water, while they are conversing with them; the silver armlets too, which they wear, the different implements of primitive simplicity, the form of the amphora, the lamps, the club-like shepherd's crooks, the slings with which the children play, and with which David slew Goliath, the pits in the field where his brethren let down Joseph, the caves in which the hunted David and the prophets of later times took refuge, and where even now the shepherds take shelter in stormy weather; all this you find precisely

as described in the Scriptures, thousands of years ago, while we, in Europe, have but a very indistinct representation of what concerned our forefathers as many centuries ago.

Their nomadic life led forth many of the generations of Israel, when brethren and relations parted, and the one settled here and the other there. The departure of the children of Israel into Egypt is connected with this and it was not till four hundred and seventy years after, that they returned to Canaan under Joshua, and in many wars and engagements had conquered the lands from their heathen possessors, that each of the twelve tribes obtained his own appointed inheritance by lot.

During the first centuries they were not under a secular chief, properly so called, but under judges, men raised up by God when even the people were threatened by danger, and through whose instrumentality they were saved. The mighty Gideon, the unhappy Jephtha, who sacrificed his daughter for a victory, the powerful Samson, and the heroic Deborah, a mother in Israel, were judges, whom the people obeyed and followed so long only, however, as they felt that they had need of them ; for they were always a stiff-necked generation. Through a period of four hundred and fifty years they gradually advanced to that point at which nations, consolidated at home, acquire power and consideration abroad, and this under the constant guidance of their temporal leaders.

But among the Israelites this guidance was always

subject to the control of the Divine power, for in fact Jehovah was their king, who spoke to them through his inspired prophets. But Israel undervalued the privilege of a Theocracy, and Samuel, the last of the judges, was therefore permitted to anoint Saul as their king, and of his successors David and Solomon, it is difficult to say whether they filled the kingly or the priestly office with the greatest dignity: but with the reign of Rehoboam, came divisions which led to the separation of the twelve tribes, and the disruption of the kingdom of Israel from that of Judah. Their speedy apostacy from God led to internal weakness and dissension; and calamities, and denunciations by the prophets, and great, and terrible judgments from Jehovah, fell as a consequence upon the rebellious people.

Senecherib, king of Assyria, besieged Jerusalem, and would have destroyed it had not king Hezekiah and Isaiah, the prophet cried mightily unto the Lord, and the suspended cloud was for this time withheld from discharging itself over Jerusalem. But it fell with twofold severity in the year 588, B.C. when the kings and their people refused to hearken to the voice of Jeremiah, and continued to follow after the abominations of the heathens, till the anger of the Lord was kindled against them, and Nebuchadnezzar came and destroyed Jerusalem to its very foundation, and carried away captive king Zedekiah and the remnant of the people of Judah to Babylon. There they

remained seventy years, till the Persians conquered the ancient kingdom of the Chaldeans, and Cyrus gave permission to the Jews to return to Jerusalem, but retained a species of supremacy over them.

Under Nehemiah, one of the last prophets of the Old Testament, they returned home and rebuilt the city and temple from their foundations. But their liberty had vanished; they followed, as a dependent member, the fortunes of the world, and fell into the hands of those who governed it. Alexander extended his sceptre over them, and his successors, the Ptolomies, and the ambitious Selucidæ, one of whom, Antiochus Epiphanes, conquered and desolated Jerusalem, put down the ancient worship of Jehovah, and instituted in its place that of the heathen divinities, 175 B.C. The Asmoncans, the Priest Mattathias and his five sons withstood him, animated the people to battle, and reconquered Jerusalem 171 B.C. mainly by the patriotic heroism of one of the sons, named Judas, who was surnamed Maccabeus, the conqueror in the Lord, and his whole family was so called after him. They governed the liberated country as royal priests, but the decline of nations and states, as well as that of individuals never arises from external causes; if they are inwardly unsound, it needs but a slight shock, and they fall to pieces.

In the year B.C. 69, Hyrcanus and his brother Aristobulus fell out together; and the weak-minded Hyrcanus fled for protection to Rome

when the republic was at its last gasp, and endeavoured to conceal its decline by trophies of victory. Pompey embraced the cause of Hyrcanus, and returned with him to Palestine, subjected to the Romans, B. C. 64, and left Hyrcanus under the rule of Antipater, to govern with the semblance of royalty. Herod, the son of Antipater, was surnamed the Great, like many other rulers to whom the title of the Violent would have better applied.

By means of bribery and subtilty, Herod prevailed upon Antony and Octavius to make him king of Judea, B.C. 40. He was avaricious and fond of splendour, a servant to the Romans, a monster in his own house, and the tyrant of his people. He caused his brother-in-law to be put death—yea, his own sons, and even his wife, the last remaining member of the Asmonian family, the incomparably beautiful, and high-minded Mirianne.

About a year before his awful death, our blessed Lord was born, and Herod added to his many other sins, that of the murder of the Innocents at Bethlehem. His sons, Herod Antipas, and Philip, divided the land, while the Romans continued to have a Procurator in Judea, in order that this refractory people might not manifest a spirit of resistance, or make any attempt to return to their former position. Herod Antipas caused John the Baptist to be beheaded, on account of Herodias, his brother Philip's wife, and Pilate the Procurator gave commandment that Christ should be crucified. The Jews



turned a deaf ear to their Prophets, and would not receive their message because they expected a temporal Messiah. Nothing more was to be done for them. They were oppressed under two kings, Herod Agrippa I., and Agrippa II., together with whom the Roman Governors Felix and Festus, mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, contributed to reduce them to the deepest misery.

For the space of sixty-six years after the birth of Christ, the Jewish nation bore the Roman yoke, when the Syrians, moved with envy, bribed Gessius Florus, the governor, to deprive the Jews of their rights as Roman citizens which led to the breaking out of an insurrection with all its attendant horrors of party dissension, murder, fire, and desolation.

Vespasian, who was at that time commander-in-chief of the Roman forces, proceeded against Palestine, and took Josephus, one of the Jewish ring-leaders, prisoner, and as he was compelled to remain with the Roman army, he was subsequently an eye-witness of the siege and destruction of Jerusalem, of which, together with the previous afflictions of that devoted city, he afterwards wrote his well-known, energetic history. Vespasian being raised to the Imperial dignity, his son Titus came in his stead and besieged Jerusalem, which was lacerated by internal dissensions, famine and sickness, from the 14th of April to the 1st of July, A.D. 71, when it fell into his hands, and not one stone was left upon another. During the siege not less than 1,100,000

Jews perished in Jerusalem, 97,000 were led away captives, and 30 were sold for one denarius! Palestine was subjugated, and constituted a Roman province, which upon the division of the Empire, A.D. 395, fell to the Byzantine Emperors.

Constantine and his mother, the Empress Helena, invested Jerusalem with a glory, in which the Jews neither had nor cared for a portion; they wandered in voluntary and compulsory exile, dispersed throughout the world. But Jerusalem had not yet reached the close of her suffering; she was to raise herself repeatedly from the dust, always to be humiliated anew. The Emperor Justinian, transferred to it a patriarchate, A.D. 553, and Jerusalem was now one of the places where the highest dignity of the Christian Church seemed to be established, chiefly for the purpose of exercising a species of inquisition. The fruitful dissensions between the Orthodox and the Heretics, who sometimes combated, not only with bitter words, but with clubs and fists, and which always led to the subjugation of one of the parties, were not silenced till the flaming sword of Islamism extended itself over the East.

After a siege of four months Omar conquered Jerusalem, in 636, and was afterwards murdered there. The reciprocal oppressions of the Christians was now visited upon them all, without exception, by the iron yoke of the Mahometans; as if Providence intended to teach them, by melancholy, personal experience, the unspeakable odiousness of persecutions

and religious intolerance. Whenever the dynasty of the caliphs passed into another family, their rulers in Jerusalem changed with them, and this was always accompanied by the whole train of miseries and oppression peculiar to civil wars, which fell with great severity upon the people.

The Egyptian Fatimas, in the year 1098, had taken Jerusalem from the conquering Seleucidæ who had held it in possession fourteen years, when the crusades against Islamism began to be agitated. The Christians of the West stood up as one man for the deliverance of their heavily oppressed brethren in the East, and for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Infidels.

That enthusiastic minds fanaticise the multitude, that the ambitious abuse them while they are in a state of excitement, that great minds in isolated moments inspire the vacillating chaotic masses with their spirit, and thus carry them along with them to the goal; that the selfish fling them back to a still greater distance from it than they were: these are every day events, and the crusades have never appeared remarkable to me, because this was precisely the case with them; but that they should have constituted the spirit of the age for a century and a half is very striking.

By the spirit of the age, I mean that idea which pervades an epoch, and likewise the atmosphere in which mankind live in this epoch; for material and social circumstances act so essentially upon it, that

they gradually prepare the idea which ripens, expands, and makes way for itself. The masses are never penetrated with an idea as with a flash of lightning; whoever maintains this, means only to flatter them, by representing them as inspired; or he deceives himself. The spirit of the age passes through a regular course of development from the cradle, through manhood to the grave.

In France, for instance, the last century, through a succession of social conditions, words, and writings, reared the revolutionary spirit of the age, till it became a youth, whose mighty energies, when arrived at manhood, called forth the first days of the revolution, and who is now expiring in the idiotcy of age. Do you understand, dear Clara, what I mean by the spirit of the age?

I now devote much time to the study of the Bible, and find in it numerous subjects of deep interest, which I had never observed before; among others a passage in the second chapter of Genesis, where God brings every living creature unto Adam to see what he would call them; and we are told that whatever was the name or character thereof, that Adam called every living creature. This talent of naming every thing according to its true character, instead of being gradually perfected through our enlarged knowledge, is now almost totally lost. A Babel confusion of tongues prevails. Nothing is named according to its true nature; hence one person cannot comprehend the appella-

tion given by another, or he misunderstands it, and consequently arises such a fearful playing with words that ideas suffer by it.

Ask a philosopher to explain to you what he means by a glass of water, and his answer will sound as if it were the ocean. This makes me so tenacious of the explicitness of my expressions, and I endeavour to explain them from their innate properties when they seem to be deficient in perspicuity, or when there is danger that the words might be taken for an indefinite or vulgar expression. I am anxious that no doubt may exist that things of which I speak are, in my estimation, such as I call them; to this you may indeed object, "but in my estimation they are different." Very well, dear Clara, from this answer I see that you have understood my meaning, and thus my object is gained.

The idea of the Crusades originated in the eleventh century, from the melancholy relations of the returning pilgrims, and from the complaints and petitions for aid and protection, which the Oriental christians, as far as lay in their power, sent to those in the West, and chiefly to the Pope at Rome. The human race had still the faults and the advantages of youth; it was full of strong passions and thirst of action; two tendencies which powerfully contributed to form the faith, as it was designated by the church.

The desire of action suffered no speculations to arise; the passions opened an abyss of imperfec-

tions, or rather of vices, such as injustice, violence, cruelty, and unresisting obedience to the impulse of the moment, which manifested themselves in anger, lust, and intoxication, into which man recklessly plunged, and then blindly hoped to atone for his crimes by corporeal sufferings, by penance in person and property, and thus vainly endeavoured to make his peace with heaven.

Even faith participated in the gross spirit of the age. No enthusiasm was felt for the spirit of Christ, such as he inculcated in his doctrine; that age did not believe in the eternal redemption from sin and spiritual bondage, which our Lord promises to those who abide in Him; but its faith was carnal, and it rested altogether in a corporeal tangible sense—in Christ's body, Christ's blood, Christ's wounds, as the procuring cause of redemption. Hence the men of that age wept over his sufferings; hence they extolled his death above his life and doctrine; hence all eyes were turned with grief and indignation to the holy sepulchre, sacrilegiously profaned by the infidels; and hence when, in the latter part of the century, a cry arose, "deliver it," the sound was re-echoed throughout the length and breadth of Europe.

On the 15th of July 1099 the crusaders, under the command of many princes and nobles, with Godfrey of Bouillon at their head, conquered Jerusalem. The kingdom of the Latins was at once founded, with great pomp and magnificence, and for

the defence, enlargement, security, and ultimately for its reconquest, one crusade after another was made to the Holy Land.

The imperiousness of the popes, the ambition of the princes, the chivalry of the knights; the rapacity of adventurers; the variety of conflicting, and yet congenial interests, and the mass of weaknesses and energies, which could find no employment in Europe, all these cherished the spirit of the crusades, while they again excited interest by their successes, and sympathy by their failures. Yet something inexplicable is attached to the crusades; the magic influence which they had upon women and children.

Though we might account for it in the former by the ardour of their enthusiasm, their yearning affections, and deep consciousness of sin, yet the same reason will not apply to the children, who knew nothing of the pleasures or pains of life, but who nevertheless formed a distinct body, which did not unite with any other, undertook the pilgrimage alone, and of course perished on the way.

All this did not avail the Latin kingdom; it decayed, as a tree which is planted at the wrong season in an uncongenial soil. The numerous petty principalities, counties, and lordships which the crusaders founded on the same footing as those in Europe, were directly opposed to that unity which existing circumstances imperatively demanded. The Mahometans with their immense armies, and under the sway of despotic sovereigns, who tolerated

neither objections nor interference from those around them, had in fact an easy game to play.

After Jerusalem had been conquered by Saladin, it twice fell into the hands of the Latins, but though the Emperor Frederick II. was crowned in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, the regal dignity of Jerusalem was only a title which yielded its wearer more reproach than honour.

From the year 1244 the city, and from 1291 all Syria and Palestine belonged to the Egyptian sultans, and Jerusalem lay prostrate in sackcloth and ashes. But no earthly power was to arise, no great and mighty ruler was to follow his career of conquest, without laying his hand upon the devoted city. The Ottomans, in the full splendour of their victories, turned from the Danube to the Nile, and Jerusalem with Syria and Egypt fell into the possession of Sultan Selim I. Since that time it has not suffered any siege, for Napoleon remained on the coast of Syria.

Jerusalem has all the appearance of a fortress; the walls and gates, built by Sultan Soliman the Magnificent, in 1534, in a manner suitable to the wants and extent of the city, are still standing. They are in much better preservation than those of Damascus and Constantinople, and indeed of the public buildings in general. Yet Jerusalem, in comparison with those cities, is a small place; it is said to have at most 20,000 inhabitants; but this cannot be known with any degree of certainty,



because the census of the population is made as carelessly as possible throughout the whole of the Turkish empire, on account of the levying of recruits.

The inhabitants state their number lower than it really is, while the government on the contrary estimates it higher. Here in Jerusalem, where there are so many Christians, this reason does not of course obtain to the same extent; but nobody cares about the exact amount of the population. It is stated indeed in round numbers at one thousand Roman Catholics, three thousand Greeks, four thousand Armenians, as many Jews, and eight thousand Mahometans; perhaps the relative proportion is pretty nearly correct, though the numbers may differ.

The extent of the city is calculated for a greater number of inhabitants—for whole tracts are covered with heaps of rubbish, while others are deserted, and the walls and cisterns ruined and broken. There are some places which find no counterpart in the world—and such are the dwellings of the lepers. Close to David's gate, within the wall, there are a number of huts resembling dog-kennels—not only in appearance, but in discomfort, these are their homes. Here these miserable beings live shut out from the world, and have communion with none but objects like themselves, for they are avoided and repulsed by all others; they subsist by charity and begging, in a condition which might be called

brutish, if it were not a thousand times more lamentable. There they live, and yet they do not feel themselves too wretched to give birth to unfortunate beings who are born to a similar miserable fate. Sometimes the deplorable disorder accords to them a healthy childhood and does not manifest itself till the age of adolescence ; but, in such society and with such a prospect what avails the health of the child ?

By the side of the Zakhara mosque nearest the city, is a long passage paved with hewn stone. This passage lies between high walls, in one of which there are enormous blocks, bevelled round the edges in the Roman style and are therefore, probably, of the time of Adrian, who caused many buildings to be created in Jerusalem. This is the Jew's place of wailing, and hither, on Mount Moriah, near the site of Solomon's temple, the Jews resort every Tuesday to bewail and lament, in mournful songs, the fall of Jerusalem, and their own unhappy fate ; a permission which they were obliged to purchase from the caliph Omar. Here they sit, as their forefathers sat some thousand years ago by the waters of Babylon, with the same sufferings and the same feelings, longing for the fulfilment of the divine promises, and yet incapable of comprehending them when they draw near their fulfilment.

In the vicinity of David's gate, close to a mosque which was formerly a Latin convent, is the cœnaculum, the interior of which is a large chamber divided by two heavy pillars into three portions.

Here it is said that Christ instituted the Lord's supper, and that the Holy Ghost subsequently descended upon the assembled disciples. This apartment does not appear to belong either to the times of the Saracens, or to the middle ages, but it is unquestionably not so ancient as the days of Christ. While, however, I am inclined to question the authenticity of the cœnaculum, I am convinced, notwithstanding Robinson's objections, that what is called the Holy Sepulchre really is so. I have several times visited the church, and have now gone round the city walls, and I am more and more confirmed in my opinion.

This, as you are doubtless aware, dearest Clara, has been a much disputed point; and in order to decide it satisfactorily, it is necessary to ascertain with precision the direction of the city walls during the time of Christ. They certainly did not then run as they do now; but the question is, whether they ran in such a direction as to enclose the present sepulchre and Golgotha, or not. Those who dispute the genuineness of these sites, bring forward arguments to prove that the ancient walls enclosed the spot on which the Holy Sepulchre stands, and if that were so, the real Golgotha and the real tomb must be looked for somewhere else. Robinson, who is the most diligent explorer, has however not the smallest notion where they are to be sought for.

Those who maintain their genuineness have of course arguments in support of their opinion; for

instance: that the whole corner of the city to the left of the entrance of the Jaffa gate, where there is now a piece of waste ground with an empty reservoir, and further on, the Latin, Coptic, and Greek convents, and the church of the Holy Sepulchre, might very well have been beyond the walls in the time of Christ, without in the smallest degree militating against an historical fact; and this is the conclusion at which I also have arrived after looking at these points from the terrace of our convent.

None of the plans of the city are quite accurate, and they all differ essentially from one another, especially at this corner; one of them cuts it off so smoothly, that an unprejudiced person would say, that it must always have been a part of the city; while another extends it so far, that an impartial eye must declare it to be an addition of a later age.

I lay the most stress on the ancient tradition. You think perhaps that this ought also to be mistrusted, because the names given to so many of these *loca sancta* are evidently quite arbitrary; for instance, the above-mentioned reservoir at the Jaffa gate called the pool of Bethesda; but the church of the Holy Sepulchre has its documents, namely the Chapel of the Empress Helena, which is mentioned by contemporary authors. At the time of the Crusades, when every spot of this ground was considered holy, when imagination was so vehemently excited, that in the spirit of the age it found ineffable enjoyment in

contemplating and touching the spots hallowed by the presence of Christ, many names were doubtless arbitrarily given—not to deceive, not even with any particular view, but in the same undesigning manner of which our own times furnish abundant similar instances, “where may such and such an event have happened? Was it there?—Yes, perhaps there—very probably there—certainly there.” The last solution, as the most satisfactory, is reiterated, is everywhere welcomed, and its authenticity is in a very short time not questioned by any one.

Thus, my dear Clara, I have stated, and I think very convincingly, my conviction respecting the identity of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, my mistrust in regard to the pool of Bethesda and my doubts about the cœnaculum. But after all it is a fruitless labour, and the whole dispute about these subjects, which cannot be decided, is unsatisfying and unedifying.\*

As you are probably quite ignorant of the whole, it will appear doubly tedious to you, and I must ask your pardon for having engaged in this discussion, and quite rejoice that I can, with a good conscience, abide by the old tradition. Now, good night! Every eye in Jerusalem has probably been closed for the last two hours, except the untiring watchmen and devotees, who keep their vigils at the Holy Sepulchre. Such a profound silence now prevails around me, that the ticking of my little watch seems to be very loud. Now and then I hear the howling of a dog; but every trace of human life and activity

is dead ; not a sound, not a footfall, is to be heard in this extensive building. It has the semblance of a prison.

This you will say is no pleasing picture of my Casa Nova ; but, nevertheless, it is a safe, peaceful resort for honest pilgrims. If, however, you could take a peep into my apartment and see the thick walls and ponderous door, blackened by time, the strong iron grating before the narrow window, the vaulted ceiling, and the long, dark, clumsy table in the middle of the room, at one end of which I am seated with the pen in my hand and writing to you by the light of a three beaked brass oil-lamp, and above all, experience the feeling caused by the solemn stillness, the comparison of a prison would at once occur to yourself.

The style in which the houses are built favours this seclusion, for no sound can penetrate through the thick walls and the vaulted ceilings, which are very general here. Besides, each house is a small cube, divided into two spaces, one level with the surface of the ground or a little below it, the second up one pair of stairs. This stair case is always built on the outside of the cube, which is covered with a low dome, as a protection against the rain, though in many instances this shelter is wanting. Roofs which require wood in their construction cannot be applied here, because there is no timber whatever for building, and therefore the rooms are always vaulted.

In what a confused medley these houses are

thrown and jumbled together, what little stair-cases doors, gates, court yards, terraces, passages, on a very small scale, compose my Casa Nova, you could not clearly understand unless you were to accompany me to-morrow morning and take a survey from our highest terrace. Good night!

### LETTER XXXII.

TO MY SISTER.

Cave of Jeremiah—Tomb of Simon the Just—Tombs of the Kings and Judges—Tombs of Jacob, Zachariah and Absalom—Tomb of the Virgin Mary.

Jerusalem, November 6th. 1843.

My dearest Clara,

I concluded my letter to you yesterday, under the influence of those feelings, which the solemn stillness of midnight inspires. Indeed, I generally choose the evening hour for writing, yet I must add to-day, that my chamber does not always look like a prison, and that we live most cheerfully in the Casa Nova, in spite of the grated window and the black door.

The Prussian Consul breakfasts with us at eleven o'clock every morning, and the whole afternoon is dedicated to making excursions and promenades. He is a very agreeable man, as learned as if he had spent his whole life in the library, and yet as pleasant and sensible, as if he had never pored over

books. When science is no longer the dry learning of the scholar, but has been so completely mastered, that it results in active, practical knowledge, then I greatly admire it.

Prussia, which does so much for education, ought to take decisive measures, to induce her learned men to pass a few years at Paris, there to brush away some of the dust of the German schools, and to get rid of the pedantic expressions, views, and manners, which the tendency of their education naturally gives them. The animated, cheerful, varied life of Paris, is just the remedy they want, and there, as well as in London, the Consul studied for five years. Here at Jerusalem, at Beyrout, and in Alexandria, the Prussian Consul is placed diplomatically in a totally different sphere of action from that of consuls, whose functions are purely commercial; hence, it is requisite that their education should be essentially different; and I derive great advantage from it.

The social intercourse of life is very ill provided for here. Indeed, you are cut off from the world to such a degree, that the seaport and mercantile town of Beyrout looks comparatively European, for Jerusalem has so irregular and uncertain a postal arrangement, that you are never sure either of letters or newspapers. You have no books or libraries to fall back upon, but are thrown upon your own resources, and forced to feed upon your own reflec-



tions and observations ; for the other means which society usually affords are equally scanty.

The Anglican bishop, and the ministers of the American Mission are devoted to their families and their own peculiar spheres of duty, which have indeed large claims upon them ; besides these, there are the British and the French Consuls, the latter of whom has not long been here, and two physicians, and this constitutes the society of Jerusalem. Hence, those who live in this melancholy place, over subterranean caves and sepulchres, amid graves and mounds of rubbish had need be endowed with a double share of the happy pliability of human nature to enable them to conform to this circumscribed state of things, while, at the same time, it is equally indispensable that they should retain sufficient energy of character to enable them to find some scope for the play of their mental faculties.

I could not help telling the Consul sportively, that he must take great care, lest in this stony place he also become petrified ; for in truth the extreme seclusion here is but too favourable to it, and conduces to shut up views and opinions within the mind that gave them birth, because there is nothing from without to elicit, enlarge, or modify them. Life is very remarkable here in this respect. I can easily understand that the Israelite should come from Europe to *die* at Jerusalem ; but to *live* here, for any length of time, would be next to impossible.

We have to-day visited the valley of Jehoshaphat, and the heights of the north of Jerusalem which contain such a multitude of sepulchral caves, as it is scarcely possible to conceive should exist in the neighbourhood of a city. They are partly tombs excavated in the solid rocks, on both sides of the valley, and partly ancient quarries which have been converted into tombs. Of the latter description are the ruined tomb of Simon the Just, which presents a very picturesque appearance, and the Grotto where the Prophet Jeremiah wrote his touching lamentations over Jerusalem. They are destitute of all ornament, like any other stone quarry to which the hand of man has only added what was requisite to fit it for future use.

The tombs of the kings, which lie to the north of the city are finer, and the portico of the half subterranean area, which is about ninety feet square, is of a singularly mixed architecture, and richly ornamented with triglyphs and acanthus. From this area a flight of stairs leads into an ante-chamber, which is quite under ground, and pitch dark; this is the passage to what are properly speaking the tombs of the kings. Opposite to the entrance there are two chambers, each of which contains six low, deep niches, or crypts cut into the solid rock, and in these the sarcophagi were placed. To the right there is another doorway which leads into three smaller chambers; these are excavated on a different plan, and are so constructed that there is

on either side of the door a bank or ledge hewn out of the rock, upon which those corpses, which were merely wrapped up in grave clothes, used to be laid.

The Holy Sepulchre was originally on this plan, and I can now exactly fancy what part of the rock must have been removed to give it its present form, namely, the whole of the exterior of the rock, so that the little chamber, together with its antechamber were completely excavated, with the ledge of rock to the right of the door; the whole of the interior being now cased with marble, and the entrance left as low and narrow as it was when in the possession of Joseph of Arimathea. I was much interested in the tombs of the kings; not only because they are the largest, and best built, but because they explained to me the actual formation of the Holy Sepulchre.

Nothing is known of the kings or other individuals who were interred in these tombs, intended to be their last resting place, though alas! they were not destined to be such; all the tombs have been disturbed, devastated, and plundered. Large fragments of the richly sculptured sarcophagi lie scattered upon the ground, mingled with the bones of those who once tenanted them, and shattered masses of the stone doors and dilapidated steps leading into still lower chambers prove that their destruction was wanton.

The tombs of the judges, to the north of those of the kings afford the antiquarian much matter for

investigation, as they are unquestionably not those of the ancient judges who flourished in the early history of the Jewish nation. There are four doors leading into the ante-chamber, but the whole is devoid of ornament, and it is probably only because there are a great many sepulchral chambers that a name has been given them by which attention has been drawn to them.

The whole of this district, which extends a distance of more than a league on the north of the city from the Damascus gate to the Jaffa or Bethlehem gate is covered with tombs which have no particular designation. In some spots olive trees are planted ; but generally speaking it is a wilderness of stones. The ground is a high level which undulates here and there, and in the declivities of such undulations are the entrances to the sepulchral chambers. The greater number are half in ruins and some entirely so, and are for the most part closed ; for the Arabs are terribly afraid of ghosts, and as soon as they have ascertained that there are no more treasures in these caves, they are seized with panic, lest an angry spirit should have its abode there and make its appearance, and they therefore pile a heap of stones before the opening.

Our little graves in the small church yards, nay even family vaults, not excepting those of emperors and kings, look mean in comparison with these large, firm, durable sepulchres. Their inhabitants are dead—their skeletons have disappeared—their names no longer resound, and the only remem-

brance of the spirit which animated them thousands of years since — is their grave. But is it wise to impress the grave with such a stamp of eternity? Among the Israelites it is! because they believe in the personal resurrection of the dead at the judgment of the world, therefore their graves must endure to the last day, that they may protect the bones committed to them. They are therefore constructed in the rock, where the necessary durability might be pre-supposed, and yet they have not attained their object.

On the declivity of the Mount of Offence, so called, because Solomon here sacrificed to the false gods, opposite Mount Moriah, and separated from it by the brook Kidron and the valley of Jehoshaphat, are very singular graves, wrought out of the solid rock into little temples, ornamented with pillars and rich tasteful friezes, which are called the tombs of Zachariah, Jacob and Absalom. I am heartily tired of all these names, for they do not help you to arrive at any conclusion, because they are not correctly designated; yet, nevertheless, I must repeat them to you, because they denominate things which in themselves are extremely interesting. Such a Necropolis is something quite new to me. I think the Jews brought remembrances from Egypt with them to Palestine, for there the rocks are said to be perforated with tombs as a bee-hive is with cells.

It must be confessed that the solemnity with which Jerusalem is invested, is strangely heightened

by the fact that, wherever the eye turns, wherever the fool treads, it falls upon a grave. Life has become the booty of death; he ravishes, he thrives, he everywhere sets up his dominion, he spreads his immense winding sheet from mountain to mountain, from valley to valley.

I had almost forgotten to mention the tomb of the Virgin Mary which lies on the left hand, on the road from St. Stephen's gate to Gethscmene, under a little Greek church. Properly speaking, however, it does not belong to the tombs of which I have just been speaking, for the pilgrims do not care about these; they attract only the curious and the travellers, while the tomb of the Virgin is naturally a chief place of pilgrimage. But it just struck me that in this country, where a religious creed makes as inexorable a separation in life as in death, this grave has been invested with peculiar honor, for here the different religious persuasions have made peace! Even the Mahometans possess a small place of devotion in this chapel.

In this land of tombs, kings and sages, the prophets of the Old Testament, and the apostles and evangelists of the New; the Latin kings, princes and judges; thousands of crusaders, and thousand, thousand nameless ones who flourished from the remotest ages, since the time that David built his palace on Mount Sion, and throughout the sway of the long race of the sons of Mahomet, now rest, all amicably in the cold bosom of the earth till the morning

of the resurrection. What a tide of events is associated with those who once sojourned here; and if one of them were to come again, yea, if Christ were now to re-visit this spot, would he be content with what had been made of his own work; would he recognise it?

Where is his spirit of freedom and of peace? The world lies bound in fetters, in the thralldom of hypocrisy, and hence in discord and confusion; it is at enmity with itself, and wants to throw the blame upon another. It pants after a spiritual resurrection, and cannot find the form with which to re-invest the being, for all it conjures up is choked by gross materialism, or expires in a lie.

The illusion of freedom—is not true! The illusion of the church—is not true! The illusion of society—is not true! Not true, because they are all hollow. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together, until now, waiting for the coming of the Messiah. However, God has governed the world so long, and will continue to do so; but he who on this spot asks “What have eighteen centuries made of our world?” and replies complacently, “Something very good,” does not honestly mean what he says. In the sight of the grave we think of resurrection; and here the renovation of our world is forcibly impressed upon my mind! But, alas! it must first pass through dust and corruption.

You know, dearest Clara, it is my failing to grieve and despond at every thing; therefore do not take

what I say in too serious a light ; but I believe that this is the reason why I delight so much in the prophets : I will contemplate these millions of graves, and exclaim with Jeremiah, “ Israel goeth to his rest.” This rest will also be ours. Why then should we despond ?

### LETTER XXXIII.

TO MY BROTHER.

Dissensions between religious sects—The Fathers of the Latin  
Convent—Wurtemberg peasants—Valleys around the city.

Jerusalem, Nov. 7th, 1843.

My dear brother ! The Turkish government does not exercise a wholesome influence, wherever its sway may be extended ; probably, however, the Mahometan is accustomed to it, and solaces himself with the personal freedom which he enjoys in his own house, and in his family. He lives in ease and comfort, has as many wives as he may desire, slaves in abundance, whom he treats well, children whom he also considers as his chattels, pipes, coffee, and baths in superfluity ; and what can he want more ? If the pachalic happens to be governed by a man who is not of a very cruel or covetous disposition, his life is free from care, and his only wish is that his children may inherit the like.

Doubtless there are many men even among us with very similar dispositions, men who sit in clover



and fold their hands perfectly contented with their mere animal existence, and unconcerned about the rest of the world. These are far more stupid than the Mussulmans, for they are surrounded by all the struggles of the mind, by all the incitements of the passions, by all the importunities of the imagination and intellect, which education and civilization have so powerfully awakened among us; and yet they perceive it not! while the Mussulman comes in contact only with men, who think and feel as he does, that is, with men whose faculties lie dormant, and whose feelings are concentrated upon objects of sense. That restless activity which has gained such a dizzy height among us, that the sight becomes dazzled, has no existence here. Trade, agriculture, manufactures and mechanics, are carried on only for home consumption, and in the same manner as from time immemorial.

Ibrahim Pacha was the first who, after a lapse of centuries, endeavoured to introduce in some instances, a better state of things; for example, as there is but little water in Jerusalem, and its vicinity, and there are consequently no water-mills, the stones which grind the corn are turned by horses, while the peasantry use the hand-mills, as was the custom in remote ages. Ibrahim Pacha accordingly built two windmills, by which the corn would of course be more quickly, and at the same time more perfectly ground; and I have no doubt, that he commanded that they should be made use of. Since he left

Syria, these mills have been perfectly useless; there they stand, near the Jaffa gate, like a couple of uncouth, ruined towers, while the horses and women grind the corn as formerly.

You will perhaps say that it is evident they did not see the necessity of a change, and consequently that there was no need to make any alteration; let me however, remind you of your own people at Neuhaus, how they entreated you not to put those horrid chimneys upon the new houses, but to retain the old method, by which the smoke not only found vent at pleasure, but at the same time cured the sausages and hams, in so accessible a region that they had merely to stretch out their hand and take them down. What child would learn to read if his master did not exercise authority and firmness?

But stay:—till I come to Egypt I will not say a word more about Ibrahim Pacha. I shall then be able to take a general view of the government of Ali Pacha, which is the exact counterpart of the sway which Ibrahim exercised in Syria. What I in fact intended to say when I set out was, that the Turkish government exercises a most baneful influence upon the Christians who reside here. Every thing may be purchased at Constantinople, and the Turks demand money for all, even if it does not in the least concern them.

The Christians here are chiefly interested about matters connected with religion, and for the most part about its externals. A firman must be pro-

cured, or rather it must be purchased, even if it should be in diplomatic form, at Constantinople for everything : whether a new altar is to be placed in such a spot, whether the church-door may be removed to such another place, or whether the key to some sanctuary shall belong to such or such a sect ; all must be sought and obtained by means of money.

A firman had been granted to the Greeks to enlarge the church at Bethlehem, and thereby to obtain the right of possession. Hereupon a Father of the Latin church travelled to Paris and Constantinople—not to secure this permission for the Latins, (for they have not the means) but to procure a counter firman, whereby the building was for the present suspended. The Christians here resolve themselves into the priesthood, which is ambitious and domineering, and reminds me of the caustic proverb :—

However small the priest appears,  
A little pope within he wears.

Not content with usurping dominion over the souls which are committed merely to their instruction ; not satisfied with carrying on a perpetual rivalry with their fraternity of other communions, no ! earthly aggrandizement and worldly pomp, and distinctions, are deemed indispensable to elevate and support the dignity of the spiritual edifice. It is possible that a Roman Catholic or a Greek may regard these things in a different light, that he may deem the temporal, as well as the spiritual regimen of

his church, indispensable to the salvation of man, and that he therefore approves all means which tend to promote it, and cheerfully tolerates that usurpation which it claims. I do not acknowledge the supremacy of any church, and hence their reciprocal hatred and oppression is fearful in my eyes.

\* \* \* The day before yesterday, after high mass, I received a visit from the Padre Presidente, the superior of all the establishments and concerns of the Terra Santa, accompanied by the Padre Procurador, who has the management of the property of these convents, and three other fathers, one of whom was my old acquaintance of the steam-boat. The conversation turned on various topics connected with events now passing in the world, and we praised some things, and blamed others. To an observation which fell from me, the Padre Presidente replied, "We may ignore some things and tolerate many, but the dogma must be maintained unimpaired." Is not the whole spirit of the Romish religion contained in these few words? It is worldly wise, conniving, and immoveable. I must frankly own, that notwithstanding my respect for it, in one sense, I have a decided aversion from its hierarchy, because it encroaches on the temporal power, and injures its own dignity.

You cannot think what a fine picture an artist might have made of this group, of five Franciscans, seated in their brown cowls, their hempen girdles, their coarse sandals, and little black skull caps.

They were all remarkably handsome men, in the vigour of life; very unlike those fat, well fed monks, from whom I turned with such unfeigned disgust at Rome and Naples.

The Padre Presidente, who has the rank of a mitred abbot, and the title of Reverendissimo, wore over his cowl an ample brown cloak; his finely chiselled countenance had an expression of mildness and timidity which seems to point him out rather as a persuasive shepherd of souls, than as a priest invested with secular power. We spoke of Cairo, and Father Jean Battista laughingly reproached him with his partiality for that city; a slight flush crossed his countenance, as if this were a real ground for reproach, and he said smiling, "It is indeed true; but I lived in Cairo ten years."

There is a very great contrast between the Padre Presidente who, according to the rules of the Terra Santa must always be an Italian by birth, and the Padre Procurador, who must always be chosen from among the Spaniards. Strongly marked features, a deep toned voice, commanding deportment, and energetic movements, for which the monk's cowl is almost too narrow, distinguish the Padre Procurador, as a thoroughly able steward. The third is Padre Jean Battista, a prudent man, well versed in the ways of the world, who has successfully accomplished his mission in Paris; the two others are in attendance on the superior, and keep themselves within the bounds of hu-

mility, and passive obedience. They were the most interesting studies that a painter could desire, and formed a group to which my apartment furnished a most appropriate back ground.

The extraordinary freedom which is left to the inmates of the Casa Nova manifests a tact, which certainly is rarely met with. The monks bring forward nothing, they obtrude nothing, they suggest nothing; no difference is made, whether you go to mass daily, or whether you never go. This does not refer to myself, for they know that I am not a Roman Catholic.

The Protestants have of late exercised themselves much in good works. Hence, I thought it might perhaps be possible to found here a Protestant establishment, similar to the Casa Nova; but I see clearly that it would be wholly impossible to enjoy the same kind of freedom, for, without a religious domestic rule, which the President could maintain as a law, he would feel himself degraded, as he would then be considered as a mere caterer of the establishment. The Padre cannot be regarded in this light, and therefore a Roman Catholic establishment for pilgrims, however poor it may be, has always an imposing aspect. Hence a Protestant establishment is quite out of the question, especially as the several parties would not easily agree to whom it should belong, whether to the Calvinists, or to the Lutherans, to the Presbyterians, or to the Anglican Church.

Such, my dear brother, is the state of things

on this little spot of earth, among a few thousand people, who appear to live remote from the influences of the world; good and evil, tolerance and oppression are mingled together just as elsewhere; but it strikes us the more forcibly, because we naturally associate with Jerusalem something of the peace which its name indicates. Yet we ought to remember that men of like passions with ourselves dwell here. What right, therefore, have we to expect that they should be more perfect than we are?

Very strange individuals occasionally find their way to Jerusalem; and I had a visit, soon after my arrival, from a person who held most singular views. He was a tailor by trade, and did not come to ask for money, or assistance of any kind, but from motives of curiosity, because he had heard that some Germans had arrived at the Casa Nova, and he wished to know from what part of Germany they came. It appeared that he was a native of the Duchy of Sleswig, and had been brought up in Mecklenburg, though he did not appear to have profited much by his education. He had rambled all over the world, told us he had been in the East Indies, in Ethiopia, in America, and in every part of Europe; and wherefore? "God," he said, "had so ordained it." He then added, that God had also led him to Jerusalem, and that he intended to end his days there. I intimated that I supposed he must, of course, like Jerusalem? He replied,

“Not at all, because he found it very difficult to live among Mahometans; but that unless God should direct otherwise, he would remain here all the days of his life.”

This fanatical idea reminded me of the Wurtemberg peasants, who thought of settling in the valley of Jehosaphat, and in fact, came here. They immediately saw the impracticability of this mad scheme, and accordingly took their departure in a few days. You need only see the valley of Jehosaphat to be convinced that there is not much room for a living population there. A valley without vegetation, through which the Kidron, a brook which has no water, takes its course to the Dead Sea; the mountains of Zion and Moriah, on which Jerusalem is partly built, have rather steep declivities, and the ravines at their feet, which have slopes opposite to them, are called the valleys of Gihon, Ben Hinnonn, Jehosaphat and Kidron. The valley of the Kidron runs to the northward, and that of Gihon westwards from the city, in the plateau, and the valleys of Ben Hinnonn and Jehosaphat meet in an angle, at the foot of Mount Zion, but the valley of Jehosaphat extends yet further. Aqueducts, pools, cisterns, canals, and dry basins, half in ruins, still exist here, and in former times they may perhaps have given fertility and vegetation to these valleys, but now the olive alone flourishes in them.

Between En Rogel and the pool of Siloam, which forms a well in a deep rocky cavern, at the mouth of



the valley of Tyropeon, which here separates Zion from Ophel, there is a splendid mulberry-tree of unusual girth, with stones piled round the roots; gardens of fig-trees, plants and vegetables, grow on terraces, quite down to the bottom of the valley of Jehosaphat. On the slopes of the Mount of Offence lies the village of Siloam, which is inhabited by Troglodites. Some of these dwellings were formerly sepulchres, and have only one artificial wall, the other three being formed by the rock in which they are excavated; others are stone hovels, which hang from the steep declivity of the mountain, like so many swallows' nests.

At the pool of Siloam we met with several women, some carrying pitchers on their shoulders, and others a black swine without a head:—the swine's skin had been converted into a water vessel, and when filled, it really looked as if it were alive. The manner and appearance of these ugly women, with their swine's skin water jugs, were very unfit to be the representatives of the fair Rebecca with her pitcher of water at the well of Nahor!

## LETTER XXXIV.

## TO MY SISTER.

Jericho—Sheikh Abdallah and our Escort—Richa—Bedouin Encampment—Life and independence of the Bedouins—The River Jordan—The Dead Sea—Convent of Mar-Saba—Bethlehem and its sacred localities—Convent of John the Baptist in the Wilderness.

Jerusalem, 11th November, 1843.

My dear Louisa,

IF we are not carrying on a continued, uninterrupted correspondence, we generally wait for some interesting or important circumstance to commence the long delayed letter. This has been my case; I have long intended writing to you, but I deferred from time to time, in the hope of being able to communicate something very agreeable; and my late excursion has certainly furnished me much of a highly interesting character. I have been to the Dead Sea, which is one of the greatest natural curiosities, both on account of its origin and situation below the level of the Mediterranean, and have likewise visited the river Jordan, and the little town of Bethlehem; all under the escort of sheikh Abdallah, with thirty Bedouins of the tribe Taumirah! I hope you will consider this not only interesting, but quite out of the common way. I assure you I did, and I have rarely been more gratified than by the occurrences of the last three days. Before entering upon the

details of my excursion, I will prefix a short introductory account of the Bedouins. In the vicinity of the Dead Sea, and in El Ghor, the broad valley of the Jordan, several of the Bedouin tribes lead a nomadic life. Here they might live independently of each other, in peace and plenty, for there is sufficient pasture for their cattle, but unfortunately the ancient hostilities of these tribes lead them constantly to interfere with each other. These strifes and animosities may, indeed, be appeased for a moment, or even suppressed for a time by force, on the part of the government, but they can never be eradicated till a new civilization takes the place of the primeval state of things.

Their deadly feuds originated in remote antiquity, from the following trivial circumstance. The Bedouins of the tribe of Taumirah stole a horse belonging to the tribe of Beni Sachr. Now as a horse is half the life of a Bedouin, but only the half, and the Beni Sachr revenged themselves by capturing one of the Taumirah Bedouins, and burying him alive, they outraged the Bedouin law, which demands "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Since this event, which occurred I know not how many centuries ago, a deadly enmity has prevailed between these two tribes.

The story of the man buried alive is the endless topic of conversation among the Taumirahs, and that of the stolen horse the incessant talk of the Beni Sachr. Where ideas are few, and events rare, tradi-

tions of bygone days are tenaciously adhered to. Frequent attempts have been made to discipline the Bedouins by force, and to make them give up their predatory incursions and hostile expeditions, but without success. They fled for refuge into the recesses of the deserts, where they were safe from their pursuers, because none but a Bedouin can find his way among the intricacies of the mountain holds, or is so well acquainted with the hidden springs of water.

Kindness appears to have more influence over them than violence; the sheikhs are thus made sensible of the advantages of a quiet life, and, through them, the influence must extend to the fractions of the different tribes of which they are the chiefs. These advantages consist in the acquisition of money, for even the Bedouin desires to possess this much coveted gift; but he is like the raven in the fable, who exclaimed, "I take it only that I may have it;" he does not mean to spend it; in fact, he cannot. He does not clothe himself more richly, does not make any change in his dwelling, or mode of life, does not want to educate his sons, or to provide for his daughters; no—he has no need whatever of money; and perhaps on that very account it may appear to him the more desirable; he may look upon it as a luxury, just as we may long for a Persian shawl, while a French one would answer the same purpose; or perhaps money

may be one of his many fantasies; — “fantasy” I must tell you is the term which the Arab applies to singularities, caprices, whims and fancies; everything, in short, which he cannot understand, or define, he classes under this comprehensive term “fantasy.” Now the Bedouins have a fantasia for money, and the Taumirah were not slow in discovering that it might be easily obtained by escorting strangers and travellers to the Dead Sea.

The countries beyond Jordan are rather unsafe on account of the savage tribes; and travellers are therefore glad to place themselves under the protection of the Bedouins. Unfortunately a fresh dispute has arisen between them; and their ancient hatred against the Beni Sachr has thus been revived. The Taumirah captured a couple of camels of the Beni Sachr, who declared that they took above a hundred. Thus the flame of discord now burns furiously, as the peculiarity of Bedouin law, “What has been stolen must be stolen again,” is now brought into active operation. A quiet restoration or indemnity is not considered as an adequate satisfaction: otherwise the Taumirah would have long since joyfully restored the unlucky camels, which have caused nothing but care and vexation; but the Beni Sachr disdain this. They will, and must find some suitable opportunity to steal them, and till this has been effected, the tribes live at open enmity, and attack each other whenever they meet.

The pacha of Jerusalem has for the present put the sheikh of Taumirah, the representative of his tribe, under a ban, so that he dare not show himself officially in the city, a circumstance which is highly disagreeable to him, as he is thus prevented from communicating with travellers. He sometimes privately visits the Prussian consul, who interests himself in his behalf; and as he considers him the safest guide we could have, he bargained with him to escort us on our intended excursion. The agreement was made for five hundred Turkish piastres, and an indefinite bakshish on the one part, and a sufficiently strong escort on the other, for three days.

On Wednesday the 8th we started at eight o'clock in the morning from the Casa Nova. As sheikh Abdallah is not permitted to come into the city, the Prussian consul rode with us beyond the gate to deliver us up to him; and, in case of necessity, to demand us back. I was excessively amused with the customs of this singular country, where you can be lost and demanded back.

We rode out of St. Stephen's gate, crossed the brook Kidron, and leaving the tomb of the Virgin on our left, and Gethsemene on our right, we proceeded round the foot of the Mount of Olives to Bethany. As soon as we entered this more open road, we were perceived by the Bedouins, who had passed the night in the village of Siloam, which is friendly to them, and immediately came up to us.

Sheikh Abdallah, who was on horseback, was the first to approach, and it was not till we were beyond Bethany that our escort was assembled. It consisted of thirty-five tall, athletic young men, some of whom were very handsome. They were dressed in white shirts, confined with a leathern girdle, and a brown and white striped mantle thrown loosely over their shoulders. Some of them wore a yellow keffijeh fastened round the head with a hempen band; some suffered it to flutter loosely, and others twisted it up into a turban. They all carried an indifferent gun upon their shoulders.

Sheikh Abdallah, whose costume exactly resembled that of his men, and who rode on a small, miserable grey horse, was nevertheless singularly conspicuous among them by his delicate and careworn countenance, his mild voice and quiet manners; indeed he does not possess any of the qualities which I should have expected in the chief of a savage horde. He is short and has no appearance of energy or command; and his demeanour portrays the reserve of an educated man, rather than the careless merriment of his people.

Abdallah is very uneasy about the dispute with the Beni Sachr, and the possibility of a reconciliation with them, or an amnesty from the pacha, while his men seemed totally indifferent about it. They laughed, chatted, and shouted like high-spirited, thoughtless lads, and walked and ran about with a grace and ease in their movements, which no

German can equal even in the ball-room, for our countrymen have not that light, easy carriage, which is master of every movement, and makes the body appear at once pliable and vigorous.

The Bedouins reminded me of Mercury, who is represented with wings at his heels, though certainly their clumsy shoes, hanging loosely about their naked feet, have no resemblance to wings. Some, however, had no shoes, yet they walked up and down hill, over rough stones and gravel, with their guns upon their shoulders, for nine hours together, always with a firm, light, and graceful step. I am delighted to be surrounded by men, in whom I can discern the unsophisticated work of God; I have not enjoyed this pleasure since I was in Spain. By unsophisticated I mean the rude man—using *rude* in the same sense as we say *raw* of silk, namely, not prepared; men of whom not a trace is to be found among us, who are the splendid, yet crippled victims of our refinement, and our civilization. We may be amiable, intellectual, charming, acute and profound; but we are assuredly not the *unsophisticated* work of God! and I speak sincerely when I say that I would renounce all my acquired refinement, if I could be such.

It was fortunate for me that the inhabitants afforded me such ample scope for observation, because nature is here too arid and barren to yield any gratification. The contour of the mountains, their ridges, and their deep gorges, declivities and



clefts, the soil, and the vegetation, partake of this ungenial character. You must bear in mind, dear sister, that my tour in Syria being performed at the season which is by far the most favourable to travelling, viz. between the hot and the rainy seasons, is at the same time the most unfavourable to vegetation. The fertility of the soil cannot be judged of by its products, for the harvest is all gathered in; the country lies fallow, and meadow-land is all that is now seen. All the beautiful plants are out of blossom, withered or covered with dust, and all the fine bulbous plants, tulips, hyacinths, and lilies, which make the country so lovely in the spring, are dead. Yet I can conceive that the plains of Sharon and Esdraelon may smile beneath the summer skies in rich and luxuriant beauty; that the little pomegranate, citron, and almond trees, around the villages in the mountains of Judea may glow in mingled tints of varied hue, and shed their balmy fragrance around; but it is utterly impossible that this should be the case in the country between Jerusalem and the valley of the Jordan.

Nature seems here to have lost her creative powers; the energy of life is gone; hence nothing can endure but the cold stone. We however passed a clear gurgling brook, which our Bedouins joyfully besieged, and slaked their thirst at its cool waters. Suddenly there was a great commotion among them, and a report that the vanguard descried a band of robbers; but where? in a deep ravine at least a hundred feet per-

pendicularly below the tract which we were pursuing, and therefore we certainly had nothing to fear from them.

The road here was exactly like that from the valley of the Kishon to Nazareth or from Ramla to Jerusalem, and led over numerous ridges of hills, and then along the edge of clefts, which intersected them. When we reached the brow of the last mountain, the steep precipice abruptly descended in a rugged zigzag road to a great depth, and the valley of El Gohr lay before us. It is a wide extensive plain, running northwards between a range of mountains, and bounded on the east by the trans-jordan chain of Pisgah. To the south lies the Dead Sea, some bright points of which we perceived now and then, as we approached it from the west. The waters of the Jordan were not visible, but its course was indicated by the bright verdure of the bushes growing along its banks.

There is nothing to mark the exact site of Jericho, which once stood in this plain, though Herod the Great, who had a particular predilection for that town, adorned it with splendid edifices in the Roman taste and style. I can understand why the ancient works of art have vanished. I can form a lively picture of the Roman circus and its bloody games ; of the Grecian hippodrome and its graceful exercises ; but neither the one nor the other was suited to the Israelites ; they had not sufficient refinement to appreciate the elegance of the latter, nor the inhumanity to enjoy the barbarity of the former. But I

cannot conceive what has become of the palms from which the Crusaders, after bathing in the Jordan, on their leaving the Holy Land, plucked branches to carry home as trophies of peace. If there are any they must be very small and sparingly scattered, for I did not see a single one, either near or at a distance, which, if there are any, is the more unaccountable, because they always form a very conspicuous feature in the landscape, by their majestic and elegant appearance. Small tamerisks and nebbeks, willows and poplars, and, near the village of Richa, a few fig and pomegranate trees, are the only ones that I have seen here.

Whether this village be the remains of Jericho, or whether the ruins which are seen at the foot of the mountains be so, I must leave to wiser heads than my own to inquire. I thought the less on the subject, because we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of a Bedouin camp. A charming little brook, bordered with thick bushes, meanders on this side of Richa, and the small streams, which flow from the mountains in the winter had thrown up such high banks on either side, that when we were in the plain, they obstructed the view, and I was consequently taken quite by surprise.

Sheikh Abdallah having found on inquiry, that these Bedouins were friends of his tribe, we pitched our camp near an ancient decayed watch-tower, which is designated a castle, because some Albanian soldiers are encamped there. The Arab tents were in groups of six or ten together, and scattered over

an extent of one league in the plain; some were opposite to us at about twenty paces distant, some on the other side of the castle, and others further off.

The shape of the Bedouin tents differ from ours; the stakes and cords are so set up and stretched that they form an oblong parallelogram. They are covered with a dark brown hair-cloth, resembling felt, and are quite open on one of the long sides; they are divided by a partition of the same stuff, into two equal parts, one of which is their sitting-room, in which there are mats and cushions, which serve for beds at night, and the other is appropriated to domestic purposes, and therefore chiefly inhabited by the women. But as a tent is always a narrow space, the inmates, whether busy or idle, prefer the fresh air, especially as the form and openness of these tents, entirely precludes the possibility of privacy or separate employment.

The afternoon was magnificent, lighted up by a brilliant sun, as is generally the case after rain has fallen in the morning from broken clouds. I have read somewhere that the climate of El Gohr is as far more southerly than that of Jerusalem, as if it were six degrees instead of six leagues distant; and certainly we found ourselves transported from the temperature of autumn to that of summer. This, combined with the glow thrown around by the setting sun, gave an air of enchantment to the gay scene.

It was altogether excessively interesting; here were men in the most simple, and the most satisfactory relations, whose wishes and wants are entirely adapted to the sphere in which they are placed; and, at the same time are so happily constituted, that they find in it more enjoyment than privation. They possess a freedom and liberty which would completely discomfit our European theoretical declaimers of liberty, and put them to eternal silence, did these theorists understand by freedom the realization of their speculations, or the attainment of personal advantages. According to them freedom resides in legislative chambers, in a free press, that is to say, in speeches and in books; — but it exists, in deed and in truth under the tent of the Bedouin.

To be free, each individual must be fully conscious of his own personal freedom from restraint; and isolation is indispensable to freedom. The Bedouin enjoys both; he feels like a king in his tent, but he and his tent are so completely detached, that he forms not the link of a chain, but an independent point which concentrates in itself, beginning, completion and end. The Bedouin is the individual man who feels as such, and is always ready to act for himself, and everywhere to make his own way; of this the European has no idea whatever. In the first place, the European belongs to the state, then to this class, and then to his office; next his friends and society put him in fetters, and lastly education, fashion and refinement lay hands upon him, and all

this he must realize and combine in his life, actions, thoughts, and doings; and, when he has accomplished this, he is a good citizen! This is doubtless very respectable; but it is a state of things in which there is no individuality, no isolation, and consequently no capability of freedom.

The Bedouin on the other hand, is incapable of being a good citizen. I am interested only in individualities—in the masses, only, when I find them agitated, excited, electrified, raised, or whatever it may be called, by individuals; for instance, I am more interested in William Tell, than in the Swiss whom he delivered; more in Beethoven, than in the orchestra which he directed; more in Alexander the Great, than in his victorious armies and subjugated nations. Even if individuality could rise up in Europe it would not be tolerated; and if it exists in places, few and far between, it must act as if it were not individuality. The complex, refined, artificial state of our civilization is not made for the individual—this I very clearly perceive. No single voice can make itself heard amid the din of machinery and steam-engines:—hence this striving for association; these societies for, or against every thing possible, and these schools, parties, societies and journals: all this makes freedom, I mean genuine freedom, utterly impracticable in Europe, Princes will long be alarmed and nations deluded with this bugbear of freedom, which originated

not from the nature of man, but from that of the citizen.

Oh! the Bedouins! Peace be on their tents, and may Heaven preserve them in their free and wild independence! Wild they are undoubtedly, dear Louisa, and wholly without culture; they have never had a newspaper in their hands, never heard an opera, never seen an exhibition of works of art; and they know nothing of my Cecil—poor creatures! Their dress is a shirt and a cloak; their children run about naked; (there is no freedom without a little wildness!) they are temperate in the highest degree, and it is only on grand occasions,—such as a wedding, or on the visit of a guest whom they desire to honour, that a lamb is killed. Hence they are in sound health, even at the most advanced age, and their extreme temperance contributes to their great purity of life. An immoral young woman is unheard of among the Bedouins, though marriages are not usual at a very early age. The married state is austere and strict; the husband is the master; the wife and children obey and serve him, not reluctantly, and not oppressed as by a capricious husband and father, but as the head of the family. The less self-dependent the man is, the more he depends on external relations, the more he is distracted by a thousand adventitious, conventional forms; the more does he lose in regard to the woman, that respectful consideration or submission, which he

enjoys in a state of freedom. Of course there can be no harem in a Bedouin tent. In the state of things in which they live, no other place could well be assigned to the women : it is nearly the same as that held by the wife of the knight in the middle ages.

The children give their mothers but little trouble, even at their birth, which seldom keeps her from work more than one day. Till the child can run alone, she generally carries it about with her ; and it does not in the least impede her in her occupations. She carries water and wood, and plants corn, while the infant hangs at her breast wrapped in her veil ; and, when only six months old, it attempts to walk. The infant, however, has a cradle made of the skin of some animal, which is suspended by cords between a couple of poles ; as soon as it can crawl, it occasions no further trouble to any one.

There were some dozen of children playing about before the tents ; but they were all ugly, and insufferably dirty. Groups of women were sitting in and near the tents, grinding wheat between two stones, picking rice, and kneading dough, that is to say, flour and water, which they formed into round, flat cakes, about the size of a plate, and baked between hot ashes ; it is quite a rarity to bake them on an iron plate. Some of the women were sitting very composedly and smoking, others went to and fro, drew water, or looked after the kids and lambs, which were enclosed in small pens



made of branches of thorn. It is said that they also weave the coverings for their tents; but I have not seen them so employed.

Their dress consists of a long garment hanging down to the ground, made of dark blue calico, ample white pantaloons, and a dark blue veil which falls loosely over the face and bosom. Their arms are painted with various figures, and ornamented with numerous coloured glass rings; sometimes they wear leaden or silver bracelets, set with small pieces of coloured glass. Their very inelegant bust is happily almost wholly concealed by numberless chains, rows of red beads, and large silver coins, which are strung together on a thread. They are of a compact and upright make; their step and movements are firm and decided; their features are strongly marked, and their eyes large and animated. It is as uncommon to see a deformed woman, as a deformed man. Their old age is neither lonely, wretched, nor melancholy. "The hoary head is a crown of glory" among the Bedouins. The aged people are waited upon by the younger members of the family, the men by the youths, and the women by the girls. Their wants are so few that this service is extremely easy; all they have to do is to light a pipe, to spread a mat, or to bring food.

From the cradle to the grave, the life of the Bedouin is never a burthen, never a struggle; and, if interwoven with petty cares and troubles, it is not

tormented with uneasiness for the future, discontent at the present, or remorse for the past ; they do not fruitlessly pore over vain sophistries, or indulge extravagant flights into the infinite void ; calm contentment is the copious refreshing stream which imparts a healthy, vigorous existence from one generation to another. Hence every generation is as vigorous as if it had just issued from the hands of its Creator ; not languid, not faded, not enfeebled, as among us, where we seldom see a plump, rosy checked child, but, alas ! numbers of young girls afflicted with nervous complaints.

Simple habits, moderate enjoyments, and purity of morals, give a free circulation to the blood, and make it healthy ; these three things are rarely to be found in Europe, and therefore the blood of the European is impoverished. To this may be added a fourth desideratum—fresh air ; whether by day or night, in summer or winter, in heat or in rain, the Bedouin is always exposed to the influence of that delightful element, and he consequently enjoys not only health, but a sense of liberty. He who has learnt independence in the Desert, knows that he can rely on himself, and has no need to seek the assistance of others. In Europe there is no free air, either physically or morally, and therefore, no freedom : for say, where is fresh air to be found ? In the huts of the peasants, where ten or twelve people are shut up, eight months of the year, in the dark, confined space of one little smoky room ?—in the suffocating

ill-ventilated workshop of a shoemaker or a tailor, or of any other artizan?—or is it to be found in barracks, or in a public office, or in a counting-house, or in our air-tight rooms, perfumed with flowers and scents?

Is fresh air to be found in our courts of justice, our lecture rooms, our schools for the young?—or does it refresh our dining-rooms, our ball-rooms, or our theatres? We live and die in an artificial atmosphere, which contracts the chest, weakens the nerves; dulls and overstrains the senses, to such a degree that our poor, vapid body, must renounce the freedom, which it is quite unable to endure. We may indeed breathe the fresh air when we ramble alone over the mountains' heights, or embark on the wide ocean, and shake off the hundred thousand ties which bind us to society; but, as soon as we return home, we again become subject to the influences and associations of civil life. Europe is a hot-house, which, by means of art, produces the most interesting and manifold plants: it can display the productions of genius, invention, research, study, and talent, for organization, masterly calculations of the co-operation of various powers, and a thousand other things; but it manifestly proves that its soil is not calculated to produce the hardy and vigorous plant of freedom.

I sat for a long time at the low breastwork of the little tower, on the platform of which the soldiers were kneading bread, and drying maize. I looked

Indeed at the mountains of Jordan and the Dead Sea, but only as we regard the scenery of an historical picture. Here I had such a picture before me: the history of the earliest condition of our race, not painted on canvass, but in a living character. Indeed, my dear Louisa, a journey in the East is not a mere tour of pleasure, as I took for granted before I set out; it has too many discordant moments, and offers too little of what is agreeable and flattering to us; namely—art and beauty; but it is more rich than any other in strong and powerful impressions, and, if we do not designate these, by the word pleasure, it is because that term is not sufficiently expressive.

The women were chatting and pursuing their various avocations, while the children enjoyed themselves at play, and the flocks were quietly at pasture; some of the men were sitting together in groups, talking over the stories and concerns of their tribe, and others came riding slowly from different quarters, as if they had been in search of information, or keeping watch, or taking measures for their safety. Everything was completely in order, precisely as it ought to be: each seemed to be in his proper place, and to be content with it. We afterwards walked about among the tents, and entered some of them to see the women at work. We met with sheikh Abdallah, who was smoking a pipe with the sheikh of this camp.

I told the latter, (of course through the dragoman),

that I wished to visit his wife ; he acquiesced cheerfully, and conducted us to his tent. It did not at all differ from the rest ; but his wife, a very pretty woman, with an older female at her side, was seated before it, very leisurely smoking her pipe. She is the prettiest Arabian woman whom I have yet seen, and though by no means a beauty has a natural grace in her look and smile.

As I passed along, the women saluted me by calling out, "Mir haba," the sheikh's wife greeted me in a similar manner, and beckoned to me with the hand in the Eastern fashion, which is just the reverse of our token to approach. Of course I could have but little conversation with them, for it is very tedious to interpret every word ; however, I amused myself by examining their dress, domestic utensils, the division of the tent, and the manner in which they spoke to each other.

After I had gone to my tent, the sheikh's wife accompanied by a noisy train of women and children returned my visit. One of our Bedouins kept guard near me lest it should be necessary to repress their importunate curiosity, and he was really obliged to drive away the children. Evening, however, restored tranquillity ; all returned to their tents, before most of which a fire of brushwood was kindled. For some time I heard the busy indistinct hum of life which always prevails towards the close of evening, just before night sets in ;—the deep tones of the men, the clear voices of the women, the bleating of the flocks,

the stamping of the horses; the distant halloo of a benighted traveller, a few notes of a song, or the musical whistle of a home-bound Bedouin;—and then all was hushed. The dogs began to bark, and the cricket set up its piercing chirp.

Our little encampment presented a scene of merriment till a late hour. I had given about a dollar to sheikh Abdallah for himself and his companions. He spent a third part of the sum in purchasing barley for his horse, and for that of one of his friends who had joined us at Richa, and, with the remainder, these thirty-two Arabs feasted on bread and milk, around large fires of brushwood.

On the following morning we set out excessively early—about four o'clock, and without any sufficient reason; but the dragoman and the sheikh affirmed that we had a very long day's journey before us. The grey mantle of night was still spread over the heavens and the earth, and the air was very damp and oppressive when we started. A few fires already glimmered near the tents, but on the whole, the camp was at rest. Nay, as we rode an hour later through a second division of the camp, the same stillness prevailed, but the dogs surrounded us, and barked furiously.

Sheikh Abdallah sent some of his men into the tents to announce that he was passing by, and accordingly, nobody stirred from his place. A fine rain was falling, and the air was as sultry, as it is in Germany in the heat of summer before a thunder-

storm, and I found it most uncomfortable to travel in the dark. We proceeded very slowly, having to pass, as yesterday, through low brushwood, dried up brooks, and over small ridges of earth. After riding two hours we stopped at one of these ridges; trees and bushes extended to the right and left, but just before us was a narrow opening leading to the banks, and here the Jordan flowed at our feet, murmuring like a playful stream. This spot is called the "Pilgrim's bath," and every year, after Easter, thousands of oriental Christians come hither in pilgrimage to bathe or wash in the waters of Jordan.

I alighted from my horse and went down the high bank to a tamarisk tree, which afforded me shelter against the rain which gradually abated, and entirely ceased at daybreak, so that it did not at all annoy me. The Jordan made a pleasing and soothing impression on my mind. I had imagined that it was much larger and broader, because the mighty Baptist there preached to thousands, who flocked thither from all the surrounding countries, to be baptized by him. I had fancied that the scenery around must harmonize with the greatness of his work; but, truth is, we associate with the sacred figures of the Baptist and his divine Master, every thing that is grand and exalted. It is a small, quiet, retired looking spot, softly sheltered, as by the wings of the gentle dove. The morning welcomed the rising sun, and rustled among the branches of the

silver poplars, willows and tamarisks, which tremblingly shook off the glistening drops of rain.

I had two bottles filled with the water of Jordan, which I am resolved to bring home, though I scarcely know why. Our dragoman, however, being commissioned by the captain of a French ship, who is in the Casa Nova, but would not undertake a journey to the Jordan, had brought a horse with two large vessels, which he was to fill and deliver to the captain who intends to take this water to France, where he expects to sell it to advantage. This certainly is not my intention; but it suggested to me the idea that some of my German friends might be pleased to have a little of the water of the Jordan. I then washed my hands in the river, and as no palms now grow there, I plucked a few beautiful sprigs of tamarisk which look like bunches of green marabout feathers, and placed them in my hat.

We rested half an hour at this interesting spot, and rode forward to the Dead Sea; but we were obliged to leave the Jordan, because its banks are thickly overgrown. On the other side rise low hills, and beyond them the mountain chain, which forms the eastern border of the basin of the Dead Sea. If I ever saw a spot lighted up in a manner suitable to the idea which I had conceived of it, it was the Dead Sea on the morning before yesterday. Heavy masses of thunder clouds were suspended over the sea; the sky was of a deep lead colour, streaked



with bright lines of light; sometimes a cloud discharged itself, and then a long stream of rain hung like a transparent grey veil, from the sky into the water, and partially shrouded the sombre mountain chain. The sea was of a yellow colour, and its towering, broad waves, whose dark greenish ramparts were crested with long ridges of silver foam, were tossed up into the air, and then again dashed into the depths below. A strong, stiff wind passed over the Sea, and the waves broke as impetuously against the bank, as the foaming billows of the ocean.

The air over the angry element was so sultry, that when I turned my face towards the plain, the wind from that quarter felt quite chilly. The water too was extremely warm, and smelt a little (I must not say like sulphur if I am to speak the truth,) but like the steam of a mineral spring. We found a piece of pumice stone, which is a volcanic production, as large as a man's head, and several fragments of bitumen, which is said to appear in considerable masses on the surface of the sea after an earthquake. The pieces we found were lying on the sands of the bank, and we had them packed, and placed on the horse, which was carrying the two vessels with the water of the Jordan. We also saw thin layers of salt lying in small hollows about the size of a cup. Strange plants too, stiff and thorny, such as predominate in this country, grew thick and high, wherever the ground was not covered with deep sand;

the rose of Jericho and the apple of Sodom may have been among them. I was quite resolved, if possible, to obtain one of the latter ; but we found nothing that could pass for an apple, except the golden fruit of a kind of *Solanum* ; and when I cut it open to make sure whether it was really filled with dust and ashes, I discovered that it contained only kernels and a watery fluid.

The rain during the night had converted the whole bank into a soft clay, in which the horse sunk at every step, and practically illustrated how birds are caught on limed twigs. We then rode for some distance through the plain, and began to ascend into the mountains which bound the western bank of the Dead Sea, and in some instances slope to the water's edge as smooth as a wall. Here we saw the mountain which the Arabs call *Nebbi Mousa*, where their tradition places the grave of Moses, over which a mosque is built ; it is interesting on account of the beautiful black stone which is dug in this mountain, and of which all kinds of trifles, such as cups, paper pressers, &c., are made.

The clouds gradually ceased to traverse the sky in wild confusion, and, contracting themselves into firm and solid masses, discharged their condensed waters in torrents of rain. Whenever a fresh shower fell, the Bedouins ran on before, and sought shelter in the numerous caves with which these rocks are perforated ; and as soon as it ceased they galloped after us at full speed. The friend of

sheikh Abdallah, who rode a handsome roan horse, and was armed with a lance, invariably took particular pains to exhibit to us the djerid, as far as it can be executed by one horseman. After every evolution he galloped up to me, and saluted me with the most courteous coquetry, that I might not entertain the slightest doubt, that it was his desire to please me; but as my horse, to my no small terror, always started on one side, whenever the roan horse came springing forward, and paraded within a few paces of him, I did not receive this demonstration of gallantry with becoming grace, though both the horse and his rider acquitted themselves admirably, and doubly so because it was venturesome, on account of the stony ground, and the steep precipices.

Our road too, was considered very dangerous in many places, the path being so narrow that the horses could but just set one foot before the other, while on the one side, the rocky wall rose perpendicularly, and on the other, descended into a ravine, into which we might easily have fallen, on account of the loose stones; but with sure footed horses no danger is to be apprehended. We rode for five hours, through a truly rocky desert, where not a tree, not a shrub, not even a blade of grass was to be seen. About noon the rain ceased, the clouds disappeared, the sky became blue, the sun shone clear and warm, and I alighted from my horse and walked, in order to warm and dry myself.

From an elevated spot, I again beheld the Dead Sea, looking exactly as I had often seen it before : dark blue spots sparkling between the clefts of the rocks, like sapphires set in gold. The character which it bore early in the day had vanished like an unquiet morning dream : but I do not wish that it had then been otherwise. I was most agreeably surprised when our dizzy dangerous path suddenly terminated in a very good road, and two large towers built of hewn stone, rose like beacons on the summit of a perpendicular precipice. This was the monastery of Mar Saba, and thus we had happily wound our way into the valley of Jehosaphat.

The Christians of the first centuries were happy when they found places where they could devote themselves, without molestation, to a contemplative life, and pious meditation. The heathen world at that time left them only two ways — martyrdom, or total seclusion, and the latter often preserved them from the former. They sought to fix their residence where nothing reminded them of the vices, the pleasures, the enjoyments, and the opinions of a world which they abhorred. The dry, solitary, gloomy valley of Jehosaphat, in its windings between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, was peculiarly adapted to their purpose ; perhaps they participated in the Jewish belief, that the last judgment will be held in this valley ; and thus heightened the natural terrors of the place by superadding spiritual fears.

However this be, anchorites took up their abode

in the caves of these rocks, which formed almost inaccessible cells; and in the fifth century Saint Sabas founded here a Laura, that is, society of hermits, who lived separately from each other, and who had no centre, save that of common devotion. Saint Sabas was an ardent persecutor of the heterodox, and was held in high honour by the orthodox Byzantine emperors, Justin I., and Justinian. He died in 532, at the age of nearly one hundred years. The number of his anchorites is said to have gradually increased to ten thousand, which is incredible; and, if we believe it, excites an unpleasant feeling: for a world peopled by anchorites is too monotonous, and absurd.

In the seventh century, the Arabs came and exercised their fury on the pious hermits; this dispersed and checked the increase of the numbers of the devotees, some individuals only gradually returned, and these abandoned their caves for the more secure walls of a monastery. The anchorites were cenobites or hermits, as they are now called, most strictly cut off from the external world, and defended, as far as possible, against hostile attacks. Mar is an Arabian word, signifying Lord, and also holy, Mar Saba: Mar Elia: thus the Apostles in their Epistles sometimes use this term of our Saviour, when they say the Lord Jesus.

The nearer we approached, the better view we had of the several parts of this singular monastery, which looks like masses of the rock hewn into the form

of a church, doors, towers, turrets, walls, and dwellings, ranged in tiers one above the other. It rather resembles a fortress, in an important mountain defile, than a convent for harmless, hospitable hermits. But all the monasteries are built, more or less, in this style, in the remembrance of former pillage and ill usage, to render them more inaccessible if such times should ever return.

Mar Saba belongs to Greek monks, and it is said that there are now fifty in the convent, who live in the strictest seclusion. In every other monastery the church is without side, in order to give access to the women, who are allowed to pass freely over the fore court. This is not the case here; female pilgrims however come hither, and a second tower, which stands quite detached from the convent, on the other side of a narrow ravine, has not only apartments, but a chapel appropriated to their use. Instead of windows, this tower has loop holes like embrasures; instead of a door, an opening so low, that it must be entered on all fours; and instead of a threshold, the place is approached by climbing up a ladder. When it has been mounted, the ladder is drawn up, and the inmates can then stand a siege without apprehension, for certainly no creature without wings can enter their retreat.

We took possession of the tower, the servants and horses were accommodated in the court, appropriated to such guests, and the Bedouins were lodged in the vestibule of the church, which has a

spacious portico. I did not feel at all comfortable in my embattled tower, and ascended the platform to enjoy the fresh air and sunshine. The prospect was not more extensive than from below, for amid these rocks the height of a tower makes no material difference. I fondly hoped to have a distant view of the Dead Sea; but no, I saw only the rocky valley, the rock built monastery, and further on, above and around me, nought but rocks, in which I observed numerous caverns, the entrances to which were partly fashioned by the hand of man, and brought to my mind their ancient inhabitants.

I was not here as on Mount Carmel, in an elevated and lovely seclusion of nature, where dwell pious monks, in cheerful and benevolent converse with mankind; but in a rigorous Carthusian convent formed by the hand of nature, and which, by its sternness, cuts off its inhabitants from all participation in the ways of the world. For miles around no village or dwelling is to be seen, and no shepherd drives his flock amid these inhospitable heights. Some pilgrims during the Easter festivals, and a few travellers direct their steps hither, and find everything that they may require; but their sojourn is not as agreeable as at Carmel, because the monks are invisible. The servants, however, were as obliging as we could wish.

While I was on the top of the tower, a party of our Bedouins, who had either gone round some other way, or had lagged behind, came round the opposite

rocks of the valley of Jehosaphat, and in order to reach us, descended into the abyss below, by a precipice which seemed to be as perpendicular as a wall ; there were, doubtless, some narrow ledges and projections ; but, at a distance, one man seemed to hang above the head of another. They mounted our side from the abyss, singing and shouting in the same manner as when they descended, and saluted me with "Mir haba," as soon as they perceived me. I spell this salutation, which means "Welcome," as it sounds to my ear. The letters, dear Louisa, may not be correct, for the Arabs scarcely articulate the vowels, except the *a* ; the other four are enveloped in mystic obscurity, so that I am constantly in doubt, whether I hear an *i*, or a *u* ; a clear *e* is never heard.

Sheikh Abdallah accompanied us into the tower to see whether we were likely to be exposed to any danger or annoyance ; he was extremely attentive to us throughout our journey, and always kept close to us in riding, with some of his most faithful attendants. After the servants of the convent had supplied him with coffee, as being one of our party, he withdrew to his own people. I greatly admired the tact of this man. Yesterday when we were at Richa he wished some of his men to assist our people in pitching the tents. They, however, did not seem disposed to do so, while he, at the same time, appeared unwilling to compel them : he accordingly went up to the baggage, took up some of



the stakes, carried them to the dragoman, and said a few words to his Bedouins, who instantly followed his example ; whereupon he threw down the stakes and looked on.

At Mar Saba my travelling companion visited the church, while I remained without, and, seating myself on a projecting rock, I observed the striking difference between the make, and corporeal strength of the Bedouins and of the other Arab tribes. Some alterations were being made in the convent, and while the workmen, toiling and panting, dragged the heavy stones along, the Bedouins lifted them with ease upon their left shoulders, and slightly supporting them with their hand, descended the hill with as little constraint as if they had been carrying their guns.

I had scarcely seated myself, when sheikh Abdallah stepped forward, to let me know that he was within call ; and afterwards, when I wound my way upwards among the rocks, where he lost sight of me, he gallantly clambered up after me, and like a genuine Bedouin, of course chose the steepest part, followed by one of his men, lest I should lose my way in this wilderness of stone.

From my present knowledge of an escort of Bedouins I should not, for a moment, hesitate to go under their protection, even in the most troublous times, through the notorious districts of Nablous and Samaria ; nay, I would even venture across the whole of Syria to Damascus ; for both

person and property are perfectly safe under their care. Unfortunately this conviction is only attained by experience, that is to say, when it is too late to be of service.

During our journey yesterday morning, across the Desert tract from Mar Saba to Bethlehem, we saw neither tree nor shrub, for the space of three hours. We, however, met with a snake, which is considered a great curiosity in this neighbourhood, where it is seldom found. The far-famed dragon slain by the Knight of Rhodes could scarcely have caused more commotion than did this harmless snake among the terrified Bedouins, who stoned it to death in a trice. Our monotonous journey was soon enlivened by a sight which afforded me more gratification than a snake—a tree! a welcome indication of the vitality of nature! then another, and another, and further on, even groups of trees.

At length we had passed the stony wilderness, and the little town of Bethlehem suddenly lay before us, beautifully situated, amid groves of olives, vines, almonds, and fig trees, and reposing quietly in the saddle of the steep side of the hill sloped down to the bosom of the valley, through which meanders a small rivulet. The inhabitants were cultivating the soil, which had been loosened by the late rains; and we saw a few men ploughing the land in shallow furrows. All nature looked lovely and smiling as spring; here and there the young grass had already sprung up fresh and soft as velvet;

the little birds were singing gaily, and the whole presented a picture of quiet repose, incomparably adapted to the Scripture Idyl of Ruth, to the home of the early days of the shepherd boy David, and to the cradle of the Prince of Peace.

We alighted at the convent of the Terra Santa, where we breakfasted, and immediately afterwards proceeded to the church. It is the same building which the pious Empress Helena caused to be erected over the stable and manger, in the basilica style, and which was afterwards greatly embellished by Constantine, and is blended with many repairs and restorations. The church is in the form of a cross, and the nave is supported by forty beautiful marble pillars with clumsy chapiters, which divide the interior into three long aisles. The mosaic work of the walls has been partly torn out, and partly daubed over by the Mahometans, for it suffered greatly, not only from their devastations, but from those of other inimical conquerors, especially during the times of the Crusades. The whole edifice is so decayed and dilapidated, that the choir has been separated by a wall from the nave, which is kept in a state of preservation, for the performance of divine service, while the rest is suffered to fall completely into ruins. The entablature of the flat ceiling is said to be of cedar.

This building up and repairing is the source of great disputes between the Latins and Greeks; the former have been altogether expelled from the

church itself, of which the Greeks have taken possession, and granted a side altar to the Armenians. The Latins have only retained the permission of passing through it to the rocky cave where Christ was born. Here two niches covered with the most splendid decorations of marble, and lighted up with ever burning lamps, indicate the birth-place of the Saviour of the world, and the manger in which he was laid. Of this place the Latins have the possession; and the grotto or cave is decorated with silk hangings and some tolerable pictures, according to the custom of the Roman Catholic Church. I cannot say that this arrangement and style were at all suited to my taste. My thoughts became quite disturbed with pondering on the conflicting accounts of what I had heard, and read, and now saw; here the birth took place, there stood the manger, and yonder was the exit to the level road; and, in my endeavours to impress upon my mind the topography of the place, I lost sight of the main point—of Christ who was born here.

Robinson, who has rendered great service to all parties, by his Geography of Palestine, appears to me to be altogether erroneous in his topographical researches of the *Loca Sancta*. He of course disputes the identity of this spot, as being the birth-place of Christ, and he grounds his chief argument upon this: that as the Evangelists state the circumstance of Christ having been born in the stable, they would not have omitted to mention the equally re-

markable fact, that that stable was a cave or grotto. Now, as far as I can see, this would not, by any means, appear a remarkable circumstance in the eyes of a person living in Palestine. Caves for shepherds and their flocks, for wells, for storing goods and provisions, for everything in short which man may require are to this day the most common thing in the world, and in perfect harmony with the character of the calcareous rocks, the natural caves of which seem to invite the people to make use of them, and thus spare themselves trouble, in a variety of ways ; nay, we sometimes even meet with entire villages of caves—as for instance that of Siloam.

Though these holy caves certainly do not edify me, and I can easily imagine that they were equally unedifying to Robinson and many others, still, this does not seem to be a satisfactory ground for disputing their identity.

The whole of the hill on which the church is situated is undermined. The Christians of the first century selected caves in the proximity of the holy grotto, not only for sepulchres, but for habitations. St. Jerome, one of the early fathers of the Christian church, lived in one of these caves, where he translated the Old Testament, and ended his days in the year 420. St. Eusebius of Cremona, a saint of the Romish Church, selected another for his last resting place. In a third are deposited the honoured remains of a noble Roman matron and her daughter, whose piety led them to Bethlehem, to found a convent; and

thus the last branches of the illustrious Scipios and the fiery Gracchi, rest darkly and humbly beside the lowly manger.

A fourth is said to contain the bones of the Innocents, whom Herod the Great slew in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, in the vain hope that among them was the young child who had been proclaimed by the ancient prophets as the future King of Israel. Above this Infant Necropolis stands the chapel dedicated to St. Catherine, which belongs to the Latins; and, beyond the village, is a little oratory which likewise belongs to them, and which they call the Refuge of the Blessed Virgin, because she is said to have taken shelter here during that scene of horror. It is held in great veneration by the people, even by the Mahometans, who take their oath upon it.

On our return to the convent we saw a great number of Bedouins and Arabs assembled in groups in the large open space in front of it, surrounded by crowds of the villagers. Our dragoman met us, with the intelligence that sheikh Abdallah would probably be unable to escort us to Jerusalem, for that the Beni Sachr had arrived, and were going to hold judgment upon him. It soon appeared that the Beni Sachr had assembled in Bethlehem, with several umpires, to take into consideration whether the dispute with the Taumirah might not be amicably settled, without their having recourse to predatory retaliation. Such an arrangement had hitherto been wholly impracticable, in consequence

of the enormous difference in regard to number ; for the spoliated gave them in as three hundred camels, while the spoilers declared there were only thirty !

Sheikh Abdallah informed the delegates of the Beni Sachr that he was pledged to accompany us to Jerusalem, and that when he had discharged this duty he would return to carry on the negotiation. In truth, however, no further danger was now to be apprehended, as he had himself intimated by giving permission to the greater number of his men to return to their home quarters.

After a short deliberation we mounted our horses and returned to Jerusalem, through the cheerful valley of Rephaim, and passed the grave of Rachel, which is held in equal veneration by both Mahometans and Israelites, for the progenitors of the Arabs and Jews were half brothers. Independently of this circumstance, Mahomet acknowledged the divine inspiration of the Pentateuch, the Psalms, the Prophets, and the Gospel ; but he considered the Koran as the last and most exalted Revelation, which is to extend to eternity. Hence the Professors of Islamism, in spite of their invincible faith in their prophet and his doctrines, have a certain respect and reverence for the places and individuals connected with other creeds.

The tomb of Rachel is a little oratory covered with a dome, similar to that which rises above many other Turkish tombs. Further on we passed the

Greek convent of Mar Elias, and then winding through the valley of Gihon, approached Jerusalem, which was lighted up by the parting rays of the setting sun—like the faded cheek of a mourner, who seeks to veil her grief beneath a transient smile.

November 12.

The events narrated in my letter have been brought down to the present time, and, as I have given you an account of my excursions in the environs of Jerusalem, I will subjoin a few words respecting our ride to-day.

We went to the village and convent of St. John in the Wilderness. It is situated about two leagues from hence, in a valley, which, less than any other in this neighbourhood, deserves the name of wilderness, for it cannot only boast of the indigenous olive-tree, but also of fine gardens of fruit and vegetables, a rich arable soil, and even of the beautiful St. John's bread-fruit tree (*Ceratonia siliqua*) which grows wild here. Tradition, however, has marked it out as the residence of Zacharias and Elizabeth, the aged parents of St. John the Baptist, and, far down in the valley, it points out the spot where he prepared himself for his high and holy mission. It is a perfect seclusion, and this may be the reason why it is designated a wilderness.

The ride through the valley was most lovely. I



was indeed in the zone, where the austerity of winter is mitigated into the clemency of autumn; but yesterday and to-day I have been, for the first time, in a region, where the closing days of autumn assumed the joyous aspect of a genial spring. The husbandmen and the villagers were cultivating their fields and gardens, as we do in March, and, independently of this ever verdant foliage, a smiling sky and a glorious sun are their unfailing portion.

Modin the mountain of the Macabees, lies on one side of the valley, and bears upon its brow an ancient edifice; but whether it was a stronghold, or the monumental tomb of this great and noble deliverer of His people is not known. The valley is called the "Vale of Terebinths," which Luther has translated the "Vale of Oaks." It emerges from between the mountains of Judea, into the wide-spread plain of the coast, in the direction of Askalon, the city of the Philistines. This valley is pointed out as the memorable place where the stripling David slew the mighty Goliath with a sling and a stone.

You will readily perceive the utter impossibility of fixing the precise locality of individual places; but the entire whole is pervaded with the sublime spirit of Biblical poetry and history, which invests every object with holy veneration and irresistible attraction. Oh! to comprehend the exhaustless

riches of its hidden depths, and to rejoice in its marvellous simplicity! In the unbounded freeness of nature, my thoughts love to linger with the people, the deeds and the sentiments of those bygone days, and, undisturbed by the superadditions of later times, the inquiries of when and where; and unshackled by the controversies of the passing hour, my mind is absorbed, without distraction, in the contemplation of the undying reminiscences of the past.

The church of the Franciscan convent of St. John, is the finest of those belonging to the Terra Santa; it is a noble structure, though not very large, nor indeed would it be compatible with the means of the fraternity, as it is very expensive to keep up large establishments. The pictures and bas-relievos were presented by pious individuals; they can scarcely be termed mediocre, and no trace could I find of a Murillo, which is said to have been seen here.

On our return home, when we had gained the highest point of the road between St. John and Jerusalem, we had a view of the Mediterranean sea, in the direction of the mouth of the Vale of Terebinths and of the Dead Sea, to our left, thus overlooking Palestine in its entire extent from east to west. But this view was very transient, for it vanished after we had proceeded only a few steps, as the road rises and falls alternately, and is not of the

same height for five minutes together; on our route to St. John's, we did not perceive it, as the afternoon's sun shone most beautifully on the Mediterranean. This is the only point near Jerusalem where such a view can be obtained. Josephus, who has been ridiculed for making this assertion, may therefore have been right when he said, that the Mediterranean could be seen from the tower of Psephinus, the foundations of which have been discovered in the vicinity of the Jaffa gate.

## LETTER XXXV.

TO MY MOTHER.

Hospital of the Empress Helena—Armenian Church—  
The so called Sacred fire—Jaffa Gate—Departure from  
Jerusalem.

Jerusalem, November 13th. 1843.

EVERY thing which is not immediately connected with religion has hitherto been held in but little estimation; sacred reminiscences alone have formed the glory of the Holy City, while those of a secular character have dwindled into utter insignificance. Now, however, that the spirit of scientific research is so energetically exploring every object, we may confidently anticipate that the his-

torical events of this country will be invested with the garb of attraction, of which they have hitherto been destitute.

Nothing, for example, is known of the spot where the Latin Kings resided, nor of the original destination of the present citadel, which stands at the Jaffa gate, and is of massive workmanship; and which is sometimes called the Fort of David, the Pisan Tower, and likewise the Tower of Hippicus. It is not improbable that the royal psalmist there laid the foundation of his "house of cedar."

It is really painful that the greatest uncertainty prevails respecting those subjects, with which we desire to be acquainted, while those of minor importance, such as the house of the Pharisee, where Jesus sat at meat, are denoted with the utmost precision, and scrupulosity. Nay, in order that nothing may be wanting, by which not only tradition, but poetry may be honoured, even the house of Dives at whose gate Lazarus the beggar was laid, is shown to the credulous stranger! It is distinguished by gay arabesque work, several small ornamented arches, in the Moorish, or as it is here more properly designated, the Arabic style. I call it the Moorish, because I have never seen it anywhere but in Spain.

The large hospital, said to have been founded by the Empress Helena, for invalids and poor pilgrims, is also ornamented with Moorish carvings, from

which it is very evident that it must have been subsequently rebuilt, even if we take it for granted that it was instituted by her. In the niches of the large doors are exceedingly pretty vaulted chambers, which resemble stalactite caves, and the outer wall is ornamented with rosettes and graceful festoons in stonework. A sad contrast of decay is presented by the interior; the high walls are fallen in; unruly children were playing among the rumbling stones; a mill was going round and round with a creaking noise, and the dirt and rubbish were so offensive that I was actually forced to retire.

At this season of the year there are frequently heavy falls of rain accompanied by thunder and lightning. Such was the case on the day of my arrival; the thunder rolled awfully over Mount Zion; and since then we have had occasional rain. In the environs this is not very perceptible, as the soil greedily drinks in the water: but the streets of the city are almost as dirty as those of Constantinople, and the narrow raised pavements, which run along the fronts of the houses, are no great help to the pedestrian, because they are composed of large irregular flag stones, and are even more dirty than the middle of the road.

The rainy season, properly so called, does not set in till the middle of winter. The air is as pleasant now as it is with us in September, and the mornings and evenings are pleasantly cool.

That extreme heat which completely burns up the country along the coast, and converts some parts of it into a hot-house, has quite passed away, and I am able to go out without the slightest inconvenience, for several hours, in the hottest part of the day.

Dirty and disagreeable as these streets are, I nevertheless often stand still, to look at some object of interest, as I did just now before the gates of the hospital of Helena, or before ancient fountains. Some of these are beautiful, and have retained the chaste beauty of the workmanship of their niches, longer than the water which flowed in their basins, because all the aqueducts have been destroyed. Sometimes I stop to look at a venerable Roman stone, in some out-of-the-way house, whose origin is revealed by its bevelled border, and I long to ask whether it was transported hither, from the palace of one of the Asmonean princes, or from a temple of the Emperor Adrian.

This inquiry forcibly presented itself as I was standing at the Golden gate, at the eastern end of the city, which has been bricked up with Saracenic masonry, because the Mahometans thus vainly hope to evade the fulfilment of an ancient prophecy, (doubtless founded on Ezekiel xlv. 1-3.) which announces that a Christian conqueror shall enter in by this gate, which leads to the area of the Sakhara mosque.

The substructure and the lateral buildings of this gate are evidently very ancient; they are richly ornamented, and my attention was particularly arrested by an exquisitely beautiful and transparent knob of chiselled stone, forming a singularly elegant rosette. The gate, which is of Roman workmanship, consists of two arches, supported by pilasters—the depth of the gateway is said to be between sixty and seventy feet.

Had not Jerusalem undergone one devastation after another, to say nothing of the numerous sieges and captures which it has sustained, we should find here a succession of monuments, or at least of their ruins, whose architectonic interest might go hand in hand with historical research. Why might we not meet with remains of the fort David, as well as of the palaces of the Persian and Egyptian monarchs? Why not with ruins of the times of the sumptuous Herods, who sought to vie with the 'magnificence of Rome? Next to these would follow those of the Emperor Adrian, who endeavoured to revive the worship of the lifeless, and almost forgotten, deities of Heathenism. Then, would follow the infant essays of Christian architecture, under the protection of the Byzantine emperor. After these, those of the Arabs, that were conformable with the ideas which they brought with them from their deserts. The noble style of the middle ages of Europe, and the chivalrous Teutonic

knights would come next in order, and these again would be succeeded by the Arabic, elevated by the genius and taste which it had acquired under the Egyptian caliphs. And lastly, the whole would be completed, by the heavy architecture of the Ottoman dynasty.

I know not any other spot on the globe, where, according to historical data, we might have reasonably looked for such a succession of buildings and monuments as in Jerusalem; and yet here, when they did exist, the awful fiat was pronounced, that they should be swept away by the relentless besom of destruction!

We visited the Armenian church of St. James, which is connected with a large convent, a fine garden, and very extensive buildings, consisting of numerous detached houses appropriated to the reception of pilgrims. It is said, that at Easter there are often several thousand Armenian pilgrims congregated here, from all parts of the Levant, and who form the main body of the pilgrims; the places for their accommodation are therefore larger than those of the other confessions.

The church is built on the place where the apostle St. James was beheaded, and the exact spot is pointed out by a small niche. This niche is of the most delicate workmanship, and is ornamented with stripes of metal and small pieces of mother



o' pearl inlaid in wood; a more chaste and elegant jewel-box could not be desired. All the other decorations in the church are in a similar style, and are executed with as much taste in the choice of the patterns and in the arrangement of the colours, as if they had been wrought by the light dexterous hand of a woman, though they do not display much originality of design. Among these we may rank the marble floor of the chapel, and that of the high altar, the beautiful mosaic of which rivals a 'Turkey carpet; and several encrusted doors, as exquisitely neat as Chinese workmanship.

The pictures, on the contrary, are manufactured in the coarsest style; the drawing, the colouring and the expression are all inconceivably bad; and the ten thousand saints all look like brothers. They are hung round the walls with the most precise regularity, frightful and stiff; as the leaden soldiers of children; there is not the slightest deviation or variation—all are equally high—equally broad, and equally hideous.

The lower part of the wall is covered with small coloured tiles; ostrich eggs and small lamps hang from the ceiling. They are the never-ending ornaments of the temples in the East, and are seen here both in all the Greek churches and in the mosques. The floors are covered with fine straw mats and carpets. The impression which the church made on me was, that it was a place of worship per-

fectly adapted for very orderly, cleanly and sober-minded men, brought up in the most precise fashion, and destitute alike of thinking faculties and of imagination.

On leaving the church, our garments and hands were sprinkled with scented water, according to the custom of the East, that treats every stranger as a guest, and places the best of everything before him, which in this country are perfumes. Does not this remind us of the frankincense and myrrh which the kings of the East presented to the infant Saviour? Is it not precisely similar to the costly ointment of spikenard with which the sorrowing Mary anointed the feet of Jesus? Two thousand years have produced no changes here in this respect. We everywhere meet with the same manners, the same customs, and the same ideas; and though different forms of religion have combined with them, they have not been essentially modified by them.

The East appears to me like a mighty cataract; water rushes upon water, an exhaustless, interminable torrent of water, while all around is repose, dignity, and silence! and all energies are concentrated and absorbed in this one mighty effort! But you may say what is the use of this, what result does it produce? To discover this, we must descend from the cataract, and follow the water in its course. The stream which seems only to have

motion in itself and to be consumed in the roar of its foaming torrent, flows onward and onward; it branches into many arms, and divides into a thousand rivulets, that diffuse life, vigour, and refreshment in their way; sometimes they dry up, and sometimes they change their course, and become the founders of another world, and another civilization, developing, recovering and preparing new elements: and such was the birth of our Western world!

In the religious ceremonies of the Oriental Christians, there still remain, doubtless without their being conscious of it, echoes from the primeval religions of the human race. To us these ceremonies appear strange and distracting, partly, because we do not understand their connection, and partly, because their unmeaning performance, resembles rather the incoherent doings of a somnambulist, than the sober actions of a conscious, wakeful person.

Among these we must reckon that of the Sacred fire on Easter Eve, when Greeks and Armenians assemble in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and wait for the kindling of the sacred fire in the sacellum, or chapel, erected over the sepulchre—an expectation which, as I have been assured by both Protestants and Roman Catholics, is often manifested in a very tumultuous manner, and generally accompanied by frenetic excesses. At Constantinople I

met a Spaniard, a most zealous Roman Catholic, who had just arrived from Syria, who spoke with absolute disgust of the sacred fire, while his narrative called to my mind the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarias at Naples.

The Pacha with his suite, as well as all strangers and persons attracted by curiosity, assemble in the upper boxes of the rotunda which surrounds the sepulchre and leave the lower space for the thousands of devotees, who, amid yells, shouts, ruthlessness and confusion, await the kindling of the sacred fire. This is at last exhibited to them, as the flame of a torch issuing from the door and windows of the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. The multitude instantly rush forward to light their tapers, and each thinks himself blessed, if he can carry home with him a spark of the sacred fire, and the more so, as it is attended with considerable risk of life. The pressing and thronging of many thousand eager enthusiasts, with burning tapers in their hands, in the narrow space of the area, often occasion accidents; dresses, veils and other things have been constantly known to take fire, and not unfrequently persons have been crushed to death.

Much as I was shocked at the recital of these sacrilegious scenes, I was nevertheless extremely interested in again finding, under an entirely new form, this unbounded and unextinguishable veneration.

tion for fire, which fills a place in the worship of all the Eastern nations, and in the religious feelings and sentiments of the Orientals. To say nothing of the ancient adoration of the sun and of fire, nor of the service of the vestals at the inextinguishable sacred fire;—nothing of the belief of the ancients, who regarded a person killed by lightning, as consecrated by the celestial element:—the Holy Scriptures are full of allusions to the adoration of fire, as practised in the East. The Israelites, the children of the Eternal God, are of course alien from the worship of fire; but, when they deserted Him, they laid their children in the burning arms of Moloch, in the valley of Hinnom.

But the Jews involuntarily recognised in fire, a messenger, a symbol, a revelation of Jehovah, from the time of Abel's sacrifice, which was consumed by fire—the burning bush on the Mount of Horeb—the smoking Mount Sinai, when the Lord descended upon it in fire, to the time when both the stone altar and the sacrifice of Elijah were consumed by fire from Heaven; and still later, to the miraculous effusion of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, in the form of tongues of fire. Each and every one of these was a manifestation of Jehovah, and we probably find the *last* trace in this ceremony of the Oriental Christians on Easter Eve.

The fundamental ideas are still the same, as they

were in the cradle of the human race ; and I am convinced, that they may be traced and discovered, in all the relations of the Orientals. This, my dear mother, makes a residence here inconceivably interesting ; the scenery, the people, the objects, are of such a nature, that we unconsciously connect with their present appearance, the whole history of the past, because what we, in our western homes, call a very remote antiquity, is here present to our eye, either breathing, and warm with the pulses of life, or if dead, resembling a mummy.

Nothing excites reflection like the past ;—the future is the domain of fancy :—we throw into it so much of our wishes, our hopes, and our dreams, especially those which are exaggerated and indefinite, because we do not like to renounce them, and do not know what to do with them in the actual present,—that the Future becomes to us like the heavens illumined by the fitful aurora borealis, glorious ;—but it is not the natural, actual state of the heavens. The Past, however, is like the true, eternal, heaven, with its unalterable constellations, which roll in their orbits undisturbed by our wishes, unobscured by our dreams—objects of our love by day, and consolation by night. We can look on them with such intense contemplation, that, compared with the shining orbs which have rolled in regular orbits for

thousands of years, and will roll on, till time shall be no more, every thing present appears tame and worthless, needlessly dressed up in gaudy tinsel, which to-morrow falls to pieces.

In this respect, Jerusalem closely resembles Rome : both wear such ample mantles of mourning, over their long purple garments, that compared with them, all mourning appears superficial, and every thing great, mean. But Rome is a ruin, picturesque, pensively melancholy, beautiful as ruins generally are ; Jerusalem is a petrified mass of destruction—or if it sounds more poetical—a weeping Niobe.

I always feel, dear mother, as if I ought to apologise to you, that such is the impression which Jerusalem produces upon me. You tell me in your letters, that you are reading Lamartine's Oriental Tour with much pleasure ; I have no distinct recollection of it, but I imagine that he speaks differently to what I do ; Chateaubriand certainly does. Both of them are Roman Catholics, this you must bear in mind is an important consideration, for, notwithstanding all its weaknesses, the Romish Church, in its humble garb, deprived of all worldly splendour, speaks powerfully to the heart in small congregations, in schools, in lodgings for pilgrims and strangers, the poor and the houseless, and, it is natural, that its members should be affected and delighted by these unobtrusive acts of kindness.

It is not the main point, though it certainly makes an essential difference, whether, if a warm, tender hand meets ours, and leads us hither, points out various objects—lays open some things and hides others, we have full confidence in this guiding hand, or, whether we have it not. The main point rests, in having a soul overflowing with poetry, like that of Chateaubriand; for this has the principal influence in these matters. Chateaubriand abandons himself to his genius, which, like the eye of the eagle, is more calculated to gaze on the sun, than to look down upon earth. But few can aspire to this. However, I have not read his journey to Jerusalem, I only take it for granted, that it must be pervaded by the sublime elevation of the "*Génie du Christianisme.*"

Lamartine, on the other hand, comprehends objects with an enthusiastic spirit, that imparts to objects in which we take an interest, but with which we are not acquainted, an agreeable character. I am not in the least enthusiastic, my dear mother; I seek for truth, gravity and energy—without these even the beautiful is not beautiful in my estimation. But hence, it unfortunately arises that I do not write enchanting Oriental Letters.

This is my last day in Jerusalem. We paid a parting visit to the church of the Holy Sepulchre and on that occasion saw, in the vestry of the Latins,



the sword and spurs of Godfrey de Bouillon, which are still used whenever any person is invested with the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, founded by Godfrey in the year 1099, and which the Reverendissimo, as the representative of the Pope, has still the right to confer.

Traversing the city by another way, we came to the spot where the Anglican church is to be built. The walls are already raised above the foundations, but as the application for the firman necessary in all such matters was neglected, the prosecution of the building is for the present prohibited. The stone is very fine, though only from the common quarries in the vicinity of Jerusalem; it is beautifully white, and when new, looks almost like marble. Another kind of stone yet more closely resembles marble; it is whitish, with pale red clouds, and looks very well in polished slabs. The stone from Mount Zion is bright yellow, and remarkably heavy.

No natural production in the vicinity of Jerusalem is so beautiful as the stones; is not this very remarkable? The ground in its uncultivated state produces, far and near, no other plant than the Spina Sancta, a long, fine, thorny network. I must however acknowledge that grass is beginning to appear in several places; we observed it to-day, as we were going from the Jaffa gate, to the upper pool of Gihon, and walked about in the

neighbourhood. This gate is also called the Bethlehem gate, and the Pilgrim's gate. In front of it a kind of promenade has been formed along the extensive level of the plateau, which is much frequented in the evening.

Near to the Pool of Gihon are the Turkish graves. Here under the shadow of a splendid, primeval, solitary terebinth, the Mahometan women assemble, enveloped in their large white shrouds, which completely conceal the whole of their persons, except their huge lemon-coloured boots. At some distance from them the men were seated together, sociably smoking their pipes.

The dark figures of the Greek priests in their long black garments are often seen wandering amid these tombs; the monks of the Terra Santa walk abroad less frequently, and then invariably two and two. They have a small garden near the Pool of Gihon, and we here met the Procurador and another monk; and, as I looked at the tall, grave, Spaniard, walking along with a firm and haughty step, I could scarcely fancy that he was going to look after cabbages and cucumbers!!

Oriental Christians are also frequently seen beyond this gate, and they are instantly recognised by their Italian salutations—though they often make blunders;—thus, as we were coming home yesterday from St. John's, a man, beckoning to us with his hand, said courteously: Addio! Addio!

The commercial and the political power of the Genoese and Venetians in the Levant, has been overthrown nearly three centuries; but, how firmly it was founded is proved by the fact that their language is not yet wholly extirpated. With a knowledge of the Italian language alone, any European may make his way, as it is everywhere understood by those persons, with whom a traveller may have to do. It is said to be likewise sufficient in commercial transactions.

The Italians are still perhaps that nation, with whom the Arabs of the present day have the most resemblance, which is very naturally accounted for, when we remember that, not only Arabian blood, but, likewise Arabian dominion, was established in Calabria and Sicily, and which of course are the only parts of Italy to which I allude. In Spain, it is true, the Arab dominion lasted much longer and was more durable; but, combined with the elements which they there found, the character of the Arabs was so ennobled and developed, that the dominion of the Moors was the time of their greatest prosperity; whereas, in southern Italy, as in Syria, they were without that animating, elevating influence, and have therefore degenerated. What they have become in Egypt, I shall soon see.

I believe that my recollections of Jerusalem will be more agreeable to me, than my residence

there ; and, for this reason, because I shall think of it without the least desire of seeing it again ; a desire which so easily mingles with our fairest recollections, and imparts to them such a melancholy character, that we do not like always to indulge in them.

Jerusalem is beautiful as a petrification of the time of Israel, of whom the prophet said, in the name of the Lord : “ Behold, I will feed them, even this people, with wormwood, and give them water of gall to drink.”

It has a still higher interest as a heavy tombstone over the most glorious form that ever visited this earth. Faithful to its gloomy, inflexible, and selfish character, it would not hear of a divine blessing, which it was to share with the whole world ; it demanded an exclusive blessing for itself, and crucified the Saviour, because his blessing embraced the whole world. But the tombstone became for Him the last step of his ascension to glory, and Jerusalem has retained for itself only the melancholy character, which is impressed on the lamentable confusion of its present condition.

This present condition saddens my heart. It is not the differences between Greeks and Latins, Anglicans and Presbyterians, Jacobites and Maronites, it is nothing individual, and still less an individual—it is the condition of the whole which makes me ask, can this state of things be called

Christianity? and prompts the answer. Christianity seems not to be understood here! Farewell, dearest mother.

## LETTER XXXVI.

TO MY MOTHER.

Journey across Ramla to Gaza.

Gaza, November 16th. 1843.

ENCAMPED beneath palm trees! I have long been wishing to commence a letter under such pleasant circumstances, my dearest mother; for the satisfaction of being encamped beneath palms, and of dating a letter from such an encampment, seems an essential part of an Oriental journey. To-day I am enabled to do so, both with a good conscience and sincere pleasure, for we are to remain here a whole day, in order to make some needful preparations for our journey across the Desert.

I am incessantly reminded of these preparations by the noise and confusion which surrounds me, and which is not deadened by the thin partition of our tent. Here are camel-drivers, there officers of the quarantine, here helpers and there hinderers, inquisitive idlers, beggars and children. All this confused medley of people talk away and vociferate, in the deep, guttural tones of the Arabic language, and

are accompanied by the shrill treble notes of thirty anxious cocks and hens, who are to be our companions through the Desert, and who do not seem to be at all satisfied with their travelling basket; though it is woven of branches of palm!

The two unplanned arm-chairs which are to be suspended across a camel, and in which we shall sit very sociably, are also standing quite ready. The place of cushions is to be supplied by our mattresses, rolled up tightly, and this seat is of course more comfortable than that on the back of the animal; but whether it will really prove comfortable is another question; however, I hope I shall get accustomed to it. I have travelled in Syria and Palestine four and twenty days on horseback, sometimes eleven hours, and never less than five, in the day, and have never felt fatigued, and I therefore hope that I may be able to sit twelve days upon a camel. I have indeed been told that the motion of the camel, with its rolling tread, is enough to make one *sea-sick*! But, all the difficulties connected with my Oriental journey have been designedly so much exaggerated, that I do not quite believe it.

Two things are indispensable to render a journey in the East agreeable; a thoroughly able dragoman, and a good long purse: this I was aware of, but I could not have conceived the endless petty annoyances which have to be endured. The absence of

essential cares, on a journey of this kind, materially lightens accidental difficulties, and, by means of the above mentioned pre-requisites, they may be overcome. It is true, I am sometimes tired enough! but, my dear mother, after you have been sitting, most easy and comfortably a whole day, in your own apartment, and have only moved from one room into another, are you not pretty well tired when eleven o'clock arrives? The only difference is, that after a good day's journey this weariness comes on a couple of hours earlier.

I have been thoroughly rested at Jerusalem, as I had ample time to look at everything leisurely, and the kind-hearted monks quite set me up, by daily sending me cakes, and other good things, so that I lived most luxuriously. My health is excellent: and neither heat nor rain affects me. On our journey from the Dead Sea to Mar Saba, I became, what I call wet, that is to say, the rain drenched my hat and hair, so that I looked like a Triton; but the sun soon after dried me, and I felt as well as ever.

Health is even more indispensable for a journey of this nature than an able dragoman, and a pocket full of gold, as it is utterly impossible always to take care of the body. When I was in Constantinople they wanted, as a precautionary measure, to pack up, I know not what medicines; but I told them that, if I had the slightest apprehension, that

I should be laid up, with all the diseases for which they prescribed, I should certainly stay at home. I have a panacea!—an effervescing powder, and when I am much heated and have no appetite, or am in the least out of sorts, I have recourse to it, and have such faith in its virtue, that I feel persuaded that so long as I have it I cannot be very ill. But I am writing to quiet you, respecting my approaching perils across the Desert, as if you could read this in eight days. I will rather tell you how we came hither, to this ancient city of the Philistines, which is much spoken of in the Bible.

On the evening before our departure from Jerusalem, the Reverendissimo attended by his suite, paid me a farewell visit. How much the ways of men diverge from each other, is strikingly learnt on such a journey as this, when we become well acquainted with ourselves, and are reminded on taking leave, that we have been at home in another quarter of the world. When I return to Europe this distance will appear to me as a mere trifle. I was very desirous to persuade the Consul to accompany us to Egypt, as he had been seized with intermittent fever, change of air being considered the best antidote. But gentlemen are obliged to remain stationary at their posts, and must obtain leave before they can undertake long journeys; and he could not, therefore, comply with



our request, which he would otherwise very gladly have done.

Late at night I read the last chapter of the Revelations of St. John, which I had never yet been able to understand; nor indeed, was I able to do so this time, though I had a secret hope, that an acquaintance with the earthly Jerusalem might help to elucidate the description of the heavenly city; but the highly figurative Oriental language, which speaks of walls and foundations of crystal and precious stones, and gates of pearls, soars quite above my comprehension, and finds no parallel here.

We left Jerusalem at half-past seven o'clock on the morning before yesterday. While our things were being packed up, I hastened once more to the highest terrace, and reached it, just as the sun was rising in glory above the transjordan mountains. A solitary palm was bathing itself in his effulgence, and the little bell of the convent was summoning the monks to their early matins—for there are no large church bells here. Everything around seemed rapt in silent adoration before the great Creator, and the small, child-like voice of the little bell was very touching, amid this solemn rejoicing of all nature at the renovated beauty of morning.

We rode slowly through the Jaffa gate, over the silent rocky land towards Ramla, along the same roads

which we had travelled a fortnight ago, in an opposite direction ; but it now appeared to me much prettier. Is it because every place bears the impress of gaiety and cheerfulness compared with Jerusalem ? or, had this region invested itself with a new garment ? Be it as it may, the foliage gleamed, the plants put forth their buds, the grass sprouted, and a breath of verdure seemed to have passed over the land. Nature had lifted up her bridal veil, and looked young, lovely and smiling. From this you may form some idea how sterile and desolate Jerusalem really is ! On my journey thither, these hills appeared to me barren and naked, and they are really so, except in a very few spots, yet now I found them beautiful and attractive.

At Ramla we this time took up our abode at the Franciscan convent, as we received a promise that the gate should be opened before sunrise, which, properly speaking, is contrary to rules, but which our long prospective journey to Gaza rendered indispensably necessary. I got up at four o'clock, but I had so much leisure to look at the stars, which were shining splendidly over my little court-yard, that I fell asleep again during my contemplations.

The mukeri are an intolerably lazy people ; three of them attended me ; they all rode upon very active asses, which quite put their riders to shame. The ass is, in fact, used much more in Palestine than

the horse, and occupies an important position among the peasants, the merchants, and the citizens, and he trips along so actively and lightly that he really looks quite charming. The principal people and the Bedouins ride horses, and the women sit astride upon mules, but are always closely veiled, and exhibit only their enormous yellow boots, which make them look like wild geese.

Persons of rank,—such for instance as the wife of the pacha of Jerusalem, whom we met going to Bethlehem, as we were returning from that town,—never ride, but recline upon cushions, with their legs crossed, in a kind of puppet show box, and this ugly affair is carried by a mule. The wife of the pacha was preceded by a military escort, which was followed by the animals laden with baggage; then came the lady in her travelling box, which seemed to be made of reeds, and was covered with curtains all round, except behind, where it was left open, so that she might look back upon the road which she had traversed; female slaves, eunuchs, and slaves with children, followed on mules and asses, or on foot; and the procession moved onwards with slow and measured solemnity. In this pompous style a Turkish woman of rank generally travels, and the short ride from Jerusalem to Bethlehem was doubtless a long journey to this lady, if we may judge by

the multitudinous and extensive preparations which accompanied it.

We did not start yesterday till six o'clock, and I was really inclined to be out of humour; but it was impossible to be so, on such a morning. As soon as I had emerged from the thick, dank walls of the convent, I felt transported beneath an immense crystal bell, so pure, so mild and lovely was the horizon, the air and the sky. A thousand prismatic colours floated around me, and, as in the richly cut crystal, were beautifully reflected through this Elysian ether. I revel in the glories of this eastern sky; it entrances me, and fills my soul with ecstasy; it is impossible to describe or define it, but I feel as if I were travelling upon the clouds.

The country was by no means beautiful. Enormous hedges of cactus enclose this side of the gardens of Ramla. The plain extends far and wide; to the right rise undulating downs of sand, behind which the Mediterranean lies concealed from view, while to the left extend the blue range of the mountains of Judea. But the scene above was glorious! The pale stars waned in the roseate hues of the early twilight, which gradually merged into golden splendour, and suffused the entire vault of heaven; while, from the deep purple mantle of the east little airy clouds disengaged themselves, one after the other, like the parting leaves of the rose, and, wafted by the morning air fluttered into the bright expanse

above. The sun now broke through this gorgeous ocean of purple and gold, fresh and warm as the lips of love, and casting his bright eyes upon the gentle, crescent moon, she bashfully retired from the scene of incomparable splendour. The morning was as beautiful as that on which I travelled from Carmel to Jaffa.

The country might be a paradise if it were well cultivated; it seemed to me the most fertile throughout Palestine, and I am not at all surprised that the Israelites in former days had so many wars with the Philistines, because they were anxious to possess this rich and beautiful land. The Wurtemberg peasants, who went to settle in the valley of Jehoshaphat, ought to come here, where they would find peace and quiet till the coming of the reign of universal peace which they are anxiously awaiting, provided that Russia, which is the most influential of all the powers with the Porte, would take them under its protection. I am happy, however, to say that the Christians are not tormented in these countries by the pachas, as in former days. During the last ten or twelve years, the Porte, half willingly and half unwillingly, has accorded so much influence to the European powers, that it must have some regard to the treatment of the Rayas; and, though the government of Ibrahim was only transitory, his tolerance towards Christians may at least have so far yielded beneficial results, that the Mahometans have learnt that it is possible

to be a Mahometan, without despising or misusing them.

We passed through several villages, in the neighbourhood of which the peasants were busily occupied in ploughing the land. The olive is the prevailing tree, but it is only planted near the villages. Large, lonely districts were uncultivated and produced nothing but a little dark blue flower, which we called the pearl hyacinth, and an enormous bulbous plant, the leaves of which resemble the iris, but which was unfortunately not in bloom. Giorgio, who had travelled this way last February, told us that the whole country, at that time, resembled a parterre of the most varied flowers.

We did not see the ruins of Askalon, and had only occasional glimpses of the sea, when it became visible between the hollows in the downs. We clearly discerned where the vale of Terebinths runs into the plain from between the mountains, which become flatter at that end of the valley.

In the afternoon we were very much troubled by a south wind, which carried thick clouds of dust into our faces, and against which the open plain did not afford us the least protection. At last, however, when we were within about an hour's distance from Gaza, we found some shelter in a very extensive grove of colossal olive trees, detached from the city, which we saw rising on a small eminence completely surrounded by the most beautiful palms.

The sun was going down, rayless, and opaque as the yolk of an egg. This was caused by the sand of the Desert, and portended a storm.

We remained without the city and went to the large well, which was thronged with men and animals, as water must be here obtained for a two days' supply, in travelling to El Arish. We struck our tent on an open, level spot, surrounded by a khan, burying places, garden walls, a mosque, heaps of rubbish, hedges of cactus, and magnificent palms. The latter were laden with large bunches of brownish dates, which were covered with a net to protect them from the flies. Here, on the boundary between Syria and Arabia the date first ripens, and my tent is pitched beside them! I have got up from my writing eight or ten times to satisfy myself that they are really there, and each time have been delighted with their beautiful and noble form.

I have also been most prosaically occupied in looking after our provisions and requisites, as these are of great importance in the Desert. Giorgio tells me that we are amply supplied for a fortnight; and, as Cairo is reckoned only an eleven days' journey, I am perfectly satisfied. Our bread has been baked in Jerusalem, and the dough has been prepared in such a manner, that though the bread becomes hard, it remains perfectly eatable. It is, indeed, no little matter to think of, and provide for all our various wants; and truly it requires the experience of a

dragoman! You can form no conception what it is to be obliged to carry every thing with you, from the ambulating poultry yard to the grains with which the fowls are to be fed, and the coals with which they are to be cooked! I must confess that I was perfectly astonished to find how much is indispensable for the support of life, even in its most simple requirements; but really this poultry yard takes up too much of my thoughts! I began my letter with it, and now find myself in the midst of it again. I will therefore rather break off at once.

## LETTER XXXVII.

TO MY MOTHER.

Departure from Gaza—Camel riding—Journey across the Desert  
to El Arish—Quarantine

El Arish, November 21st. 1843.

My dear mother, I am going to write to you, but it is scarcely fair, for I am in a humour which I may well call savage! Only fancy, here we are sitting in quarantine! Travellers from the Desert to Cairo sitting in quarantine! As if Egypt were not the real hot-bed of the plague! They might at least have placed it in a more eligible spot; for here there is bad water, and not a drop of



milk, nor a citron can be obtained to make it at all palatable.

There is not more to refresh the eye than the body: low sand hills, driven together by the wind bound the horizon; and if I toil up one of these eminences, I have only a yet more extended horizon bounded in the same way. And above all at this season of the year! the wind blows hard, day and night, and the sand is so thoroughly tossed up, that a fine dust fills the air, and notwithstanding all precaution, it penetrates everything. We have occasionally a heavy fall of rain during the night, which, however, has not the slightest influence on this all pervading dust; and in the Desert it is by no means a matter of indifference whether you are detained under your tent six days longer than you had calculated upon.

There is a quarantine establishment here, as it is called, which consists of a few clay hovels placed round a court; but the four Frenchmen, who have been our avant-couriers ever since we were at Beyrout, are already imprisoned there, with their people, their camels, and their camel drivers, an enormous caravan! so that we should come rather short of fresh air there; besides which, the sand has this advantage, that, although it is so thick that it may sometimes contain a harmless beetle, yet it never harbours vermin, which dilapidated buildings do in an extraordinary degree; I, there-

fore, greatly preferred taking up my quarters in my clean tent.

While we were at Gaza, the camel drivers told us that we should have to perform quarantine at El Arish, and asked whether we would not rather avoid it, and go round to Cairo by another way. But we did not trust him, for these people have a great predeliction for secret and bye-ways, which are sometimes shorter, but almost invariably worse than the main road.

Our dragoman has accidentally always performed his different journeys from Cairo to Gaza when there is no quarantine, and he therefore could give us no information upon the subject. He was accordingly dispatched with my firman to the governor of Gaza, to make the inquiry in a quarter which might be depended upon, whether or not there were quarantine at El Arish. He returned with the answer that there was none, and we, of course, placed more reliance on the word of the governor than on that of the camel driver. What could have induced him to make this false assertion is inconceivable, and he has acted in precisely the same way to the French travellers. Perhaps he was ashamed that the Egyptian government is able to carry out this measure, while the Turkish has not the power of doing so. The medical man here told us, that it was attempted to establish a quarantine at Gaza, but that the Arabs drove away the

surgeon, and no further notice was taken of the plan. Well, the first and only time when I was anxious that my firman should be of some service to me, it yielded these pleasant fruits ! •

We did not leave Gaza till ten o'clock on the 17th, as there was a tremendous quarrel between the dragoman and the owner of the camels, because he had furnished wretched animals ; of course the half of Gaza eagerly took part in it. Whether they were exchanged or not, I really do not know ! All this disputing did not trouble me in the least, so little indeed, that I did not once inquire the cause ; I could not have appeased their brawl, and the dragoman best knew how to secure our rights, and we had probably been unfairly dealt with on this occasion, because he went to the magistrate.

In mounting a camel for the first time, it is most essential to take care that you do not tumble off, when the animal raises himself, which he does in a very perceptible see-saw motion, first half upon his fore legs, then upon his hind legs, and lastly he elevates himself to his full height in front : the same mode is observed in lying down. You first shoot forward a few feet, and then backward ; but I always hold fast by the seat of my arm-chair, with all my might and main, and am now beginning to be pretty well accustomed to it.

The camels here have only one bunch, over which

is placed a sort of cradle or roof, made of rude lattice work, and lined with coarse cushions, coverlets and branches of trees, in order that the animal may not be hurt. To the rafters of this roof the burdens are attached with thick cords, and equally poised, in order to preserve the balance. Thus our chairs are suspended; mine is filled with a variety of objects to make it heavier. They are large, dreadfully uncouth, and needlessly huge machines, being calculated for the Arabs, who occupy much more space than we do, as they sit with their legs crossed under them. Here I am installed in my airy throne, at least seven feet above the ground; but I do anything but float in the air, for I am rocked and shaken to such a degree, that I almost lose my senses, and am rather stupified.

It is indeed a *sine qua non*, that in speaking of the Desert, you must only say "the sublime silence of the Desert," or "the majestic stillness and solitude of the Desert imparts to the soul this or that exalted bias." I cannot assent to this opinion: perhaps if I had been travelling on a horse or mule, it might have produced a different impression; but seated upon a camel, I feel exactly as if I were degraded into a bale of goods, transported in a railway waggon.

The camel has a horror of lying down: why, I cannot conceive; and he never does it without evincing his displeasure by low grunts, and being driven, beaten, threatened, and encouraged by the

driver with a peculiar sort of growl. When once you are safely mounted, and the animal is set in motion, it is well enough; but you must not move of your own accord, without paying special regard to the equipoise of the seat, which is easily lost, if the cords by which it is attached are in the least slackened. And then again, you must pay attention to the position of your fellow-traveller, and sit in the same posture as he does. Enough; it is not a journey, but a conveyance across the Desert, as bad as by a railway carriage. Whether it was this association of the two extremes of travelling by camel or railway, which transported me to Europe; or, whether the Desert in truth produced no characteristic impression upon my mind, I know not, but you will never guess what occupied me! My thoughts were wholly absorbed in Europe, and I was busily engaged in the scenes of a tale which I mean to write some day or other; it was the first time in the whole course of this journey that I was visited with thoughts of this kind; and they diverted me very much, whenever I began to grow weary of the tedium of the Desert.

The first day's journey, however, was certainly not through a Desert, for the country very much resembled that which lies between Ramla and Gaza, except that there is less cultivation, and consequently there are more sterile tracts. Wherever

they were ploughing, it was done with camels, which had a most ridiculous effect. Stiff and starch as it is, the camel never was designed as a beast of draught; but in these parts it already begins to be the best, nay, the only possession of the people, which the camel understands so well that it yields its owner as great a return as that which the horse, the ox, and the sheep yield us conjointly. It transports men and burdens, it draws the plough; its hair is woven into coverlets, its milk is relished as a delicious beverage, and its dung, when mixed with chopped straw and dried, is used for fuel. The preparing of this fuel, which is spread out upon the roofs to be dried by the sun, is practised throughout all Syria; and in every village you see the women and children most busily employed in this work, with no other implement than their ten fingers.

The camel is an object of the tenderest solicitude of the Arab, and the young ones are cherished as if they were little children. • “My camel,” is the pet name which a woman bestows upon her husband; and in her lamentation over his dead body, she constantly reiterates, “O my beloved camel! who will help me to carry my burden?”

There is something very disgusting to me about the camel: it has a most disagreeable appearance, with its dirty coat covered with weals and short stumpy hair; and, on one occasion, when my camel

turned his long neck and snuffled at my feet, I involuntarily drew them up with displeasure. The driver observed this, and to give me a practical demonstration how this animal ought to be treated, he drew down its head, and kissed its slobbering mouth! I was excessively astonished, not that he should kiss the camel—for this was in character with this semi-barbarian—but that he should know anything about kissing at all.

These men are not like the Taumirah Bedouins, an athletic, proud, handsome race, but they are the settled Arabs, the inhabitants of villages, who live in their hovels, covered with camels' dung, and, utterly degenerated in their miserably poor existence, have a lamentable, nerveless appearance. Five of them accompanied us, mostly lads; but their faces looked aged, and their bodies were stunted: features and form were alike care-worn. The pole of our tent, which one Bedouin held firmly upright while the tent was being spread, was supported by two of these Arabs with so much difficulty, that they were often obliged to call a third to their assistance; indeed, everything they do has a painful expression of indolence and inefficiency. They do not lay hold of any thing in a thorough, practical manner; no cord is drawn tightly, and no package is hung straight; the camel has not proceeded above a quarter of an hour before the baggage is sure to come loose, when they begin pulling and pushing,

till it is in some sort of order. They can, however, walk famously : I might indeed say, they seem made for it, because their whole life is devoted to escorting caravans to Sucz or Cairo.

The camel moves very slowly ; but it is so large that it is necessary to walk very fast, in order to keep pace with its long step, and this the Arabs accomplish easily, walking with their unshodden feet through the grating sand, and over the thorny plants of the Desert. The pace of the camel is not jolting, but distressingly pushing, if I may use the term, so that the rider is rocked backwards and forwards with the upper part of its body, as soon as it moves its feet. From the description which had been given me, I was prepared to find the exertion much greater than it really was, and I was therefore very agreeably disappointed with my ride on the first day, and the more so, as our journey did not lie through the Desert.

A very pretty palm-grove lay by the side of a little village, which the camel-driver called Deir, which, however, is only the Arabic name for village. We halted as early as four o'clock, in an open field ; but, as it afterwards proved, in a rather dangerous neighbourhood. A large and very cheerful village with two mosques, lay about a mile from our encampment : and we heard numerous musket shots, which we attributed to the celebration of a marriage, or to some other feast. We were walk-



ing in the direction of the village, when a strange, whizzing noise came quite near us, and lo! a ball had strayed in this very direction! I had not the least inclination to fall a sacrifice to this feast, as I supposed it to be; though in the end it proved to be anything but a feast, for the village of Hanyounis, as the Arabs called it, was in the act of open insurrection. This is, however, an every day occurrence under the Turkish government.

Whenever the officers attempt to collect the tribute, an insurrection immediately breaks out; if the soldiers come to levy troops, or more correctly speaking, to take them per force, again there is an insurrection. The Turkish administration is confined to these two acts, and as the people receive from it neither support, assistance, nor advantage, and consequently only become acquainted with it, by these acts, which they greatly dislike, they instantly make opposition.

On this occasion tribute was to be raised, but the people refused to give it, and sought to disperse those who were sent to collect it, and as it appeared successfully, for the shrill triumphant zugharit of the women completely drowned the musketry and the din of the mob. I am however, heartily tired of these Arabian insurrections, for since I have been at Beyrout I have heard of little else. The noise of the musketry, I am happy to say, did not disturb my sleep.

On the 18th. we broke up soon after six o'clock. Though there were still some traces of cultivation, we no longer saw any villages, and on this side of the boundary between the Turkish and Egyptian government, which is indicated by a large well, and which we reached at 12 o'clock, the country assumed a decidedly sterile aspect. The hills looked as if they were composed of driven sand; the level tracts of country between them were also covered with a dead sand, here and there interspersed with a little soil, which, watered by the rain of the former winter produced a scanty vegetation of briars and prickles. These plants are very much like our heath or gorse, more wood than leaves; and therefore present an ungenial, northern aspect, which does not gladden the eye.

By the side of the well stood a pile of ruins, perhaps those of an ancient grave; the camel driver fetched some dust from them, with which he besprinkled his animals, as if they were not dirty enough already; and being asked why he did so, he replied, that it was very conducive to their health; from this I conclude that some patron saint of the camels is buried here. Islamism has no saint like the Greek and the Romish Churches: but the Mohametans have saints something like the Indian Fakirs; men who impose upon themselves the severest penances and chastisements, like Simeon Stylites, or who renounce all the endowments or

mind and body, in order to gain renown, and to be memorialised. They are called Santons, and they are not only honoured during their lifetime, for example: their touch is considered sanitary, and their decision irrevocable; but miracles are even ascribed to their graves.

Idiots and persons of weak intellect are likewise objects of great veneration among the Arabs, who in speaking of them say, "their spirit is in heaven." I have, however, heard so fearful a description of the mad-house at Constantinople; of fetters and corporeal chastisements, and of unpardonable neglect, that I can scarcely reconcile this barbarity with the veneration of which they speak. Perhaps only the harmless idiot, or the religious enthusiast is honored, while raging madness is sought to be abated by this horrid, inhuman treatment.

The pile of ruins, however, may be nothing more than one of the erections of Ibrahim Pacha, who established a regular post from Cairo to Syria, through this part of the Desert.

We halted at four o'clock, amid dry, thorny plants, on a large furrowed plain. What I am to find of a sublime character here, I really know not! Believe me, dear mother, the Desert is absolutely tedious. If you can remember how the country looked between Berlin and Strelitz before the causeway was made to the East Sea, you can bring to your mind a lively picture of the Desert; sand, sand, nothing but

sand; and between whiles, where there is a little water, as at Oranienburg and at Dannenwalde, here there is a green oasis; but of course the vegetation is of quite a different character. It is true that the face of that part of the country has not been changed, yet you roll rapidly along the causeway, without stopping to look at it, or you lean back in the corner of the carriage occupied with a book, with your thoughts, or with waking dreams. Now fancy that you are carried along this road, slowly and solemnly by a camel, and tell me honestly, whether *ennui* would not be your predominant feeling. Desert is desert still, and what fatigues me in the march of Brandenburg fatigues me in Arabia also. Nearly all the people who come here are so elated at travelling on the back of a camel, in the Desert of Arabia, on the renowned isthmus of Suez, which connects the two worlds, that every thing combined appears highly interesting to them, and thus their own imagination clothes the Desert in glowing hues: while I, on the other hand, pourtray it in unvarnished colours, just as it really is.

On the 19th we started at seven o'clock, and arrived at El Arish at ten. Several people from the town met us, heartily shook hands with our camel-driver, and assured us that there was indeed a quarantine! What they thought of the necessity of a quarantine was plainly indicated by their shaking hands so cordially; while we, on our part

inferred that it was merely a speculation on the purse of the traveller! Enough! Here we sit, buried in sand, like living corpses, so that if I merely put my foot out of the tent, I sink beneath the ancles; and swallow a very fair proportion of sand, with rice, sugar, and indeed with everything that I eat.

A beautiful nebbek tree stands in the vicinity of our tent; it may indeed be called a phenomenon of nature, in a place where not a blade of grass is to be seen far and near. The camels and their drivers are lodged beneath and around it, and an inharmonious concert is kept up between the men and animals. Just beyond the plain on which we are encamped, two tents are pitched, in which some merchants from Gaza are also performing quarantine.

The inhabitants of the country pay seventy Turkish piastres for the hire of a camel from Gaza to Cairo, while we paid one hundred and thirty; and for the one on which two persons ride one hundred and sixty, which scarcely amounts to eleven Prussian dollars; an incredibly small sum for so long a journey. The miserable and impoverished owners of the camels are not the better for this sum, for the governor of Gaza, who fixes the prices according to his own fancy, under the pretext that he will not suffer travellers to be imposed upon by these people, merely allows them a share; but who can tell how small a share?

I fear, my dear mother, that you will be sadly annoyed at my letter from the Desert ; but I think that letters of this kind must sometimes be written upon travels, as a relief to the brighter parts of the picture. However, the whole of my tour in Syria has been, without a single exception, so truly prosperous and agreeable, that I am quite out of the habit of meeting with misadventures. Farewell, my best thoughts and love attend you.

END OF VOL. II.

L O N D O N :

Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.



# LETTERS

OR

## A GERMAN COUNTESS.

---

### LETTER XXXVIII.

TO MY MOTHER.

Departure from El-Arish—Arrival at the station—Camel-drivers—Reflections in the Desert—Desert scenery—Katya—Salahyeh—Infant creation—Ab Zabelou Kaukah—First view of Cairo.

Cairo, December 2nd. 1843.

My dear mother, here I am, and heartily thankful to be able to say so. Truly the Desert is no luxury; but to find myself in an excellent European hotel, to lie on a sofa and read letters from those I love; this is indeed a pleasure, and one which I yesterday enjoyed. You will best comprehend my extreme fatigue, dearest mother, when I tell you that, on learning at the hotel that no letters had been received for me, I turned round on



the sofa and said with the utmost indifference— Well, they will soon be found—and fell fast asleep. My dull surmises were indeed speedily realized, for the letters were actually found, having been addressed by my banker at Alexandria, to a banker here, instead of being sent to the hotel as I had requested.

I am now in the ancient residence of the Caliphs, Musr-El-Ckahireh, which we call Cairo, and am lodged in the hotel d'Orient, as in Marseilles, and look out over palms and acacias, upon the mighty Pyramids. "Quarante siècles vous regardent!" exclaimed Napoleon, pointing to the Pyramids, and thus roused his vain Frenchmen, who would rather be gazed on by stones than not be looked at. But to behold these enigmatical structures, which antiquity extolled among its wonders, which soar beyond the limits of our history into an age of which we have no record but tradition, which are an object of toilsome research and unbounded admiration in our own day—to look out upon them from my windows, as upon some neighbouring church steeple—this truly, is something magical.

I shall content myself for the present with contemplating them from a distance, and recruit thoroughly ere I venture to ascend them; for I need not tell you that I am greatly fatigued, after passing sixteen nights in a tent without once entering a house. Yet I am only fatigued, nothing more, though we had very bad weather for some time, storms and

torrents of rain ; November being the month when the seasons change. The sun, which at Gaza sank in the sand of the Desert, verified its portent of a storm. Even the latter part of our stay at El-Arish was rendered extremely disagreeable by an ice cold north-west wind ; our Arabs, who had no shelter but their Nebbek tree, felt so miserable, that their songs ceased, and we were unable to defend ourselves against the annoyance of the dust, which seemed to enter at every pore. But for this, I should have found the last days of my quarantine less odious than the first ; for I began writing letters which are now grown to a gigantic packet, read them over, arranged, and corrected some trifles, vividly recalled the past ; and thus the time glided away. Truly occupation is a marvellous discovery.

On the afternoon of the 23d November, we were presented with our account, and the clean bill of health ; an account truly ! for being forcibly obliged to pitch our tent for five days in the open air ! and when, on our preparing to start early on the 24th, two custom-house officers came forward, just as the baggage was lading, and rummaged our trunks, turning everything upside down, I clearly saw what progress European civilization has made in this country.

We were at length mounted on our camel, not the same that carried us from Gaza to El-Arish, which was to be rested for a couple of days longer—but on a much larger animal, which had such a

heavy tread, that I was often tempted to cry out. Happily for me it turned out very trickish, and having twice thrown itself down with us upon its back, I resolutely demanded another; for it is almost impossible not to slip off when the creature falls down unexpectedly. They gave us a third; a very pretty one of its kind, quite white, and having a light, firm tread, which we exchanged every other day with our first camel.

Were it not so insufficiently slow, this mode of travelling might be well enough; but you can hardly conceive the excessive tedium occasioned by the pedantic and measured pace of this animal. A horse may be driven and checked, and guided, but it has nothing of this annihilating, mechanical action, which is set in motion at seven in the morning, and does not stop till five in the afternoon. Well, I assure you this was the most pleasant hour of the day. Soon after two o'clock the camel drivers would come up and inquire if it was time to halt; our dragoman was forced to urge, exhort, threaten, quarrel from early till late, and had he not been such a determined and persevering fellow, I do believe we should be in the Desert at this moment.

Yet, however gladly I would have dismounted at two o'clock, my anxiety to quit the grandeurs of the Desert impelled me onwards to the utmost of my strength. But oh, the delight of the moment, when, on consulting our watches and the sun, and finding them to coincide with the wishes of the camel-

drivers; when a resting place had been selected, perhaps with some sand-hill in the rear as a protection against the wind; when our camel, after various preliminaries, consented to kneel down—and I stood once more on my feet! Yet this moment derived all its charm from our previous discomforts, and really possessed no intrinsic pleasure. Still it was some amusement to watch the first scenes of preparation.

The camels were unladen and turned out to crop the herbage of the Desert till sunset, when the Arabs gave them a sack of chopped straw mixed with barley. My first care was to release the fowls, who seemed quite as happy as myself, to be once more upon their feet. However much they raked and searched, yet the sand of the Desert yielded them not a single grain; they therefore never strayed from their travelling coop; but went into it at night, of their own accord.

The Arabs set about making bread, in the following manner. Some of them wore goat-skins, which they fastened with the hairy side turned inwards, either over the breast or shoulders, according to the direction of the wind or rain, and these dolman, which protected them by day, were converted into kneading troughs at night. The Arabs scooped out a hole with their hands in the sand, placed their goatskin in it, filled it with flower and water, and commenced kneading the dough as in a bowl. By the time they had worked it to a due consistence,

their crackling brushwood fire was reduced to ashes ; the dough was now divided into loaves, and laid on the glowing embers, and in ten minutes, half burnt and half baked, they were eagerly torn to shreds, and eaten with citrons. The small citrons of the country have the most delicious juice and aroma, yet they are more pleasant in tea and lemonade, than with bread. But truly, nothing comes amiss to these people.

One day in the course of the march, an Arab came running breathless to the dragoman, and entreated him to give him the large carving knife. For what purpose? oh, he had just discovered a most excellent joint on the other side of the hill—a camel, which had died there very lately, perhaps only yesterday—and from which he would have been delighted to cut some good slices, if the dragoman had not turned from him in disgust. On another occasion our people gave them a fowl, which, having broken its leg, died in the coop ; they at once began to pluck it, and treated it as they did their bread. They never baked in common, but always lighted two or three fires, so that when our own was kindled, our party in the Desert looked very much like a gipsy encampment.

At El Arish our dragoman made the Arabs a present of a large water bottle, that they might replenish it on the route, for you meet with wells and springs in the Desert ; but as they have always a marshy or brackish taste, a European, who is unac-

customed to it, cannot drink the water, although it agrees very well with the natives. There being no spring of fresh water till the third day, it is necessary to carry a supply from El Arish. Our dragoman was therefore not a little horrified on discovering the Arabs helping themselves from our water bags, the very first evening of our encampment. They had found it too troublesome to go ten minutes out of the way to fill their bags, although they thought nothing of doing so, or of leaving the camels when it suited their own pleasure. What was to be done? we could not refuse to give them water, but I was excessively provoked with this recklessness and indolence, because it arose as much from presumption as from thoughtless stupidity.

The animation in the camp did not continue very long. We were even more benumbed than fatigued, as the sharp wind continued to prevail, and it was only just before a torrent of rain, that the air felt very oppressive. It is true that we had sunshine all the way, but the beams stung, without warming us, and the balmy skies of Syria had quite vanished. Again we experienced the most unwelcome moment, when our tent was carried away from over our heads, and we were left standing in the cold, wet dawn of the morning, till our camels were ready.

We were at first afraid of losing our way among the hills if we ventured to start in advance ; but we soon took courage, and walked two or three leagues in order to warm ourselves and shorten the ride. I

can walk with much ease and pleasure, provided it be on good roads; but I found it very troublesome to get on in the Desert, for having rather a sliding walk, I was perpetually stirring up the sand about my feet. Twice we reached our encampment so thoroughly drenched, that our woollen dresses were not dry by the morning, and the tent and carpets had to be packed up damp. It was, therefore quite needful to take a morning's walk. I drew my cloak around me, the hood over my head, slung my bonnet over my shoulders, and went boldly forwards, so that in a couple of hours after sunrise my clothes were well dried.

I thought much of you, and how lucky it was that none of you were possessed with the same erratic fancy, for I am sure that none of you have sufficient strength of body to encounter these discomforts. To be sure I have arrived in no very beautiful condition: my complexion is marbled red and brown by the sun, my eyes and face swollen by the keen air, my hands rough for life; but in wandering from one quarter of the world to another, I had no leisure to think of my appearance, and I do not feel annoyed at it now. When I go to Nubia I suppose I shall turn quite brown! But I would admonish all who have not a strong constitution, or who attach any importance to personal beauty, not to adventure across the Desert.

At El Arish we were only seven and a half days' journey from Cairo, so that, notwithstanding a five

days' quarantine, our stock of provisions continued to hold out very well; only the citrons began to spoil, and the last evening our remaining fowls were cooked over the fire of their own travelling basket, as all our fuel was spent. The last day too we were no longer obliged to hoard our stock of water, which was so annoying to me that I began to think of using the water from the Jordan, which I had secured with the seal of the *Terra Santa*. Happily the weather was so cool that we did not feel thirsty, and were able to use the water of the Desert for washing. I cannot conceive how travellers manage in the Great Desert—we had a camel for the sole purpose of carrying the skins; and yet they hardly sufficed from one water station to another.

Had I to perform the journey over again I should purchase, at Cairo or Jerusalem, a horse or mule for riding; but in this case it would be necessary to take an extra camel for carrying a supply of water for the horse. On reaching our destination there would be no difficulty in disposing of the horse. Besides, a thousand piasters, more or less, cannot be taken into account on such a journey, while the mode of travelling makes an essential difference. But it is the fashion to travel on camels, and no one therefore thinks of any other conveyance; independently of which, it is impossible to hire either horses or asses, because the owners consider the fatigue beyond their strength. On our last day's journey we procured asses for the remaining distance of four or five



leagues hither, and truly I seemed transported to paradise !

Such, dearest mother, are the materials of my march through the Desert, and you will see how little incident it afforded. I assure you it is even yet more barren in mental interest. The eye beholds nothing but one unbroken plain of sand, from the shores of the Mediterranean to the Isthmus of Suez, which runs from Arabia to Egypt. The foot of the stranger never lingers here, but hastens forward with the utmost speed to regain once more the abodes of men ; even the long chain of mercantile caravans, and the annual solemn pilgrimage to Mecca, leave no traces but graves and bones. The road is so scattered with camels in every stage of decomposition, from the recent victim, to the blanched skeleton, that they might serve as way-marks. It is scarcely less common to see the graves of travellers, who have perished from disease or exhaustion, marked by low heaps of sand, and surrounded with the bones of animals. Large birds of prey hover slowly in the air ; crows with heavy wing, and noisy croak, assemble in flights ; wild beasts prowl among the low brushwood ; all are in pursuit of carrion :—the Desert is a vast sepulchre in its most desolate aspect !

The ocean and the lofty mountain are solitary, sometimes even oppressive, by their uniform monotony or dreary sterility ; but if life has no influence upon them, still less has death. Neither on the

cloud-capped Alp, nor upon the foaming billow, does man set up a tent for cradle or bier. The rock and the wave are pure from the dust of mouldering clay, and are, in this very purity and freedom, an emblem of eternity, contrasted with which the brief span of human life vanishes like the morning cloud. Hence their contemplation yields something beyond the mere delight of the senses. The mind leaves its mute sorrows in the ever pristine wave, and the heart, with all its faint or heavy throbs, rests against the cool firm rock and beats more calmly. For here meet the boundaries between life and death, possession and loss, hope and resignation, conflict and victory, between joy and sorrow; here their existence terminates—passes away as the dew-drop in the sunbeams of an eternal state of being. Not so in the Desert; here death reigns even in the manifestation of its stunted and careworn existence. I found it impossible to rise to any mental elevation; for there is nothing sublime in positive death. If there were, then even annihilation, or never to have had an existence, would bear this impress.

I sought to take refuge in history. But here too, how great the contrast between the ocean and the Desert! How are the mighty waters traversed by galleons and flotillas, armadas and slave ships, empty boasters, and immortal heroes! What a throng of noble thoughts and enterprizes, astounding deeds and crimes, gigantic speculations, visionary adventures and sublime combinations! There is no passion, whe-

ther good or evil, which has not carried man across the ocean. Gold and fortune, luxury and dominion, religion, love and freedom, all have been sought beyond the wide seas; and ambition, fame, humanity, love of science or discovery, grief, penury and hope—all throw themselves with open arms upon the bosom of the waters to be transported to the theatre of their dominant passion. Of all this the Desert bears no trace. True, it has been traversed by mighty armies. Cambyses with his Persians; Alexander the hero without rival; Zenobia, the haughty woman, who braved the veteran legions of Rome; these, and other conquerors have crossed the Desert, to subdue nations to their sway; but they were armies of desolation, without any object of good. Alexander died in his youth, and Napoleon's enterprize failed; and yet these two were the only men who regarded conquest as something beyond the mere imposition of tribute—a motive which places a vast barrier between them and such conquerors as Attila or Tamerlane. These had the instinct; but they possessed the genius of conquest. You see I do not make much advance in my historical meditations.

The stars shone brilliantly along the far horizon. Yet where do they not? and dawn and twilight, sunrise and setting—yes, every object in the heavens was glorious, and constituted my sole delight and entertainment. But then the heavens are altogether independent of the Desert!

One morning I beheld a beautiful bow of mist,

reddish grey and silver, which looked like a faint rainbow, and spanning the whole horizon. I much regret that I did not witness a *mirage*—that phantasmagoria of the Desert ; nor did I see any wild beasts. Only once I perceived a dusky brown animal of the feline species, slinking along the foot of a hill ; and during our early morning journeys I saw the foot prints of large animals of the same kind ; also traces of the airy gazelle, outlined in the moist sand, like delicate foliage. A troop of four of these most beautiful creatures bounded lightly past us one day. What a contrast is the graceful ease of form and motion in the gazelle, to the punctilious formality of the camel ; the former is the grace of the animal kingdom, the latter, a heavy-armed burgess, dull, tedious, pedantic, and regular as clockwork in the discharge of its duties.

We were nearly three days in going from El Arish to the water-station at Katya. Here the Desert becomes more or less hilly, and overgrown with prickly shrubs, which are partially, and sometimes completely buried in sand, resembling immense molehills. Katya is a grove of palm trees, the approach to which is announced some leagues before, by a few palm bushes. A large well and long drinking troughs point it out as an oasis for caravans and passing troops. Sometimes it boasts a village, if we may apply that name to low walls of clay and camels' dung, covered with dried palm branches. At present there was no appearance of a

village; for after the date gathering is over, the pacha demands a tax of one and a half or two piastres, for every fruit-bearing palm, which causes the inhabitants to decamp further in the Desert, in order to escape this imposition. Some, however, were hovering in the neighbourhood, for an Arab offered dates for sale to one of our camel drivers; who, after eating as many as he could, returned the basket, declaring they were good for nothing, and refused to pay for them. You may imagine what a dispute this occasioned!

Here, for the first time, we watered our camels. It was on the 26th of November. On the previous morning we had passed a chain of sand hills, of the most dazzling whiteness, stretching directly across our path, and so deep that our camels sunk up to the knees in the toilsome ascent, which was as smooth and bare as a skull. In some of the hollows along the foot of the hill, where a little moisture collects during the rainy season, clusters of palms contrived to flourish, looking like plumes of black feathers against the shining sand. On the other side of this little chain we saw a grove of palms, and the people busy gathering in their dates; after this we entered a boundless plain, of the most desolate aspect, the soil of which was firmer, and bore some shrubby plants. The monotony of the scene was relieved by a long caravan of camels, and mules, Arab men, women and children, all gaily dressed, some mounted, others walking, or hanging on by the camels; these

were laden in every possible manner ; one of them with three women, the centre one of whom was perched upon its bunch. It glided away like a scene in a magic lantern over the bare wall—and left not a trace behind.

On the 28th November the dreary waste approached the sea, and the surrounding landscape was such, that if a person, transported there during sleep, had been asked on waking whether he was in the Deserts of Arabia, in a Scottish plain, or in the Gulph of Courland, he would hardly have said the Desert. Towards the right were ponds, formed during previous inundations, similar to those in the south of France, near Cette and Narbonne. There salt is obtained from them, and the same might be done here, for we saw white and transparent crystals lying in several places along the road.

The way now became marshy, especially in the vicinity of the small arm of the sea, which stretches far inland. It is crossed by a bridge, and the waters were formerly enclosed with dams by Ibrahim Pacha, in order to facilitate the communication between Syria and Egypt ; but they are now falling into decay. Some of the flowering shrubs were beautiful, resembling our ericas ; one of them bore male and female blossoms on the same stalk ; the former rose-coloured, the latter white. I gathered some specimens, that I may learn their names from Professor Hornschuck.

Towards noon we descried a dark line along the

horizon ; as soon as the camel-drivers perceived it, they began dancing for joy, and their monotonous songs sounded more shrill than before. It was the large palm grove of Salahyeh, behind which flows a branch of the Nile. We were now in Lower Egypt, but we had yet four leagues to travel, ere we reached the grove. We found it regularly planted, and irrigated by canals, and along its skirts lay scattered clay huts, with enclosures of palm-leaves for sheep, goats, and fowls. The inhabitants, who did not by any means look wretched, offered us milk, dates and poultry for sale.

All the women wore the veil which I had occasionally noticed since leaving Ramla ; but it resembles a semi-mask with crape ends, rather than a veil. It is fastened under the nose and at the temples by small bright hooks, and is trimmed below the chin with coloured fringe or shining ornaments ; the eyes and forehead are left uncovered. The large dark blue veil which falls over the back, serves as a shawl, while their sleeves, of a similar colour, are so long and wide, that the women, in order to have the free use of their hands, hold them up as high as their shoulders in the strangest manner imaginable. Perhaps the habit of carrying everything on the head, may have induced the position, both as a means of balancing the body, and of keeping their hands ready for action.

About sunrise on the 29th, we entered the grove, which, from its symmetrical regularity, resembles a

beautiful colonnade, the trunks of the palms forming the slender shafts and their spreading crowns the vaulted arch. A lonely woman was kneeling in these dim and solitary courts, performing her morning devotions. It seemed as if I were entering, by this portico, into the primitive temples of Egyptian wisdom. Yet the Desert soon began to reassume its dominion, and the camels were obliged to cross three large ponds, which they did very reluctantly and insecurely. They waded through water three or four feet in depth, and our leader had to take off all his outer garments to guide them.

On the other side, however, we found ourselves on a firm flinty soil, scattered about with shining quartz and gay coloured pebbles, but utterly destitute of even a blade of grass, although the large and beautiful grove of Kerga, which we reached about two o'clock, was only a short distance off. The people were collected from the neighbouring villages, and holding a market, which consisted chiefly of dates, citrons, cotton yarn, bread and eggs. I saw many women, who, besides having a basket on their head, were carrying a child on their shoulder, with its arms clasped round the mother's neck; and if she had no burden, the child sat astride over her shoulders holding on by the head. The husband generally rode quietly along on his mule.

We took up our quarters for the night at the village of Abuhamed, which was surrounded with morass and was at this time completely inundated.



It appeared to us a very unhealthy spot, particularly as we arrived during a heavy fall of rain; but the following morning, the 30th of November, proved uncommonly fine.

The whole aspect of the country changes its character at Abuhamed, more correctly speaking, is changed by the hand of man; for Egypt would be but a barren desert, if the inundations of the Nile were not conveyed by means of canals, dams, sluices, and ditches over the whole soil, on which the receding waters deposit their fertilizing mud, or nourish its peculiar vegetation. Wherever the water does not penetrate, the Desert retains undisputed possession of the soil, and hence we so continually find it abutting upon a paradise.

The morning was splendid—clear, bright and sunny. Soon after seven we rode three leagues, at first by the side of a cotton plantation in full blossom, a shrub hitherto unknown to me; while on the other side were large ponds, left by the inundation, flat and immovable, like our forest lakes, reflecting a clear image of the palms, nebbeks, and sycamores, growing along their margin. Numerous birds fluttered around me: the whoop was marching along the banks, the lapwing hovered screaming in the air, beautiful snow white water-fowl were sitting clustered in large flocks, and pigeons of a reddish brown plumage, like cornelian were cooing and rocking themselves on the long palm branches. All were tame and fearless, and chattering away in such happy

strains, as our poor scared and hunted birds would not dare to venture on. We did not see a single human being. This calm and childlike world, rising in full luxuriance from the bosom of the water, with no inhabitants save these harmless songsters, seemed as peaceful and devoid of art, as on the morning of the creation. I often stopped to turn round and look back upon this place; this complete state of infancy of our hoary world can scarcely be conceived: it seemed as if only born in the night and lying in its cradle. I do not say that it was particularly beautiful: a child in its cot is not beautiful but interesting, because the first stage in the life of man, and here was the first step in the life of nature; and seldom does the entrance into a new region produce so peculiar and striking an impression. Yet there are transitions, forms and hues gradually blend, and the traces of the old vegetation remain, while the new springs up, to clothe the earth in renovated beauty. But Egypt is every year new born of its parent Nile, and offers no analogy with any other country; yet, dearest mother, do not lose sight of its wilderness character.

It is a day and a half's journey from Abuhamed to Cairo, and during nearly the whole of its course, the view on your left is bounded by the sterile, interminable plain reaching to Suez; your right by groves of palm, alternating with ponds, fields of maize and cotton, intersected by tracts of sand, and flint; to the left a desert, and to the right a garden of Eden;

to the left a bright, indurated yellow, and to the right a mass of verdure, glowing like enamel; and this wondrous contrast is effected solely by the tiny canal which here flows, and there ceases. Towards our right, the country was still so flooded, that whole villages and palm groves looked like islands on the surface of the water, being joined to the mainland, by a narrow mud causeway, to enable the numerous herds of sheep and goats to return to their stalls for the night.

All the villages are built in the same way as Salahyeh; clay is the only material of their rude walls, which often have no roof, or merely a thatching of palm leaves. In the larger villages you see mosques and minarets; and in all, the mournful and dilapidated burying grounds of the Mahometans, among whose graves solitary female figures, enveloped in their sombre habits, flit along like shadows of the departed. In some spot, more dreary than the rest, rises the cupola of a small building, the tomb of a derwish' or santon, fitted up as an oratory, and overshadowed by an acacia or nebbek tree, that the worshipper may repose at once body and soul. If there is a fountain attached to it, you always see some villagers collected around it.

The sun had already set when, after an eleven hours' march, we reached the village of Abou Zabel, where Mehemed Ali founded the military hospital and school of medicine, which is now removed to

Cairo. The house is large and handsome, and surrounded with gardens. We encamped near its walls—our last night's quarters in the open air, for some time to come. The gardens wafted to us the powerful fragrance of the acacias, but this was almost overpowered by the horrid odour of the fuel, which arose from the fires in the village.

Yesterday, the 1st of December, the whole caravan was ready to start at half past six. I, for my part, quite resolved not to mount a camel again. Not having succeeded in procuring asses at Salahyeh, we proceeded on foot for about half a league, to the large village of Kaukah, which was encircled with ponds and luxuriant gardens. The sun now rose, and illumined the beautiful foliage of the trees, among which its rays darted like lamps of gold. The citrons and sycamores looked most glorious, and the long pendant pods of the elegant nebbek acacia, sparkled like drops of emerald.

Asses were obtained, and being released from my ponderous burress, we proceeded gaily forwards, amid such a profusion of palm trees, that I feel quite ashamed to have made so much of those at Gaza; and thence, through a magnificent over-arching avenue of acacias, along a firm, well made road; suddenly all these delights abandoned us, and we started to find ourselves once more in the familiar sterile plain, with its solitary spots of cultivation on our right, and towards the left, the chain of Arabian mountains, here called the Mokattam.

The plain, however, was no longer destitute of human beings. Villagers were carrying oranges, citrons, dates, and bananas to the city; while travellers, merchants, and traders, files of camels and asses, soldiers mounted upon horses, were issuing from it; there was, in short, all the bustle and activity which announces the approach to a great city. Then came carriages, Europeans taking their drives; what a strange sight! Ibrahim Pacha in a small drosky. Abbas Pacha in a coupé, drawn by four horses, and preceded by running footmen, a fashion now obsolete in Europe.

On the declivity of the Mokattam rises the citadel, which is the residence of the Lord of Egypt; while at its feet lies the huge city like an obedient slave. Numerous elegant minarets dart brightly from amid the confused assemblage of houses, which are interspersed with palms and other trees. More in the foreground a chain of windmills run along the sand hills, and large monumental tombs stand out detached amid the mass of the far-spreading burial grounds. Quite in the back ground rise two towering elevations; they might pass for hills were they not so regular, or for buildings were they less gigantic. They are the pyramids of Gizeh. They reign supreme over the whole landscape, and fetter the eye as by enchantment. And well may they do so! Like the portraits of our forefathers in a long ancestral hall, they are the first steps in that series of development, through which the human race must pass, in that sphere where the transcendent idea

assumes a garb in order to produce the desired impression, which visible form we style Art. In the erection of these stupendous fabrics, the primordial powers of man's mental, as well as bodily energies must have been in full vigour. But of this more hereafter.

We did not enter by the gate to which our road conducted, as it was now noon, when the narrow streets are too much thronged to allow an easy passage for laden camels. We therefore diverged to the right, and rode along the wall between enormous heaps of rubbish, corn-fields and gardens filled with the most beautiful trees; we then passed a couple of gates, coffee-houses under far-spreading sycamores; and lastly, through one of the suburbs inhabited by soldiers and their families, whose clay-built tenements hang like swallow nests against the city walls. Our ears were stunned by the incessant din of women and children, who seemed smothered in dirt and filth; a sight which produced the same effect upon the *tout ensemble*, which some unsightly stain has upon a gorgeous robe.

Finally, we rode through the narrow gate which leads to the immense square of Esbekyeh, which is laid out in the European style, with shaded avenues, canals, and houses. One of these residences is fitted up for the Hotel d'Orient. I was now in Cairo, and had accomplished the journey across the Desert!

## LETTER XXXIX.

TO THE COUNTESS SCHÖNBURG-WECHSELBURG.

Excursion to the Nile—The Island of Rouda—The Nilometer (Mekyas)—Ibrahim Pacha's Gardens.—View of the Pyramids.

Cairo, December 4th. 1843.

I KNOW not, dearest Emy, whether in your case places and countries, which you have never seen, present themselves to your mind under some decided form. It often happens to me; thus, for instance, the Nile has completely identified itself in my imagination with Isis; not, indeed, with the sable mummy which bears that appellation in our museums, but with my ideal of Isis, as a splendid, dark woman, with large black eyes, possessing more of the queen and enchantress, than of a deity with mystic attributes, indicating both the magician's wand and the royal sceptre. She held her hand extended over the Nile, which flowed at her feet in its course from the mysterious desert to the unfathomable ocean—an inexhaustible stream of blessing, known for ages, only by the benefits it conferred upon the nations along its banks. This is a sort of image we can realize mentally; but I was in the utmost suspense to see how the Nile looked in nature, and how far it would verify my early dreams. In the course of my present travels, and especially in my journey through the Desert, I have been unde-

ceived in many former impressions ; but the Nile has lost nothing—Isis may still stand on his banks with her omnipotent and darkly mysterious eye.

We had been travelling for three days in the valley of the Nile, but had beheld and tasted its waters only in the lakes which it forms on the subsidence of the inundations ; we could see nothing of the river in its own bed, for even Cairo does not lie immediately upon it. To obtain a view of the Nile it is necessary to go to the small westerly harbour of Boulak, or to old Cairo, called Fostat, which is situated towards the south. On the first day of my arrival I desired to see nothing but my welcome home letters, nor yet on the second, for having now full leisure I am able to indulge in their frequent perusal.

We took a turn round the Esbekyeh square, where we reside. It was formerly a large marsh, which is now dried up, and is being laid out in avenues, canals, and roads, which, however, are not yet completed ; when it is finished it will vie with our most magnificent squares in Europe. A fine promenade is very agreeable, though certainly by no means astounding ; and yet, dear Emy, astonishment is my dominant sensation : a Turk planting trees ! a Turk providing for the morrow ! This is something unheard of in the East ; for the last three months I have seen nothing but ruins and neglect, except where urgent necessity imperatively demanded some attention to the soil ; and



therefore to find myself all of a sudden amid a profusion of unprofitable trees, as in some Spanish Alameda—truly this is marvellous ! Both soil and climate favour a taste for planting ; if a slip is merely put into the ground, and water poured upon it, in a few years it will be a wide and spreading tree. All the plantations around Cairo, except some of the palms, were formed, or suggested by Mehemed Ali and Ibrahim Pacha ; consequently they are not above thirty years old, and yet they look like the growth of many generations. The appearance of a great city thus interwoven with luxuriant verdure, is really beautiful.

Yesterday I resolved to explore beyond the limits of our square. There is always a large assemblage of asses with their drivers waiting the call of strangers ; they are charming creatures, which I can hardly make up my mind to call asses. They are trained to an amble while they are young, by tying together the feet of the same side, and the plan succeeds admirably ; for they run remarkably well and quick, without stopping to take breath. I had my own saddle put on one of them, and we rode to old Cairo to see the Nile. On the way we passed a palace of Ibrahim Pacha, a long white building full of windows, with no pretensions to beauty. There is something striking in the plantations which run to the very gates of the city, and in the assemblage of promenades, kitchen-gardens, palm-groves, corn-fields and interminable avenues.

Old Cairo is the mother city of Cairo. On the spot where Amru, commander of the Caliph Omar, pitched his tent when he commenced the conquest of Egypt, and where a nestling dove, as a token for good, settled upon the pole of his tent, which he suffered to remain in order not to disturb the peaceful guest; on that spot Amru built a city to which he gave the name of Fostat, which in Arabic signifies Tent. It was not till three centuries later that the Fatimite caliphs founded modern Cairo, which is called in Arabic Cahira, or the Victorious. Fostat is now poor and deserted, but interesting to strangers on account of the celebrated ancient mosque of Amru. We rode to the river and crossed an arm, to the island of Rhoda, which boasts possession of the famous Nilometer, a venerable monument of the times of the Pharoahs, which indicates the rise and fall of the waters of the Nile.

The river is divided by this island into two branches; it flows from the south with a broad and ample course; it is not rapid, for it loves to linger amid the verdant banks which it has formed for itself; not rushing, for it has no devastating aim; but it is the very image of the calm, majestic repose of an exhaustless creative energy. Its pathway is adorned with garlands and branches of palm, still and solemn as the flow of its own waters, while the pyramids look down, in stately grandeur, from the Lybian Desert. A repose is spread over the whole scene, such as I could have known only in my dreams,

when I heretofore spoke of eastern tranquillity, for certainly I never met with it before. It is not the petrified stillness of Jerusalem, not the sepulchral quiet of the Desert which are blended in this golden dream of repose, and not even the peaceful tranquillity which reigned on the heights of Carmel.

Here all is serenely grave, as beseems the land of profound wisdom, at whose source Solon, Pythagoras and Plato came to drink, and to which we seem to approximate, as the contemplation of the mysterious river and its enigmatical pyramids carries the mind into the profound recesses of primæval history. Yet this is but a mere fancy; for could we grow wise by gazing, I should have become so long since, because I have seen much that speaks of wisdom.

At the other end of the island of Rhoda, Ibrahim Pacha has very extensive gardens, here called English and French, because the former have large lawns, and the latter hedges of myrtle and hibiscus; but they bear no comparison with our European gardens, though it is impossible not to admire those magnificent exotics which we rear in hot houses, luxuriating in the open air. Along the north side of the island a broad terrace leads to the banks of the river, which flows amid gardens, sprinkled with white houses; below Rhoda, however, its course is impeded by another large island, which seems to float, like a circling nosegay, in an atmosphere of roses, myrtles, and acacias.

The lawns are bordered by canals, while basons of water sparkle among the gay parterres. Many of these houses of Ibrahim Pacha lie in the most beautiful localities ; one is the residence of the Greek consul. Were it not for the annual visitation of the plague and the consequent annoyance of quarantine, there is no doubt that the *haute volée* of our tourists would pass the winter in Cairo instead of Naples ; and certainly with equal satisfaction. The Esbekyeh square would be the Chiaja.

We spent some hours at Rhoda ; and the gardener who attended us over the grounds presented me with a magnificent rose, shaded from blush white to a deep rose colour. The sun set ere we quitted the island. The pyramids look unutterably grand in the purple twilight, and it seemed impossible to turn away from them. The evening star rose over the summit of one of these gigantic piles, like some mysterious undying thought which pervades every human invention, and, however imperfectly it may convey the impression, is still an aspiration after immortality.

Venerable Cheops ! it was thy aim to raise a monument for thy dust, where it might repose in peace, till, after the lapse of ages, thy soul should have completed its peregrinations, and returning to its original tenement, resume and animate it once more. Alas ! whither has thy dust been scattered ; thy sepulchral chambers are plundered and bare, the greedy Arab has ransacked them for treasures—

the antiquarian has employed them for the solution of scientific problems, the amateur has spoiled them to enrich the museums of the west, and the traveller has crept along their dark passages to satisfy wonder and curiosity. Thousands have trodden under foot, and wafted to the winds, the dust which thou thoughtest to preserve untouched. Thus it ever is, if we seek to immortalize that which is mortal—it is humbled to the dust.

But rest in peace, ancient Cheops; the destiny of thy soul cannot be affected by these sacrilegious devastations, and thou hast attained an earthly immortality, however different from the one which thou soughtest. A faith such as thine, which could overleap centuries in order to unite the future with the present, carries in it the title to an endless fame. We, the ephemera of an hour, think not of ages yet to come—the astronomer alone calculates them in his tables of the stars. We soon tire of our short-lived existence; perhaps we scatter a few seeds in our path; and if they take root, well; if not, we leave them for others! But none of us have any thought of attaining this loftiness of project—of referring every work, intent, and aim, to ages yet unborn as the goal for recommencing our course with renovated strength! The future which we contemplate is heaven, though we cannot calculate it as the astronomer does. It is a doubtful question whether man, with a certain prospect of returning after a lapse of years, to pass a further portion of life upon earth, would spend it

otherwise than he does now ; he quits it at his death, as the miner does the ruined shaft, from which he can extract no further treasure.

We tremble at the prospect of death ; but the venerable Cheops, what did he ? He prepared a mansion, from which he might once again step forth majestically into the world. Hearts and minds such as these are indeed immortal and may well conceive pyramids. Among us they are regarded with sublime abhorrence, as monuments of despotic tyranny and senseless vanity. The fact is, we cannot enter into the idea which prevailed in those remote eras, or we judge them by our modern standard, and seek to circumscribe the Pharoahs to a chamber of peers and deputies.

We were at length obliged to return home ! We again crossed the Nile, and rode along the fine broad avenues to Cairo, where we met large droves of asses coming from the city, after finishing their daily tasks. The road was animated with numerous equestrians, Arab women in their habits of black silk and mask-like veils mounted on asses and driven by their servants ; European ladies riding with more independence in English saddles ; in short, Franks, Turks, and Arabs, all mixed in gay confusion on the broad highway. At Cairo I seem to have entered upon a new phase of Oriental life.

## LETTER XL.

TO MY SISTER.

Visit to the Citadel and Mehemed Ali's Palace—The new Mosque—The Nile—The Desert—The City—Its Oriental character.

Cairo, 6th. December, 1843.

You cannot think, my dear Clara, how charming I find everything here ! My chief pleasure is riding. We have noble trees, excellent roads, luxuriant gardens, and verdant fields, besides many glorious sights ; but the trees are curiosities, nay luxuries, for a stranger from Constantinople, Damascus, or Jerusalem, to say nothing of the Desert. Of all the capitals of Europe with which I am acquainted, not one can boast of an avenue like that from Cairo to Shoobra, above a mile in length, and wide enough to admit six carriages abreast, bordered with sycamores and nebbek-acacias, which form an ever verdant bower. Mehemed Ali has used one of the countless mounds of rubbish encircling the city like a rampart, to raise the avenue road, which is thus secured against the floods, during the inundation of the Nile. The avenue is intersected by smaller drives which lead to gardens and country seats, standing in the midst of plantations of apricots and citrons, and overlooking fields of sugar-cane, cotton, corn and pulse.

In some of the lower grounds the bounteous waters of the Nile have not yet receded, as if conscious of the progressive labours of the husbandman. In other parts we see the Sakiyeh at work, the large Persian wheel turned by oxen, for the purpose of drawing the water from the canals fed by the Nile, and diffusing it over the fields and gardens. The Sakiyeh is planted round with briar roses and acacias, to screen the oxen and drivers against the wind, while mulberry, sycamore, and carob trees shelter them from the fierce rays of the sun.

The seven millions, who in olden times feasted over the flesh pots of Egypt, might still find an abundance of food; but their numbers have been diminishing for ages. Could Mehemed Ali once effect an increase in the population, his name would be enrolled among the great; at present this is problematical, though I willingly concede him this honour, yet it is impossible to say how much might be accomplished if the European powers would guarantee his independence.

Shoobra, is a garden and country-house on the Nile, to which the Pacha is very partial; and it is hardly possible to conceive anything more beautiful and unpretending than the entrance. The gateway has an irregular appearance, from the luxuriant mass of creeping plants with which it is mantled, which make it look like a bower. The gardens have no resemblance to those of Ibrahim Pacha, at Rhoda,



being more in the Oriental taste, that is, chiefly orchard, though quite different to those in the plain of Damascus. Its principal features are solid walks, inlaid with shells and pebbles, bordered with formal squares of oranges and citrons, and low clipped hedges of myrtle; shady avenues terminating in fountains, and raised kiosks commanding the Nile, which spreads among the verdure like a sheet of silver.

The large fountain is really magnificent. An oblong square portico, borne on marble columns, encloses a beautiful lake into which we descended by flights of marble steps. At its four angles are marble lions, throwing up jets of water, and in the centre of the bason rises a marble platform supported by crocodiles. The corners of the portico terminate in four pavilions with chambers, which impart to this most fanciful building the character both of a fountain and a kiosk; on the nights of the Ramadan, when it is brilliantly illuminated, the *tout ensemble* must look like fairy-land.

Yesterday we visited the citadel, which is built on a projection of the Mokattam. It was erected towards the close of the twelfth century by the illustrious Saladin, the successful opponent of Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip Augustus, who possessed all their martial daring, with even more than their noble chivalrousness. His name is still perpetuated in the Youssuf fountain, a long rocky passage, which has been bored to the level of the Nile, by

which it is fed. The explosion of a powder magazine about twenty years ago, destroyed the remains of the ancient palace of Saladin, with the exception of some very fine broken columns. All the present buildings, the divan, mint, and armory, are of modern date.

Mehemed Ali being now in Upper Egypt, we had an opportunity of going over his apartments. We entered by a flower-garden, which appeared to me a strange access to a man like the old Pacha; at least I should never have imagined that the road to his highness lay through flowers. I was struck by the triple windows in a country like Egypt, while even double windows are by no means general among us; my astonishment was next excited by the Pacha's elegant bed-room, in which was a magnificent bed richly draped with costly brocade silks, better suited to a stationary and comfortably settled being, than to one who moves from place to place like the Pacha.

Nothing bespeaks the nomadic origin of the Orientals more than their sleeping arrangements; they always seem as if they were migrating, their tent is pitched here to-day, and there to-morrow; a carpet spread, a mattress unrolled, and their bed is ready, and such is still the custom even in their private dwellings. I find it most uncomfortable, and am always reminded of Cromwell, who slept in a different apartment every night, from dread of the murderer's knife. We Northerners may vagabondize as much as we please during the day; but at night, our head must repose in quiet in the same resting-

place. Such, at least, is my taste, and hence this Pacha's large, massy bed pleased me much.

Yet we can hardly conceive that a man like Mehemed Ali should enjoy much repose on his gorgeous couch. His life has been too replete with care and thought; there are thoughts, rich and deep, which go hand-in-hand with tranquil nights; but such are not his. For more than five and thirty years he has been obliged anxiously to look round on all sides, to maintain his most precarious equilibrium. On the 1st of March, 1811, he caused the Mamelukes, whom he had invited to an entertainment, to be massacred in an upper chamber. Our guide pointed out the place on one of the bastions from which one of the destined victims effected his escape on horseback into the town; his life, thus miraculously preserved, was granted him by the Pacha. It seems inconceivable how, with such recollections, it is possible to sleep at all.

In this scene of terror the Pacha is now building a large mosque, which, so far as regards the materials, will be unrivalled in the world; the inner walls will be completely cased with the splendid flesh-coloured alabaster, spotted with white, which is found in Upper Egypt, and known in Italy by the name of the Oriental alabaster. A single pair of such columns are the boast of the Villa Albani at Rome; here the whole of the large inner portico is supported by them, and the fountains of ablution in the centre of the court is composed entirely

of this material, which is occasionally as transparent as wax, the whole of incomparable beauty. I cannot say as much for the beauty of their form, for they resemble colossal candlesticks. There is, however, little pleasure in the eternal imitations of an exotic style, now so universal among us, while, here, on the other hand, people venture to come forward with their own designs and inventions; but this courage fails us: criticism, what will criticism say? is the pondering question. Well, say what it will, what does it concern us? Criticism is but the trainbearer of art. Here people have seen nothing, and, while devoid of all classical taste, they will not adhere to the antique, for Egypt is the land of innovations; no doubt they commit many grievous blunders, but still their genius is inventive, and that always pleases me if there is a freshness about it.

The bastion to which I have alluded, commands a fine view of the city, and the extensive plain in which it lies. Its situation is uncommonly striking: towards the east, the Desert, in its literal meaning, spreads as far as Suez; to the west, the valley of the Nile, and beyond it the boundless expanse of the Lybian Desert. The Nile is, as it were, hemmed in by these two interminable sandy wastes, which blend with the horizon, the river flowing between them, with its verdant banks, each being, probably, a league in breadth.

Egypt, I mean that portion of it which is cultivated, inhabited and capable of civilization, is con-

fined to the green strips along the course of the Nile. Just imagine the fertile banks of the Rhine bounded right and left beyond Frankfort and Mayence, by a sandy desert. This is precisely the case here; and if by some convulsion of nature the sources of the Nile in the interior of Africa were to dry up, Egypt would cease to exist. The Arabian and Lybian Deserts would gradually approximate, and overwhelm and extirpate vegetation.

The extreme regularity in the rise and fall of the Nile has never yet been accounted for; by some persons it is ascribed to the continued heavy rains which prevail between the tropics from the summer solstice to the autumnal equinox; but this explanation is not satisfactory, because the whole process of the inundation is conducted with such a uniformity and tranquillity, as occurs nowhere else. The waters do not make a sudden incursion upon the land, but rise slowly, gradually, at times almost imperceptibly, from the end of June, to the end of September. The Egyptian astronomers account for this phenomenon by another still more wonderful. They calculate to a minute the *Leylet en Nuktah*, or night of the drop, about the middle of June, on which a drop endued with vivifying powers, falls from Heaven into the Nile, and produces the swell of the waters! This night is observed as a festival throughout Egypt, for on it depend all their hopes for the crops of the succeeding year.

Public prayers are offered up for an abundant rise

of the waters, accompanied by religious ceremonials, in which all the inhabitants of Egypt take part. Since the time of Mehemed Ali, there is no distinction of the various sects, Arabians, Turks, Greeks, and Copts, all join, because the blessing is common to all. As soon as the rise of the waters is perceptible, the popular rejoicings begin ; and I am told that they are extremely wild and frantic in Upper Egypt, according to the custom of former ages.

Towards the end of August the river at Cairo has risen sufficiently high to admit of the passage of the sluice of the great canal, which leaves the Nile at Fostat, passes through Cairo, and, by its numerous ramifications, overflows the eastern parts of Lower Egypt ; which I noticed between Salahyeh and Aboozabel. This event is celebrated with the utmost rejoicing : fireworks, decorated barges, military salutes and processions, songs and music, nothing is omitted, not even the bride of the Nile, an image of clay—a memorial of the human victim which, according to an uncertain tradition, was wont to be thrown into the Nile in the early days of Egypt.

As a general rule, the waters continue rising till the beginning of October, when they remain stationary ; they are then conducted, with much care, from one point to another, so that each may be sufficiently irrigated, so long as the supply lasts. The water gradually subsides, and in April and May the drought again commences. Thus regularly does this mysterious inundation occur, while its systematical and

artificial irrigation, like a main artery, conveys animation into the lifeless body of Egypt. It is beautiful to see this magnificent river, like the beneficent creator, announcing its existence by its blessings. In bygone ages, when the more lofty ideas and attributes were personified and presented visibly to the eye, how natural was it that the deity of the Nile should occupy a place of distinguished honour.

My eye does not turn towards the illimitable Lybian Desert, it seems forsaken both of God and man; why should it engage me? A countless throng of human beings annually traverse it,—for the caravans of holy pilgrims on their way from western Africa to Mecca, often numbering from three to four thousand camels, are here joined by the pilgrims from Roumelia and Anatolia; who there form two bodies, one proceeding the whole of the route overland, by Suez, the other by Cosseyr and the Red Sea. Damascus is the rendezvous for the Mecca pilgrims from Western Asia. While we were in that city we were shewn the country-house where a prince of the royal family of Persia was awaiting the arrival of the pilgrim caravan, which he was going to accompany to Mecca. All the pilgrims must be in Mecca by the Courban Bairam, a solemn festival, which is celebrated seventy days after the little Bairam. Yet it is not every pilgrim that reaches this goal, for many of the poor and sickly perish in the desert. When they find their end approaching they wrap themselves up in the shroud, with which every one

is furnished, lie down with their face turned towards Mecca, and die; the sand quickly buries all the remains that are not consumed by the vultures, crows, and jackals.

The departure and arrival of the caravan at Cairo are always celebrated with much pomp; the chief object of interest being the Machmil, or annual present, sent by the Viceroy to Mecca, consisting of a valuable box, with a covering for the Kaaba, beneath which are deposited two copies of the Koran. The covering of the preceding year is brought back, and its smallest shreds perform miracles! At Constantinople, where the same ceremony takes place, I saw one of these coverings in the tomb of Sultan Mahmoud, it was made of green silk interwoven with gold. Every Mahometan is obligated to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca, yet many procure a dispensation, or discharge it by a substitute, which is deemed an equivalent: the Hadjis or pilgrims are treated with much distinction on their return, and their prayers are eagerly sought.

When I look toward the South, I behold a long series of pyramids besides the great and magnificent ones of Ghizeh, glowing like the purest marble in the clear noontide rays, and beyond those of Sakharah and Abusir, the only buildings whose outlines rise above the horizon. All the lines are low and horizontal; the Lybian Desert is a long, uniform and scarcely undulated flat, and the Arabian Desert though somewhat more varied, probably owing to its proximity, is how-



ever without any marked form. From our elevated position, the many exceedingly beautiful minarets produced no effect ; when seen from the plain they are very striking, and so richly decorated with balls, crowns, chapters, points and galleries, that they reminded me of some richly chased candelabrum. The minarets in Constantinople are all of a similar character : white, slender, and surrounded by one, two, and three galleries. In Damascus they vary ; but only those of the Mosque of Omar had any pretensions to architectural decoration, the rest being low and squat. In Jerusalem they are insignificant : I cannot recollect a single one of any decided character. Cairo, on the other hand, abounds in the most graceful forms, and almost at every curve of its meandering streets you see one of these elegant spires shooting upwards, resembling a carving of pale yellow ivory, and occasionally relieved by alternate stripes of white and red stone.

Cairo, and Cairo alone, is in my estimation the true Oriental city ; its architecture is the offspring of Arabian genius, and continually reminds us of scenes in the *Thousand and one Nights*. Its mosques, its fountains, its mausoleums are twin sisters of the *Alhambra*. Constantinople with its hills and its waters, lying on the confines of Europe and Asia, produces as a whole such an imposing effect, that we do not perceive the want of harmony in its details, and amid the fulness of its picturesque beauties we scarcely desire either unity or originality. Damascus

is an orchard, with a simple, rural population, dwelling in miserable clay huts! even its most famous building, the mosque of the Ommiades can assert no claim to originality, having been primarily a Christian Church. Cairo is the genuine city of the Caliphs, the heir of Damascus and Bagdad, the city of Almamoun and Saladin; Arab-Saracenic to its very core; original, and as picturesque in its details as is possible for a large city, lying in an immense plain.

The streets are narrow and crooked, but more pleasant for foot passengers than those of Constantinople or Damascus, for they are neither paved, nor have they those frightful gutters running along the middle. The ground is firm, and not injured by the eight or ten days' rain, which occurs annually; so that it is far preferable to a bad pavement. The asses, which are very numerous, (being estimated at twenty thousand,) are sure-footed, and go along the streets with much ease; at least a third of the population, whom we met in the streets, were mounted on camels, horses or mules. This imparts to them an air of cheerfulness, though it often occasions a frightful throng, when drivers, seīs and riders, force their way among the pedestrians, from both ends of the street at once. Most riders have acquired the necessary dexterity for extricating themselves; but if there is no other means of escape, you are obliged to ride into the first house-door you come to, mounted upon your mule.

The street-doors, like those in Damascus, open into a narrow dark passage, which leads to a second, by which you enter the inner court. There are no windows by the side of the door; many of the houses have two and even three stories, of which the first projects; they have seldom more than two windows on a floor, but these are very large and occasionally screened with ornamented lattice work forming a bay from which the inmates have a view over the whole length of the street.

Sometimes there is a special look-out window, made simply of a trellice work of palm in the more common houses, but, in elegant mansions, beautifully interwoven and ornamented with paintings. It is called *Masharabieh*, and is something between a blind, lattice and balcony. The mouldings and door-posts are occasionally formed of stone or of tasteful arabesque carvings, while others have less expensive decoration of stripes of red and white paint. This is a common mode of ornamenting many of the large buildings, the mosques, and the merchants' houses, which are here called *Okels*.

The bazars are more lofty and spacious than any I have elsewhere seen, and they are appropriated to the sale of articles of a similar kind. The *cafés* are as numerous as in Constantinople, and if possible yet more simple. In the *Esbekyeh Square* you see a small hearth, a table for the *nargilehs* and some low stools made of palm, placed beneath the shade of a spreading acacia; such is the *café*, where many while away

the day most agreeably, in listening to the relations of the story-tellers, or watching the feats of jugglers. This morning we passed several large groups, who had collected around these public entertainers.

I cannot tell you, dearest Clara, what a lively enjoyment I have in perambulating the streets of Cairo: everywhere I see something to interest me: the architecture of the private dwellings, the graceful minarets, the exceedingly pretty fountain chambers built in a half circle, with lattice and rich stone carvings, here and there a palm or orange tree growing in the court-yard of a mosque, or private dwelling, and gardens whose beautiful green overtops the walls; to say nothing of the busy throng of men in the streets, stunning the ear and dazzling the eye, and yet altogether so essential a part of the whole scene, that you find no attraction in the more quiet and unfrequented parts of the city; and when you are weary of these gay sights you can ride to Fostat, to Boulak, or Shoobra, and luxuriate in the beauties of tropical vegetation, and above all in the Nile.

## LETTER XLI.

TO MY MOTHER.

The Mosques—El Azhar, Amree, Touloun, Barkauk, Hhasaneyn,  
El Ashereff, El Ghury and Kaid Bey.

Cairo, 9th. December, 1843.

MY dearest mother, I have already given you such full details of the characteristic features of Oriental cities, that you must by this time be quite familiar with *cafés*, bazars, slave-markets, baths, singing-women, and dancing derwishes; public life as transacted in the streets, the noisy professions of the venders of provisions, the nonchalance of the merchant in his little shop; the grotesque costume of the women; all these are now so familiar to me that I make no doubt I have fully described them to you. Cairo, however, appears to me more animated than Constantinople, for the Arab is of a livelier temperament, more talkative and mobile than the Turk.

The Arabs constitute the preponderating population, being estimated at two millions in Egypt. The ancient Egyptians, or Copts, as they are now called, were subdued by the Arabs in the seventh century, their numbers have now dwindled down to one hundred and fifty thousand, but they have continued as they were at that period, Christians of the sect of the Monophysites. Lastly, the Turks, in their

turn conquered the Arabs of Syria and Egypt, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and are now the ruling masters, but have not intermingled with the inhabitants; they hate the Arabs and despise the Copts, or infidels as they term them; they fill offices of trust and dignity, but do not amount to more than ten or twelve thousand. Mehemed Ali himself is a Turk, a native of Cavalla, in Roumelia. Hence the Arabs give the tone to popular manners, which strike me as infinitely more cheerful. In other respects, the life of the Oriental and the Mahomedan is regulated by such prescribed forms and undeviating customs, by the Koran on the one hand, and tradition on the other, that it is hardly possible that it should present any great diversities, except, indeed, when some other principle is made the bond and basis of a different social system, as for instance among the Bedouins, who bear as little resemblance to the Arabs of the towns and villages, as the nomadic Turkomen of Asia Minor do to the Turks.

The routine of daily life in the Mahomedan towns of the East, except so far as it is modified by national character, is extremely uniform. Constantinople appeared to me the most immoveable, as if in the full enjoyment of exclusiveness, which suspects no lack and therefore takes no pains to supply it; Damascus, the most active, and industrious; Cairo the most cheerful, clever and intelligent; Cairo reminds me of the Andalusian, Damascus of

the Catalan, yet Cairo has none of the happy joyousness of Andalusia. Oriental tranquillity, Oriental despotism and Oriental seclusion of the female sex, render such gaiety impossible, and its cheerfulness is but comparative.

Though I sent you a long letter about the mosques at Constantinople I must give you some account of those in Cairo. Many of them are in ruins, some are chapels or oratories rather than places set apart for public worship, while others are opened without hesitation to the Frank, who is not regarded here with the same abhorrence as in other Mahomedan countries; and thus I have had no difficulty in obtaining access to any, except to the largest and most important of the mosques, El Azhar, which was closed against us, probably on account of my being a woman. This mosque is in high estimation among Mahomedans, because it has inherited a portion of the temporal supremacy enjoyed by the Caliphate of the Abbassides in Bagdad, previous to its destruction by the Seljuks in the eleventh century; the spiritual dominion which the Caliph as head of the faithful, derived from Mahomed, was transferred to the sultans of Egypt, who are descended from Fatima, the daughter of the prophet, and who governed the whole of Arabia, including Mecca and Medina. Since that period Cairo has enjoyed the religious distinction previously possessed by Bagdad, and still earlier by Damascus, as the residence of the Commander of the faithful;

it also became the seat of Arabic learning and science, which is intimately connected with their religion.

Sultan Aziz-Billah founded a college of theology and jurisprudence, under the direction of the most celebrated professors, and annexed it to the mosque of El Azar, as being one of the most ancient foundations. This college exists to the present day : it teaches the Kōran and civil jurisprudence, which is based on it, explains the traditions connected with the Koran, and enjoys much distinction among the Mahometans, as an orthodox expounder of Islamism. It has distinct departments, where the pupils from Syria, Persia, Arabia, Western Africa, and Turkey are severally located under their own inspectors. These latter are termed Nazir, which signifies chief ; their appointment is vested in the sheikh, who bestows it, indiscriminately, on the head of a wretched village, a derwish, or the superior of a religious foundation.

It would have afforded me much pleasure to visit this college of Mahometan theology, the Sorbonne of Cairo ; but the kavass was afraid that the students would take offence at the presence of a European female within their sacred precincts, especially as we were not-attended by the sheikh, under whose protection we were to view it. I have not lost much in an architectural point of view, for it is built in the same style as the ancient mosques of Amru and Touloun. The former was the first



mosque in Egypt, having been erected by its conqueror at Fostat, in the year 653. Though fallen into ruin, we can still recognise the type of the form which the Mahometan selected for the worship of the one eternal and spiritual deity.

If I am not mistaken, I wrote to you from Constantinople that the mosques in that capital had an air of tranquillity, firmness and simplicity, simple indeed almost to baldness—but perfectly in unison with the dogmas of Islamism. The same fundamental idea, and the same arrangement prevails there, only modified, by regard to the difference of climate, and spoilt by the all-powerful influence which the majestic Aya Sofia irresistibly exercised over all succeeding architects,—spoilt because it introduced something that was foreign and not peculiar. All the mosques are open to the sky; the cupola seems intended as an emblem of the overarching vault of heaven, but it does not produce the same joyous and exhilarating feeling as the expanse of the azure firmament, with all its glowing brightness and invigorating freshness.

The buildings are erected in the form of a parallelogram, with various modifications in their internal architecture. The mosque of Amru is a square, surrounded by a portico; it has six rows of columns in front, and a triple colonnade at each side of the entrance. In the centre of the wall of the sixth row of columns are niches of the Mihrab, and the pulpits or balconies of the sheikh who preaches on the Friday, and of the Imam who recites the customary

prayers on the other days of the week. This portion of the building is turned toward Mecca; the floors are covered with carpets and matting, and, in the centre of the court is the fountain of ablution, with a cupola supported by eight columns. It has no traces of the elegance of the decorations of a later age; but these long, well lighted halls, resting on two hundred and thirty-eight marble columns, produce a truly grand effect. We feel that it is the style most suited to the ardent followers of the Koran who abhorred the mystic adoration of saints and images, who had neither sacrifices nor mysteries, and who rejoiced in the youthful purity of a creed, which spoke with the clearness of a mathematical demonstration. There is no room for feeling or imagination, and yet I did not experience the same emptiness, as amid the large bare walls of the mosques of Constantinople.

The columns of the mosque are of a white and lightish grey marble, not Arabic, but rather Roman, or perhaps even of the age of the Ptolomies, and taken by Amru from the city of Babylon, which was built by the Romans in the declivity of the Mokattam, near the site of Fostat and Cairo, soon after the conquest of Egypt by Augustus. The mosque of Touloun was erected about two hundred years later, in the same severe style; the proportions are on a larger scale, and the simple stone columns are almost forbidding, from their size, though we already find traces of ornamental stucco work at the frieze.

The mosque of Sultan Barkauk is of the twelfth

century; it is a striking building, less grand and imposing it is true, but beautiful, and adorned with all the grace of Arabic fancy. There are cupolas on two of the outer angles of the portico, where the tombs of the founder and his family are situated, in the chief part of the mosque which is turned toward Mecca. The two other angles have minarets of stone, richly carved with arabesques similar to the cupolas.

This is one mode of internal arrangement; there is another of a more compressed character. Instead of being enclosed by a portico, the inner court is surrounded by four large niches, of which the one facing the entrance is set apart for prayer. If you do not catch the exact proportions, such an arrangement easily deceives you: in the same manner as the somewhat similar cruciform Greek churches. Though the mosque of Ithasancyn, of the fourteenth century is considered to be one of the finest, yet its extent cannot reconcile me to want of harmony in its interior. It is diffuse, rather than grand; but there are some mosques, such as El Asheraff, El Ghury, and Kaid Bey, where there is less attempt at magnitude, and consequently more harmony; these mosques are very beautiful, and are probably not excelled by any monument of Arabian architecture; at least I know of none. They possess all the grace and elegant proportions of the Allhambra, and the rich ornaments of the house of Assaad pacha at Damascus, combined with the beauty of internal form, in which both the others are deficient. Those

are like birds of paradise in a cage of reeds, while these are like humming-birds in a golden bower.

From the pavement to the crowning ball of the minaret, all is perfect; in the Alhambra and the house of Assaad, the stone carving called forth my admiration, while here it is excited by the endless profusion of taste which has so richly decorated the marble walls, niches, mausoleums, bronze gates, and even the little windows in the upper walls, as well as the pavements, that they look as if bestrewed with the gems of the floral kingdom. Here you see arabesques of all the tints of the rainbow, composed of small highly polished stones, which hang suspended like wreaths over the white marble, in which they are ingeniously incrustated; there a mosaic of mother-o'-pearl and silver thread; here windows of gorgeous hues, there blocks of porphyry and yellow marble. And yet buildings such as these are suffered to fall into ruin!

Cairo, with a population of about two hundred and fifty thousand, has four hundred mosques: but the founders of many of these erections left no funds for their endowment; and consequently they fall into neglect—for the people have not the means of keeping them up. Did Cairo but possess a board of public works!—but such things enter not into the imagination of a native of the East, above all, not of an Egyptian, whose country has been desolated for three centuries, by the anarchy of the Mamelukes. It is true that the state of affairs has changed; yet,

although public buildings have become objects of importance, the pacha prefers digging canals, and he is right in doing so; hence, however, it arises that master-pieces of a style of architecture,—which is, in fact, very imperfectly known among us by means of drawings, and whose inexhaustible richness of invention might furnish us with an endless variety of models and hints—are suffered to perish by the lapse of time and the ruthless hand of man, and will exhibit to future generations nothing but masses of ruin. It is because their preservation is next to hopeless that we look at them with a two-fold interest, as we gaze upon some lovely young being, that bears upon its mantled cheek the impress of death.

## LETTER XLII.

TO MY MOTHER.

The Tombs of the Caliphs.

Cairo, December 11th. 1843.

DURING the first days after my arrival, all my excursions were directed to the west of the city, that I might regale my eyes with verdant meadows and the beauties of a luxuriant vegetation. The Desert to the eastward possessed no attractions for me, as I was thoroughly tired of arid plains; but at that time I did not know that this Desert is full of wonders. Truly, Cairo is the city of marvels! There is the Nile, which accomplishes its destiny, mysterious and

impenetrable as the veil of Isis ; there are the pyramids, where another race of Titans thought to scale the heavens—the colossal productions of a giant race ; and in the eastern Desert are the tombs of the caliphs, where those mischievous sprites, the Djinnes haunt amid the ruins ; beyond them rises the extinct crater of Djebel Achmar ; and, still further on, in the bed of an ancient stream, lies the petrified forest, the product of some mighty convulsion of nature !

By whatever gate you quit the eastern part of the city you enter upon the dead and sterile desert which terminates at the Mokattam, and rises with accumulated force on its further side. The plain which extends between the foot of the Mokattam and the walls of the city is occupied in its whole extent, from north to south, by the Necropolis, the city of the dead. It is traversed in various directions by enormous mounds of rubbish, the depositories of ages—which serve as foundations for a long series of wind-mills. Some of the tombs consist simply of two upright stones, one placed at the head and the other at the feet ; some are covered with domes ; but all lie scattered irregularly over the Desert ; occasionally, however, a considerable number are enclosed with walls, like our burying-grounds.

The tombs of the Mameluke Beys are the only monuments of white marble, and are coarsely painted with flowers and arabesques. Near them is the family mausoleum of the Viceroy ; a frightful building

altogether devoid of taste. Most of the tombs share the fate of the 'mosques; they are falling into decay, in consequence of the extinction or the poverty of the families of their founders; and when thus abandoned, the poor people find it very convenient to convert them into a dwelling; for they are square, like their own huts, but more lofty, and decked with a stately cupola; sometimes, however, they pull down the stones, in order to build their habitations closer together.

Here the Djinnes live in great numbers. The men and women are employed in spinning cotton, and large troops of children gambol around them. The children are really frightful little urchins, with large heads, which are closely shaven, except a top-knot, and they are dumpy, and covered with filth. However, as they grow up, their appearance is by no means unprepossessing, especially the women who, among the lower classes, are frequently unveiled.

The flat nose and thick lips of the ancient Egyptians have not been effaced by the mixture of Arab blood; but their fine teeth, intelligent eyes, slender figure, and graceful carriage, render them infinitely more attractive than our own females of the poorer ranks. They go barefoot, wear a dark blue dress over very full drawers, a long flowing veil of blue and white checked cotton, a basket or water-skin on their head, an infant on their shoulders, and their hands raised up in a peculiar, but not unbecoming manner,

in order to keep them disengaged from their long veil and wide sleeves. They are not so much wrapped up as the women of Turkey and Syria.

The females of high rank are closely enveloped. The costume in which they ride and walk abroad looked to me, at first, like the *chauve-souris* of a masquerade; it is a sort of full chemise, called *sableh*, and an enormous veil or *habbarah*, both made of a stout black taffety. If the wind raises their veil when they are riding, the figure resembles some shapeless bale of goods. Whether riding or walking, they always lift up their hands to their shoulder, probably to support the *habbarah* and to keep it from falling over their face, which is concealed by the white or black demi veil below the eyes. Thus equipped, ladies of the highest rank constantly ride out, attended by a train of female slaves, who hold the children in front of their large saddles. The greatest anomaly in the cortege is the *seïs*, whose arm is passed round the waist of the lady, by way of support. Such, however, is the fashion, while yet it would be considered a heinous offence for a gentleman to salute a lady, or offer the slightest indication of recognition, even though she were his own sister. Women who do not belong to the poorest class, wear only the *habbarah*, without the *sableh*, and yellow morocco boots. But costumes such as these are not to be met among the tombs of which I have been speaking.



In this burying-ground there is a distinct quarter, denominated the "Tombs of the Caliphs." They are built in a large and handsome style, having mosques and decayed school-buildings attached to them. The flat, bare exterior of these tombs, the strangely fantastic forms which constantly strike you under some new and interesting aspect, give them the appearance of a chess-board—the principal pieces of which, carved in amber, ivory, and mother-o'-pearl, are blended in strange confusion. The three last mosques which I described in my former letter, and the mosque of Sultan Barkauk, are situated here. The king of this beautiful chess-board is the minaret of Kaid Bey, and like the whole mosque a gem of architecture, though not, perhaps, in the purest Saracenic style. It was built in the fifteenth century, under sultans of the Circassian dynasty, and Persia may have had some influence here, as well as in Damascus. The whole of the exterior is covered with stripes of red and white stone.

The buildings, which were formerly attached to these benevolent or scientific endowments, are ranged in a row, now thickly inhabited by the poorest of the people, who have erected their mud-huts over the very portico of the Barkauk mosque. Another, equally beautiful, has been converted into a powder magazine, in consequence of which we were not suffered to approach it. Several were, however, kept under lock and key; and it is well that it is so, for

otherwise we should soon see the mihrab of marble mosaic converted into a hearth.

The whole scene suggests the most singular reflections. Beyond the city, on the other side of the river, rise other tombs of the Desert, the towering pyramids. Their founders erected them exclusively for themselves, for their perishing dust—monuments of the most glaring exclusiveness, and individual importance. Like all such productions, they possess a domineering power, and this they still retain, for they are indestructible. The mosques, on the other hand, in which the tombs of their founders occupy so small a space, were built solely with reference to others, and embraced the best interests which unite a prince to his people,—a provision for their temporal and religious welfare: these have perished after the lapse of a few centuries, as if to confound all our notions of the equitable government of the world.

But the caliphs did not all raise such sumptuous sepulchres; many only erected a square domed chamber, enclosing the actual tomb. They are built of hewn stone, and the cupolas reminded me of the Alhambra, in their style of ornament, except that the stucco work of the Moorish edifice is here wrought in carved stone. Some of these decorations are very beautiful; thus you have a net-work, every mesh of which is filled up by a bright blue stone, like turquoise; which gives the cupola an appearance of being covered by a transparent veil in relief. Some-

times this delicate tracery runs along its base, or else a sentence from the Koran, in sparkling azure characters, stands out in beautiful contrast to the pale yellowish grey tint of the stone. The effect is very pretty, and quite appropriate for the tomb of a follower of Islamism, who believes that his soul is admitted into Paradise by the black-eyed houris.

The mosques in this Necropolis seek to compensate by mystification, for the absence of that severe dignity and clearness which characterizes the more ancient mosques of Amru and Touloun. Every religion has its epoch of unshaken faith, which constitutes the very essence of life; yet it does not necessarily follow that mankind had attained a higher degree of perfection; on the contrary, the passions being concentrated are more vehement, and man rushes headlong in this direction. He rests upon his faith, upon the unconditional possession of what he enjoys, and is satisfied therewith. His religious feelings are ardent and sincere, and he gives them vent in monuments, which best express the workings of his mind—the temples of religion.

The old, wild Arabs, who traversed the world sword in hand, in order to subdue it to the faith, were surely not more intellectual and civilized than their forefathers: but they possessed a stronger faith, and this stamped their deeds with a certain grandeur. But in the process of development, when the feelings are analysed by reflection, swayed by the understand-

ing, and enlightened by science, when doubts arise, and the whole sphere of life is unfolded, and men have become more refined, humane, polished, and intellectual—then farewell to instinctive faith, which alone is genuine.

You see, dearest mother, how difficult it is for me to leave a beautiful building, when I am once within it. Every traveller has his hobby, and mine is architecture, which I love almost too well. But you must bear with me, if I indulge my passion without check, as an *amende* for a fortnight's sojourn in the Desert. I have, however, concluded my remarks upon the architecture of the Arabs. Assisted by my recollection of Spain, I have now succeeded in obtaining a distinct view of its rise and progress. Its meridian was at Cairo. I meant to have written to you on a very different subject, but have not time this evening to enter upon it.

### LETTER XLIII.

TO MY BROTHER.

Ride to the Pyramids of Ghizeh—Ascent of the Pyramid of Cheops.

Cairo, 13th December, 1843.

YESTERDAY, dearest brother, I ascended the pyramid of Cheops! If this was not an interesting event I know not what can be deemed so! My visit had been thus long delayed by the unfavourable state

of the weather. The wind was high, and it rained on the night of the eighth and continued overcast till the afternoon; this is an exception, for the sky has hitherto been serene. The north-west wind, which accompanied us from El Arish, has prevailed ever since, with more or less violence; the mornings and evenings are very chilly, in the house even more so than abroad, and I am glad to wrap myself up in my wadded mantilla, which I find oppressive in the open air. Shortly before my arrival, at the end of November, there was a continued heavy rain for several days, and, as Egyptian houses are not constructed with any reference to such an occurrence, the inmates of the second story in our hotel were obliged to sit under umbrellas! so at least I was told. The stoves and braseros common in Italy and Constantinople are here quite unknown, their office being performed by the sun.

The day before yesterday the wind abated; we therefore determined to make our excursion to the pyramids without delay, and the weather proved as fine and calm as we could desire. When on the summit of the great pyramid of Cheops, we had reached an elevation of four hundred and fifty-six feet above the surface of the ground. Do not, however, fancy it like the top of a church-steeple, or that you have to balance yourself on one leg in order to keep your footing. Most travellers speak of this excursion, of its fatigues and dangers, in very hyperbolical terms. The French Baron, who came by water, and arrived

only a week after us, would not adventure the ascent with his lady, and our four French travellers expressed themselves in such enigmatical terms, that I was strongly tempted to doubt whether they had really climbed to the top. Other gentlemen assured me that they had felt the effects of their constrained position for more than a week! but take my word, it is not in reality so bad as all this.

We started before seven, and the air was piercingly cold, till the sun rose above the naked heights of the Mokattam. We crossed the Nile at Fostat, above the island of Rhoda to the village of Ghizeh, and then, on account of the inundations, had to ride for a couple hours from one side to the other, over narrow causeways, sometimes along the margin of lakes, or by the side of fields of beans and rape-seed in full blossom; sometimes along extensive tracts covered with maize, as high as a wall; then amid palms and villages so completely swamped, that they seemed a fitter abode for frogs than for men. The huts are made of the dried mud of the Nile mixed with camels' dung: not only do these damp mud dwellings exhale noxious vapours, but the wretched inhabitants subsist on innutritious food, consisting of beans and millet, and have not sufficient clothing to cover them; how can it be otherwise, but that the plague should be generated here every spring, when the marshes are suddenly dried up by a scorching sun, and unwholesome winds?

We crossed a small canal, and then proceeded

over the dilapidated remains of a once stately bridge with Arabic inscriptions, and saw another bridge totally in ruins at a short distance. All traces of cultivation now cease, and, on the confines of the plain, rise the pyramids, like monuments between life and death, time and eternity; they are encompassed with mounds of sand and rubbish, and of the three pyramids of Ghizeh, that of Cheops is the largest, the most ancient, and the easiest of access. Their effect, however, like that of lofty mountains, is less imposing on a nearer approach. When viewed from my windows at Cairo, or from a boat on the Nile, it seemed as if the whole wide-spread landscape lay stretched at their feet. And it does so in fact; but as you advance the distance vanishes, and the eye rests on them alone; thus they apparently diminish, simply because the eye can no longer measure them by comparison; just as when standing at the foot of a mountain, we deem it to be but of ordinary magnitude, while at a distance of twenty miles it seems to rise beyond the clouds. In like manner if we would judge of great characters, we must view them from afar, though rather in point of time than of space. When a vast epoch is spread around them, and they are encompassed only by a plain covered with insignificant hillocks, from the midst of which they rise like majestic mountains; then, and not till then, are we enabled to see how great they really were.

More than half-a-league before we reached our

destination, two Bedouins clothed in white mantles and armed with muskets, sprang up from the side of a pit, in which they had probably passed the night, and ran along by our side. They were soon followed by many others, even the fellahs left their fields, and a party of twenty or more speedily surrounded us, anxiously soliciting to escort us to the great pyramid. Of course they began disputing as usual in a violent manner, and the fellahs were at length compelled to return to their work. We had no sooner got rid of these than a troop of children came up with their water-bags, so that we reached the pyramid of Cheops, encompassed by a riotous throng.

I was struck with the beauty of my Bedouin friends. I never saw more splendid forms: they looked like statues in bronze. They twisted their light woollen mantle about their waist and shoulders like a scarf, and ran on before us like the winged deities of the heathen world. They are really splendid men, and I know of no other definition. Their features do not present that antique model which we call the standard of beauty, because we have no other; and, judged by that, they are not handsome. But, since Egyptian temples have a claim to beauty as well as those of Greece, I see no reason why a Bedouin should not possess an equal claim with a Greek; and they are fully entitled to it.

I do not know how they arranged the matter of



the escort between themselves : they insisted that I required four attendants, two and two, to pull and hold me up by turns, and a fifth to lift me over the highest steps in my descent. I was so delighted with the whole excursion that I was perfectly content with everything. My Bedouins threw aside their mantles, and arranged their shirts, which for the sake of euphony, I shall call their tunics, in a singular style of drapery. You will perhaps ask how they could arrange so small a quantity of covering in graceful drapery? This is the very point which astonished me. They tucked up their sleeves and drew up the lower hem of their garment, so that the full double skirt hung around them, just as we see it only in the Egyptian statues. I of course wore my *habit de gamin*.

Our ascent now commenced. The pyramid is built of blocks of limestone, four feet deep below and less than two at the top. In order to produce the pyramidal figure, each successive row recedes a little inwards, thus forming colossal steps. The entire structure was anciently covered with marble or polished granite, so that an ascent must then have been impracticable. Not the slightest trace remains of this once beautiful casing, and by the force used in removing it, considerable injury was done to the blocks beneath ; but their inequalities rather facilitate the ascent. Without the aid of the Bedouins, it would be extremely difficult to climb up, and for those who are liable to giddiness, even dangerous ;

but, supported by them I almost felt as if I were wound up by a machine.

We halted about midway, where a sort of terrace has been formed by the breaking away of the stones. After a little rest, we proceeded higher, and though the blocks of stone were less steep and therefore more easy to mount, yet the ascent became more difficult from my previous fatigue, and also because the Bedouins now redoubled their pace, as each party was anxious for the honour of being the first to reach the summit. My Arabs accomplished the feat; and when they placed me in the upper plateau, they set up a loud shout of rejoicing, which is customary on these occasions.

I had now gained my long cherished wish : I was on the top of the pyramid of Cheops. In its original state, it was probably twenty or thirty feet higher, but its summit is truncated, and single blocks of stone lie scattered around. Each of the sides of the triangle is about thirty feet long; besides ourselves there were eight Bedouins, and three or four children, who teased us to buy some muddy water, and there was ample space for at least a dozen more people. When viewed from below, the plateau does not appear more than a yard wide.

Intense and solemn feelings crowded on my mind, as I sat down on one of the loose blocks of stone, on the summit of the loftiest building in the world ! a building alien to our age, manners, arts and feelings—the relics of a world which was called *old*

by those whom we designate the ancients ! Even to Herodotus, who visited and described this pyramid in the fifth century before our era, it was the creation of a bygone age, how much more then to Strabo, the geographer, who came here in the reign of Augustus. The history of the world opened before me like the mighty deep, on which our short two thousand years floated like foam on the billows.

So many centuries must elapse before a nation completes the cycle of its civilization, that a thousand years do not seem to advance it much. It is impossible to calculate how long our Teutonic forefathers had been ensconced in their oak forests when they defeated the legions of Augustus ; after this how many centuries elapsed, ere they built their large and massy cathedrals of Worms and Speirs ? Now that we have nearly attained to the close of our second millenary, how imperfect, and how comparatively undeveloped, is the German nation, notwithstanding all its civilization.

The history of the Teutones is preceded in the annals of the world by that of the Romans, and this by the Grecians ; and when Alexander conquered Egypt, three hundred and thirty one years before our era, he put an end to the thirty first dynasty, under the seventeenth of which, that of the Hyksos Kings, Joseph is said to have been brought before Pharaoh. How then may we calculate the era of Orpheus, Dædalus, those half mythic beings, who yet occupy a real, and not fabulous place in history ! They came

as Herodotus and Plato, and many other sages after them, to learn wisdom in this land of primæval, lore.

On what development, what experience, must this lore have been founded! we have not attained the same advancement during two thousand years; although we possess the remains and models of classic antiquity, and make them the subject of our studies and research, and yet, development is more rapid the older nations have become, and the more progress they have made. A child pores three years over a book of history, which will be mastered by a man in as many days. My dear brother, if any one had told me, while I was seated upon that ancient monument, that so many thousand years had elapsed from the building of the pyramids to the railway at Vienna, I could not have believed it. I seemed transported to some island amid the clouds, severed from all that agitated the heart of man below; and the immense elevation formed a gulph deeper than the icy chasms of the Alps.

The view from the summit is tame and spiritless, and I looked down with an almost vacant gaze—no object catches the eye as we survey the vast plain that lies stretched at our feet; it resembles some illuminated map. The whole landscape is divided into countless patches of variously tinted greens, according to their several productions; and these are interspersed with black spots, which indicate palm groves, and gardens, and the silvery threads of streams and lakes, while further on is the vague

and shadowy outline of the distant city enveloped in its mist, and immediately below lies the Desert, which here loses its terrific character. Yet even if we were environed by fairy land, it would produce no effect, for the pyramid is all in all. Like some illustrious character it throws all around into shade and even the Nile sinks into insignificance; as the mountain attracts the clouds, so do the pyramids attract the thoughts, which incessantly hover around them. There is, however, something very remarkable, my dear brother, in witnessing an attempt at a sort of rivalry between the creation of man and eternity, which the ancient Cheops has in a measure accomplished.

The Bedouins would not suffer us to be long unmolested: they teased us for their bakshish, and, had we given it to them, they would not have been satisfied with it, but persisted in demanding more. This is one of the worst features in the character of the Turks and Arabs: all their thoughts, designs, acts and conversations, yea, their whole soul, is concentrated, to obtain from strangers, the bakshish or money to which they have no claim; and they compel him to pay ten or twenty piastres, for what is not worth more than one. Our camel-drivers in the Desert used to talk to us for hours together about their bakshish; this word was always odious to me; and how much more when up here? Like insatiable mosquitos they invariably renewed their attack the moment after they were chased away.

For the first time in my life I wished to carve my name in stone, when we discovered that the knife which we had brought for the purpose had been left with our dragoman, who had remained below. One of the Bedouins instantly descended and fetched it, but he actually refused to deliver it up till he had exacted a promise of an extra bakshish. When we told him that the dragoman would liberally reward them, they all cried out, "No, no, no, no, Giurgi no bono!" by which they meant to indicate that they considered us more generous. It was half ridiculous and half vexatious. By means of Italian we could make ourselves pretty well understood, but I found these people a great annoyance.

It was Tuesday the 12th of December, between the hours of ten and eleven, when I was seated on the summit of the pyramid of Cheops, and musing whether some absent friend would ever grave his name by the side of my own. Did not plague and quarantine lie between Europe and Egypt, and had we steam-boats between Trieste and Alexandria, Cairo would be the resort of travellers, and attain to that civilization, which is the result of foreign intercourse, and is, moreover, so congenial to the *penchant* for bakshish.

The descent was very easy. I laid my hands on the shoulders of two Bedouins who went in advance, and, whenever the steps were too much broken away for me to have a firm footing, I was lifted over by another Arab who followed me. They told us that

an English traveller, who insisted on going down alone, became giddy and fell down headlong. This is probably some Bedouin romance, for travellers are generally very glad to avail themselves of their assistance. As we were thus blithely descending, we came to a very dilapidated place, when the Bedouin who should have lifted me over, suddenly held me suspended in the air, crying: "Bakshish, Signora, bakshish!" This was meant as a playful Bedouin joke, but pray what do you think of being held midway between heaven and earth, from such a tremendous height? I assure you, I did not at all enjoy it, and, said angrily, he should not have a para; this had the desired effect upon the whole party, and they refrained from pressing the subject any further.

We now came to the most disagreeable part of our visit—the interior of the pyramid. Bent almost double, we first of all glided into a shaft, which led into a vestibule; here I had to double myself up like a clasp knife, and wedged into another shaft sixty paces in length, which opened into a second chamber. I became quite faint and exhausted. I can bear any fatigue in the open air and light of heaven; but, to be pent up within these murky walls, in close and heated air, profound darkness dimly illumined by two flickering torches; and, above all, to see neither painting nor sculpture!—this was insupportable; and I frankly own, that I am ignorant if there are yet other shafts and chambers, or any traces of ornament, mummies, or sarcophagi; for I honestly con-

fess that I turned back without having seen any thing, and was heartily glad to make my exit with all possible expedition. And oh! the joy to find myself once more in the fresh air, under the clear blue canopy of heaven!

This pyramid and its two companions is assigned to the fourth dynasty of the Pharaohs. One of these pyramids, that of Cephren, the brother of Cheops, still retains around its summit a portion of its ancient casing of polished stones, which are variegated red and white, and sparkle like porcelain. Its height is about four hundred feet, and throws into insignificance its fellow pyramid of Mycerinus, the son of Cheops, though even this has the elevation of a lofty tower. The bones which it contains have never been disturbed in their quiet resting place, for it has not yet been explored. The base of this pyramid is much encumbered with sand and rubbish, among which rise numerous masses of rock, and remains of buildings. One of these huge masses has been metamorphosed into a sphinx, which protrudes its gigantic head and a portion of its back above the sand. The legs and body are quite covered with the sand, and a deep pit has been dug in front of it, to lay bare its breast, and enable the learned to read the mysterious secrets of its hieroglyphics.

The Bedouins now teased us to allow one of their party to climb the pyramid of "Belzun;" but I had not the 'fantasia,' as they termed it, to witness the performance of this hazardous feat, this being the



pyramid with the smoothly polished top. It always makes me shudder to see a human being clambering up a dangerous height, especially if there is no necessity for it. It is more generally called after Belzoni, who first explored it, about five-and-twenty years ago, than after its founder. There is altogether a strange confusion about Egyptian names, because the Greeks wrote them with their own letters, and according to their own pronunciation; sometimes contenting themselves with analogous sounds, and sometimes even substituting totally different names probably on account of euphony. The real names of these men were not Cheops, Sesostris, or Memnon, but Saophis, Rameses and Amenoph; and yet the former are more familiar.

The Arabs now renewed their solicitations for a new *fantasia*, that of mounting the head of the sphinx; to this we consented, and one of them instantly began to climb up its long, pendant, head ornament, and he accomplished his feat with the agility of a serpent, though even this looked awfully dangerous. When perched upon the top, he looked like a little hair-pin stuck upon its gigantic head. The countenance of the sphinx is much disfigured, as the nose has been broken.

A grave has been discovered near the sphinx; it is sunk in the ground, like a deep cistern, and contained two sarcophagi of black stone, in the usual ungraceful Egyptian outline of the human form; the lids were completely covered with small hierogly-

phics. When we recall the sarcophagi of the Greeks, so replete with grace and beauty, we cannot but regret that, while the Egyptians bestowed so much labour to express their meaning, they should have omitted beauty, which would have had a charm for every beholder; whereas their hidden signification can be ascertained only by the antiquarian.

After our morning's exertions we gladly retreated to enjoy the refreshments we had provided in a rocky cavern, which an industrious Arab has converted into a comfortable shelter. Here we partook of some breakfast, which we had, of course, brought with us. While thus engaged, our dragoman had a fierce altercation with the Bedouin guides, who were insatiable, though we had divided a Napoleon among them. When we came out, we were obliged to add a few piastres more, in return for which they escorted us part of the way, highly delighted. On taking leave they repeatedly cried "Salam! salam!" turning round to salute us, and their white mantles were soon lost behind the dæmons. In three hours and a quarter we reached Cairo. The afternoon was glorious; numerous birds fluttered around and the fields regaled us with the richest perfumes, such as we scarcely enjoy in Europe in the month of June. Now, that I have come to the end of my letter, I will not conceal from you that my arms and shoulders ache not a little, from having been pulled up and down by the Arabs.

## LETTER XLIV.

TO MY SISTER.

The City—Luxuriant Vegetation—Stud at Shoubra—Heliopolis and the Obelisk—Djebel Achmar—The petrified Forest—The Copts and their Church at Fostat.

Cairo, 16th December, 1843.

CAIRO, my dearest Clara, affords an instance how singularly our sensations are affected in different localities :—some exercise a wonderful charm, while others, equally interesting, are altogether as dead. This is more particularly the case when I recall Jerusalem. I cannot express the sort of chill which nature there seemed to produce upon me. Yet this word nature, is not sufficiently comprehensive, for I include in it something beyond the soil, cultivation, vegetation, climate, sky, character of scenery, or picturesque effect ;—I mean a certain ethereal atmosphere, which surrounds every created thing, as the physical atmosphere surrounds our earth ; every individual thing has this ethereal atmosphere :—it is more or less powerful in all, though in some it is sufficiently strong to exercise a mighty repulsive, or attractive influence over the weaker. As little do the defects, advantages, beauties, and imperfections of the mind and temper of an individual alone, constitute his ethereal atmosphere, as the character of the landscape that of a locality.

Mighty influences are at work whose origin and bearing it is difficult to assign ; if we call them magnetic, then we are condemned as morbid ;—if sidereal we are fanciful ;—if we refer them to the mind or nerves, we are too exalted, or, too material. In my opinion, all these agencies unite in the formation of a strongly defined influence which operates upon others in an attractive or repulsive manner. They are the source of irresistible and deadly antipathies ; yet even without going to this extreme, it is impossible not to recognise them in the contact of daily life. We are bright, cheerful, excited, benevolently disposed, full of thoughts, words, buoyancy and animation—or, we are the very reverse. And why ? We only reply, the individual, or the scenery pleases, or it does not please me. These are the terms we have invented ; but they mean nothing ; for, if we seek the reason of our approbation of this or that amiable quality, we often find that the same qualities in another person only excite a feeling of disgust.

In short, dear Clara, this doctrine of a repulsive and attractive influence of every ethereal atmosphere, which, composed of undefinable atoms surrounds every created thing, alone helps me to account for what would otherwise be inexplicable. How otherwise should Cairo please me so much ? A wide plain, hills of no decided outline, and interminable sand, and the cultivated portion, though covered with a rich, I might almost say splendid, vegetation, yet, being artificial, has the uniform character of

orchards and nursery grounds; the palm groves for instance, are all planted in regular lines, and the trees are all of equal height, and certainly, this, in itself, is not attractive. Added to this the country has groaned under Turkish despotism for three centuries, and its previous rulers were scarcely inferior to the Turks in lawless brutality, of which we every where behold the traces in ruinous decay and abject poverty. Yet when I turn to the Nile, that ancient and eternal river, with its old, imperishable monuments, I take courage, and can even yet entertain a hope for Egypt and its future destinies.

The time will come when all, who are of Arab blood and Arab tongue will unite, and renounce the Turkish sway in Asia, as certainly as the rajahs in the European possessions of the Porte will throw off its yoke, and the sovereigns of Europe, who will not now consent to it, will be obliged to do so, because it is impossible that a lifeless head should govern a living body, and Egypt may recover itself. These remarks however concern both the past and future, the present is as I have described it, and yet it does not depress me as the actual state of Jerusalem did. You may alleviate suffering, relieve distress, raise the oppressed, and under a favourable and by no means chimerical aspect, may represent them to yourself as greatly ameliorated; but the confined and stony straitness which prevails in Jerusalem, this petrification of the mind in the form of churches, chapels, sects, and rites, who, instead of blending in

one grand diversified whole, appear only in narrow-minded opposition; these, dear Clara, are melancholy features, and the more so, because we cannot soften them.

Till within the last thirty years, the sufferings and injuries inflicted upon the Christians imparted to them a kind of glory; they kept the faith and endured with patience the assaults of tyrannical power; but this has now ceased, and no cruel Abdallah Pacha inflicts refined torture upon them; the purchase of a firman secures to them what they wish, and consequently, they no longer call forth our sympathies.

As an historical monument, Jerusalem of course possesses the highest interest upon earth, and as such, I have viewed it with delight. But it could never move me to any absorbing contemplation on the death of our Saviour. His spirit and his word live, but not more in Jerusalem than elsewhere, and therefore I did not feel any special spiritual benefit from breathing the atmosphere of Jerusalem. There, the whole country seems doomed as it were, by God himself, to be converted into a monument of stone, while here, notwithstanding the evil influences of devastation and destruction, the land is blessed by Him with an abundant fertility, and produces the richest fruits, the sugar-cane, the sweet date, the aromatic citron, rice, cotton, silk, a meet gift from Him who was despised in the land of his birth!

In the neighbourhood of Fostat you see the most

luxuriant forests and orchards, of which the predominant tree is the palm, with an undergrowth of bananas, pomegranates and oranges; and, when they are in full bloom and beauty, their splendour must indeed be unrivalled. The graceful *Cassia fistulosa* with its ample foliage and drooping pods alternating with solitary cypresses, give an air of richness and variety, while mossy garlands of parasite plants, laden with splendid blue or white blossoms, festoon the walls, or encircle the tops of the cypresses, from which they float like gay pendants. This country is, in truth, what I formerly called it, a garden of Eden, and besides its treasures in nature and history, it possesses so much originality, that turn where you will you meet with something to engage the attention, from the towering pyramids to the breeding stoves in which millions of fowls are annually hatched. These I intend to visit in February, when the eggs are deposited in the stoves.

We occasionally see in the streets beautiful Arab horses, richly caparisoned; but I did not think those in the stud at Shoubra, which is built on a large scale, and has a veterinary school attached to it, at all distinguished for their beauty; horses however, resemble some intellectual people, who make no appearance when in a quiescent state, but shine when excited and full of animation; a horse to be seen to advantage, must have the full range of its freedom. Like all the pacha's schools, this veterinary institution does not simply salary the teachers, and furnish

the pupils with board, lodging, and clothing, but it also provides them with pocket-money—for his Arabians will not go without bakshish. I am reminded of these schools by their lying in our way to the village of Matarieh, near the ruins of Heliopolis.

These ruins are buried beneath hills of sand, from which rises the gigantic obelisk, which is probably the most ancient monument of its kind. The name of king Osortases, which is engraven upon it in hieroglyphics, is said to be the earliest name found upon Egyptian monuments. This obelisk has therefore stood since two thousand years before our era:—a pretty inconsiderable age for a slender needle of red granite! This monument of the glories of On, the city of the Sun, called by the Greeks Heliopolis, is surrounded with a garden of apricot and orange-trees, and hedges of rosemary; its consort, with which it was wont to keep guard before the portals of the temple of the Sun, has fallen a prey to time.

We are apt to say, that man is attended by a good and evil angel—the religion of the Egyptians is thus accompanied by two genii; on the one hand, a spirit of Light, profound investigation on the origin and nature of matter, the powers and laws of nature by which they are governed, directed by exalted ideas on the endless manifestations of an eternal, immutable deity; on the other hand a clumsy, dull spirit of earth, which casts the veil of



gross materialism over lofty symbols ; which symbols were invented only, to give ideas an entrance into the souls of those who were not in the habit of engaging their thoughts with spiritual subjects.

The ancient priests of Egypt had, from the remotest antiquity, enjoyed the reputation of being the expositors of the profoundest system of philosophy and cosmogony ; they possessed such extensive knowledge of natural history, geography, and astronomy, and had acquired so much skill and experience in teaching, that their schools continued to be resorted to for centuries, by those who were reputed the glory of classic Greece, and who even to this day are esteemed the wisest and most illustrious of her sons. Whoever desired to study wisdom, the arts and sciences, whoever thirsted after knowledge, went to Egypt, and brought home the seeds of his future greatness.

It was not only Herodotus who sought the banks of the Nile ; here too came Orpheus, who, like the Hebrew prophets, was both poet and seer ; Dædalus, the magic artificer ; Homer the poet of gods, heroes, and men ; Lycurgus and Solon the stern legislators ; Pythagoras, Plato, and Democritus ; Eudoxus, the astronomer ; all repaired to Egypt as to the source of light. The sacerdotal cities of On and Sais were especially celebrated for their schools of mythic wisdom. The Greek theogony is but the offspring of the Egyptian ; its twelve superior gods are

derived from hence ; and who can tell how much of Solon's laws, and Plato's philosophy may be referred to the same origin. Plato spent three years at Heliopolis.

Sites like these powerfully affect the mind. They impress us so deeply with a sense of the nothingness of all things terrestrial, that human life with its attempts to plan and to build for eternity, seems childish ; yet not futile, for, in a locality such as this, and under a consciousness of the vanity of all that is in man, we cannot despise them ; but we assign to them their relative value : a means of drawing mind to mind, yet altogether unworthy of the strivings, the tears, the aspirations, after earthly objects.

Four thousand years have passed over this spot ; besides the sages who have been already enumerated, it has beheld the most illustrious characters of all ages, from Alexander to Cæsar—from Cæsar to Napoleon, men of such gigantic mind that they held the world by their reins ; yet, as soon as their eyes were closed in death, it fell from its orbit, and destroyed their works. How does this shake our confidence in the projects of man ? they either end in nothing, or in something very different from the object of the original designer, so that we often cannot even guess the workings of the mind that conceived them ; the spirit that actuates them alone is eternal ; if that spirit be pure, the work is worth the labour, not otherwise.

Fruit trees are now reared on the spot once de-

voted to the cultivation of the intellectual powers, and instead of the fair blossoms of science, the rosemary now sheds its fragrance round. The hieroglyphics are much obliterated, for the wasps have raised their little cells within their graven margins. The discovery of the well known Rosetta Stone gave the first clue to the decyphering of the hieroglyphics. This monument contains the two names of Ptolomy and Berenice in hieroglyphics, with the Greek translation, which proved a key to the reading of other signs, after the learned had devoted a life of labour and study in the investigation.

Manetho, a high priest of Heliopolis has furnished us with a clue to a labyrinth almost as mysterious as hieroglyphics—the ancient history of Egypt. He was commissioned by one of the first kings of the Ptolomaic dynasty, about three hundred years before our era, to compile this history from the sacred archives, which were entrusted to his keeping. Some of his chronological tables have been preserved, and like the key of the Rosetta Stone have become the basis of future discoveries. But we can hardly hope to attain to any irrefragable certainty respecting epochs, facts and individuals, as some who are engaged in the investigation consider it necessary to keep within the limits of the chronology laid down in the book of Genesis, while others go beyond it. This gives rise to considerable differences which it is difficult to reconcile. For my part I intend to keep at a respectful distance from the

old Pharoahs, whose names are as intricate as their hieroglyphics. The Pharoah of Egypt is not the name of a particular king, but the common appellation for the reigning sovereign ; as for example we say, the shah of Persia, the emperor of China, &c.

A few miserable houses lie around the obelisk, but I could discover no decided traces of the ancient city. It stands alone in solitary grandeur. After passing through the village of Matarich, with its extensive plantations of orange trees, we entered the vast plain between Kaukah and Cairo. The weather was cold, and we were belated, having been obliged to make a considerable circuit, in consequence of the flooded state of the road between Shoubra and Heliopolis. A sharp cutting wind blew in my face, and I therefore suffered the beautiful little ass on which I was mounted, to gallop at full speed, followed by the drivers, who ran without stopping. Truly, these people are trained like English racers ; one of them was a mere child, not much higher than my saddle ; and when the dragoon told him to stop and rest himself, he refused, and, laying his hand on the back of the ass he kept up the whole way, though our entire journey was at least four leagues.

Our return by the great plain, appeared tedious and melancholy. When I arrived a fortnight ago, I had just quitted the Desert, which gave it a pleasing aspect ; but when we have been living in the midst of cultivated nature, we become painfully sensible of its

absence. Yet we made excursions in it, both yesterday and to-day, not exactly into the plain, but the portion which lies about the Mokattam.

Yesterday we visited the Djebel Achmar, which had been described to me as an extinct volcano. This it certainly is not. It has several points with intervening clefts, which may perhaps give it some faint resemblance to an extinct crater. It is composed of large masses of limestone, which have assumed a variety of beautiful colours, some like porphyry, others bright deep blue. We often found fragments of cornelian, and shining quartz; but nothing of particular beauty, and not a single trace of volcanic remains.

There is a fine prospect from the summit; Cairo with its many beautiful minarets is seen to special advantage from the pyramids; on the south the Nile, and the remotest fragments of Ghizeh; on the north the fertile country of the Delta lying within its arms, and stretching further than the eye can follow. In the foreground rise the manifold and graceful forms of the tombs of the Caliphs, which we pass on our way to the Djebel Achmar, and the Petrified forest.

This Petrified forest was the object of our visit to-day. It lies ensconced deep down in a lateral valley of the Mokattam, which has the appearance of the bed of a broad river, being one mass of sand, into which our asses sunk above their knees, and frequently fell down, because they could not find a firm footing. This bed is at length terminated by

hills, over which it is probable the waters once rushed down. The Petrified forest lies buried beneath these hills; it is covered up with sand, and many large masses, and countless small fragments and splinters, intermingled with stones and pebbles, cover the surface of the hills and ground, and are said to extend many leagues into the Desert. These remains of the aboriginal eras of our globe possess an inconceivable charm for me. Through how many revolutions and convulsions has it passed, ere it attained its present form, and underwent those various mutations which fitted it for the abode of man. Now, it may in a measure repose, and fulfill other functions; at present, convulsions and changes affect only man.

I returned richly laden with petrified treasures: among them was a fine specimen of the trunk of a sycamore with the circles distinctly marked; it will form a rare and solid paper-presser on my writing table. If the Desert everywhere held such curiosities, were it everywhere the sarcophagus of the mighty relics of an extinct creation—it would please me well enough.

We generally make a *détour* on our return home, in order to enjoy the last rays of the setting sun; to-day we came along the eastern walls of Cairo through the Necropolis, and the hills of *débris* with the windmills, then, by the beautiful garden of Fostat which I have already mentioned, to a church of the Copts which is situated here. I stated some time

ago that the Copts were the real Egyptians, the most ancient inhabitants of the country. On such subjects, however, I find, that I ought to content myself with an *it is said*; for I have lately read that they are not considered such by learned antiquarians. Yet I believe them to be so; for what else should they be, if they are not the old Egyptians? Moreover, it is certain that they are the descendants of those Christians who called in the Arabians to assist in freeing them from the oppressions of the orthodox clergy, by whom they were persecuted on account of their schismatical opinions. They, however, suffered severely for opening their gates to the enemies of their creed and nation.

It is true they were delivered from the authority of the metropolitan bishop of Alexandria, because the whole of Egypt was soon wrested from the dominion of the Byzantine emperor by the victorious Amru, which put an end to the bishopric of Alexandria. But they did not experience much leniency from their Mussulman masters, who despised and persecuted them, and it is probable that many embraced Islamism, for their numbers are very inconsiderable, whereas at the time of the conquest by the Arabs Egypt had been, for centuries, converted to Christianity, and had its thousands of anchorites in the deserts of Thebes.

Being exclusively surrounded by Mahometans, by whom they were treated with much severity, and cut off from all intercourse with their co-religionists

in other countries, the Egyptian christians conformed to the every day manners and customs of their Mahometan conquerors, so far as their faith permitted; and they even adopted the Arabic language, to the exclusion of their own. Their priests still pray and speak in the Coptic tongue in the performance of divine service; but even they do not understand a word, much less the people, of what they utter.

Their public worship is a strange compound; they have confession as among the Romanists, the communion under both kinds, though it differs from the Protestant, and fasts of such length and rigour that the Ramadan sinks into insignificance. They combine the circumcision of the Hebrews with christian baptism;—in short, everything connected with this people is strange and unaccountable. This made me curious to see their churches, of which they have several here, besides convents scattered about in various parts of Egypt, where a very severe discipline is maintained.

It is impossible to conceive anything more melancholy, gloomy and oppressive than the Coptic church. The whole of the interior is divided into compartments, which are enclosed with railing or lattice work, or wooden partitions; each quite independent of the other; for, amidst the prevailing darkness, it is impossible to see what takes place in them. The altar stands in a partition, which has a similar enclosure in front, in which sat the priest who was reading. To the right and left are other enclosures; in fact, wher-



ever we turn, gratings meet the eye, as in the chapel of a prison ; no image, ornament, or decoration ; no altar is visible, nor even a crucifix—indescribable melancholy pervades the whole place. I could not perceive the crutches which are said to rest against the walls, to enable the worshippers to support themselves during their long service, as they have no benches. Truly this would suggest the notion of an infirmary as well as of a prison !

What a contrast between our lofty cathedrals and these miserable cells ! they seem scarcely erected for the honour and worship of the same God. I was almost tempted to believe that the Copts were resuscitated mummies ; for such only is their church fit. I must not omit to tell you the derivation of the name Copt. It is either a corruption of the Arabic name for Egyptian or for Jacobite ; the last sounds the most probable. I have visited many churches of all sects and religions, but I never beheld any one at all resembling this Coptic house of prayer.

As we were quitting it, our ears were assailed by the most piercing cries in the street, which was thronged by females. The funeral procession of a child was about to start, and a woman set up a shrill scream, in such a regular cadence, as I should conceive to be impossible in a mother. Perhaps she may have been one of the wailing women, who always bemoan the deceased in this noisy manner, and are paid for their services, a custom which

would seem to have been introduced to overpower the genuine sorrow of the survivors ; but why this should be seems to me inconceivable !

I believe I told you that Cairo was divided into numerous quarters. Fostat is divided into even a still greater number, containing but very few streets, which have gates that are shut at night, when you can gain admittance, only through the sentinel. We were happily not obliged to resort to this, for we had to pass through more gates than we find in all the German fortresses put together.

## CHAPTER XLV.

### TO MY MOTHER.

The Bark and its accommodations—The Sailors—My occupation.

On the Nile, December 22nd. 1843.

I AM now afloat :—I know not for how long a time nor for what distance. Perhaps I may be tired of my voyage when I reach the first cataract, and confine myself to Egypt ; or, I may proceed through the whole of Nubia as far as the second ; beyond this lie the Black kingdoms, which have no attraction for me. I must now tell you, my dearest mother, how I am to perform this expedition.

There are no steam-boats on the Nile beyond Cairo, except those belonging to the government, (which by the bye were built by Mehemed Ali) ; as there is not sufficient trading intercourse or traffic

by visitors to make them answer. There are numerous sailing barks of various forms and sizes, which convey goods and passengers, and ply backwards and forwards between Assuan and Alexandria; those usually employed by foreigners are called dahabieh. There were a great many lying at anchor at Boulak, which is the port of Cairo; but it was difficult to find a suitable one, for the small ones are very unsafe, and the larger ones extremely heavy.

We rode several times to Boulak to inspect them, and finally engaged one of the largest, which is therefore extremely commodious as well as secure. Of course we cannot say perfectly safe, for all these vessels are built without a keel; they have two latine sails, of which the largest is about fifty feet in height, and being made of one piece is very difficult to manage; in a sudden squall, such as are not unfrequent at this season, the vessel is sometimes upset. Of course the master vows that this cannot happen in his bark, and indeed it appears to have too much breadth. He engaged to put it in travelling order, to paint it both within and without in oil, to furnish the cabins with tables, chairs and cushions; also to man it with a crew of eighteen men, which is deemed indispensable, including the reis (captain,) the steersman and steward. A maritime nation like the English or Dutch could perform the voyage round the world with such a muster.

The price of the bark in this state is three thousand Egyptian piastres per month, about £30 ster-

ling. You must pay this sum even if you employ it only three weeks ; but at the expiration of the month, the charge is so much per diem. Twelve or fifteen years ago the regular charge was not more than nine hundred piasters, and now the lowest is two thousand. The owners of the barks make considerable profit, for the wages of the crew are small ; the sailor receives two piastres a day, a steersman three, and the captain four.

Previously to the embarkation, a mutual written contract was drawn up in the presence of the Austrian Consul, the owner, and the reis ; one of the conditions being, that a sailor should sit constantly at the large sail, and hold the rope, so important is attention to this point. The ballast formed another stipulation, otherwise the reis would dispense with it, in order to sail more lightly, which, of course, greatly increases the insecurity of the vessel. Our captain stood out against the ballast, and thus caused a detention of a day and a half ; and it was not till yesterday that he took in some stones ; and even then by no means a sufficient quantity.

On the 18th, at noon, we set out, fully equipped, with a provision of sugar, coffee, wine, wax candles, rice, maccaroni, &c., for two months and a half. Nor did we fail to provide a well-stored hencoop. Compared with Syria, the domestic arrangements are luxurious. The service of tinned iron, which our dragoman was so fearful might be lost or injured in

the constant packing and unpacking, that he even constrained us to eat with steel forks, is exchanged for a service of English china and silver plate ; I was quite delighted one morning to see the latter on the table, as the want of it had been the most unpleasant part of my Syrian journey. On board our bark nothing is lost, for the reis is answerable for every article.

The cabin reminds me of a tent, though in an improved style ; it is divided into three chambers, each furnished with sofas at both sides, and a table in the centre. The sofa chests are low closets, in which you can put away trunks, baskets, &c. Happily for myself, I have learnt to arrange, as well as to dispense with, the thousand trifles which are so cumbersome to a traveller.

Beneath the mainmast stands the hearth, flanked by some large chests ; this forms the kitchen, under the direction of the dragoman ; and beyond it, on the fore part of the dahabieh, the crew carry on their operations. There sits the reis, with the utmost gravity, smoking his pipe ; there, too, sit the whole of the crew, when they have nothing to do, while one of the party dances to the sound of their music, which they keep up for hours together ; in this part, too, of the vessel is the large hold, which serves them as a kitchen and sleeping-room. At ten in the morning, and after sunset, they take their meals, which generally consist of rice. Early in the morn-

ing and in the afternoon, they drink a small cup of strong coffee, with bread. I do not think that our poorer classes live better.

Their costume is singular for sailors; turbans, full shirts, large dark brown cloaks, hanging down to the heels, with long and cumbersome sleeves; thus attired, they climb to the extreme verge of the yards. Luckily, their legs are uncovered, which enables them to use them as arms, and their toes possess all the dexterity of fingers.

When the wind is favourable they hoist the sails; if it is contrary or there is calm, they drag the bark along the banks, though very leisurely, for it is their interest to lengthen the journey as much as possible. They are compelled to work from sunrise to its setting; after this they cease to drag the vessel; they however sail at night if practicable, but do not steer up the stream. If the bark runs upon a sand-bank, or is in danger of being driven against rocks, they push it off by means of long poles, which are very strong, and which they rest against their shoulders.

As if to bring all their powers into action, they sing in very marked time, a song in honour of their prophet, which reminds me of the litanies of the Roman processions, and as soon as they have accomplished their manœuvre they set up an inarticulate cry. When turning or hoisting the sails, or drawing the bark, they invariably commence their measured hymn.

The reis, who is a very handsome man habited

in a lofty turban, and an elegant dark-brown woollen mantle, generally stands in the centre of the ship when his men have to perform any particularly toilsome labour—singing, and throwing his upraised arms from side to side. If their task increases in difficulty, he throws aside his turban and mantle, and assists them; but, as soon as he sees the bark afloat he resumes his pipe.

The men are generally obliged to draw the boat till nine or ten in the morning, when the wind springs up from the north or north-west; it is highest at noon, and commonly sinks after sunset.

Our crew have therefore a good deal of idle time, and never seem to lack amusement. Their laughter, story-telling, and talking are incessant, and the most amusing games are carried on with the greatest avidity. One of the chief dancers entertains, for hours together, the party who are squatted on their heels in a circle round him; he moves his feet but little, makes the most frightful grimaces, screams at the pitch of his voice, and makes various contortions with his stick and girdle; if one of his companions gets up and joins him with his stick they turn round and round, the ballet seems to have reached its height, the music strikes up an *accelerando*, and the regular beating in the hollow hand with which the spectators accompany the music gradually becomes louder and more rapid. It invariably reminded me of a party of dancing monkeys. Their musical instruments are the darabukah and the zamarah: the former is shaped

like a funnel, with a skin stretched across the wide mouth; it is held by the point and is beaten like a tambourin; the latter consists of two flageolets played simultaneously, one always repeating the tonic, while the other performs simple airs of three or four notes.

The boatmen on the Nile are especially fond of the zumarah, and its sounds are by no means unpleasant, when accompanied by the hollow notes of the darabukah: the effect is very similar to that of the bagpipe; it is monotonous and melancholy, but occasionally false to our ear, for the scale of Arabic music has not merely semitones, but is further subdivided into third, fourth, and eighth tones.

One of my chief amusements is to lie on my sofa in the open ante-room, and listen to the boatmen's music, and watch the quiet and uniform banks, which have nothing to break their long flat outline. Long and slowly does the stream wend onwards—long are the green banks which fringe it—long and low the Lybian waste, which lies like a yellow streak in the western horizon, while the Arabian Desert rises toward the East somewhat more jagged, and lively in its tints. This prospect has continued for four days. On the 18th we left Boulak, but did not proceed further than Fostat, opposite the Nilometer—as the crew had not yet taken in all their provisions. It rained that night—our second experience of rain in Cairo; the weather has since been



very fine, but owing to the air on the water a warm wrapper is indispensable, except at noon.

We glide along so quietly, that I write with ease; quite undisturbed by the singing and screaming of the boatmen. With regard to books I have all I could procure at Cairo: a new statistical work on Egypt by the French physician, Clot Bey, who has been sixteen years in the pacha's service, and has established several public medical institutions. I have also Prokesh's Recollections of the East. After I have been in a foreign land I always read accounts of it with the greatest pleasure, though before visiting it, they appear an incomprehensible chaos; for I have been born to learn by seeing, and not by reading.

This work is accompanied by tables of hieroglyphics expressive of the names and titles of the kings, which are contained on the monuments, which will enable us to recognise the several founders, and will prove very interesting when I am actually on the spot. I have also several volumes of Heeren and Uckert's History of the European States, for it is not possible to be always reading about Egypt. Herodotus too I perused a second time at Cairo:—the old true-hearted historian, who has the eye of a philosopher, and the lips of a child. Lastly the bible, which I read in the East, with all the interest of novelty:—so completely does it illustrate everything around us. Beyond these I have no reading.

It is usual to proceed direct from Assuan or

Wadi Halfa, and to defer the inspection of the monuments along the Nile, till the homeward passage, and this will afford me full occupation:—for this reason, I shall postpone all mention of them till my return to Cairo. Could I dispatch a letter every week, you might be sufficiently amused in reading these accounts; but if you receive a large budget all at once, it would be very tedious to read nothing but,—to-day we passed such a village, and yesterday such an one: or, repeated descriptions of some dozen temples, instead of a delineation of one complete impression; yet I thought it would interest you to have a sketch of the manner in which I pass my time on the Nile.

### LETTER XLVI.

T O M Y M O T H E R .

New year's day—Denderah—Cleopatra—The Temple of Venus  
—Fourban Bairam.

Near Denderah, on the Nile, 1st January, 1844.

MAY God bestow all temporal and heavenly blessing with this new year, upon you and all who are dear to me! and may you remember me at this vast distance and the peculiar circumstances under which I commemorate this change of the seasons—upon the Nile, between two vast deserts, and in sight of the famous temple of Tentyris! It rivals the new year's day I spent at Naples five years ago,

when I was about to ascend the burning Vesuvius, and afterwards witnessed the eruption, from the quay of Santa Lucia. There I beheld nature in all its convulsive and destructive grandeur—here is an image the very reverse:—the Nile in the full pride of its beneficence; the Desert in its utter desolation—no grandeur save in yonder work of man, the ruined temple.

According to the stipulations, the crew were to have a halting day twice in the month, for the purpose of baking bread. This being one of their days, we lay to, about eight in the morning, before the village of Kane, and afterwards passed over to the left bank to the village of Denderah, which is situated amidst corn fields and palm trees. But these do not extend far, being succeeded by inhospitable pastures covered with large flocks of black sheep and goats, which terminate in the Lybian Desert.

Amid its yellow undulations you perceive in the distance a mass of black ruins surrounded by many smaller fragments. It is the Temple of Venus of Tentyris, erected by Cleopatra; and its walls are still covered with endless repetitions of her own and her brother's likenesses. Cleopatra must have been in the full possession of all earthly happiness when she reared this temple to the goddess of love—an independent sovereign queen, endowed with the highest attributes of mind and beauty. Mighty and all powerful in her influence, Cleopatra always rises before my imagination, as I glide along the smooth

waters, and my thoughts lose themselves imperceptibly amid those scenes of other days, which this ancient river has beheld. She emerges from the waves in a halo of magic charms, a Circe clothed in purple, and exercising power and dominion over all. What more could female heart desire?—something else, perhaps—but not more.

What became of Cæsarion? It is to be hoped he died in his infancy; for surely the son of Cæsar and Cleopatra, if he had survived, would have filled the world with his renown!

I now beheld the image of Cleopatra graven in profile—harsh, without grace or animation, no trait of individuality of character, but a complete impersonation of the Egyptian model. A portrait is at all times but a shadowy outline,—but we look for more than this meagre sketch of Cleopatra, whose beauty consisted in something beyond a fine nose and a beautiful mouth. I am glad that I have the prospect of meeting Mr. Prokesch at Athens in the spring, who compares this likeness of Cleopatra, in grace and beauty, to Canova's Hebe. I shall tell him that I am now fully persuaded of the talismanic influence which was ascribed to her, since after a lapse of eighteen centuries, the very outline of her features have captivated him with the magic of a royal Circe.

Of the temple itself I shall speak hereafter. It has been converted into a sort of khan, the floor covered with chaff, a foot deep, to make a comfort-

able lodgment for cattle, but especially for asses; and from the portico to the outer gate run two mud walls, with rows of drinking troughs. It is also partially filled up, and surrounded to some distance with drifted sand; but only the upper chambers of the temple of Venus may be said to be actually destroyed. The whole of the internal arrangements, the columns and the decorations of the walls, which are composed entirely of hieroglyphics and representations of sacrifices, as well as a part of the bright paintings, especially about the Zodiac in the ceiling, are in far better preservation than in any other monument of classic antiquity. This is owing to their massive architecture, which is more firmly fixed in the earth: a slender Ionic column could not stand the vicissitudes sustained by an Egyptian pillar.

I am most struck with the sublimity of the simple outlines of this temple. As it is the first of these antiques which I have yet seen, I am curious to ascertain whether this effect will be repeated, more or less, in the others. Hitherto I have met with this grandeur of the long, unbroken line, only in the Roman aqueducts, in the Pont du Gard, and in those of the Campagna di Roma. The impression which it produced here was so powerful, that I can compare this architecture with the simple chord of Do, which, though the least ornamented and artificial, yet embraces and awakens a whole world of harmony.

I left the vessel to-day for the first time since our

departure from Cairo a fortnight ago. I have hitherto had no inducement, for the country looks much better at a distance; a near approach only serves to prove with how much toil it has been wrung from the Desert. The wind, too, has been favourable, though very light; so that we have been glad to avail ourselves of it in proceeding on our voyage, without making unnecessary excursions.

The Nile describes so many tortuous zigzags, that we are obliged to steer to every point of the compass, without seeming to make much progress. The boatmen, of course, do all in their power to retard us; they will not hoist the mainsail, and then deny, at the end of the day, that the wind has been fair, and make a thousand other false excuses. It is absolutely necessary to lay in a large store of patience for this voyage, and I sometimes wonder that my own is able to bear so many demands upon it.

Yesterday week I had many painful recollections: it was Christmas Eve, which recalled all the festive hilarity of our northern winter. On that day we passed the site of Antinoe, so called after the beautiful Antinous;—but we could discover no traces of all the glorious buildings erected by the Emperor Adrian in honour of the youth, who, by his voluntary death in the waters of the Nile, appeased the oracle which demanded the sacrifice of some beloved object, in order to insure the continuance of the emperor's happiness. Adrian loved him, and yet suffered him to become a victim—so eager is man for happiness!

Antinoe seems to have sunk in the Desert; but the Braschi palace at Rome preserves in marble, the wonderful beauty of Antinous, with the lotus on his pensive brow.

The Nile presented yesterday a scene of unwonted animation; it was the Courban Bairan, the greatest of all the religious festivals of the Mahometans. The people in the villages appeared gaily dressed, standing in crowds around the mosques or sitting in groups along the banks; pedestrians and riders enlivened the shore, while here and there little boats glided between the different villages, conveying passengers. This feast is observed in commemoration of Abraham's sacrifice, which Mahometan tradition has transferred to Mount Arafat in Arabia, and substituted Ishmael for Isaac.

There are many striking features of resemblance between Islamism and the religion of the Israelites. A goat is every year offered in solemn sacrifice in the vale of Mina, near Mount Arafat, which is attended by thousands of pilgrims, who assemble at Mecca at this period to obtain the remission of their sins, and, after being thus sanctified, set out on their return home. This is surely derived from the similar sacrifice offered once a year by the High Priest in the Holy of Holies, which was concluded by sending a scape-goat, laden with the sins of the whole nation of Israel, into the Desert.

## LETTER XLVII.

TO MY SISTER.

Ancient and Modern History of Egypt—Mehemed Ali.

On the Nile, 10th. January, 1844.

WHEN I look back upon the history of Egypt, I am filled with so much respect for the thirty-two dynasties, to which Augustus put an end by his conquest, that I do not like to venture to interfere with them. Yet they have a real historical basis and habitation, for the erection of the pyramids of Dashar and Sakharah is ascribed to the third royal dynasty, and those of Ghizeh to the first kings of the fourth. Antecedently to them, Egypt was governed for untold ages, by its gods, and by their delegates the priests.

The last of the gods were Osiris and Isis, and their son, Horus. They resembled the race of the Northern Asers, and like Odin, were at once governors, legislators, and divinities; they may therefore be regarded as the impersonation of an eternal operative principle; Osiris of creative powers; Iris of reproductive energy—he of spirit, she of matter; and Horus is the eternal offspring of their mutual powers. Such is my interpretation, dear Clara, but you may readily conceive that such an intricate theogony is susceptible of manifold explanation. It is enough for me that Osiris was the founder of Thebes with its hundred gates.



After having conferred many excellent gifts upon Egypt, Osiris traversed the earth, to bestow the boon of civilization on other lands and people, who rendered him homage, and erected altars in his honor under various appellations. Besides the principle of order and harmony, represented by Horus, there was an evil principle of confusion and darkness, represented by Typhon, who killed Osiris, on his return from his distant mission. But he could not subdue him; Osiris returned from Hades, occupied an unearthly place among the gods, under the name of Serapis, and the government of the world was henceforth transferred to the hands of mortals.

Besides these three chief deities, who were entrusted with the preservation and rule of the material creation, the Egyptians had a principal god called Ammon-Ra, with a numerous conclave of gods and goddesses. They are said to be the prototype of the Greek Saturn, and the twelve chief divinities. There is Phré, the Helios of the Greeks, Thoth, Hermes; Phthah, Vulcan; Neith, Pallas; Hathor, Aphrodite; all possessing nearly similar attributes, as in the Greek mythology, and with the same peculiarity that certain localities were specially devoted to their service; as for instance, the worship of Phré at Heliopolis; Neith at Sais; and Hathor and Phthah at Memphis.

Whatever might be the original doctrines of the religion of Egypt, and however spiritual its essence,

they were shrouded in mysteries, the meaning of which was known only to the priests and to the initiated. They knew the signification of the symbol, the object veiled under the image; but of all this the uninitiated were in entire ignorance, or understood only so far as the former deemed it expedient to explain to them. But what can man teach his fellow man of things divine? nothing beyond what he has apprehended or has himself been taught.

The Egyptian priesthood monopolized the knowledge which was the common property of all; the consequence was, that the people sunk into the grossest and most absurd idolatry,—an infatuation of heathenism which bore the appearance of blasphemy rather than of religion. The source of knowledge must lie open to the free influence of heaven, under the genial influence of its light and heat; when this influence is excluded, its waters grow turbid and dark; even the priests and esoteries could no longer draw pure streams from the fountain whose springhead they had defiled, when the worship of the dog and cat, of the ox Apis, and the bull Mneris, began to flourish in full luxuriance. Those animals, in which the priests fancied they had discovered a symbol of the attributes or qualities of their deities, or in which they fancied they traced some mystical affinity, soon took the place of their divinities in the adoration of the people, and they were finally elevated to the rank of gods—each of which had their temples, priests, adherents, worship-

pers, ceremonies, and worship, which latter was specially connected with particular cities.

Apis was but one of these many sacred animals, he was intended as an emblem of Osiris, who, in his turn was a sensible representation of the creative principle. But this is always the result when we attempt to materialize what is spiritual. Apis led a most luxurious life at Memphis, and crowds thronged in devout astonishment round his temple stall. Happy the children who gambolled at his feet—happy the hand from which he deigned to receive his fodder. The same honors were paid to Mnevis, at Heliopolis, of whose temple school I have lately given you some account, to the goat at Mendes : to the hawk, Ibis, wolf, cat, crocodile, and even to the most loathsome reptiles ; of these, whole herds were worshipped ; for though deities they were not immortal, and therefore, after their short lived existence, they were bemoaned, buried, nay, even embalmed, and their places supplied by others ! The priests suffered the god Apis to disappear very quietly. In short, the religion of Egypt degenerated from the symbolic, into the most degrading burlesque of all that is sacred, and though thousands of years may have elapsed ere it attained to this extreme of impiety, yet it was rotten to the very core, when the Romans put an end to the independence of Egypt.

The first king who governed after the gods was called Menes. He was the founder of Memphis,

the site of which is now supposed to be on the village of Mitraïneh. The third and fourth dynasty of the kings of Memphis erected the most ancient of the pyramids; and one of the kings of the twelfth formed that curious labyrinth, which is said to have been recently discovered at Fayoum. Some clue as to its real destination may now perhaps be obtained. Egypt was invaded, and subdued by the Hyksos, a nomade tribe, who elevated kings of their own shepherd race to the throne. They may have been of Bedouin origin. Their sway was confined to Lower Egypt, while the dethroned dynasty maintained their independence at Thebes over Upper Egypt.

It was during the reign of these shepherd kings that Joseph came into Egypt. The deeply interesting narrative of his life—his elevation to the dignity of father and adviser to Pharaoh, and governor over all the land, his marriage with the daughter of the priest of On; the subsequent arrival and settlement of his family in the land of Goshen, where they continued to pursue their former occupation of shepherds; and lastly, the method by which Joseph effected the purchase of all the land with the exception of the priests' portion, and made it the property of Pharaoh:—to read these facts in the Bible, on the very spot, and to see the same arrangements still subsisting; the whole of Egypt, exclusive of the territory of the priests, being now the sole property of Mehemed Ali—all this gives it an interest which it is impossible to describe.

Wonderful, truly, is the graphic clearness, accuracy, and penetration with which Moses has delineated these events.

After the lapse of two centuries and a half the dominion of the Hyksos was totally destroyed by the descendants of the original dynasty, who united the whole of Egypt under their sceptre, as far as the mouths of the Nile; and the illustrious races of Osortases, Thothmes, Amenoph, and particularly of Ramesides, diffused internal prosperity and foreign renown. The most magnificent monuments, as well as the most extensive works of canals and dams occur in the period from the eighteenth to the twentieth dynasty. To this era, too, belongs the Exodus of the Israelites, who amounted to six hundred thousand men, exclusive of children, while at their first emigration into Egypt four hundred and thirty years before, they had numbered only sixty-six souls. The expression used by the sacred historian is remarkable:—"another king arose who knew not Joseph," which evidently indicates a great revolution in their former circumstances, and the overthrow of the old dynasty.

The most powerful and illustrious of the Pharaohs, was Sesostris, as he is generally called in history, or more properly Rameses III. He extended his victorious conquests from the countries about Abyssinia and Sennaar to Assyria and Asia Minor, and raised Egypt to the pinnacle of universal dominion, which was afterwards occupied by Assvria and Persia. It is said that he attempted

to form a communication between the Nile and the Red Sea; he also built most of the cavern temples of Nubia, which he had annexed to his territory. Trade and agriculture flourished; and a population of from five to seven millions lived in ease and prosperity. The invasion of the Ethiopians occasioned a short interruption; but they were expelled by the twenty-sixth dynasty, and Egypt might probably have long continued to enjoy its independence, if a spirit of innovation had not induced one of the kings of this dynasty, to attempt a change in the ancient laws.

Psammetichus I, ventured to form an exclusive body guard of Ionians; this excited the discontent of the old warrior castes, who considering their hereditary privileges infringed, retired to Ethiopia; a communication with foreign countries was thus opened by means of these strangers, who were prohibited the country by the ancient laws of Egypt, on account of its naturally defenceless condition.

Amasis, one of the successors of Psammetichus had a long and prosperous reign, and during it Egypt is said to have contained twenty thousand flourishing cities. Pythagoras and Solon visited Egypt at this period. But Amasis incurred the resentment of the captain of his Greek guard, who withdrew to Persia, where Cambyses, who had succeeded his father Cyrus, was now extending his victories. Egypt was an inciting conquest, and the battle of Pelusium subdued it to his power. Psammetichus was

made captive, and his only son put to death. The twenty-seventh royal dynasty was the Persian, which retained possession of Egypt from five hundred and twenty-five to four hundred and four years before our era.

Cambyses came not only with warriors, but he brought also his magicians. The religion of the Persians, like that of the Jews, abhorred idols; they therefore began a war of extermination against all the religious monuments: the colossal images were thrown down, the heads of the sphinxes sawn off; but they were soon tired of their herculean labours, for the monuments proved too gigantic, and too numerous; they could deface but not destroy them.

Egypt began to revive in the reign of Darius Hystaspes, and made several attempts, under his successors to throw off the foreign yoke. Amyrtheus proved successful, and the throne was filled by three native dynasties during the short period from four hundred and four to three hundred and thirty-eight B.C. when the Persians, under Nectanabes, reconquered it and put a final termination to the ancient dominion of the Pharaohs; it has never since recovered nor been governed by a native prince.

Persia declined in its turn, and the empire of Cyrus fell before the triumphant arms of Alexander in 332 B.C., who came in the following year as the deliverer of Egypt. This mighty conqueror is one of those rare characters to whom we concede, in

acclamation, the sovereignty of the world. During his brief career he subdued the whole of the then known world, transformed its aspect, and scattered it with the germs of a new development. He stands unrivalled, if we consider what amazing genius must have prompted such a scheme, steadily carried out and accomplished with a handful of Macedonians, during the period of thirteen years, notwithstanding all the passions and temptations of youth. His triumphs brought blessings in their train. With all his endowments, his genius, his achievements, nay his very failings, he belongs exclusively to the semi-mythic race of heroes. With him it became extinct, many great men rose up after him; but Alexander is the last hero of history.

What Alexander did for Egypt was precisely what it required, he founded a city, not in the heart of the country—as Thebes and Memphis, which were erected under the system of rigorous exclusion of foreigners; but *on* one of the mouths of the Nile, a locality suited to the wants of an age which encouraged foreign intercourse and trade. His discernment of the future is fully borne out: Alexandria soon became the most flourishing and commercial city in the world, the rival of Rome and Byzantium, while, to the fame of its wealth and power, it added the more exalted renown of science and intellectual cultivation.

On the death of the great Alexander, his generals divided his legacy of the world: Egypt fell to the



share of Ptolomy, who founded the thirty-second dynasty, which continued for two hundred and eighty-four years, and expired with the independence of Egypt, on the death of the younger Cleopatra.

The Ptolomies loved to be considered as descendants and heirs of the ancient Pharaohs; they adopted all their religious usages, restored the monuments which the Persians had defaced, and undertook various new and stupendous works; they erected temples as well as buildings of general utility; among which the celebrated Pharos, or lighthouse, was reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world. They also formed the famous Alexandrian library, afterwards burnt by the Caliph Omar; and gave the greatest encouragement to commerce, which constituted Alexandria a central point between India and the south of Europe; they also patronized agriculture and the sciences—the latter were drawn from the obscurity of the temples to which they had hitherto been confined, and now publicly taught in the schools, aided by the treasures of accumulated ages. The Greeks brought fresh materials, and the old sacerdotal sciences of geometry, astronomy, and medicine acquired renewed impetus and development.

Egypt now possessed all—save religion; in its place there was an absurd idolatry, which was regarded by the rude masses with gross stupidity, and by the learned with indifference and contempt. Polytheism had lost entirely all the vivifying energy

which might satisfy the wants of an infant people. The sects of the philosophers, whose preponderance always indicates and accompanies the decline of religion, had already succeeded in undermining it completely, without substituting in its room anything better than their sophisms and dialectics. When they perceived idolatry tottering at its base, they sought to set it up again by the same means. The last flickering elements of the polytheism of the Greeks, Orientals, and Romans furnished the philosophers of the Alexandrian school, with materials for a new system of philosophy which like all novel theories put forth its short-lived blossoms: but they were stunted, scentless, and colourless.

At the very time that the last of the Asmoneans submitted their disputes in Palestine to the all-powerful arbitration of Rome, the last survivors of the Ptolomies made a similar appeal, and Julius Cæsar placed Cleopatra on the throne of Egypt. During the wars of the second triumvirate she embraced the fortunes of Mark Antony; her cause perished with him on the plains of Actium, and Egypt became a Roman province, thirty-one years before the Christian era.

I have taken this rapid glance at the past, chiefly because our interests in the monuments of antiquity is enhanced by associating them with their founders, with historical facts, or with traces of religious zeal or fanaticism. I must now, dearest Clara, give you an equally brief sketch of subsequent events that I

may introduce the extraordinary man who fixes the attention of every traveller in Egypt: I mean Mehemed Ali, respecting whom I have met with many interesting notices in the work by Clot Bey.

Egypt continued to flourish as a province of the Roman Empire: it was the vast granary of the mistress of the world, and the emperors adorned it with many noble and useful edifices. Notwithstanding the severe persecutions of Domitian, Christianity took firm root in the soil, and spread with the utmost rapidity. With all their intellectual and sensual enjoyments, mankind were languishing for want of plain and wholesome religious sustenance—the simple doctrines of Christianity came as bread from heaven, and were seized upon by the yearning souls with the greatest avidity.

Egypt distinguished itself above many other countries, by the fervour of its devotion, and thousands of anchorites took up their abode in the rocky caverns of the desert of the Thebaid, in the vicinity of their most famous idol temples. Saint Anthony, a hermit of the orthodox church, was the first who led the way, and the Thebaid invested Egypt with a new halo.

On the division of the Roman empire Egypt was annexed to Byzantium, and it assumed the first place in those fierce contests which soon began to agitate and divide the Christian world. The Alexandrian theologians proved themselves by no means inferior in zeal and dialectics to their predecessors

the philosophers. Athanasius was patriarch of Alexandria; and Arius, who had been denounced a heretic, was a presbyter of the same city; the quarrels and persecutions to which these opinions gave rise, occasioned a deadly feud between the Egyptians and the Byzantines. I have already stated in my account of the Copts that this hatred introduced the Arabs into the country.

Islamism now triumphed in the abject kingdom of the Pharaohs. The Caliphs, of the house of Omaja and Abbas, governed it by their lieutenants. The Fatimites succeeded in establishing an independent sovereignty, and distinguished themselves by their patronage of the arts and sciences, and by that moresque or Moorish civilization which began to flourish about the same period in Spain. It acquired martial fame under Saladin, who annexed his house to the dominion of the Ayubites in 471, and wrested Syria from the crusaders. From that period Egypt has declined, for it fell under the anarchical sway of the Mamelukes.

The name Mameluke signifies slave; and their dynasty owes its origin to the weakness of a successor of Saladin, who purchased twelve hundred young slaves, natives of Georgia, Mingrelia and Circassia, in order to form an obsequious and devoted body guard. He caused them to be trained to martial exercises, and they were soon the finest soldiers in the East. His successors followed his example; the Mamelukes were always recruited by the same

means, they became a brave and formidable militia. It was not long, however, before they made tools and slaves of their masters, and finally raised themselves to sovereign power. During their sway of two centuries and a half, Egypt was one continued scene of anarchy.

The Turks were the next lords of Egypt. Sultan Selim I. after his victories in Persia, turned his arms against Tuman Bey, the last of the Mameluke sultans, whom he defeated in the battle of Mokattam. The Osmanli now wielded the sceptre with a yet more rigorous and oppressive sway, and utterly neglected all the resources from which tribute might have been raised; and Egypt groaned under their despotism.

The Mamelukes had, indeed, been banished from the throne, but they were too formidable, both in power and numbers, for the Turks to attempt any further interference; the sultan, therefore, contented himself with sending a pasha from Constantinople; he resided at Cairo, published the commands of his sovereign, and received the tribute; but the actual government and administration of the country was vested in a divan, composed of twenty-four Mameluke beys.

Ample provision was secured for the beys as well as for the grand signor, while the country and the nation languished, for they had no longer those treasures to fall back upon, which they had amassed in former years. The dykes and canals fell into decay; the irrigation ceased; in the upper district the sand

encroached upon the cultivated and once fertile soil, while pestilential marshes began to form in the Delta; the consequence was that agriculture gradually declined, commerce and manufacture stagnated; the buildings fell into ruins, and whatever portions could be made available, were carried off for private purposes.

The population decreased by millions, and sunk into dull and stupid indifference; cities were untenanted and became heaps of ruins, and whole villages disappeared altogether. Nothing can furnish a more decisive proof of the unaccountable want of foresight of the Turkish administration than this wretched system of the Mamelukes. The Turks appear to have but this one object in view:—namely, to exact tribute and to make the pasha responsible for its payment.

The power and influence of the sultan gradually declined as the Porte lost its former martial pre-eminence. This incited Ali, a Mameluke bey, to make an attempt, in 1766, to shake off the imposition of a yearly tribute, and to render himself independent, as the Barbary states in Western Africa had already done. He drove out the pasha, triumphed over the Turkish army which was sent against him, and was vanquished only by treachery. Since that time the beys found it more convenient to concede to the sultan the title of supreme sovereign, and to receive his commands with the utmost reverence, but never to fulfil them.

Two of these beys, Murad and Ibrahim, had virtually divided Egypt between themselves, when Buonaparte made an unexpected descent upon the coast, with a French army, in 1798. To hurl England from her pinnacle of universal sovereignty was the dominant passion of Napoleon's life; he intended to convert the Mediterranean into a *lac Français*, and to this end to secure a firm footing in Egypt; to make himself master of Malta and Corfu, and thus obtain the command of the trade between Europe and the East.

It has been the interest of France to the present time to raise the condition of Egypt, since it cannot obtain possession of it; while England, on the other hand, which already holds Gibraltar, Malta and Corfu, is interested in preventing the establishment of a permanent independent power, which, by a junction of the Mediterranean and Red Sea, would open a new route for commerce. We may, therefore, conclude that Buonaparte had some ulterior object in this remarkable expedition, beside a bare conquest or mere personal vanity. He landed on the 1st July; and, on the 21st, gained the great victory of the Pyramids, which overthrew the Mamelukes, and gave him the command of Cairo; but, only ten days after, the French fleet was so completely defeated by the English naval power, off Aboukir, that Napoleon was forced to give up all thoughts of establishing the authority of France in Egypt. After his expedition into Syria, which proved equally disastrous, he retired

to France ; the scanty remains of his army, which he left behind under the command of Kleber, returned home, after the murder of that officer, with General Menou, in September 1801, having been driven out by the English, who were in alliance with the Porte.

The question now remained to be decided who should govern Egypt : the Mamelukes or the sultan. The flower of the army, which had been dispatched by the Porte for this expedition, consisted of four thousand Albanians. One of their captains was Mehemed Ali, who was born in 1769, in the town of Cavalla in Albania ; here he married, and carried on a trade in tobacco, but subsequently embraced a military career. The name of the pasha who was to conduct the war against the Mamelukes, was Mohamed Kosreu. Whether from want of skill or of success on his part, or whether Mehemed Ali had already commenced his deep and well-planned designs—a mutiny arose among the Albanian troops for arrears of pay ; they joined the Mamelukes, deposed the pasha and kept him prisoner, and his successor, who was despatched from Constantinople, was strangled.

The Mamelukes, not agreeing among themselves, formed parties under two beys ; and Mehemed Ali took advantage of the confusion, to secure the military authority in Cairo, and formed an alliance with the influential body of the ulemas (lawyers) and with the sheikhs. The Albanians revolted a second time for arrears of pay—but in this case it was



against the Mameluke bey, Osman Bardissi; the wily Ali seized this opportunity of driving him out of Cairo in 1804, and he, or the troops, raised Kurshid pasha, the governor of Alexandria, to the dignity of viceroy—an appointment which was confirmed by the Porte. It would appear that Mehemed Ali assumed this moderation in order to court popularity in Cairo, where he always took part with the oppressed: at one time against the pasha, and at another against the Mamelukes; and during the frequent revolts of the soldiery he was always ready to act the part of mediator and protect the inhabitants against their excesses.

Kurshid pasha, however, deprecated the influence of this powerful Albanian, and was anxious to have him removed; and the Porte accordingly recalled his troops, as the affairs of Egypt were settled. Mehemed Ali made seeming preparations to obey, which occasioned the deepest regret and anxiety to his adherents, and to the sheikhs, who dreaded the oppression of the Mamelukes when no longer restrained by his presence. Some of the soldiers of Kurshid pasha having plundered the inhabitants of Cairo, an opportunity was thus furnished for the public manifestation of these sentiments.

The sheikhs, who from their religious position may be regarded as the heads of the people, nominated Mehemed Ali to fill the place of Kurshid pasha as viceroy, an appointment which was ratified by a firman from the Porte on the 9th July 1805. Upon

this, one of the Mameluke factions immediately offered their assistance to Kurshid, in which they were supported by England; the opposing faction took part with Ali, and it required no small degree of diplomatic ingenuity on his part to induce the Porte again to confirm his appointment, by means of a present of seven millions of francs, and at the same time to retain the good will of the inhabitants, who had to raise the contribution.

The death of the chiefs of the two Mameluke factions freed Ali, for the moment, from their turbulent interference, while a body of English soldiers, who landed in Alexandria in dependence on their co-operation, were defeated and obliged to retire. The Porte, whether for the purpose of trying, or making use of his military talents, or to throw impediments in the way of consolidating his power in Egypt, sent Ali repeated commands to lead his troops against the Wachabees.

The Wachabean heresy had broken out in the middle of the preceding century; and while it professed to restore Islamism to its original simplicity, embraced also sundry political reforms. The Wachabees had made themselves masters of Mecca and Medina, subdued the whole of Arabia, and made encroachments on the pachalik of Bagdad; they plundered the annual caravans of pilgrims, and had thrown the whole Mahometan world into grief and consternation. The pasha could no longer evade the

command ; the crusade was commenced which was to strip Egypt of the defence of its troops. .

The Mamelukes had given indications of internal ferment since the year 1808. Mehemed Ali had subdued one faction and formed an alliance with the other ; but he never felt any confidence in them, least of all at a time when he should be unable to keep them in check. He accordingly laid a treacherous plan for their destruction ; on the 1st of March, 1811, he invited their chiefs to an entertainment in the citadel of Cairo, and then ordered his troops to massacre them in cold blood ! This barbarous example was followed throughout the provinces, and nearly all the Mamelukes were destroyed, except a small remnant, who retired into Abyssinia. They have disappeared for ever from Egypt, which so long groaned under their oppressions, and relieved Mehemed Ali of this source of anxiety.

Ali carried on the war against the Wachabees, chiefly by his sons, though he himself made one campaign. Their heresy was not extirpated, but their power was greatly weakened, and tranquillity restored to Arabia. The necessity of making a great display of military strength was expensive, no doubt, but it furnished the pasha with the pretext of forming a regular army, according to European tactics, which was to be the basis of his power. His first essay, in 1815, proved unsuccessful, and led to the revolt of the Turkish and Albanian troops, whom he endeavoured to train

to European discipline. He accordingly postponed his plan and sent the mutinous troops on distant expeditions. They subdued Cordufan and the kingdom of Sennaar in 1820, and he renewed his attempts of introducing the European discipline upon the negroes from these remote countries, in which attempt it is said that no less than two-thirds fell a sacrifice.

To carry this point, as well as to obtain superintendents for schools, manufactures, and water-works, Ali applied to the French government to supply him with able officers, physicians, engineers, machinists and mechanics, who were to aid in carrying out his scheme of a complete amelioration of the condition of Egypt. To secure this plan on an indestructable basis against the interference of all conflicting and opposing interests, the pasha had made himself sole owner of all the freehold property of Egypt, in 1808, by indemnifying the proprietors, either in money or by pensions; and took into his own hands the management of the mosques and other religious foundations which had landed property attached to them; leaving them, however, their houses and gardens.

His main object was to secure the soil for the purpose of carrying on, without interruption, his extensive ramification of canals and the irrigation from the cataracts to the sea, and to recover, from the Desert and the marshes, the land which had yielded such abundant increase in the days of its ancient prosperity. He built, on the largest scale, a vast

number of canals, dykes, and sluices, from the Mah-mudieh canal, between Cairo and Alexandria, to the interior of upper Egypt.

He introduced the cultivation of cotton, oil, and silk, under the superintendence of workmen from Malta and Florence to attempt, at least, to render Egypt independent of foreign supplies. He planted in Upper Egypt alone above sixteen millions of young trees, and his son Ibrahim, above five millions, of various species of fruit and forest trees hitherto unknown here. With all this he was obliged to furnish the Porte with supplies for the war against Greece, and to send his son Ibrahim to the Morea with a fleet and 16,000 men. The fleet was destroyed at Navarino; but he instantly built another.

Enormous sums were required to carry on these various undertakings. Mehemed has not only so concentrated the possession and administration of the soil, agriculture, and manufactures, that he is in his own person the head and moving spring of the whole, but he has also carried out the same idea in the trade and commerce of the principal productions—such as cotton, sugar, rice, indigo, &c.—of which he has the complete monopoly. The government alone can purchase these productions from the Fellah; and thus this monopoly, together with heavy imposts, enable Ali to meet the enormous expenses incurred by the support of the army, public institutions, buildings, &c.

The Porte had promised to indemnify the pasha for his losses and expenses during the Greek war,

by annexing Syria to his government, on condition that he should pay the same tribute as the pasha of that province. This engagement the Porte did not fulfil, but merely ceded to him the island of Candia. In 1831 Mehemed Ali sent an army into Syria, under the command of his son Ibrahim, and the battles of Homs and Koniah, where Turks and Arabs, for the first time fought on European tactics, proved so disastrous to the sultan, that he solicited the intervention of Russia to check the further progress of the pasha. Ali merely demanded Syria upon the former stipulations, and he obtained it in May 1833.

The keystone of the building which could alone ensure its permanence was wanting; namely, the independence of Egypt and the hereditary claims of his family; and to secure this was now the aim of Ali. War broke out afresh in 1839, and the battle of Nisib, followed by the surrender of the Turkish fleet and the death of sultan Mahmoud, appeared to promise future victories to Mehemed Ali. But the allied powers of Europe, with the exclusion of France, according as they were swayed by different interests, took part with the Porte. and the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, by Admiral Stopford, completely broke the power of Mehemed Ali in Syria. Ibrahim pasha, who had been appointed governor by his father, was forced to evacuate it: and Mehemed Ali was compelled to restrict his claims to Egypt and to renounce his demand of independence. He is now the hereditary pasha of Egypt.

I am very far, my dear Clara, from recognising

Mehemed Ali as an apostle of civilization, according to our European notions ; but I am at the same time fully convinced that, what we call civilization cannot take place in the East for many centuries. The whole economy of Oriental life, habits, manners, and customs, is, with but slight modification, identical with ancient tradition ; it follows the models of its forefather and is settled, as it were, once for all ; the ideas respecting the authority, power, and arbitrary will of their rulers, all these remain the same as they were thousands of years ago.

The Oriental does not know, does not even comprehend or desire what Europeans call political liberty : he desires only personal freedom. In the possession of this a state may be convulsed with anarchy, while it at the same time gives the individual scope for his powers and capacity. This has always been the state of affairs in the East from the remotest ages— anarchy quelled by despots, be they shahs, caliphs, or grand signors. This is what Mehemed Ali did ; he adopted the measures which were necessary under existing circumstances, for sowing the ground which he had smoothed, but which can be thoroughly penetrated only by the plough. If it does not cut deeply, the furrows are soon closed over. The people are intelligent, but so extremely indolent and careless that they do nothing without being spurred on, nothing at least that demands perseverance or looks beyond the necessities of the present moment.

Mehemed Ali possesses all the cold, inexorable

severity of the despot, who has to rule and civilize an untutored race; but he is not the relentless tyrant who loves torment, from caprice or inclination. He does not understand philanthropy in our sense of the term, nor as explained by Henry IV., when the fowl was put into the pot; yet he does not blindly drain the pith of his people and country to enrich himself.

Whatever plans he pursues for the amelioration of Egypt must benefit future generations. That he has rescued it from the lawless barbarities to which it had been abandoned for six hundred years, by Mamelukes and Turks, that he bestows infinite care and labour to develop its resources, is not quite so criminal as you hear it denounced in Europe. Europe has another religion, another civilization, another history of the past; these should be taken into account. Mehemed Ali must not be judged by the standard of the West.

Has not Europe also had men who ruled the nations of their day, with no gentle hand or tender heart, and who yet mightily advanced their prosperity? Such men as Charlemagne, the great Peter, and Napoleon—not that I would compare Mehemed Ali with any of these; but I would merely observe that contemporaries often denominate as tyranny, that which posterity designates as great. He may commit errors—but still he thinks and acts; and this is so extraordinary, so novel, so unheard of in this



part of the world, that we must willingly concede to him all the honours of a first attempt.

In Syria, whenever I beheld a tree newly planted, a road made, a bridge erected, or a canal dug, or indeed wherever I noticed any trace of order and attention, (now alas, all relapsing into their former ruin,) and demanded who was the author, I received the unvarying reply, 'the great Pasha.' These kind of works are not undertaken by those whose only aim is to fill their coffers.

The pasha will however of course not give up the point of hereditary possession, for himself and his family. He has made Egypt what it now is, and it will long require the governing mind and the steady hand to keep it in its present course—how then would it be possible for him to leave any measure untried to retain his independent position. The long series of wars, to maintain which he organized an entire army on the European discipline and built a fleet, occasioned an enormous outlay, which was raised at the expense of the nation. The taxes appear to me excessive for so poor a people; the plan, too, of making an entire village responsible for the payment, is a barbarous measure, for it not only obliges the industrious to work for the idle, but throws a damp upon active exertions, in which the Arabs are already too backward.

When the cultivable soil has been rescued from the desert, and adequately protected against its

future encroachments, by a complete system of irrigation; when rulers, less harassed by hostile attacks and political intrigues, shall be able to devote their energies to the improvement of their dominions, it will then appear how well old Mehemed Ali has laid the foundations for such results.

It has always appeared to me remarkable that the pasha should throw himself so completely into the arms of the French for aid and advice. I do not know how far they avail themselves of this influence to work upon the mass, as they do here: thus, for instance in the various schools which they have established, and of which they have the management, they communicate all their instruction in French through the aid of interpreters. This appears the utmost folly. Can there be any life and energy in the instruction, or the requisite mutual stimulus between master and pupil, if they carry on their communications in different languages, and those too the eastern and the western? On the other hand the French are the only people who feel interested in them; and yet I must not forget the poor Spanish and Italian monks, who all learn Arabic to order in teach little children to read.

Do not, dear Clara, say that I take the part of Mehemed Ali; I am neither for nor against him, but I desire to be wholly unbiassed. I see and hear with an equally impartial eye, whatever may be adduced in his praise or censure, and I do not hesitate to state

it. I dare not venture to converse of him to the diplomatic envoys in the East, for since the mighty powers have broken their staff over him, most of them speak in such official, stereotype phrases, that I can hardly persuade myself, that they are not thus exactly written down in their instructions! The main cause of reproach is that he depopulates Egypt. England carries on a nefarious trade in opium with China—which destroys the present generation and sows the seeds of poison in the next! Yet who ventures to stand forth and prevent it, who takes the part of the Chinese? No one! and simply, because none can stand in array against the omnipotence of England. How absurd then is this philanthropic demonstration in favour of the Arabs—when we know that in Turkey the population falls off year by year! Oh, hypocrisy! hypocrisy!

### LETTER XLVIII.

T O M Y M O T H E R.

Assuan—The Granite Quarries of Syene—Messid—Philæ—  
Bidsha—Elephantine.

Assuan, January 13th. 1844, on the Nile.

TO-MORROW we proceed onward to Nubia, my much loved mother. I must, once in my life see the tropics, that I may look upon the torrid zone, which we know only in hot-houses and conservatories. In olden times, that is to say about two thousand seven

hundred years before our era, Assuan lay within the tropic of Cancer, but as the obliquity of the ecliptic is gradually diminishing, Assuan has approached nearer to the equator, and lost both its former locality, and its natural name—for it was then called Syene.

It always puzzles me how historians and astronomers can come to any agreement about our world;—the latter, with the utmost coolness, go back millions of years, in computing the course of the stars, because in their esteem the system of the universe is ordered for the stars; while the former, who compute it by man and his achievements, are abundantly satisfied with a few millenaries, because all beyond is a chaos of uncertainty. Well, it is all one to me! I cannot content myself with the ancient tropics; and having met with a bark in the small harbour of Messid, we shall quit our old vessel to-morrow, and proceed in the new one to Wadi Halfa.

Travellers who have not a very large bark, and who intend to ascend the cataracts, generally keep their own vessel, and merely engage a fresh crew who are acquainted with the rocks and currents of the upper stream. But my bark is a perfect whale, and I have besides no intention to ascend the cataracts. Such an expedition may be well enough for men who can swim and save themselves in case of necessity. I should have to depend upon the good offices of others, or perish in the Nile—and I have

no inclination for either. You see, therefore, that the cataracts are no falls of the Rhine. The river does not rush into a yawning deep, but it gushes rapidly over, amid, and between the rocks.

We arrived here yesterday afternoon, having left Fostat on the 19th of December, and spent twenty-four hours at Denderah. This is no inconsiderable time for a distance of four hundred and eighty miles. Such dilatoriness would drive one to despair in Europe—but here the journey is considered a very fair one; and had the wind been contrary we should have been a week or a fortnight longer.

The wind was favourable nearly the whole time, and but rarely failed altogether, and then the excessively tedious process of pulling the vessel along the shore, or pushing it with poles among the innumerable sand banks, did not advance us much.

We reached Assuan in full sail, with a favourable wind, and amid the jubilant cries of our crew. Assuan presents a highly picturesque appearance, rising upon the high eastern bank; it consists of the modern town, which is advantageously concealed behind a grove of palms, and the old Arab town, which is built upon the ruins of the Roman, as that probably was erected on the yet more ancient Egyptian. It is situated upon a high, rugged hill, close to the river, and is now a complete ruin. The unburnt bricks used by the ancient Arabs, and still employed by their descendants, form very remarkable ruins, not heaps of rubbish as those of burnt bricks, or of

stones; but they are more jugged and stand out in rising, isolated, perpendicular masses of cliffs, which look as if they had been dashed to pieces by some giant's hand. They have a very good effect at a distance, with the transparent back ground of the beautifully tinted sky; but, on a nearer approach, the materials are too mean for effect; in this respect we are spoilt in Egypt, not indeed by the present, but by the past.

Not far from Assuan are the granite quarries, which produce the magnificent red granite, so admired by the ancients, and called syenite after its locale; the small island of Bidsha, opposite to Philæ, produces the infinitely more beautiful rose granite, of which a gateway still continues to adorn Elephantina, as a remnant of its former magnificence. This latter island lies opposite Assuan, on this side of the cataracts; the two other cataracts are about a league beyond it, and the Nile whirling and foaming, rushes between them. Yesterday we visited Assuan, which has nothing to recommend it but its situation. Early this morning we rode over to Messid, and thence embarked for the islands of Philæ and Bidsha; and further on, towards the left bank of the Nile, where there is a striking view over the fall.

The road from this place to Messid lies through a truly frightful desert, through sand of the most dazzling brilliancy, which extends like a calm and lifeless ocean, amid isolated or scattered masses of

granite, which lie on its surface like islands of the dead. The Arabian and Lybian chain which has skirted, and thus far conducted the Nile, is a limestone formation; the mountain ridge, however, which separates Egypt from Nubia, and at this point, runs straight across the Nile, and the two lateral chains, is a mixture of limestone and granite; and it would almost seem that the efforts made by the water, during the formation of primæval chaos, to overleap this barrier shattered and dispersed the fragments of granite, and left behind the far-spread mantle of sand. Such at least is my solution of the scene before me.

It is impossible to conceive more utter desolation: not a tree, or shrub, not even the scantiest blade or the most arid lichen grow upon its huge rocky boulders! A keen wind carried along the hot sand in eddying clouds, and scattered them in a shower of fine powder over our garments, our hair and into our eyes.

The Nile lay far to our right; and we avoided its numerous windings by leaving its banks, and cutting across the country. To our left are the granite quarries, the approach to which is announced by detached blocks.

We saw a splendid obelisk lying perfectly finished, only awaiting its destination. But there is no temple ready to receive it! Perhaps it may one day migrate into the far west to adorn some square with its desolate beauty! perhaps to England or Paris, who can tell?

Yet, of this I am sure, that it is altogether unsuited to our style of architecture, and would lose all effect in Paris. Rome indeed might bear the association—she is the rightful heir of all that was grand in ancient times; and possesses a greatness in herself, sufficient to receive whatever is most foreign and impart to it the impress of Rome.

At Messid we again approached the Nile, and our eyes were regaled by the sight of a large sycamore, and some palm trees. Shoals of naked black children, danced about us with the most monkey-like gestures, screaming with shrill voices, bakshish! with some other words, which I could not at all make out. I afterwards discovered that they meant *mangiare niente*; so that the Italian language has penetrated even into Nubia. A frightfully distorted boy, who appeared among them, is the only cripple whom I have hitherto seen in Egypt; but then you meet in Cairo more persons with diseased eyes than in all the world besides. You may be sure, that of those you meet in the streets every third person has but one eye, without reckoning those labouring under disease, who wear shades or bandages over their eyes! These ravages are caused by ophthalmia. This frightful disease is unknown in Upper Egypt, where the climate is far more salubrious, so that even the plague does not commit the same ravages, and it is said that Nubia has never yet been visited by it.

The children were soon joined by crowds of men,



likewise, crying bakshish : these were followed by the women, who though they did not beg, were more importunate in curiosity ;—they were truly hideous, their lips painted blue, one of their nostrils bored with a nail, or a bright metal ring, and their neck, breast, and arms, covered with strings of glass beads and rings. It was impossible to keep them at a distance, though they neither offered to molest, or to oblige us. The people are like their cattle, camels and asses, without bit or bridle, and must be driven, not led.

Messid is the general harbour for men and goods proceeding to Wadi Halfa, and thence by caravans further into the interior of Africa. Assuan, on the other hand, is the port for all arriving from thence on the way to Cairo. The cataracts are a great impediment to navigation, for as it is too hazardous and expensive to carry them over, all the water transports from Wadi Halfa to Cairo, are obliged to unload at Messid, to convey their freight on camels, and to reload at Assuan.

We were told by a French merchant, settled at Assuan, that the principal objects of commerce from the interior of Africa, are gold dust, elephants' teeth, and ostrich feathers. This gentleman had just returned from Dongola, with a caravan of forty six camels, which were his own property ; thither he had gone, richly laden with every possible description of European goods, stuffs, furniture, ornaments of glass and

bronze. Black slaves are a fourth and important article of commerce; but this traffic is carried on by dealers, and not by merchants.

Camels are invaluable in these countries; without them, it would be impossible alike for the trader or the merchant to move about. I appreciate their merits, though I am heartily glad to be able to dispense with their services myself. Here, as in Messid, they lie along the banks of the river in great numbers, surrounded with bales of goods; near them are tents or huts of palm leaves, which are inhabited by the owners or guides, till they start anew on their journey. They furnish many a picturesque scene of Oriental life, the turbaned merchants smoking their pipes beneath the palm trees, the groups of camels, the bales of spices and costly wares, below on the beach the barks with their long yards, and the Nile with its sombre rocky heights of Elephantina, Bab, and Philæ. Or, perhaps you watch the arrival of a caravan of tall dark Nubians, with scarlet turbans, or a white shawl twisted round their heads and shoulders. They have a fine figure, sharp, decided features, and beards, and are not for an instant to be compared to the hideous, meagre, and beardless negroes; yet they are not Arabs, but of the race of the Berbers. They were accompanied by some of their women, painted as gay as tapestry, and their children, the younger of whom, lying on their chest, were tied naked to the back of the camels. These strange forms enlivened

the dreary scene, and seemed to harmonize with it— for at no time, are they aught, save harsh and rude.

As you glide along in the boat, between the dark granite rocks, which bound and traverse the Nile, (one of which is denominated Bab, a gate from its form,) a sudden turn of the river opens to view the island of Philæ, rising bright, clear and beautiful amid the confusion and desolation that encircles it. Philæ has shared in the general downfall, and the ground which was once destined to bear only temples is now covered with ruins. This sacred island was formerly protected by a wall against the incursions of the river, parts are still standing; in others, the steep declivity is covered with flowering beans, a vegetable to which the people are very partial. Palms wave their pensive heads above the melancholy ruins; yet in other respects Philæ has escaped both the lodgements of men, and the encroachments of the sand, so that its temples may be said to remain in comparatively good preservation, while those on the sister islands of Bidsha and Elephantina, present only desolate ruins, and few remains of ancient monuments.

Philæ, with its double pair of pylons, and the long porticoes supported by columns which connect them; its numerous halls of the temple, light and spacious, then gradually more dark and contracted, as you approach the inner sanctuary; with these, Philæ might still celebrate the mysteries of Isis, to whom the temple was dedicated, if the rubbish were

cleared, the grand ascent from the Nile to the Obelisks, and some other portions of buildings restored.

This temple, even in its ruins is so full of sublime majesty and thoughtful repose, the style of its architecture is so lofty and severe, that its sculptures of hawk-headed and cow-horned deities look like the fevered dreams of a superior mind.

The sculptures are all of that formal unsymmetrical character, which we see in our museums and to which we give the name of Egyptian, whereas we have not, nor can have the remotest conception of their architecture. It does not please and attract the eye, but it produces such an impression of imposing grandeur that every other style looks little, and almost insignificant in comparison with it. It retains its grandeur even amid these towering rocks—nay, it gains its magnificence; for its masses are so gigantic that they look as if they could have been reared only by the hand of nature; and yet ordered with so much harmony and beauty, as to afford one of the noblest triumphs of the human mind. The island of Philæ borne upon the waters of the Nile, which at once encompass and secure it, is a precious relic of the best ages of the Ptolomies.

At Bidsha a few columns still remain standing, and there is a granite statue, in a sitting posture, but it has unfortunately lost its hand. In the midst of these ruins some families have built their swallow nest habitations, and goats wander about in quest of

a scanty herbage. The sloping banks, which are fertilized by the waters of the Nile, are covered with beautiful and fragrant fields of beans and lupins. The beans bear rich blossoms of the most beautiful shaded violet, which grow even along the margin of the cataracts, but immediately beyond is nought save sand and rock.

Elephantina contains a few villages, large fields, and palm groves; but nothing is left of the temples, which are said to have been standing only forty years ago, save rubbish, extensive remains of brickwork along the highest and steepest descent of the beach, a sitting granite statue much injured about the head, and a gateway of rose granite, so wondrous and beautiful, that we might fancy that Aurora passed each morning through its portals, and left behind the reflection of her rosy radiance. The old materials have been employed in building barracks and a country house for the pasha.

## LETTER XLIX.

TO MY BROTHER.

The whole Voyage of the Nile from the great Cataract to Cairo.

Wadi Halfa, 22nd January, 1844—on the Nile.

Few Europeans, my dearest brother, receive letters from their sisters, from Wadi Halfa, or Halfo. You, however, shall be one of those thus highly favoured.

I know that I am within the tropics, near the second or large cataract of the Nile, and on the southern frontiers of Nubia; but I have a very indistinct idea of what kingdoms and nations lie around me, for I have not a single book or map of Nubia by me; and therefore all I can tell you of my environs is, that eighteen days' camel journey would bring me to Dongola, another eighteen to Sennaar; and, that Cordufan and Darfour lie at still greater distances.

The ordinary mode of computing here is by camel stages; and when we are among savages we assume half savage customs. These countries are the kingdoms of the Blacks; Darfour has been conquered, and brought under the subjection of Mehemed Ali; Achmed pasha, who attempted last autumn to make himself independent, was not suffered to survive. Cordufan and Sennaar have likewise been subdued by Mehemed, who holds them as fiefs of the Sublime Porte.

The great distance and the want of communication must render it extremely difficult for the Pasha to maintain his authority over these barbarous nations. All the troops, munition and army supplies have to be transported through the Desert. I wish you to have some notion of my present locality, and therefore give you an account of my black neighbours, although I have not had the slightest intercourse with them, for they all live on the further side of the Desert.

The Nubians are not negroes, but are superior to them in personal appearance; the females, however, may vie with the negresses in ugliness, and would seem to be intended to inspire you with disgust for the whole of the fair sex in Africa. They braid their hair, probably only once in their life, into ten thousand little tails, which, when they become too rough and unsightly, they smear with butter, which I assure you does not possess the fragrance of a perfume! These plaits are built up in formal tiers; to this add the blue-stained lips, the gaping mouth—large white teeth, and rolling eyes, and you have a complete sketch of a Nubian beauty! Yet as soon as a stranger of the other sex ventures to gaze upon them, they instantly draw the veil over their charms, for fear of exciting jealousy in the minds of their husbands. It makes me uncomfortable to be surrounded by such frightful women; otherwise I have nothing to complain of.

We arrived here yesterday morning, without incurring any risk; soon after, the governor signified his intention of paying his respects; but I declined his proffered visit, because I cannot manage to converse through an interpreter. This may appear silly, but I assure you I would much rather make a long speech off hand, than utter three words through such a medium. The Arabs find not the slightest difficulty, for they fill up all the little breaks and stops by a whiff from their sociable pipe. I was really in an agony while receiving a visit from the Austrian

consul at Kane. The visit from the governor was intended as a mark of politeness, and it is certainly an excellent arrangement on the part of the government to give travellers, in these savage regions, an opportunity of signifying their wants or grievances to the supreme authorities.

Wadi Halfa consists of a long, narrow palm grove on the right bank of the Nile, with houses scattered here and there. The residence of the governor lies in a close thicket of trees, and like all the others, is a square enclosure of mud walls, within which is the inner court. It is distinguished by having a small white-washed balcony, with a couple of windows, over the entrance; windows are a novelty in this country where every one lives under the canopy of Heaven, or with all the doors thrown open to enjoy the full benefit of light and air.

However agreeable this may be to the natives, I experienced much discomfort on board our bark, which was destitute of glass-windows, being merely provided with small sliding panels, and a due proportion of holes and chinks—so that it is impossible to keep out the keen north wind without shutting yourself up as in a chest, and even then the wind finds its way in at the apertures. The general arrangements in this vessel are, in other respects, similar to the one we quitted in Assuan, except that it is much smaller and lighter. It is miserably built, and not being painted, it swarms with vermin; the tackle is wretched, all the ropes being knotted, and



it is not even provided with an anchor; but we have notwithstanding accomplished our voyage in safety.

We are to pay twelve hundred piastres for the voyage, which seems a great deal, considering that it does not occupy more than fourteen or eighteen days, and that our crew consists of only ten men. We have also been obliged to move into it the tables, sofas, &c., out of our former vessel. The owner only pays the reis thirty piastres, and each sailor fifteen for the voyage. If it does not occupy us more than fifteen days, each sailor will receive one piastre per diem, which answers to the wages of a Fellah.

Thus you see, dearest brother, that I have now a fleet and thirty men at my command; in fact the whole system of travelling in the East is calculated to give an air of importance to the most inconsiderable individual.

Early this morning we rode to the cataracts, and set out upon our homeward voyage in the afternoon; but we were not able to proceed further than the left bank. We have to encounter a strong head wind from the north, against which we make but little way with our eightoars, which, in order to give them more effect, rest upon a sort of elbow-lean which projects horizontally from the edge of the vessel. Thus I find there are many difficulties in descending as in ascending the stream.

Having now accomplished the voyage from Cairo

to the great cataract, I will proceed to give you some account of the country which I have traversed, in a tolerably direct course, though with innumerable windings, from the thirtieth to the twenty-second degree. I shall, however, not commence at Cairo, but from this place, for I shall thus proceed with the stream, having the Arabian bank on my right hand. It is also better to begin in chaos and terminate in order and arrangement than the reverse: this morning I set out in chaos.

We crossed over to the left bank, where a few small huts and some patches of beans form a miserable settlement, and then rode across the country to cut off the great angle of nearly a league and a half, made by the river above Wadi Halfa. The whole country is desert, without the slightest trace of vegetation, and large black masses of limestone rise above the yellow sand. Skeletons and remains of camels in every stage of decomposition point it out as the high road of the caravans to Dongola. Neither the inequalities of the soil, the protruding rocks, or the summits of the far-distant hills, produced the slightest effect upon the dead flat mass of interminable desert: it seemed as if I could look into the very heart of Africa.

When we again approached the Nile, the rocks rose in closer array; and we dismounted, and clambered up a steep precipice, which commands a fine view over the great cataract. But how shall I endeavour to convey the impression? In the first

place you must dismiss all previous ideas of a cataract, neither must you think of the cascатели of Tivoli. Fancy yourself standing upon a cliff, overlooking a thousand similar cliffs, some high and others flat boulders and masses of rock and stone, scattered like black islands over the vast sandy ocean of the Desert, as far as the eye can reach the southern horizon. Instead of sand, however, they are surrounded by water, within a broad bounded shore, and the unruly torrent impetuously forces its way between the obstructing rocks, and continues its foaming and dashing course for more than a league beyond. These rocky islands terminate at Wadi Halfa, and consequently also the obstruction; the waters collect and the river flows on in a defined channel.

The cataracts resemble neither river nor lake, but only a mass of wild and angry water, which comes you know not whence, and goes you not whither,—a slight inclination of the land seems to determine the flow of the vast surface from south to north, while the deserts to the east and west are alike inexorable in forbidding its incursion on them. But you see neither form nor boundary, neither tint nor vesture: all is dreary confusion, and grim, monotonous chaos. The yellow sand, the mud-stained water, and the sombre rocks, all roll and tumble pell-mell—as if the various masses had not yet found their respective places; thus they have dashed and splashed on and on, since the earth has assumed its

present form, and will continue so, as long as it retains it. Man has no power over these exhibitions of nature; he cannot control and calm these angry waters, nor extend his sway over these deserts of shifting sand and rock.

These deserts present an image of the most melancholy and irrepressible solitude, of the most fearful sterility, without any of the wild, naked grandeur of an alpine desert. It is too formless, too chaotic to be majestic. The alpine summit is grand, because it rises as a first step out of chaos, over which it has achieved a mighty victory. But here, nothing has been subdued, all is in a ceaseless ferment, with no sublimity in the picture, and such vagueness and vastness in its outline, that my spirits sunk as I gazed from my rocky height over this dreary wilderness.

The stormy wind also moaned piteously, and swept over the sand, which it raised in large eddies; the sun was as fierce as ever, but shrouded behind a veil of clouds, mist or dust, I know not which, and the pale blue sky looked colourless and sad. I must confess I could not admire this region of the tropics.

In some places the water has drifted the sand upon the rocky islets, and imbued them with moisture; the winds and currents have carried a few scanty seeds from immense distances, and deposited them here where they have taken root, and have sprung up in shrubs and low trees, apparently acacias and tamarisks; they form patches of verdure, stunted oases,

glimmering amid the foaming waters and barren rocks ; but they do not seem to enjoy their location, for they are all dwarfish, and yet they have nothing to interfere with their growth.

Whatever rises between the cataracts is undoubtedly secure from the hand of man ; travellers seldom advance so far, as is evident from the very few names which are graven upon this rock ; it bears no female name—and mine stands first—English women may have been here, but certainly none of my nation. The majority of travellers who visit Nubia for the purpose of seeing the temples, turn back at Abousambul, which is a day's journey from Wadi Halfa ; but few proceed as far as the great cataract. Though extremely remarkable, it has nothing attractive. I have never seen any scenery which can be compared to it, and the little cataracts of Assuan are but a variety repeated.

At Kartoun in Sennaar, the Nile which is there called the White Nile, receives the waters of the Blue River, then another called Artuboras, but beyond that it flows on to its mouth without any further accession of even the smallest brook or rivulet ; it is therefore quite unaccountable to me how it subsequently expands so much as to resemble a lake in many parts. It derives no permanent increase from the periodical rise and fall of its waters, and yet there is a constant accumulation in this enigmatical river, whose life, from its birth in the mountains of the moon, is one unceasing mystery. All this gives it a

peculiar interest and attraction, but it does not impart beauty ; its monotony is inexpressible.

How much beauty does the Rhine for instance, receive from the numerous tributaries which flow into it ; here are chains of hills, there an expanse of valleys ; here rugged precipices, there lovely, wide spread plains, which convey to it the Neckar, the Maine, the Lahu, the Nahe, and the Moselle. Each has its own characteristic features, and at its junction with the Rhine strikingly changes the features of that beautiful river, and thus rescues it from uniformity.

The Rhine, in this respect, seems to resemble a woman of strong passions, which have invested her with a charm, and who exercises an irresistible spell on all within her influence ; while the Nile seems like some demure nun, whose whole existence has been passed in profound, monotonous seclusion, which has buried all the secrets of her history. According to the temper with which this monotony affects us we shall be disposed to exclaim, how tedious ! or, how quiet and peaceful is the Nile ! You know me well enough to feel assured that both these sentiments were mine. Yet I plead guilty to the former, only on occasions when on account of the extreme slowness of motion we were dragged by ropes, or were obliged to make long detours to avoid shoals and sand banks.

Had I spent a fortnight, instead of five weeks, in accomplishing the voyage to Wadi Halfa, I should probably have not experienced this feeling, but have

abandoned myself to the full enjoyment of contemplating the long, grand, and tranquil outlines in the landscape, as well as in the architecture of Egypt.

The evenings on the Nile are the most splendid I have ever witnessed ; from these I of course exclude the storms, which in these regions seem to take the place of our northern snow-drifts. It is so extremely hot during the day, and the scorching rays of the sun are reflected with so much intensity from the surface of the water, the limestone rocks, and the sand of the Desert, that I never willingly quit the cabin. Towards evening, however, I venture on deck, and recline for a couple of hours upon the broad sofa, to inhale the bland and balmy air.

The sun sinks behind the Lybian mountains, which lie enamelled in the darkest blue, while the rays of light play as on a prism upon the opposite chain of the Arabian mountains, and tinge it with the brightest hues of gems, and flowers, and butterflies. The large detached masses resemble flaming roses, while the long-drawn chains look like bandeaus of amethyst in golden settings, and the calm waters give back the reflected radiance shrouded in a veil of transparent mist.

The air is redolent with all the perfumes of spring, the fields of rapeseed, beans, lupins, vetch, and cotton are in full bloom ; the wheat and the barley bow before the breeze ; acacia and other trees, with parasite plants bearing rich blue and lilac blossoms grow around the water-wheels, called

sakyieh, which are continually at work to irrigate the fields; or you find them flourishing naturally along the uncultivated parts of the bank. This sweet balsamic fragrance reminds me of the delicious scents which our own woods and fields send forth in the finest of our seasons, the month of June.

The wild pigeons rock themselves on the long palm branches, or coo in playful mood, like sportive children among the bushes; shoals of water-fowl, some white as alabaster, others dark as ravens, are congregated in large flocks, chirping their monotonous evening hymn, which they seem to have caught from the uniform ripple of the waters which they inhabit. Sometimes a large heron flies across the whole breadth of the river, or a pelican, with its heavy wing, dives in pursuit of a fish.

When the sun has set and the twilight has faded away, the south is often re-illuminated by a darker and less brilliant twilight which once more tinges the fading mountains with its rosy hue. Meantime the first stars begin to appear: Venus as an evening star, more glorious than any other planet in the firmament: the bold hunter Orion ascends slowly over the mountains of Arabia; and still later, in the far south-east, the constellation of Canopus, which I believe is never visible in Europe.

We seem to sail between two firmaments; the silver band of the Nile is changed into a deep blue heaven, spangled with soft and trembling stars;



while those above look calm and grand, like benign spirits, very different to the cold and shivering brilliancy of our clear frosty nights. They need not freeze here, for our nights in July can hardly be warmer than those in the month of January in Upper Egypt and Nubia.

The banks continue animated to a late hour; the fires burn brightly on the village hearths, which occupy the place in front of the door; the bleating flocks of sheep and goats are driven homeward amid a mingled din of human voices, the barking of dogs and the incessant creaking of the sakyieh. The men who work the shaduff sing to a regular measure, while throwing their buckets into the Nile, and emptying them into the channels, which convey the waters to further districts; the song of the Arab as he returns home from the fields; the loud hailings and the conversation of the men from their boats re-echo from all sides. The Arabs talk incessantly; they speak to each other from boat to boat, from the shore to vessels on the river, and, I verily believe, from village to village; at all events, as far as the voice can reach; and that, too, always in a tone which sounds like noisy threatening. From a solitary bark you may hear the dull notes of the Darabukah, which reminds me of the Spanish guitar, although these instruments have not the slightest resemblance. At length all these sounds die away, the night grows chilly, and we are glad to retire to the cabin and take our tea.

When the wind blows keenly from the north-west, a quarter to which it has adhered, with scarcely one day's exception, ever since my arrival in Egypt, and which was as favourable to our ascent of the Nile as it now retards our downward voyage,—then, indeed, our evening enjoyments are sadly blighted, and we have to submit to the uncomfortable feeling of being half frozen, though muffled up in all our wrappers.

29th January—on the Nile.

After having been detained for thirty-six hours off Wadi Halfa, in spite of many unavailing efforts to put off from the shore, the wind abated, and our sturdy Nubians, with their large oars, succeeded in making way against it. I have seen all the temples, which, most conveniently for travellers, lie along the banks, so that we had only very short distances to walk. Yesterday we reached Assuan, after an absence of a fortnight. I joyfully resumed possession of the old bark, which is delightfully spacious, clean, and well arranged, compared with the Nubian; we returned, however, too soon for our old crew, who do all in their power to prolong the voyage: yesterday they feigned contrary winds, and did not set out till this morning, and even now they make but little progress with the oars. I really dread the voyage back to Cairo; there is such perpetual disputing, threatening, and opposition. The people seem born for the kurbatch

—a lash of rhinoceros' skin. If the reis and the steersman were to receive a thorough bastinado, we should get along as well as possible; but they have learnt the abhorrence of Europeans to such measures, and therefore take advantage of our forbearance. You see, my dear brother, that the voyage of the Nile has its shady side.

But I must return to the great Cataract, from whence I intended to give you a hasty sketch of the country and its inhabitants. The people appear to be much more grave and silent than the Arabs;—our sailors never dreamt of music or dancing; when we walked about in the villages we were not pursued by the whole population, but they contented themselves with merely looking at the strangers; and the women, who are black and parched like the Fates, remained quietly seated before their huts, spinning black wool. The men, in their blue shirts, large white shawls, with scarlet borders, flung across their shoulders and around their head, their sharp features and marked drapery, resembled Michael Angelo's sybils; they too, continued squatting in groups, smoking their pipes. All the children are unclothed, but the females are muffled up in dirty veils and long trailing garments, yet ridiculously bedizened with borderings of coloured beads, &c.

The men were generally well dressed. When they are at work they throw aside their long blue or white shirt, as well as the smaller one which is worn under it, merely keeping on short loose drawers. Not-

withstanding the scorching rays of the sun, they have no other covering on their head but a small smooth cap, which fits tight to the head ; this head-dress has quite superceded the scarlet tarbush throughout Nubia, and nearly so among the Fellahs in Egypt. When they are not engaged in work they generally twist on their turban, which looks far more picturesque.

When a Nubian wants to cross the river, he lays himself with his breast upon a skin filled with air, which greatly facilitates him in swimming. He carries his garments folded into a huge turban about his head, with his long lance run through them like a colossal pin. In this original and striking manner he swims across, driving before him his camels, who appear to have a horror of swimming through the Nile, and are urged on with frightful yells and blows.

I have not seen any small light boats on the Nile managed by a single person. Near the village of Dorr a large bark was launched, on which occasion the women shouted the zugarit with so much effect, that it sounded in the distance like a trumpet tremolo ; while the joyful salutes fired by the men, awaked majestic, long reverberated echoes in the Lybian mountains.

Whenever we landed the people offered us milk, poultry, eggs, and dried figs for sale. The latter were very bad, because all the Orientals, beginning at Constantinople, have the extraordinary taste to eat

this fruit in the unripe state. The milk, which is that of the cow, is particularly fine, and was the more acceptable because we scarcely got any other than sheep or goats' milk in Cairo: this may be owing to the epidemic which had destroyed seven-eighths of the cattle, and has led to the prohibition against eating beef. In order to impart an improved appearance to their poultry, they had resorted to the deception of inflating them with air; but luckily our dragoman was aware of this trick. In other respects, the peasants maintained the best possible understanding with us, although the most deadly feuds were kept up among the different villages.

One day, a man on shore called aloud to us in the boat to inquire whether we had a physician on board. We replied in the negative, and asked the cause of his demand. He told us that they had just made an attack upon a neighbouring village, which had robbed their bean fields; in the affray four men were wounded with musket shots, and one of their own party had received a shot which it was feared would prove fatal. We could only regret that we had not the means of rendering him any assistance.

The soil is occasionally good, well wooded and richly cultivated; at other times the Desert advances so closely upon the shore, as to exclude even the narrow seam of bean field; in which case you see only an exuberance of wild plants and bushes, growing upon the sandy downs. Though not rocky, yet the banks are sometimes so high as to be above the

inundations of the Nile; here and there too, tall, steep, and naked walls of rock rise abruptly out of the river. It is in these walls that the royal tomb of Abahuda, the two temples of Abousambul or Ypsamboul, and other tombs of the Djebel Ibrahim are excavated.

The larger villages, such as those of Wadi Halfa, Dorr, Kurusko, Kelabshe, and others whose names I did not learn, have a better appearance than any I have seen in the East; they are strongly built, interspersed with palm trees and surrounded with large green fields, which are watered by numerous sakyichs. The house of the Sheikh el Beled, who is the head of the village, and is answerable for the due payment of the taxes, has a good appearance, the usual square enclosure being very spacious and flanked by two pillared towers; these are the residence of the family, while the enclosure serves to shelter the cattle at night. When we first saw these towers in the distance we took them for ruins of temples which had been converted into habitations, but we soon discovered that the buildings of stone have been imitated in clay;—and as it never rains here, it answers all the purpose of shelter.

Other villages again have such a wretched appearance, that their huts look like dilapidated ovens, and from their cold and exposed situation on a sandy plain, we should conclude them to be deserted, were it not for the human beings hovering around them. We saw several abandoned villages, whose population had either dwindled away, or had

settled elsewhere. We likewise perceived on some of the rocks along the river, the ruins of towns, which formerly, probably, served as fortresses against the incursion of African tribes, and may have been destroyed during the Turkish, or some yet earlier conquest.

Nubiä is not altogether a ruin, but it is perishing in the sand, and this is very clearly seen in the temples. Though the huge temple of Abousambul is hewn in the rock and has its entrance immediately on the Nile, yet such is the accumulation of sand which has drifted into it, that of the four gigantic sitting colossi at the entrance, only one is still quite uncovered; of the second the legs are buried in sand, the waist of the third, and the fourth only continues to rear its head above the surrounding desolation.

The Temple of Hamada is very much filled up; that of Seboa is buried up to the cornice, so that it is impossible to effect an entrance without making excavations. These temples must once have been not only free from sand, but we must also assume that they were crecaed in a populous district in order to secure an attendance of worshippers as well as maintenance for their priests. They lie within only a quarter of a league from the Nile, and yet they have fallen victims to these lamentable encroachments, which resemble the gradual mortification and death of a limb of the human frame.

These accumulations of sand are much more fre-

quent on the Lybian than on the Arabian side, and yet it is remarkable that all the temples in Nubia, with the single exception of the one at Dorr, are situated on the Lybian shore. The Lybian chain, which, in Egypt, is of a bright yellow colour, and invariably as smooth on the top, as if planed, is here of a darkish tint, and assumes various forms, sometimes spreading out in long chalky walls, at others rising like altars, sarcophagi and columns of a black or dark grey colour, out of the red and yellow sand.

If a few palm trees are occasionally seen struggling into life in the more barren tracts, they are always so drawn up and tapering, and their foliage looks so thinly feathered, that we at once perceive their utter want of nourishment. In rich soils on the contrary they form splendid groves, more wild and luxuriant than in Egypt, as well as more beautiful, because not planted in formal rows.

In my voyage up the Nile, when I first beheld these wretched villages destitute of trees and fields, I could not conceive on what kind of food their inhabitants subsisted: unless, indeed, like the ostriches, they could eat gravel. On our return, however, having made several visits on shore, I learnt that the Dura harvest was already past, for it is sown in August, and germinates beneath the waters of the inundation, and thus ripens till the winter;—it is only on a near approach that you can distinguish its yellow stubble from sand. The Dura is a kind of



millet, and is to the inhabitants of the Nile what the potato is to our poor. Dura bread, or dried dura, are their every-day food, seasoned with onions, garlic, or dried dates. I think the bread excellent without these additions ; it resembles our rye-bread, and is infinitely superior to the damp, sour, black bread eaten by the poorer classes among us. \*

Every village has a bean field near it, growing in a line along the margin of the stream. Now and then we could see some grey, sandy, palm trees, rising behind a hill, and sometimes I enjoyed the real pleasure of green wheat or barley fields, lying lower, irrigated by the waters from a sakyieh or a shaduff. The small channels which they feed are often not larger than a deep furrow, and I have seen one which ran along for at least five hundred paces, in a straight line through the Desert, till it reached a depression of the ground where it formed numerous level rills, and thus produced a fruitful soil, which bears the finest wheat. Sometimes you may see a tiny canal, such as children are wont to dig in play, and fill with their watering can, conducted from one of these rills to encircle a plot of vegetable ground not more than a yard square, which flourishes in solitary verdure, amid the surrounding sterility.

I have now witnessed for months the striking contrast between cultivation and desert, yet is my admiration constantly called forth by the wonderful results which man can produce, if he is not afraid

of industry, labour, perseverance and present outlay. The system of irrigation adopted by Mchemed Ali for Egypt alone is still so imperfect, that although there are fifty thousand sakyiehs at work, the inhabitants must yet dread the consequences of a scanty periodical inundation, and Nubia is, as yet, much less efficiently supplied; this renders every cultivated patch so remarkable.

At Kurusko there is a caravan road to Darfour; it has a custom-house and a garrison, both under tents. A few days ago, some European travellers had started from this station; probably Professor Lepsius' party, and had gone to Kartoum upon antiquarian researches. Truly science has its martyrs! for even setting aside the fatigues, privations and exertions of such a journey, its very tedium, which is but rarely rewarded by certain and adequate results, is of itself a species of martyrdom. Below Kurusko, which is called midway between Wadi Halfa and Assuan, you see perpendicular rocks rising from the shores, while the bed of the river is strewn with hidden shoals and sand banks. Where there are no rocks to occupy the ground, the Desert asserts her domain, on both banks, with a few tamarisk and acacia bushes growing on the hills. These, too, will soon be buried, and, in the lapse of ages, naturalists will marvel at the appearance of the petrified wood of the Nile—as we now do at the petrified forest near Cairo.

The home voyage would be excessively tedious

were it not for the temples, whose columns and colossi excite our admiration as we behold them at a distance during our ascent of the river. There are two very interesting monuments near the large village of Kelabshe. By the side of each house we also observed dove cots, in the form of vases, from four to five feet high, made of clay, of rude, but not unskilful workmanship; small water tubs of the same material were also placed before the doors. I had already noticed them all along the Nubian shore, but no where so well made as at Kelabshe.

The journey thence to Meshid occupies barely one day; but it is very difficult on account of what are termed the cataracts of Kelabshe, or violent sinkings in the river, which dash with so much force against the rocks, both above and beneath the surface, that our sailors were obliged to exert all their skill and caution in rowing among them. It was beautiful to watch the bark brought close to the edge of a rock, and then suddenly turned round to escape some lurking breaker. The rocks were piled up along the banks in the most fantastic forms;—many were covered with ruins, which would seem to indicate that this was an important pass in former times. These rocks are the commencement of the transverse granite chain which forms the boundary between Nubia and Egypt. The Nile wages its fierce contest with them, and although it has long since broken their barrier in triumph, the constant whirling and eddying of the water renders navigation difficult.

As the detached rocks vanished in the distance, the islands came in sight, then Bidsha and Philæ, the temple island dedicated to the gods of Egypt, whose picturesque beauties are unrivalled by any other architectural monument of Egypt, because nature herself has laid its foundations on an island of palms. We sailed between it and Bidsha into the basin of Meshid, and this terminates the voyage to Nubia.

The river, however, has still to work its way through the lesser cataracts, which are in fact more considerable than the great cataracts; but they are navigable, which is impossible with the former on account of their innumerable amalgamation of thousands of rocks and sand banks. The general character of the scenery too is more decided; the Nile divides itself into various branches, and rushes with great impetuosity between the huge masses of rock, and its dashing foam does not subside till above Elephantina. As far as Esneh its bed is still scattered with rocks, which are dangerous at low water; further on its course, as the mountains recede from its banks and the width increases, you meet with numerous sand banks, which render navigation both tedious and inconvenient.

On the Nile, 7th February.

This is a long interruption, dear brother; but I have been engaged in visiting the temples, which have so completely absorbed my mind, as well as tired my

body, that I have been unable to think of any thing else. The ruins of Thebes are excessively fatiguing, owing to the incessant riding, standing, climbing and creeping; at one moment under the scorching rays of the sun, then in the subterranean catacombs, independently of all the excitement of novelty, admiration, and curiosity.

But I must pursue my voyage down the Nile. Almost immediately on its entrance into Upper Egypt, its bed expands, and the banks become flatter. This diminishes the force of the current, and admits of the more free and advantageous inundation of the land. The mountains, however, on either bank, occasionally approach the shore, and then recede in sweeping curves, leaving considerable plains at their foot.

At first the difference in cultivation from Nubia is very slight: the Desert spreads out, the villages are small and widely scattered, and we see but few palm trees. From a rock, which is undermined by the washing of the Nile, the majestic ruins of the Koum Ombose look upon the setting sun. Near the pass of Djebel Selscleh, the mountains on both banks rise into towering walls which hem in the course of the river. On the Lybian side, grottos, tombs and niches are cut with much skill and labour in the sandstone rock, and on the Arabian side are ancient quarries. At Esneh, which we reached three days after our departure from Assuan, everything assumes a more civilized

character. The natives no longer float across the river upon inflated skins, yet their method is not much less savage. They fasten together three bundles of reeds, about eight feet in length, into a kind of raft, pointed towards the front, and rather wider behind. On this rude, slight frame-work, the man sits down quite flat, sometimes places his wife and child behind him, and in this manner paddles lightly across the stream. As we approached Esneh we saw boats lying off the village, and they gradually increased in number and size.

Esneh is the first town you pass after leaving Assuan; it carries on a manufacture of small pipe-heads of red clay, which are sold by the million to the natives. The town itself, like all those in the East, has crooked, narrow streets, houses without windows, dirty and gloomy bazars, and an abundance of coffee-rooms.

Here I saw a serpent-charmer. The sight was truly loathsome—there were five serpents coiling around his body, hanging on by his fingers, or gliding between his hands. I do not know if they were venemous—but they are at all times disgusting to me. Mchemed Ali has a large house out of the town, just beyond the mountains of Debus, and separated from the Nile by a palm grove, with an underwood of citron trees. We met the pacha on our upward voyage, returning to Cairo with two steam-boats, having spent several weeks at Esneh.

Near Thebes, the Arabian ridge rises with picturesque beauty, as if to form a suitable background to the magnificent ruins of Karnac and Luxor. It sends up, in the far horizon, from its usual quiet and undulating outline, three sharp points, which draw your attention while yet at a distance, to the site once occupied by the city with the hundred gates, as it is designated by Homer, but which, besides the above-named villages, is now occupied by those of Kournou and Medinet Abou on the Lybian side, and, by extensive fields, desert, and, rich, though fallow ground.

It is painful to see this fine, cultivable soil, lying waste amid the surrounding fields of luxuriant verdure, probably because there are no labourers to till the ground. The Lybian mountains behind Kournou, as well as the whole of the hilly tract, is inhabited by a race of Troglodytæ; before their time the Thebaid was the abode of pious anchorites; and ere these mistaken votaries of religion had reduced their living bodies to skeletons, this region had really been tenanted by the dead—by mummies—for this was the Necropolis of ancient Thebes.

It is strange to see the dark forms, emerging from the rocky caverns, and flitting like shadows upon the illumined back-ground; the women in long veils, carrying the large earthen amphoræ on their head, which they are obliged to fill at the distant Nile; the men indulging in their wonted *far niente*; the children tending flocks of sheep and goats; and the

elder boys driving herds of buffaloes and oxen; everything, men as well as cattle, are nearly of the same colour, dark brown, dark blue, dark grey, passing into dirty black. They recalled the *ombres chinoises*; and also brought to my mind the ants which swarm around their holes in the same dingy perplexity. It is impossible to conceive a contrast more glaring than that of this little stunted world, with the gigantic generation that is passed; the dignified race of gods and kings whose sublime ideas still animate these ruins and impart to them a grandeur far beyond the dumb material. The men who here lived, resolved, acted, and planned as one harmonious whole, have vanished away, and the race of ants that have succeeded them crawl upon their dust. Alas, dearest Dinand, what will become of us, of our artificial, superfine, brittle, and complicated world!

The neighbourhood of Denderah abounds in large groves of a species of palm, which the Arabs call *domm*. The leaves are ranged in fan-shaped tufts at the upper part of the trunk, which regularly separates into two distinct branches, like the *Yacca*. The date palm, however, has a much finer appearance, especially when it has attained its full perfection; its first tier of branches then fall back over the trunk like a bell, while the second rises in a plume. The date palm is also of much greater utility, every part of it, from the dried foliage to the fruit being employed for various purposes, while the *domm* palm yields only an insipid fruit, which is



eaten by the poorer classes. It does not grow in Lower Egypt.

Opposite to Denderah lies the town of Keneh, about half a league from the banks of the Nile, in the midst of a large verdant plain, which is irrigated by a broad canal and defended by a high dam. It contains about ten thousand inhabitants. We went to the Austrian consul to inquire for letters, but he had not received any; indeed, I hardly expected them. The distance from Europe, and the wide expanse of ocean do not permit us to calculate upon having our letters to a day and hour, as we can at home; if we receive a letter we consider ourselves fortunate, yet there is something inconceivably oppressive, not merely in the separation from friends and home, but also in being cut off, for months, from all communication with them. In the consul's dingy-looking house we found European cane elbow chairs; and the findjans in which we were served with excellent coffee, were of Saxon porcelain. The name of the small saucer in which the silver or lead cup rests is *zarf*, in Arabic, the *z* being always pronounced like an accented *s*; and *s* again like *sh*.

There are five days' camel journey from Keneh to the harbour of Kossäir on the Red Sea. This is the route of a section of the annual caravan of the pilgrims; they cross over from Kossäir to the opposite coast of Hedjaz, whence they pursue their way to the Holy Cities. By this road, also, the Pacha sends the annual subsidies of corn, which Egypt is obliged

to render to Mecca and Medina, conformably to the stipulation made at the conquest, by Sultan Selim I. Once it supplied Rome with grain, now, it nourishes the sacred cities of Islamism. Egypt always was a vast granary, and we ought to rejoice that it still continues so.

Kenéh looks like Esneh, and Siout like Kenéh, and so do all towns that are not Cairo. They are of greater or lesser extent, have more minarets, which vary their appearance at a distance ; but they have the same internal arrangements, and the same style of architecture, which renders a distinct description unnecessary. Kenéh still carries on its ancient manufacture of Bardaks, or Gouleh's, which are as important to the natives as the red pipe-heads of Esneh. These are porous water-pots of unburnt clay, which possess the invaluable property of keeping the water cool and fresh, and are therefore in universal use both by rich and poor.

At Kenéh I saw a dwarf, who is the second deformity I have met in Egypt; he wore a turban twisted about his head which might have given him a comic air, could my feelings be reconciled to any distortion of the human figure. It always seems to me, as if it were suffering from the corporeal affliction of which, perhaps, the wretched subject himself is not at all conscious. It is said that dwarfs are always excessively vain; and is not vanity in general a dwarfish passion?

We had to ride above a league into the plain, from

the village of el Beljenne, where we landed, to the ruins of Abydos, but they are so completely buried in the sand as not to repay the visit. Sugar, cotton, and indigo are grown in these districts, but agriculture predominates, the beans are the height of a man, and grow as thick as a wall; the barley was in ear, and was already yellow; asses and buffaloes were grazing along the margin of the fields, which are interspersed with the richest soil lying fallow. We passed through four villages, situate among palm trees, with many other hamlets scattered around them, whose proximity were indicated by the numerous fires which lighted up the evening sky, and by loud songs and the barking of dogs, which greeted our ear as we returned at night.

We did not reach our boat till after eight, in total darkness, and though we had no other escort than our donkey-drivers, and there was a large fair at el Beljenne, with crowds of people dispersed in all directions, we nevertheless travelled in the utmost security. How many excesses do such meetings occasion among us! Here none whatever. It is a real blessing that the Arab is ignorant of brandy. With his fiery impetuosity of temperament, which can undertake nothing without a volley of words and cries, which transports him into a kind of fury even when he is not enraged, the additional excitement of spirituous liquors would drive him to actual frenzy.

The Arab, nevertheless, has a stimulant, as the

Turk has his opium ; this is Hashish, an extract of hemp, which produces an exhilarating and delicious intoxication ; but it is very destructive to the nerves. The rich have everywhere more leisure and facility for indulging in these excesses than the poor, and we therefore rarely meet with these fatal propensities among the fellahs.

As to leisure, the poor Arab certainly has an ample portion at his command ; for, except at the Shaduff, I have not seen any of the male sex engaged in hard labour. The Shaduffs are pits which must be filled with water from the Nile, and they are more general in Upper Egypt than the Sakychs. The men, when engaged at this work, are always in pairs, singing in measured time, filling and emptying their leathern buckets, which are suspended to a bar placed across the mouth of the well, and drawn up and down ; they continue this operation for hours together, till they are relieved by another set. They wear no clothing, except a goat's skin fastened round the waist.

In all the towns and villages, however, idlers constitute the majority of the population, passing their time in smoking, chewing sugar-cane, and story-telling ; if you find a man at work in the fields, he is always by himself, and his labour therefore is optional ; or, you may see him lying by the side of the meadows carelessly watching the cattle. I must conclude that I cannot have arrived at the busy season of the year, when all the great labours

are carried on; it would have been a satisfaction to ascertain, by personal observation, whether the fellah, of whose hard and excessive labour we hear so many complaints, goes through anything like the toil of our German reapers. Perhaps I may have an opportunity of observing this in the Delta, where there is more cultivable soil and a larger population. Here there is obviously too much for the population and its scanty necessities.

The principal occupation of the fellahs, from Cairo to Wadi Halfa, is the rearing of pigeons, which is a very thriving pursuit in Upper Egypt. The villages have quite a fantastic appearance, from the square shelving turrets, which rise from every roof; they are dove-cots, and swarms of the prettiest pigeons imaginable flutter round the villages; they are very plump and well-flavoured. There is also a great variety of other birds: among them I have noticed one with black plumage, its head as white and beautiful as a pearl; it comes regularly into our vessel and picks up the crumbs in the most familiar manner. We have also seen large flights of swallows, they are journeying with us, but they will reach Europe before me. If you see them at Neuhouse think on me; I have given them ten thousand greetings on the Nile.

I ought to say something about the monster of the Nile, the crocodile; like the ibis, it belongs to Egypt. We saw many kinds of herons, but I will not vouch that the veritable *ibis sanctus* was among them. Cro-

codiles appear to have become very rare. My attention was several times directed to something that resembled the trunk of a tree basking on a sand-bank, or tumbling about in the Nile; these were said to be crocodiles, but they never approached our vessel. They are particularly partial to that part of the Nile that lies between Koum Ombose and Girgeh. Happily we found the neighbourhood of Girgeh peopled more agreeably than by crocodiles; in one day we met four dahabiehs with travellers, and scarcely a day passes without our seeing at least one. Besides the government steamers, and boats laden with goods, proceeding up and down the river, there were also the light and graceful kandshias, with their numerous oars belonging to the pachas.

I must here remark that Egypt is not, like Turkey, divided into pachalics, of which each pacha holds a tolerably independent position, but into seven governments called Mudyrics, the administration of which is conducted by their respective governors. The Mudyric is divided into departments, whose supreme officer is styled Mamour, these are again subdivided into cantons, under a chief called Nazir. The lowest link in this chain of centralization is the Sheikh el beled, who has one large, or several smaller villages under his jurisdiction; Cairo being the nucleus of these various ramifications.

It is impossible not to recognise Mehemet Ali's endeavours to introduce order and superintendence in the administration; and, if once the system of

centralization is brought into proper training, it will doubtless prove the most easily directed engine of state. It is on this account that the European states are making such great efforts to establish it. I have no sympathy with any of the Oriental systems of government, because they are devoid of right. They may exercise a certain degree of justice, and sometimes even very rigorously, when the sovereign insists upon it, when he maintains and practises justice himself; but, they do not possess a right, independent of his good-will or displeasure; no right which is the common property of all—such right as we flatter ourselves that we enjoy—a right altogether incompatible with arbitrary despotism. With my European feelings I always regard it as some stately edifice without a foundation !

Yet there have not been wanting great and mighty sovereigns, who could have effected great things for the East, like some of the Arabian caliphs, or Sultan Soleiman the Magnificent, for where arbitrary authority is associated with a strong mind, a firm hand, and a clear understanding, opportunity, power, and means are never wanting. If the plan and institutions of these oriental sovereigns speedily decline, we ascribe their failure to the want of a basis founded on right.

What institutions however are permanent? the ancient Oriental monarchies, without having any such basis, subsisted far beyond the period of our entire history of eighteen centuries. That alone continues

which is suitable to the wants of the times; a subsequent age always finds something to censure and to alter, and perhaps wisely, if we take its new position into account.

Yet, in every point of view the present condition of Egypt, under one despot, is better than when under the twenty-four thousand Mameluke tyrants, beneath whom it groaned only forty years ago. You are probably aware that pacha is a military title; but, perhaps you may not know that it is derived from the Persian, and is a contraction of *pai scha*, signifying the foot of the Shah; you may recollect that Cyrus called his various functionaries according to their several offices, his hands, feet, eyes, ears and tongue.

The Mamelukes generally retired to Girgeh and Siout whenever they had given cause of dissatisfaction in Cairo. Girgeh is a small town, and contains a convent for the missionaries of the Romish propaganda. They are under the protection of Austria, in the same manner as the two convents of the Terra Santa at Cairo and Faioum are under that of France. The Coptic convents are very numerous, and the excessive gloom of their interior, is a sufficient indication of the rigour of discipline maintained by the order. The burial service is read over every brother on his entering the convent; and he never sees or hears again of his family or friends.



The Coptic patriarch who resides at Cairo, lives in such severe mortification, and castigation, that it appears inconceivable how the human frame can exist under them. Thus for instance, he is always woke up at night, every quarter of an hour; only fancy into what a dreadful state the nerves must relapse, if indeed this relation be true! The inferior coptic clergy are married; but the patriarch and bishops are invariably chosen from among the unmarried monks. The Arabs call a convent a *tor*, and an island *gesiret*. I have learnt just enough Arabic as to be able to ask for the name of any island or convent, which we may pass; but I never obtain any answer but *gesiret* or *tor*.

Siout, the capital of Upper Egypt, lies in a very beautiful situation, half a league from the banks of the Nile, amid splendid fields, surrounded by garlands of sycamores, and acacias, picturesque and well built villages, with the Lybian mountain ridge in the back ground, which gives a striking effect to its graceful and richly ornamented minarets. The acacia found here is the gum tree (*acacia nilotica*), which yields the well known resin; not, however, in this latitude, but in the hotter regions of Nubia, where it grows stunted and shrubby, on the hills of the desert; whereas here, it attains the height of a fine tree, with the most beautiful branching foliage. It is called *Sunt* by the Arabs; and it is remarkable that, like the *nebbek* tree it is singularly firm, and

tenacious, notwithstanding the extreme delicacy of its foliage and branches. These beautiful trees stand silent and motionless, as if their verdant enamel were cast in metal, such is their strength of fibre, they are among the trees of the forest what the firm and delicate gazelle is to the beast of the field.

The occupation followed by the people of Siout is the most ignominious in the world: it is the head quarters for the training of eunuchs, who are employed by the Mahometans as guardians of their harems, to allay their jealous and unhappy love. It is painful to know that these offices are rendered by christians; it is said that coptic priests, animated by a sordid desire of gain, are principally engaged in this nefarious work. Mehemet Ali, has, for some years past, abolished the public dancing women, as a violation of morality. They still carry on their vocation in private; but they are no longer suffered to display these arts in the streets; and their regularly organized guild, which had its own queen, payed a tax and enjoyed legal rights and protection, is quite dissolved. Why does he not punish with the same rigour this crime against humanity? The Turk, alas remains a Turk!

Tuesday, February 13th.

My bark is becoming extremely uncomfortable and prison-like, dearest Dinand; the shallows of

the Nile, the north wind, and the obstinacy of our crew have retarded our voyage to an insufferable length. It is the general custom to engage the vessel by the month; but I should advise future travellers to make an agreement for the whole voyage with the owner, as we did at Assuan for our Nubian trip. This arrangement would not lessen the expense, but it would save the annoyance of loss of time, as the crew would then have no interest in prolonging the voyage.

The Nile is constantly sinking, and becoming more shallow. I am told that the bottom of its bed is changed after every inundation, and that it throws up sand-banks in parts that were navigable the preceding year and vice versâ. Hence we get entangled several times in the course of the day, and are not extricated without much labour; the wind has been so adverse, that we could do nothing but tack, from shore to shore, for several days together, so that we have been hours in going a couple of miles. The perpetual whistling and rushing make my head ache, while the motion of the dahabieh turns me giddy, and hinders my occupation. I have lain half the day upon the sofa, from sheer tedium, and you know how miserable I am when I am *ennuyée*; then sad thoughts steal on which, like birds of night, watch for the dim twilight; if you can but summon resolution to call for lights, at once they vanish; but this is difficult, for the

dusky hue of evening is so soothing to the wearied eye.

We tacked about in all directions ; where the Nile forms a wide basin, as between Siout and Monfalut, the water was boisterous and rose in waves like a large lake. Where the river is hemmed in by the steep rocky walls of Djebbel Abulfeda, and forced to flow in a zigzag direction, we encountered such violent gusts that we were unable to proceed. One evening the reis cast anchor in the very middle of the stream ; I remonstrated vehemently, because our vessel danced from side to side, and desired him to lay to near the shore. The left bank, however, was inaccessible, on account of the sand banks, and the right was carefully shunned after nightfall by the superstitious boatmen. They alleged that it was infested with thieves ; this fear was absurd, because we had more than twenty men on board, yet it was too deep rooted to move the reis from his original position.

The Arabs are great cowards ; I perceived this when I was in Syria ; yet there I will confess to the existence of danger ; but here, where we, as all former travellers, had with the utmost security walked till a late hour among the mountains, ruins, catacombs, and open fields, the Arab dreams of thieves and robberies, and our dragoman repeated their tales in the utmost terror ! I believe that the Egyptian Arab has carried this fearfulness in his

heart for centuries, and that it is now become constitutional. They were long a conquered and oppressed race, and exposed to the most multifarious plunders. On the one hand was the pasha of the Grand Signior, and the Mamelukes; on the other, the Bedouins and the pirates who like sea-robbers attacked and plundered the boats on the Nile.

All these past horrors may still haunt their imagination like spectres, and inspire the greatest terror. Mehemet has, in reality, put a period to the existence to these sources of their fear. We know in what way, to that of the Mamelukes, to that of the pirates, by stationing well-armed sloops on the Nile, and by destroying some of the most notorious of their haunts; as for instance the village of Beni Hassan, &c. He has also curbed the Bedouins, who had carried their depredations to the very gates of Cairo and Alexandria. He has appointed some of the tribes, as stated escorts of the caravans to different countries, to Syria, Arabia, and to the African oases; others, he has formed into regular cavalry, and at the same time induced the shciks of the tribes, by certain personal advantages, to settle at Cairo, by which means he has made them hostages for the good conduct of their people. There are probably still many wild tribes abiding in the remote deserts, but they do not molest the civilized Arabs.

The Arabs have a great dread of spirits; they

believe in the existence of Djinnes, which form a link between men and angels, and have an invisible body. They consist of good and evil spirits; the former are pious and believe in God, and offer no harm to men; the latter are pagan, and delight in injuring men, if they do not treat them with the utmost politeness and deference, which is somewhat difficult, since they are invisible. They are fond of hiding themselves in the dark corners of houses; and if you are so unfortunate as to push, or tread on them, or to spill water over them in the dark, they are sure to vent their spite by playing off some trick. In such dubious circumstances it would be well to repeat constantly "with your leave," for this seems to pacify them. A similar superstition in ghosts, hobgoblins, and haunted houses, is found to prevail among all simple, untaught nations.

The use of amulets, as a charm against the "evil eye" is very general. In Nubia, I did not see a single woman who did not wear a small case containing a talisman, suspended by a chain from her neck; either a scrap of paper bearing one of the ninety-nine names of the prophet; or earth from Mecca, or from the tomb of a santon; or a piece of cloth which had been tied to the railing of some sacred grave;—all these are believed to possess the power of curing fevers and other maladies. From Constantinople to this place, you see similar shreds hanging around the tombs of their famous santons.

In Nubia we frequently saw small earthen pitchers

containing water, placed by the side of new made graves; it is supposed, that the soul of the deceased rises at midnight in order to drink; but they probably lose their craving for earthly drinks in the course of time, for there were no vessels placed around the older graves; so indispensable is a drink of fresh water to the living, that they cannot bear the idea that even the dead should suffer from the want of it.

I threw a hasty glance into a Nubian mosque, which brought down the frowns of two men who were stationed at the entrance; however I could see nothing but bare plaister walls both within and without; a well beaten mud floor, and a rude niche for the *Mihrab*; the whole bearing more resemblance to a barn, than to a house of God.

The Arabs remind me of the Spaniards in many of their customs; for instance, their incessant music, and the reverence which both have for bread. If an Arab sees the smallest piece of bread lying on the ground, he immediately takes it up, lifts it to his mouth and forehead, and places it within reach of the birds or dogs, in order that it may not be wasted; nay, sometimes he will even eat it himself. This reminds me of what I saw when I was in Grenada; a little child in a confectioner's shop threw his slice of bread upon the ground on seeing us eating cakes, and asked to have some; but his mother obliged him to pick up the bread to kiss, and then to eat it. In the same manner as the Spaniards, when yawning,

make the sign of the cross before their mouth to prevent the devil from entering, the Arab seeks to secure himself in a similar case against the Efrit or evil Djinnes, by invoking the name of Allah. In point of character I can trace no resemblance; the leading trait in the Spaniard, his conscious independence as a man, which imparts so much interest to the whole nation, is utterly wanting in the Arab. He has been too long in a state of bondage.

Thursday, 15th February.

As soon as Djebel Abulfeda rises in the distant background, the Nile assumes the appearance of an expansive mirror encircled with bouquets and garlands of palms, luxuriant fields of sugar-cane and sorghum (an oleaginous plant resembling rape-seed), and numerous villages. Barks, of various sizes lie along the shore, or pass up and down the river; once we counted eleven sail, ours being the twelfth, all in motion at one time. They resemble huge water-fowl just rising on the wing, from their outspreading three-cornered sails, whose points cross. Slowly they glided along, for the evening-calm was already on the waters, and with a slow and majestic wing six eagles ascended over the river rising higher and higher in whirling circles, while a flight of cranes passed over with a monotonous cry towards the North,—to Europe, to Germany. May they find there a spring like the winters which they leave behind! I wish this as much for their sake as for



yours. How securely the birds find their way, whether Osirtesen or Mehemed Ali sway the sceptre—whether Pharaoh's warlike galleys or European travellers sail along the Nile—whether Antinoe glitter in its splendour or some obscure village bury itself among the palm groves!

The immutability in the laws of nature always yields me an unspeakable delight, as contrasted with the rapid, the overwhelming changes in the history of nations. They balance the impulse of restless exertion, with the yearning after undisturbed tranquillity. To our right once lay Antinoe, to our left Hermopolis, now a mass of sand and rubbish, corn-fields and cottages. I say nothing of the many cities with their high-sounding names of Apollonopolis, Aphroditopolis, Lycopolis, for they have utterly vanished away, like the deities and idols, to which they were dedicated; and learned men do not always assign them the same localities.

The left bank is invariably more cultivated than the right, because the Lybian mountain chain being further from the shore than the Arabian, affords more space for the inundation to flow over the land. This is the case even at Cairo, but it becomes very marked from the rocky catacombs of Beni Hassan, whose elevated position commands an extensive view over the country. You stand there in the niches of the steep declivities of the Arabian ridge. On this side of the river the eye sees nothing but masses of stones, sand, ruins, deserted villages and morasses; while on

the opposite shore of its broad, island-dotted stream, extends a verdant plain from three to four leagues in breadth, glowing with corn-fields, plantations, and trees, lighted up on the horizon by the golden tints of the Lybian Desert.

This valley is irrigated by the Bahr Joussouf, or Joseph canal, which, issuing from Melani, runs parallel with the Nile, and empties itself into the Faioum, opposite to Djebel Abulfeda, thus carrying fertility to the extensive tract at the foot of the Lybian range. The swamp near Beni Hassan is caused by the waters of the inundation not having yet completely dispersed. The rich, black loam, was cleft to the depth of several yards, and, overgrown with luxuriant wild plants, only a few portions being sown with sorghum, which rose with its yellow blossoms to the height of a man. Through this I was forced to make my way.

Having sunk above the knee into one of these yawning, and yet concealed gaps, I was glad to avail myself of the assistance of a couple of Arabs who carried me through the morass. I own it is not very pleasant to find yourself seated on the arms of these dirty Arabs; but travellers must learn to submit to many *désagrémens*. We were attracted forwards, by what appeared to be, in the distance, a large black tumulus surmounted by two elegant amphora of alabaster; but our ideal amphora suddenly took flight, and turned out to be some of those beautiful white water fowl, which often cover

the sand banks, as with a mantle of snow; you never see a bird of other plumage among them, because they do not like mixed society. The black tumulus proved to be a buffalo, who looked at us with a wild, and timid air.

Several sugar manufactories have been erected upon the left bank, and a factory building for spinning and weaving cotton, gives something of a European air to the town of Minieh; it lies close upon the Nile, which is very unusual, for most of the towns have a tract of land in front of them, as a security against injuries by the inundations. The Nile penetrates the soil, and renders it so loose that in many places palms growing on the higher parts of the banks have fallen into the river.

We observed some elegant Corinthian columns in the portico of a half ruined mosque. There were some pretty coffee houses with neatly carved windows, reflected from the clear surface of the waters; and a villa of dazzling whiteness, belonging to Mehemed Ali, a little way out of the town, lay snugly embosomed in an enclosure of acacias. Isolated sycamores of gigantic size stretch their thickly woven branches, and deep shadows over the soft and uniform verdure of the fields, which are covered with flocks of sheep, and herds of goats and asses. Floats of a singular construction were descending with the stream, formed of a number of very wide earthen jugs, with the mouth turned downwards, fastened together with twigs; they were

conveying cargoes of similar vessels, and the men were rowing with branches rudely tied together.

I had written thus far, when we were aroused, about eleven o'clock by the novel and welcome occurrence of a south wind, the first, I believe since my arrival in Egypt. Our sails were instantly hoisted, the oars drawn up, and the rowers' song hushed, to my infinite relief, for although the usual burden was 'Salam, ya Salam,' peace oh peace, or Allah ya Allah, yet its sounds bore more resemblance to a war song. Our boat now glided smoothly and rapidly along; the sky was veiled with a transparent mist, a very unusual phenomenon, for, with the bleakest north wind the sun is so intensely hot, and its rays are reflected so fiercely from the sands and the surface of the water, that we are glad to shelter ourselves from it; but to-day it lost all its fierceness and I indulged in *Kheff*, lying on the deck-sofa till nightfall. *Kheff* is the *dolce far niente* of the Arabians combined with a certain *pensar niente* into which you are beguiled by the air, the waters, the skies of Egypt.

The banks were less attractive and more monotonous than usual; scarcely elevated above the level of the water, and very scantily wooded; a great portion of the right bank is a complete desert covered with sand-hills, which are overgrown with low tamarisks; on the last declivities of the mountain ridge were a few naked-looking villages. But the soft, transparent, and trembling atmosphere threw a light and

fragrant mist over the whole landscape, investing it with imaginary charms, like a veil thrown over an unpleasing countenance. Yet I thought it rather enchanting than beautiful; such an atmosphere breathes not beyond the Mediterranean; it elevates, bears, exhilarates, lulls the soul, entrances it with *Fata Morganas*, images, dreams; yet without disturbance, without raising thoughts or wishes; realizing the sentiments of the poet monarch: "I sleep, but my heart waketh." Without presenting any object to interest my curiosity or to excite my sympathy, without the charm of variety or novelty, yet the fifteenth of February was to me the most agreeable day of the whole voyage. Thus it is when we are once *sous le charme*. We are sometimes told: "Such a person is not amiable, not beautiful, not intellectual—she is neither this nor that!" Indeed not! Nevertheless there is a magic, an irresistible charm about her! One thing is certain, that during a full month in Sweden I did not hear so much shouting, singing, laughing, talking, music and rejoicing, as during four-and-twenty hours on the Nile. To-day all around was calm, there was no beating of the oars, and, being seated on the deck, I heard with greater distinctness all the sounds that were wafted across the water; still one body of sound seemed to issue from the Lybian to the Arabian shore—harsh when near, but as a whole filling the expanse of heaven like the wild melody of birds. I always delight to listen to the shouts of children and the

joyous laughter of men, but I must own that the Arabs rather roar than laugh, and scream than sing; yet such is their gaiety, and it is sympathetic like no other. If a boat passes along with the Darabuka and dancing, the children on the banks at once begin to hop and skip; if the boatmen are singing at the oar, they are answered by those on shore; when all around is silent, they at once open a conversation with a *Salam aleiko*; if a boat has run aground upon a sand bank, our own crew throng together and exhaust their remarks, advice, and interrogatories upon what is the ordinary occurrence of every day.

It follows that this lively race is equally excitable to anger; blows and quarrels are frequent, and those among our crew are generally settled by the reis thrashing both parties. He lifts up his large stick with violent menaces, screams furiously; but he merely dusts their jackets—which is certainly a very commendable act. One of the crew, having resisted chastisement, was instantly discharged, and put on shore.

On one or two occasions we were alarmed by an unusual noise on board; all were screaming and running pell-mell: one rushed headlong into the water, others jumped into the little boat, and on our going out to learn what accident had occurred, we found that they were in pursuit of a little dead fish which was floating past the vessel, and which they esteemed a great dainty. Talking of dainties, I must tell you, to complete the picture of our Nile voyage, that

ours are nearly exhausted ; we have no difficulty in procuring poultry, rice and milk, but our store of tea has been long since consumed, and the excellent coffee we got at Cairo has been replaced by some of very inferior manufacture ; our preserves of dates and oranges are also gone. We were not very economical at first, and must now pay the penalty for our extravagance. To-day, for the first time this spring, indeed for the first time since I left Andalusia, I tasted fresh gathered oranges, which we yesterday purchased at Minich. In its native place it is truly the most delicious fruit in the world ; neither the date nor the banana possesses the slightest particle of its piquant aroma. I am trying to recollect whether I cannot tell you of any thing that have I seen in the course of to-day ; no, really nothing ! except the minaret of Fechn, which lies about a quarter of a league inland.

Saturday, February 17th.

The voyage of the Nile is a picture of human life. All is full of enjoyment as we proceed up the stream ; we hasten to meet the sun ; the countries of the tropics ; while the expectation of all the glories, novelties, and wonders that await us, gives no room for tedium, though our progress is occasionally slow. How different is the descent !—the sun behind us, the north wind blowing keenly into our face, our curiosity satisfied, our route along the same tract and through the most unvaried scenery ; these give

full scope for *ennui* and for the saddening companions which it suggests. "Life is dull as a twice told tale," frequently recurred to me yesterday while floating down the wide expanse of the Nile, its banks so flat and void, so destitute of palms and villages, that the eye grew weary with looking into vacancy.

Early this morning we passed the little town of Benisouef, which was completely destroyed during Mehemet Ali's feuds with the Mamelukes; but it has since been rebuilt, and contains large cotton factories. Cotton is one of the great monopolies of the government; the fellahs are obliged to deliver the yearly produce at a certain fixed price, into the storehouses of the department, whence it is distributed among the various factories founded by the government, which extend to Esneh in Upper Egypt, though the most important are those of Siout and Benisouef.

The right bank of the Nile retains its desert character, with the Nubian tract of fields of lupin alternating with sandy downs; even the left bank is frequently uncultivated, which may, perhaps, be accounted for by the villages being clustered nearer the very fertile and cultivated district of Faioum, whose rich oasis stretches north-west of Benisouef into the Lybian Desert. The principal branch of industry carried on at Faioum is the manufacture of rose-water and attar of roses, the latter said to be superior to the Turkish and Persian attar.

Late in the afternoon the pyramid of Meidunn



appeared on the western horizon, like a bluish, sharply defined hill, rising from the sandy waste. The Nile has now altogether lost the character of a river: the Arab always speaks of it as the sea; and here we learn the reason. To-day its waters are in some measure collected, and it has regained its former rich coronals of palms on the left bank. Behind them rise the towering masses of the pyramids of Dashour, which are followed by those of Sakkarah, Abousir, and Ghizeh. The latter are stars which have not yet risen; or, more properly suns, as compared with the others. There is something wondrously beautiful in watching this constellation of pyramids, emerging one by one above the verdant plain, rising higher and higher, till they form an angle on the horizon, and seem to command the far receding plain. There are above twenty before you reach the pyramid of Cheops, and many, which were built of burnt-brick or clay, are fallen into heaps of ruins.

The whole of this district was once the enormous Necropolis of Memphis, the most ancient royal city, and the residence of the Pharaohs; Thebes, which was of a yet earlier era, was under the government of the gods, and of the priests, who ruled in their name; and it was not till a later period, the commencement of the eighteenth dynasty, that it reached that height of magnificence which is still attested by its existing ruins. The site of Memphis is now covered with fields of the brightest tints of spring,

studded with numerous villages, which extend as far as the vicinity of Cairo; this, however, is the case only on the left bank, the right being but scantily sprinkled with single trees and small villages.

But I desery in the north the projection formed by the Mokattam, which is crowned by the citadel of Cairo. I am now amid scenes with which I have already made you familiar, and shall therefore bid farewell to the Nile and to you.

## LETTER L.

TO THE COUNTESS SCHÖNBERG WECHSELBURG.

The ancient monuments of Nubia and Egypt—The Temples—  
The Tombs—The Pyramids.

Cairo, 20th February.

My dearest Emy,

The day before yesterday we landed at Boulak, and once more took up our abode at the Hotel d'Oriont, with feelings which seemed to say "I am at home." The last two months have been of a singularly isolated character: Europe seemed to have set in my horizon, and of this I was constantly reminded, when I saw Canopus above me; here it again rises, and letters, newspapers, travellers, compatriots, and the constant bustle of arrivals and departures, forms a happy link, so that Cairo appears scarcely more remote from the centre of European life and intelligence than Lisbon.

The navigation of the Nile is excessively tedious, and the want of steamers is there forcibly felt. The almost incredible monotony of the banks, and the unavoidable necessity of returning by the very same way which you went, makes the wearisomeness of a bark, propelled by oars, actually intolerable. I very rarely grow tired in the open air, but I must confess that the last ten days have been tiresome in the extreme.

I might, indeed, have whiled away the time, by giving you some account of the various monuments which I have seen since I was at Wadi Halfa, had I not, at that time, thought of prosecuting some historical and hieroglyphical studies, before entering upon my proposed details: hence I deferred doing so. I have, however, passed this morning at the Egyptian Society, amid folios of the finest plans, views and drawings of temples, monuments, and hieroglyphics, and this has at once decided me to give up my intended project; for I saw plainly that I should enter upon a vast field, and one which can only be mastered by the previous preparation of a whole life! Mastered, did I say? Nay, this is far too bold a word!—for, after the most extraordinary and unwearied research, prosecuted with the greatest enthusiasm, and the profoundest erudition, it might nevertheless be extremely difficult to assert, that an irrefragable solution of the interpretation of the hieroglyphics had been attained.

A chronological table of the sequence of the

kings from the sixteenth dynasty, all of whom are named in the hieroglyphics of Egypt, Nubia and Arabia, has however been compiled. The first of the kings was Osirtesen I, whose reign has been fixed at about two thousand two hundred years before our era. Of the earlier dynasties, a small number of unauthenticated, and, a yet smaller number of authenticated names appear.

In my recent investigations on this subject, I have ascertained that there is great uncertainty respecting the whole chronology of the history of our world; that in fact, there are no less than three hundred different data given for the creation of the world; thirty four for the building of Rome; and thirty six for the birth of Christ; these latter dates vary no less than ten years, so that we are uncertain, whether the present year 1844, may not in reality be 1839 or 1849.

I have met with these calculations in the work of an American, who has taken the utmost pains to retain the biblical chronology as his basis. What therefore may we expect from those who do not adopt this standard? These calculations afford me much gratification; I like to follow the reasonings for and against the question, and generally end by drawing my own conclusions. But why should I torment myself, as to whether the great Sesostris flourished one thousand or one thousand five hundred years before our era? He is dead, that is certain; and that he lived, is equally certain; because his

name is inscribed on the hieroglyphics from Abousambul to Alexandria.

The names of the royal founders of the monuments are always the most easily discovered amid the hieroglyphics, because they are invariably inscribed in two oval shields or cartouches, on the first of which is the pronomen: ex. "the son of the sun," or "the favourite of Ammon;" &c., and on the second, the proper name. You must not however imagine that I am able to decypher these names; no, indeed! I am only able to recognize them, from the tables of Prokesh, which I have by me.

After the key to the cypher alphabet has once been obtained, the study of these inscriptions is probably not so very difficult; but, in order to obtain it, Champollion was first of all obliged to translate the hieroglyphics into the most affined language with which he was acquainted; namely into the Coptic, the language of ancient Egypt; and from the Coptic into French. Only imagine the labour of such an undertaking, especially as the vowels are always omitted, except at the commencement of a word.

The last name in the list of kings is said to be that of Caracalla, who lived 212 B. C.; hence the Egyptian pyramids—not reckoning the pyramids which are of a much more ancient, and even still more uncertain era—include the vast epoch of two thousand four hundred years; and, during the whole of this period, not the slightest variation was made

in the building and ornamenting of their temples ; their religion had furnished the Egyptians with a model, and to this they adhered inviolately.

When, however, the Ptolomies brought Grecian genius and taste, and Grecian architecture and beauty to Egypt, they took great pains to remodel the ancient taste, without doing violence to it. The Egyptian style remained untouched, both in architecture and sculpture, but a greater degree of lightness and grace was imperceptibly introduced into the details. Philæ, Koum Ombose, Edfou and Tentyris, are of this epoch, and, in my opinion, they are by far the most beautiful of all the edifices.

The Romans, who always manifested great tact in adopting the scientific taste and religious feeling of their conquered nations, also erected buildings in Egypt, according to the existing model, and the same results attended their attempts which had followed those of the Ptolomies ; the Roman taste undesignedly and involuntarily manifested itself in the details, while the ancient basis remained unchanged.

The Romans had, originally, no style of architecture of their own ; they culled from their neighbours in northern and southern Italy, from the Etruscans, and from the Grecian colonies, whatever could be adopted and blended with the peculiarity of the Roman taste, which was always grand, sometimes majestic, but not unfrequently too profusely ornamented ; this peculiarity is often met with here.

The monuments of Egypt may be classified under

these three distinct periods. The tombs belong exclusively to the first period, or are perhaps even anterior to it. This pertinacious adherence to the primeval severe type of the art could exist only in the East, in the cradle of unalterable subsistence. Does it not appear strange that one fashion should obtain here for thousands of years? Yet so it is. The colossi in the vestibule of the first temple at Abousambul have a black stripe drawn from the lower eyelid to the temples : a fashion which we still see every day among the unattractive women of Nubia as well as among the beautiful Israelitish women of Damascus, who paint themselves with great nicety with a camel's hair brush.

If this insignificant application of art has been so permanent, much more would that which was consecrated to religion and the celebration of its various rites, remain intrinsically and integrally the same. Minds, whose bias it is to adhere to an established order of things, would not experience the same congeniality with them if any innovation were introduced ; the impression would be weakened, and the influence which they used to maintain over their souls would be lost.

The gods of Egypt repose in their chairs of state in unchangeable rigidity and inflexibility, but also in undeviating justness of proportion ; and receive with uniform quiescence the same sacrifices which are presented to them in the same manner, from century to century by succeeding generations. The

effect of this is unquestionably immense. A weak mind may well be inclined to believe in these gods, which have revealed themselves once for all under these forms and under these symbols, and have beheld the children of men passing before them for thousands of years in the same undeviating course. No human mind, no human genius, or human art has attempted in the slightest degree to alter, remodel, or improve a manifestation of these deities once given! Nay, no human inspiration has been permitted to beautify it.

If you can imagine the art of painting among us to have stopped short at the Byzantine model of the Madonna which they pretend to have taken from a portrait of the virgin and child, painted by St. Luke, you will have a pretty just conception of the pertinaciously unchangeable portraiture of the ancient Egyptians.

The individual conception of an artist has never been developed in them. Among the million of representations of "the Great Goddess" there is not one which the artist has animated by the glow, the devotion, or the love of his own soul. The representation of Isis, which could be nothing but a memento of her existence, demanded nothing more than the manual labour of the artist; it would have been presumptuous to have embodied her according to his genius! An artist, however, who is permitted to employ only his hand in his productions, cannot



create, he can only imitate ; and ere long is degraded from an artist into a mere mechanic.

Had Raphael always been obliged to copy Cimabue, art would never have achieved her highest triumph in the Madonna Sistina ; and I am persuaded that no reformation in the art would then have taken place. To preserve any religion in its original form, authoritative, powerful, immoveable, the contemplation of what is holy must not become the personal impression of the individual. The individual idea must be strictly severed from its conception ; for at first it will desire to change the form, and, in the sequel, the essence.

If this individual idea is once awakened it will never slumber again. If it has once made itself independent of the fetters of form, it will also break those of the doctrine. If it is free, it feels itself unconfined, not only in one direction, but in all ; as, with the first beam of the sun, rising over the mountains, the day gradually advances and overflows our whole hemisphere with an ocean of light, so let thought once be free, and its representatives in every sphere are at hand ; here Raphael, there Luther, there Ulrich von Hutton : and the artist, the monk, the knight, advance by three different paths to one goal, to the reformation of that which no longer offers a suitable vehicle for thought. This is the progress which our world demands, and which the ancient world never knew.

The immense superiority of the Christian religion over the religions of antiquity is incontestably proved by the fact that, after the lapse of above one thousand five hundred years, it was strong enough to bear so complete a transformation. The religions of antiquity would have been dissolved by it ; it seems as if they wanted the consciousness of eternal life ; and hence their priests persisted as rigorously in the maintenance of the types in their worship, as if they afforded a guarantee for the indwelling soul. Hence all thought resolved itself into forms, which were to be observed with painful strictness, while nothing was done for the languishing soul.

Yet the original religion of the Egyptians was wholly spiritual ; their God, Ammon, like Jehovah, the God of the Israelites, was uncreated, and eternal, the author of all life, which proceeded from, and returned to him. Out of clay he created Osiris, the type of man ; but every man had an immortal part, the desire and hope of a future existence, the fear of a future judgment. The divine attributes of Ammon were expressed by particular names : Kneph, or Knouphis, was the creative power ; Ra, Re, or Phré was the vivifying principle, the sun. In mystical trinity he governed the world, and the last triune manifestation of his being was that of which I lately spoke, Osiris, Isis, and Horus.

The corporeal succumbing of Osiris, the friend of man, in the combat with the evil principle, his return from the lower world, his ascending to, and

taking a place among the gods, as the eternal principle of good, while the evil predominates in the earth, appears to me exactly like a history of Christ, as comprehended by a people, which must materialize its object, in order to understand it. I believe that there are primeval ideas, which are to be found among all people; but here my conception of the religious doctrines of the Egyptians ceases.

In what relation the so-called "Great Gods," such as Phtah, Thoth, &c. stood to Osiris or to Ammon; what was the signification of the sacred animals, the cat, the sparrow-hawk, the crocodile, &c. the whole numerous family of Osiris, this is by no means clear to me, and it is certainly not made more intelligible by the images in the temples, where we always find the gods represented in the same quiescent posture. This expression, this position, never varies, whether the god have a human countenance, or, as it were by way of mask, has the head of a ram, a hawk, a lion, or a crocodile; whether Isis appears with the head of a cow or wears a disk supported by cows' horns by way of head-dress.

It seemed to me as if the several forms were symbols of the several attributes of the one supreme God; the ram's head, his intelligence: as Moses is similarly represented with two beams of light issuing from his forehead; the hawk, his supervision of the whole creation; the cow, the inexhaustible fullness of his gifts; the lion, his power.

The Nilometer and the Key are symbols of the

blessings and riches which they dispense, and constantly retain in their hands. An instrument which resembles an anchor is thought to be an emblem of the eternal life which they enjoy; and, lastly, the god holding the staff with the Cynocephalus, is an emblem of the care for the departed; dogs being considered the guardians of the dead; and hence Anubis, who conducts the souls to the other world, is represented as a Cynocephalus. But the goddess is represented with the lotus sceptre in her hand, a flower which blossoms on the Nile, when it has risen to its full height, and which was considered as the symbol of the eternally productive powers of the elements, and especially of the sacred and deified Nile.

The offerings which were made to these deities do not vary in the manner, though the gifts themselves are of diverse kinds: fruits and bread, incense and lotus flowers, sceptres and swords, small images of the gods, vases and dishes are presented by the votary with his hands stretched out straight before him. The suppliant, on the other hand, kneels and holds his uplifted hands open, ready to receive the gifts which the gods may shower down upon him. Sometimes priests in long garments head the sacrificial processions, and sometimes an altar is erected, on which a victim is slain.

This great uniformity, which is repeated millions of times, from century to century, makes me believe that the gratitude, the devotion, the prayers of the

human race, were intended to be presented, from eternity to eternity, to the only true God, under the various symbols of his manifestation. This I conceive to be the primeval idea, because it agrees with the fundamental notion of the Egyptian religion, and refers back to Him, to the one true God, who reveals himself to his creatures in ever new manifestations.

The evil principle is very properly represented by the dwarfish, deformed Typhon; for the germ of evil is in imperfection; perfection is good. At the first it was difficult for my European eyes, and still more for my fancy, to become accustomed to these forms. These figures of dwarfs and animals easily disgust us, because we find them only in connexion with caricatures, grimaces, and extravagancies, or, in the sphere of the ridiculous. I, however, gradually grew familiar with them, and when my eye was no longer repulsed by them, I began to enter with interest into the signification of these images, and the result, my dear Emy, is what I have communicated to you.

My interest in these representations has not risen any higher; it is impossible to consider the execution beautiful, for it is imperfect, and the design is bad. With the exception of Typhon, these myriads of figures of gods, are never seen represented in any other than the following manner: the head is invariably in profile, while the eye is given full front; the stiff, angular body, from the neck to the hips, is a front view, the legs again are

turned to one side; the arms hang down straight, stretched out at full length, or raised angularly; never are they represented otherwise! Thus they sit, thus they stand, thus Isis nurses Horus, thus Osiris combats. These two representations are the only ones in which the gods are seen in action. Thus the type was given, in the first ages of the art and invention, and thus it remained to the last moment. This is extremely remarkable, but certainly not beautiful; and those who, notwithstanding, find it beautiful, have been overpowered and carried away by the remarkableness.

The design is exactly as if made by children, who have not yet learned to draw; the outlines are hard; without muscles, without bones, without flesh, without joints; the fingers look as if they were kneaded dough; the female figures have always only one breast. Their head-dress, neck-ornaments, girdle and bracelets, are for the most part well executed; the dress conforms to the outlines of the body, and is generally only indicated by a stripe under the breast, and another above the ancles.

The short coats of the male figures, especially the warriors, appear sometimes as if worked with embroidery. The sculpture consists in the outlines being cut about an inch deep in the stone; it seems to be an attempt at bas-relief, but never attains it, it always remains a mere sketch, not on paper, but on the wall. Propylæa, doors, pillars, external and internal walls, all are covered with sacrificial

processions to the gods or with individuals who pay them homage, or, lastly, with the great deeds of the kings, with wars, victories, destruction of their enemies, the punishments of the conquered, and triumphs ; or, lastly, with hieroglyphics.

The drawing and sculpture remain always at the same low standard : they have neither individuality nor perspective ; thus, for instance, one picture represents the hands of the prisoners cut off, and formed into a large heap ; but yet they are so arranged that every hand is raised above the other in the air ; a writer stands beside them and takes down the numbers. Only twenty years ago a similar custom prevailed in Turkey ; the ears of pirates were cut off, and sent in sacks to Constantinople.

Whichever way you turn in the East, you encounter a permanency of the most ancient customs, which is quite incomprehensible to us. He, who is not penetrated with the conviction that immateriality is the character of the East ; he, who supposes it to possess motion, progress, activity, a restless longing after novelty, does not understand its character, and will never be able to form an impartial opinion of it. As I was obliged to close my European eye when first I saw the figures of rams and cats, so we must, on the whole, lay aside all our western prejudices, respecting the advantages of the progress of the East.

Painting is on a level with drawing and sculpture ; it is gaudy colouring, without shade, without light,

without gradation. The bodies of the gods are painted light blue, perhaps to indicate their ethereal, immortal being; those of men are reddish-brown or black, and occasionally yellow. Those who offer sacrifice are invariably reddish-brown, for this color represents the Egyptians; the two others, people of Africa and Asia, who are seen only in the representations of wars, triumphs, works, punishments, &c.

The walls were always covered with pictorial representations, and, originally, not only the figures, but the inscriptions and the hieroglyphics were invariably painted: the latter were divided into large tables, or long stripes, and, perhaps, contain some intimation of what the figures represent; but, on this subject, I am unable to say anything. This science, like every other, requires profound study, and it may be questioned whether the results would satisfy the unlearned; they amply repay the learned, because the investigation itself is to them a source of enjoyment.

From the circumstance that in some tables on the walls of the temples, or in the stripes on the columns, the hieroglyphics are frequently arranged precisely in the same order, I am inclined to infer that they express an invocation to the god of the temple, or the dedication which the builder makes to the god; such a repetition of the same phrases would be nothing surprising here, for even the same images are incredibly multiplied. At



Esneh, for example, the three inner walls of the portico have forty-two principal representations, and in every one a man brings an offering to a goddess, and to a ram-headed divinity. I should think it very natural if the hieroglyphics beneath these images contain the prayer of the person offering.

Even now the daily prayer of the Mahometans consists of the expression "unbounded praise to God," repeated ninety-nine times, which is thrice interrupted by praise of his greatness and majesty. Thus, dear Emy, I endeavour to obtain some solution of the things I see; I do not pretend to lay down anything with absolute certainty, but why should not I, who am unlearned, have the privilege of making my hypothesis as well as the learned; for, to say the truth, my own speculations amuse me much more than those of others.

This concerns the adorning of the temples in general, by the imitative arts, which we find in the rigid fetters of a worship, which allowed the initiated to have communion with the spirit, but permitted the uninitiated to pay homage only to the traditional form. Hence they lay for centuries in the swaddling clothes of unconscious childhood.

With architecture the case was altogether different. This sublime art goes hand in hand with sublime ideas, free from the sensuous enchantments of the sister art. Architecture is dedicated peculiarly to the expression of the loftiest and purest

ideas, to prepare the spot where man, borne up by faith and hope, may seek and find the goal of his most profound aspirations—peace with God. Never did a place of worship, whether a temple, a church, or a mosque, proceed from any other idea, and even though it were misunderstood, and the building intended as an expiation for sins, and a penance for an ill-spent life, yet still it manifests this yearning after reconciliation; and if the worship were sensual and voluptuous, yet the harmony and nobleness of art spread like pure waves over the impure soil.

The painting, the sculpture, the poetry, the hymns of nations, respecting their religion, do not give me so clear a perception of it, as the temples which they build. What genius must that be, which can so animate and spiritualize the dead, cold, mass of stone, that it rises into a building, which announces at once majesty, holy seriousness, and imperishable peace! and genius can achieve this, and it has reared, not only our Gothic Churches; no, it has created likewise the old mosques of Islamism, the ancient Greek temples, and the primeval monuments of Egypt, for genius has always been inspired by the same God.

As light is divided into the several colours of the rainbow, so the idea of God is manifested in the different religions, and architecture is the most intelligible expression of it. Consider the grand simplicity of the Egyptian Temples, the elegant

proportions of the Greek, the mystic-romantic of the Gothic; the lightness of the Mahometan mosques, and you will certainly discover a coincidence with the original idea, and representations of the God-head, whom these different nations worshipped.

Where a new religion formed the nucleus of a new civilization, it always had its own style of architecture. Even now in France, where such men as St. Simon and Fourier attempted to give to the unsound and vague activity of their contemporaries a religious stability in the spirit of the age; what do their disciples think of building? A Phalanstère! and who knows whether this Phalanstère may not in future times become a place of worship, dedicated to the service of God?

You can scarcely conceive how great is the difference, whether we contemplate Europe in the restless agitation of European life, or amidst the sublime ruins of Egypt. There we are so confounded by the clamour of party; by the will to act without the ability; by the effort without the success; by the Don Quixotism of the so called heroes of liberty; by the quackery of the powerful; by the bitter conflict of opinions; by childish hatred, and childish idolatry—so confounded by all the good which is to be done; by all the excellence which is to result; by all the achievements which are to be accomplished by energy—that, were we to take these things to heart, we should pine away in hatred or in love.

The echoes of that tumult and that hateful strife do not resound here. It is true that men toil and labour; this has always been their lot, and they will work their way. Whither? This is known to God alone, who beholds all the changes in the human race, and has granted to each its culminating point. This softens hatred, fear, and aversion; and I feel a tendency to infinite hatred, not indeed to individuals, because they never appear of sufficient importance, but to principles; I cannot, however, promise you that my Eastern composure will remain faithful to me in Europe. In one respect my tour has been exceedingly interesting; not that I have traversed a space of so many hundred miles since last summer, but that I have wandered, within that time, through thousands of years, nor in books, nor in paper, nor in thought, but in reality, on the primeval soil, amidst the original monuments which flourished in those eras.

Here history peacefully develops itself, like a beautiful piece of tapestry, which is far from spanning our earth, and will yet require many millions of hands ere it be completed; from the rocky temple of Abousambul we behold with more quiet intent the operation of the weaver's hands, than were we to stand close to the loom, and distinguish all the separate, multitudinous threads of the intricate web.

Abousambul (Abusimbil or Ypsamboul) is the first temple in descending the Nile from the upper cataract of Wadi Halfa in Nubia. It is one of the

most ancient of the times of the Pharaohs. The royal cartouches—which I might compare with the arms, coronets, cyphers and mottoes on our seals and signets—name, as its builder, the great Sesostris, (Rameses III. or Ramses,) whom chronology places approximatively in the year B.C. 1550. Builder is properly speaking not the correct appellation, for the whole temple is hewn in the rock of the calcareous walls of the Lybian chain, which here approaches the left bank of the Nile.

The grandeur of the Egyptian architecture, which gives the beholder the impression of an inconceivable and immeasurable sublimity, lies in its bold, quiet, decided lines, and in the harmony of its colossal proportions, which are so happily conceived that they never oppress the beholder, never appear monstrous, but always majestic.

The outer lateral lines of the temple, and of the Propylæas are always gradually sloped towards the top which gives them a pyramidal character, and imparts to them an appearance of lightness, of rising from the earth, which they need; they would otherwise look like ponderous stone chests. The façade of this excavated temple is also sloped.

Four colossi, leaning in a sitting posture against the wall, guard the entrance to the temple; we passed through a door of extreme beauty into the first vestibule, which is divided into three compartments, supported by two rows of angular pillars, to each of which is attached a standing colossus.

The second, smaller, vestibule is divided in a similar manner, except that there are only two smooth pillars on each side. From this we passed through a long narrow vestibule to the adytum, or recess, which, properly speaking, is the holy place, at the extremity of which four colossal painted figures, much dilapidated, are seated.

Thus simple you see, dear Emy, is the plan of an Egyptian temple, whose only variety consists in single parts, in the division of its lateral apartments, or in the arrangements of the vestibules. From what I have said of the hieroglyphics and pictorial representations in these temples, (which is applicable to all of them without exception,) you may readily conceive that these ornaments, independently of their historical interest, do not contribute in the least to modify their serious character. The most profound austerity predominates to such a degree, that my inmost soul was penetrated by a solemn feeling, so that I could only speak in a whisper and tread lightly, that I might not hear the sound of my own footfall.

The handsome colossi seemed to gaze down upon me with serene benignity, just as they gazed down upon the great king Sesostris, when, after the completion of the temple, he came to worship the god to whom the temple is dedicated,—probably Osiris—because his figure, with a disk above the hawk-head occurs the most frequently in the painted representations on the walls. How solitary ye are, ye

ancient colossi ; the god whose sanctuary ye guarded is gone, his temple is profaned ; his worship is fallen, his people and his kings are dust ; and ye stand there in solemn quiet, as if all this did not concern ye. Are ye the symbols of time, which survives all ?—of hope, which animates all ?—or of energy, which endures all ?—even the ruins of the ancient world,—and with a serene smile look down from its ruins on a new creation.

The colossi are peculiar to Egyptian sculpture, and are the only objects which it has fashioned with a master-hand. The figures of Castor and Pollux, on Mount Cavallo, are colossal Greek statues ; the Farnese Hercules is a colossal Roman statue ; the Egyptian colossi, however, are not only the gigantic forms of men, but they indicate Titanic thoughts and powers which animate the whole human race, and are not peculiar to the individual. These thoughts and powers have been pourtrayed in a noble, regular, handsome countenance, expressive of immutable placidity, in a figure which is likewise expressive of the greatest repose ; in a sitting posture they rest their hands upon their knees ; when standing, the arms are folded across the breast ; otherwise the form can be merely traced, being rather indicated than defined. The colossi always appear to me like columns—like pillars—like rocks—like something stupendous, immoveable, overpowering, which is inherent in nature and in spirit, and it is this which has given me the idea that they

are not intended to represent men. But the colossi of the kings, you will say, represent human beings? Every king was the offspring of the sun, that glorious luminary which is a symbol of infinite mercy and power, and in this character his image could not be otherwise portrayed than in the form of a colossus.

The colossi of Abousambul wear, on their girdles, the cartouches which are said to belong to Rameses III. The hieroglyphics, which are beautifully and distinctly marked, are raised on a sunk surface, not merely carved in the stone. The representations on the walls are exceedingly rude. The colossi which sit on the outside rest and reach almost to the frieze, upon sockets. The frieze, the cornice, and the pillars of the entrance gate, and the buttresses between the colossi, are covered with the richest ornaments of the most elaborate workmanship. The architect was enabled to follow, uninterruptedly the most lofty inspiration; and only in the representation of the images of the gods he was compelled to adopt the given type, which produces the most revolting contrast.

The space in front of the temple, which was originally clear, is now covered with sand, which has been drifted over the rocky wall, and has so accumulated against the *façade*, that the first colossus on the right hand is free only to the head, the second to the girdle, the third to the feet, and the fourth alone is entirely uncovered. The entrance,



and the first half of the vestibule are likewise much choked up with sand. The hand of man has destroyed only the four statues of the gods in the adytum ; but what fate can be more melancholy than to be founded with the imperishable confidence for eternity, and to be overwhelmed by the drifting sand ! This was the "Great Temple," a worthy counterpart of the monuments and pyramids of Thebes.

A little further down the river, hewn in the same gold-coloured rocky wall is the small temple : small only in comparison with the former ; but it is much less perfect, and possesses neither its wondrous execution, nor the pure taste of its design. The proportions have not been happily conceived, and, in Egyptian architecture everything depends upon this ; it has too few ornaments and accessories to make us overlook the want of proportion, even for a moment, which the Gothic and Arabic buildings often succeed in doing. Seen from the Nile, its splendid *façade*, which has at each side three standing colossi alternated with buttresses, quite dazzle the beholder.

The internal arrangement is similar to that of the Great Temple ; but instead of the colossi in the first vestibule, there are here six pillars, with the head of Isis, which are very cruelly bereft of the noble beauty of the colossi, and have a strong resemblance to the physiognomy of a cat. The hieroglyphics are hollowed out, and are of rude,

clumsy workmanship. I should very much like to know whether this temple is an unsuccessful imitation, or an imperfect model of the large one.

The cartouches again, are those of Rameses III; but as thirteen Rameses are said to have been discovered, without their having been accurately determined, there may, perhaps, be some uncertainty respecting the builder. It is hardly credible that the same king should have employed, in the erection of his stupendous works, so excellent and so indifferent an architect.

Behind the large village of Dorr, on the right bank, the Arabian shore, there is a third rocky temple; it is small, ruined, and constructed of bad, porous, calcareous stone; but it is rendered interesting by the fact that it is the first temple which stands out. The vestibule is hewn in the rock; six pillars divide it into three aisles, and each aisle leads into a small recess, of which only the centre one has hieroglyphics. The entrance is formed by an uncovered portico of twelve pillars in three rows; the first eight are broken off some feet from the ground; the other four stand upright, supporting an entablature which unites them, and still show the legs of four colossi which rested against them, and the bodies of which are thrown down. This portico, as well as the outer wall of the temple, is built of large masses of stone, cemented with mortar.

I was inclined to suppose that the rocky temples must be the most ancient, as the other temples look

exactly as if they had been excavated out of the rock and removed into the open air. If, however, the cartouches are correctly deciphered, and the Pharaohs accurately arranged in chronological order—this is not the case. I must, however, honestly confess, that the assertions of the learned do not overthrow my opinion on these points.

The temple of Hamada has cartouches which belong to the dynasty of the Thothmes, which preceded that of Rameses, whose sovereigns were considered as the founders of the excavated temples; but who can decide whether this is correct. This temple lies in the Desert, and is therefore much buried in the sand, and likewise much injured; for all the roofs are beaten in, *débris* and stones are heaped on the floor, and the portico, which consists of three files of four pillars and four columns, rises in a mutilated state from the ocean of sand. An entrance can, however, be forced into the chambers, that consist of a vestibule and a large hall, which has two small cabinets on either side.

The work of the hieroglyphics is extremely elegant, and more delicately coloured than any I have yet seen. Two pretty birds resembling ducks, perhaps a species of ibis, were delineated with extreme delicacy, for even the single feathers of the wings are most neatly cut and painted. The fragments of walls, of unburnt brick, scattered about in front of the portico, indicate that it has been recently used; and

traces of a flock of sheep, within the portico, point out the use to which it is at present put.

The temple of Seboa has suffered yet more. It was impossible for us to effect an entrance; it was filled with sand to the very frieze, and only the capitals of the pillars of the portico rise above the destructive element. Here, for the first time, (if we commence the investigation of the temples from Abousambul) we find propylæa, which are as peculiar to Egyptian architecture, as the colossi are to its sculpture.

The propylæa are the majestic entrances to the vestibules of the temple, and impart an indescribable dignity to the whole. I know no European triumphal arch which exhibits such noble and such commanding sublimity as the propylæa of Edfou. Those of Seboa are not in the best proportion, and are besides decayed and patched.

An avenue of sphinxes forms the entrance to the propylæa. Mental composure, power of thought, and sybilline contemplation, have probably never found a more magnificent representative than the countenance of the sphinx. The very sight of them solemnizes the mind, and awakens those feelings with which a temple ought ever to be entered. Two sphinxes are still quite uncovered; they are the first in the avenue, near which two colossi stand upright by the side of pillars. Only the heads of four others are still free, and more perhaps may be wholly buried in the sand, which is here accumu-

lated in hills to the foot of the propylæa, where two colossi lie thrown to the ground.

The ancient Pharaohs were not singular in extending their love of building to the frontiers of the Lybian Desert; Nubia has monuments of the time of the Ptolemies, nay, even of the Roman Emperors. A very insignificant and imperfect one of the latter period, is the little temple of Offedineh. A square hall surrounded by pillars seems to be all that was ever finished, for the capitals are not completed upon all the columns. A wall which is partly decayed, and which encloses, besides the small building, an empty space, indicates that much more extensive edifices were contemplated, but that their execution was prevented.

The beautiful and well-preserved temple of Dake is a work of the Ptolemies. Among various cartouches are those of two queens, Berenice and Arsinoë, hieroglyphics. The Grecian hand, which executes everything with such extraordinary lightness and clearness, has erected this temple, and yet it is entirely in the Egyptian character, except that it is not gloomy, but solemn; not heavy, but solid; the Greeks, and they alone knew exactly where to stop, and yet never to leave a vacuum.

We went through noble propylæa into an open vestibule, and from that into the temple itself, which in the usual manner has a vestibule and a suite of chambers at the back. There is a staircase in a lateral chamber; all the ceilings being beaten in, it

cannot be determined whether this staircase led to upper apartments or only to the roof. A wall round three sides gives the building protection and unity; the propylæa stand on the fourth side. The hieroglyphics are elegant, and the figures have not been graven into the wall with the harsh stiffness of ancient times; they still look indeed as if they were wrought on a mould, and touched up afterwards. Yet a slight attempt at improvement may be perceived. The stone is very well hewn, and the whole surrounding wall consists of such stone blocks.

The devastations made by christians are here very perceptible. The monuments of the Pharaohs fell a prey to the religious hatred of the Persians, who carried on the work of destruction on a grand scale, overthrew obelisks, sawed the colossi in pieces, and aimed at the annihilation of the masses, while the christians sought to destroy the individual portions; they left walls and propylæa standing, but they laboriously beat the statues to pieces with a hammer, daubed over the walls, which they covered with pictures, of their own religion, and converted the temple of Osiris into a church. At a later period the Arabs overthrew the Egyptian, Persian, and Christian works, and employed in their mosques whatever material of the ancient buildings was available.

Lastly came the Turks. They only neglected the monuments, suffered them to fall into ruin or to be carried away;—but Mehemet Ali has discovered

the most thorough means of destruction : he causes the monuments to be burned for lime ! The spoliations of the antiquarian, the excavations and researches of the learned for the furtherance of their scientific objects, and those of the poor inhabitants of the country for their gain, all these aid the progress of destruction, and, it may very reasonably be conjectured that, in a very few generations, only that which is indestructible, the excavated temples and the massive ruins of Karnak will give to future ages a conception of the energetic and creative spirit of the Pharaohs.

If the excavated temple of Ghcrfhusein alone remained, it would give but a very imperfect evidence of their spirit. It is a creation of mighty and rude power. The six colossi, which divide the great hall into three aisles are not heavy but clumsy, they are so misshapen, that they look like an unsuccessful attempt at making colossi. In the two lateral walls of this hall are niches, in each of which stand three figures about the size of life, but they also are execrable caricatures. Are they deities ? Are they priests ? Are they a royal family ? They are very much damaged, and several of them have no heads. The four sitting deities in the adytum, that is in the innermost apartment, are very much injured, and the few hieroglyphics are wretchedly carved and can scarcely be distinguished.

The small temple of Garb-Meroa or of Dandoor, as the Arabians call it after the neighbouring village,

is between the time of the Ptolemies and the Romans. It consists merely of three pretty equal divisions, behind each other, the ornaments of which have never been completed, though a surrounding wall, and within it, a beautiful, isolated gateway, indicate that the plan was complete.

The splendid temple of Kalabshe has been most wantonly destroyed, and lies half in ruins. The propylæa and the walls are standing, but the immense blocks of the roofs have been beaten in; the eight columns of the fore court, with the exception of only one, are thrown down, and the eight others of the vestibule, with the exception of two. We were obliged to clamber over these blocks and fragments, and we had a real pleasure in so doing, because the hieroglyphics are interesting, not only for their great elegance, but because in many places only the rough marking on the wall, as if with a red pencil, is to be seen. It was never completed. The cartouches in this, as well as in the preceding temple, designate an autocrat Cæsar as their founder. Near these sketches is a pretty figure of Horus, who is crouched on a lotus flower, the attribute of his mother, and, beside him, some stiff images of deities are traced on the wall, and partly effaced, which indicates that Kalabshe was destroyed by the Mahometans.

If we consider that these roofs were constructed of immense blocks of stone, lying close together like boards, and extending from one wall



to the other, we must at once see that no power but the fury of religious fanaticism was capable of causing their destruction. From the propylæa, a path paved with large flags leads directly to the Nile, where a broad flight of steps descends to the river. On each side of the steps is a quay of the same material, to prevent the falling in of the earth. This is a clear manifestation of Roman pomp.

Immense quarries of stone extend behind the temple ; between them and the village of Kalabshe we ascended a declivity and reached the smallest, but perhaps the most remarkable of all the Nubian temples. It consists of only a vestibule, which has two niches in the back wall, in each of which are three seated figures, and between them is the door to the adytum, in which is the bench for the four deities, but the statues are not there. These deities are probably always Osiris, Isis and Horus, and perhaps Ammon, or the god to whom the temple was dedicated, or perhaps its founder.

The greatest curiosities of this temple are the two thick, slightly fluted columns which support the ceiling of the vestibule ; we now call them Doric ; but their origin is here in the rocky temple of Kalabshe. The temple has no other portico than that which is formed by two walls of rock on either side, hewn quite smooth, and which are covered with large pictures ; the one exhibiting the confusion of a great battle, fighting warriors, the conquered and the dying, and more conspicuous than all, a royal hero

fighting from a war chariot; the other representing the same hero seated on a throne and receiving the homage and tribute of a subdued people, who pass in procession before him. An altar with meat offerings stands in front of him. Animals from the interior of Africa, giraffes, lions, tigers and antelopes are specially presented to him; one man carries a gazelle; another brings monkeys, while another has tiger skins over his arm. Oxen are also interspersed among them. The representation of the animals cannot be mistaken.

As the great king Sesostris carried war into the interior of Africa, and made the Ethiopians tributary, it is concluded that he erected this temple of victory as a thank offering to the gods. Danaos, who led a colony from Egypt to Greece, and founded Argos, is by some supposed to be the brother, and by others the contemporary of Sesostris. Fortunately there is not the slightest accumulation of sand about these two temples.

The temple of Dabod is a work of the Ptolemies, and has a Greek inscription bearing the names of Ptolemy and Cleopatra. This name was borne by three Egyptian queens, the latter of whom has immortalised it by a talismanic charm. The temple is built of sand-stone, which is much disintegrated, and is covered with insignificant hieroglyphics. We are quite unaccustomed to meet with such bad materials here. It is distinguished by three detached entrance gates, standing behind each other, in the

large fore court, which is indicated by a ruined surrounding wall.

We now returned to our bark, and sailed along for several hours. Suddenly a magic building rose out of the Nile ! The most beautiful propylæa, with long passages between porticoes supported by columns, and again propylæa, and then the grand temple of Isis, with its porticoes, halls, pillars, and chambers :—this is the Island of Philæ.

Its foundation is ascribed to the Pharaohs of the later dynasties ; the Ptolemies invested the building with a different form, and completed it as it now stands. Roman emperors, perhaps, added what appears to be superfluous ; for instance, the portico, which is not in a direct line with the propylæa. O the barbarians who have ravaged here ! It is built and adorned with the most finished perfection. The propylæa is ascended as easily by low steps within the wall as the Arc de l'Etoile at Paris. They are not in the least injured ; they appear as if just placed by the architect against the cerulean sky like the gates of a sacred, mysterious, and unearthly world. Not to the bright world of the gods of Olympus, not to the glowing paradise of Islamism, not to the smiling angelic world of a Fiesole do these gates lead. They stand before the world of thought, which has but one aim, the last, the highest aim : knowledge,—and struggle after knowledge in profound meditation like the sphinx ; it rises to it in gigantic power like the colossus, it is itself a Tithon,

who, when it must be, takes heaven by storm to gain access to its God. Hence these propylæa appear so wonderfully solemn, so admonitory, and therefore so irresistible. We long to know the mysteries which they conceal and to which they lead.

The fundamental idea of the Egyptian religion must have been divine, for unless it had been so, temples of such transcendent sublimity could not have been reared. How the forms of worship can materialize the primæval ideas of religion, we see in the history of all nations.

At length, dear Emy, we have reached the northern frontier of Nubia, to which the Island of Bid-sha, with its ruins of a temple, in which a Nubian family dwell with their goats, may be said to belong. The granite walls of this island, the granite cliffs in the Nile, the granite rocks on its banks, are all converted by royal cartouches into monuments which record the deeds of Egyptian sovereigns. So highly did they think of themselves, that the savage rock, the witness of thousands of years, appeared to them the most suitable monument. The monument indeed still stands; it has become one with the eternal elements; but whose monument is it? This must be gradually deciphered, by a new and infant science.

The Island of Elephantina lies in Egypt, on this side of the lower cataract; and I can say nothing more of it than that its gates of rose coloured granite rise like a rainbow of hope above the heaps of ruins and fragments of walls. Directly opposite to it,

on the right bank, are the ruins of the Saracenic town of Old Assuan; black granite cliffs rising from the Nile form its foundation, and are marked with sculptures and cartouches, among which that of Rameses III. is particularly observable. A small niche within the basement, for a bust, appeared to us as something very unusual in these cliffs.

The Egyptian temples have suffered much more than those of Nubia from the accumulation of sand and the spoliations of man. The former was a consequence of their situation, the latter resulted from the greater population of Egypt, and because such a temple affords convenient accommodation to the inhabitants of a whole village.

The fine temple of Koum Ombose suffers from the accumulation of sand on the one side, and from the undermining of the Nile on the other. Where the river makes a sudden bend, and has high perpendicular banks, this temple is visible at a distance, commanding the whole extensive country. We visited it about sunset, when it was most splendidly lighted up by the purple beams of the departing sun. At a later hour the moon shewed the fine outlines yet more distinctly; added to which, the profound silence, and the broad Nile flowing calmly at our feet, made this altogether one of the grandest pictures which the whole of this journey offered to me.

You will wish to know how the temple itself

looks. The porticos alone are standing upright, and even these columns are buried half way up in the sand; the four halls to which they lead are choked up to the frieze, and the beams, masses of stone of twenty or twenty-two feet in length have sunk down. In order that I might clearly see the hieroglyphics, the drawings, and the well-preserved colours, I knelt down upon the sand which rises before the door, and found on the frieze some ptolemaic cartouches of exceedingly good workmanship.

The portico, which is always higher than the inner walls and chambers, and is therefore less liable to be buried in the sand, is here supported by fifteen columns in three rows. A façade of five columns is so rare that I do not recollect to have seen any other ancient temple thus constructed. The numbers are always even, and the entrance to the inner chambers at the back are generally between two and two, or three and three, and sometimes four and four columns. The large temple of Abousambul has four colossi, the small one six, the temples of Dorr and of Hamada have four pillars, the temple of Baalbec has eight columns; in a word these five columns at the façade of the temple of Koum Onbose are quite peculiar.

Two doors in the back wall of course led to the first hall, but they are choked with sand as high as the entablature, on which there is a disc of the sun, borne by eagle's wings, with serpents at the side. This symbol of royal sovereignty and power is invariably found over every entrance to an Egyptian

temple: over the propylæa, over the gates, and over the doors. The devotee enters the temple under the protection of majesty, which is the representative of divinity. Eagles with out-spread wings invariably adorn the ceiling of the portico, and as it were, lead to the sanctuary as a token for good, while astronomical images, and the well-known signs of the zodiac, which the Egyptians invented, ornament the lateral compartments of the ceiling.

I am really sorry to be obliged to say that the drawing and the painting are always equally imperfect. The eagles are painted sky blue, apple-green and deep red, and they hover I know not how; the deities are painted sky blue, and the detestable crocodile's head seems to grin at you, most disgustingly. While the architect was inspired by the fundamental idea of the Egyptian religion, which seems to have disappeared more and more from the public worship, the sculptor and painter had to take care that this worship had its due, and that the invisible god should be lost in visible caricatures. These images really appear like caricatures, like creations of a man in delirium, by the side of the pure creations of art and genius which charm us in these noble architectonic lines and forms, and the violent contrast has something mortally offensive which wounds the feelings even more than the taste.

Taste, my dear Emy, is a strange thing! Whether we become infatuated or accustomed, I know not; but as I stood before the temple of Koum

Ombose, and looked at the gaudy daubings on the cornice, I thought, after all it does not look so very bad; these cartouches, intermingled with eagles and serpents, look something like wreaths of flowers. Had I seen this same representation by the side of one in pure, regular bas-relief, the former would have appeared to me something like a child's horn-book. It is incredible how the eye can become accustomed to a thing, when it constantly rests on the same object.

A smaller temple is now only a heap of ruins, while a solitary propylæum stands close to the high, steep bank, and seems to await the fate which must have befallen its companions: that of falling into decay down the slope of the declivity, which has been undermined by the Nile. It is probable that a wall formerly opposed an obstacle to the destruction caused by the rising of the Nile. The solitary propylæum looks quite melancholy, for they always stand two and two together like twin brothers.

We next visited the temple of Edfou; this is decidedly my favourite, for it seems to me that no other can boast of such pure, harmonious finish. It does not stand on so imposing a site as Koum Ombose; ah! no, it is ensconced behind the village of Edfou, at the verge of the Desert, about half a league from the Nile, and a whole village, with the inconceivable filth of an Arabian population, with stalls for goats, asses, poultry—nay, I had almost said for



men, is located on the flat roof of the temple! It is very firm and smooth, and does not give way like the sand, and therefore is very convenient for the erection of huts.

I will now tell you what exists and is visible. The noble propylæa of the entrance, in good preservation, above seventy feet high, covered only at the foot with sand and boulders, occupy the entire breadth of the whole building; we passed through them into a large open quadrangular court, which is surrounded on every side by a portico with sixteen columns, and opposite the propylæa, the large covered vestibule, supported by eighteen gigantic columns in three files, the first row of which is intercolumniated, and rises in unimpaired grandeur.

The entrance is between the middle pillars, and opposite to it, in the back wall, an uncommonly noble portal opens into the inner chambers; they are entirely filled up with sand; but we may conclude from the external wall, that there were at least four of them. On the one side you are able to go round two thirds of the whole temple, which had a surrounding wall adjoining the back of the propylæa. On the other side, sand and rubbish are heaped up, in order to gain access to the village on the roof of the temple. To effect this, you must of course pass over the wall, while in the former instance, we went through the open passage, between the temple and the wall, and looked at the sculptures, with which they are overladen. They represent offerings, and

nothing but offerings! One of them reminded me of the votive pictures in the Roman Catholic churches; namely, an eye, which is offered to Osiris; small trays, in which there are models of the temple, similar to the models which in later days bishops made of the churches which they erected.

Do you not think it extremely interesting to meet with the same thought in ages and nations the most remote from each other? The past thus becomes present, and warm with life, it loses entirely the mouldy scent of the tomb. The prevailing cartouche is that of Ptolemy Philometer, who died 145 years before our era.

Edfou is called by ancient authors, Appollinopolis Magna, which seems to allude to the temple worship of Re or Phre, the Egyptian God of the Sun. Isis, however, appears to have been the reigning goddess, for in the sixty pictures on the walls of the great vestibule, she receives, almost exclusively, the honour of the offering. On the front of the propylæa, one of the representations is quite ridiculous: the victorious Osiris, about twenty feet in height, stiff and starch, stalks with seven-league boots above his diminutive enemies, and, inflamed with fury wields, instead of the club of Hercules, a little instrument about the size of a table-spoon.

I merely mention the ruins of a small Typhonium lying on one side, because I first saw at Edfou the temple of the Evil Principle. It is almost entirely

destroyed, a miserable pillar supports the sinking roof of the principal chamber, the frieze of which is ornamented with a little deformed figure of Typhon.

We fared ill at the temple of Eilethydas ; the village near which it is said to be situated, is called by Prokesch, El Lal, and on the French maps El Cab. This uncertainty caused so many endless inquiries, assertions, and counter assertions, and the Arabs who were sent to collect information were as usual so little to be depended upon, that, after a promenade of about an hour and a half, we were obliged to return to our bark without having attained our object. We were told that the temple is almost wholly destroyed, but that there is a wall of rock with fine tombs in the vicinity.

The portico of Esneh in the middle of the little town of the same name, is the cotton magazine of the district, and therefore perfectly cleared from all rubbish and dirt, and easily accessible. It is as if sunk into the ground, for three fourths of its height, closely surrounded by houses and huts, walls and mounds of *débris* on three sides, and no point can be found from which you can see the façade, which is formed by six columns. We gained access to the interior by a wretched flight of steps, as into a cellar, and were quite astonished to find it so completely cleared, thanks to its destination. Four and twenty columns in four rows, including the façade, form the portico, and support the ceiling,

which is said to be ornamented by a celebrated Zodiac; but I could not distinguish it in the dim light which was admitted here. The apartments which succeeded the portico, and which are indicated by a handsome portal in the back wall, have entirely disappeared; they are buried in the sand, and in short, there is no trace of them.

Thus the portico is the only part of a temple which has remained entire, as by a miracle, amidst the general destruction, and is a specimen of what the Romans could do in imitation of the Egyptian style; it is of the time of the Cæsars. The grand lines are retained, as well as the manner and kind of the characteristic ornaments; the winged disc is displayed over the entrance, twenty-four eagles with outspread wings hover behind each other on the ceiling of the middle aisle; each column has a different capital, and each of the two and forty principal images on the three inner walls represents a sacrifice which is received by Isis; yet the proportions do not seem to me to be in such a wonderful harmony as in the temple at Edfou.

It appears to me to be stretched, which, however, may arise from my not having been able to view it from without; all the sculptures, the images, as well as the hieroglyphics are very well preserved, but not all cast in one mould like those at Edfou, but rather like patterns of three different kinds which are employed in the execution. On the

first row of the columns they are hollowed out, on the back wall the contours are graven, and the forms faintly rounded; on the other columns and walls, the ground surface is hollowed, and the pictures are raised like cameos. I find the portico of Esneh less beautiful than interesting for observation and comparison.

Thebes, dearest Emy, surpasses every mensuration and every delineation which the power of thought may be able to bring with it to the spot. The foundation was conceived by such a gigantic spirit, that I am disposed to think it must have been that of a son of Ammon. On the right bank lie Luxor and Karnak, on the left Kournou and Medinet-Abou; for thus the villages, the huts, and the stupendous monuments are called, which are spread over the plains and the deserts to the extent of some leagues on both sides of the Nile.

They are bounded on the west by the flat, lead-coloured Lybian chain, and on the east by the distant Arabian hills, which in this vicinity stand out boldly. Wherever I went or stood, I felt, not that I was walking amid the ruins of former temples and palaces, but on the fragments of a former world. You must not expect me to give any description of them, for, to make it comprehensible, I should be obliged to measure everything with line and plummet, and hence have to consult and to depend upon the decision of others; and after all I should not be

able to give you any conception of the impression which they produce. Your imagination would succumb under the weight of numbers.

Can you form an idea of the hall in Karnak, which is called the gigantic hall, when I tell you that its roof is supported by one hundred and thirty-four columns arranged in rows, twelve of which columns are thirty-seven feet, and the remaining one hundred and twenty-two are twenty-seven feet in circumference ? This hall is only a portion of the whole, in the erection of which all the sovereigns of Egypt from the 17th dynasty (as is generally supposed) down to the Romans, participated, so that the building comprehends a period of about two thousand years. According to the ancient traditions of the Egyptian priests, Osiris founded Thebes ; probably every king eagerly followed the footsteps of his deified ancestor, or attempted to prove his affinity to him by endeavouring to enlarge and increase the splendour of the greatest temple of Egypt.

This has had the effect of producing unity in the idea ; but the execution is extremely different, and, so excessively complex that we should be inclined to call it overladen, were it not so stupendous in every point of view, that every reproach of this kind falls to the ground, because the usual measures and proportions were never before applied to this extent. Look at the propylæa at the entrance. One of them is in ruins, and of these ruins a palace might be erected, the other stands firmly fixed, like a fortress.

On entering the portico, we had a perspective view, between a forest of columns, through a vast series of portals, which lead to the adytum. This grand entrance passes through the gigantic hall, but lateral entrances, which likewise had the finest doors, branch out with their porticoes, and supported by pillars and colossi, into the principal passage. I will now lead you merely through this passage.

Through the first propylæa we entered the vestibule, which is flanked on the left by a portico, and on the right a temple ; and here we paused awhile before a solitary column of towering height, which is still standing, and then passed through a second pair of propylæa, totally in ruins, and ornamented in front by colossi, into the gigantic hall. The middle aisle is formed by twelve large columns, which are thirty-seven feet in circumference. From this hall we proceeded between two obelisks into a portico, supported by colossi ; thus through a third pair of propylæa into another portico, with colossi and two obelisks, which leads to the gate of the temple. A third, smaller pair of obelisks (the first of which is sixty, the second seventy feet high) stand at the entrance of this hall, which encloses the adytum as a nutshell does the kernel, leaving a narrow passage all round it.

The adytum itself looks like a prodigious block of red sand-stone, hollowed out into two compartments. The ceiling is coloured light-blue and ornamented with golden stars, and all the hieroglyphics are

painted, notwithstanding the costly material of which they are composed. Beyond the adytum we proceeded from one portico into another, till we came to the gate, which closed the precincts of the temple on that side, and which is precisely opposite to the propylæa at the entrance.

All this sounds very simple and intelligible, because you fancy that the whole is standing upright, on level ground ; but alas ! except in the gigantic hall, there are ruins upon ruins, and huge stones piled one above the other in sublime confusion. Two obelisks are thrown down ; colossi broken to pieces ; walls, partitions, and ceilings shattered ; pillars, columns, and portals overthrown and buried in the rubbish. Mounds of *débris* are heaped up, partly covered with boulders, partly with sand, and partly with earth, on which weeds and lichens luxuriate, and our progress was rendered unsafe by yawning abysses overgrown with rushes ; we were frequently obliged to climb over these mounds and to slide down the abysses. Colossi, with enormous, mutilated faces, just appear above the sand. I assure you that I was quite confounded and confused, and indeed entirely exhausted by the effort to reduce this chaos into order.

Willingly would I have stopped to look at the pictures, to search for the cartouches, and accurately to examine the well-preserved, covered hieroglyphics, especially on the entablature of the gigantic hall ; and then to have sought for the other remains of the



temple in the great areas enclosed by the wall, among which there is likewise a typhoneum of the times of the Romans, and in very good preservation ; and lastly, to have admired the exquisite portals which lead from the surrounding wall into the precincts of the temple, and which, from the happy combination of the graceful and the sublime, prove that they are the work of the Ptolemies.

One of these doors, which leads to Luxor, and the granite portal, are in my opinion, the finest in the world. They are, in fact, gates sixty feet high, and have quite a triumphal character. Besides these, there are two others of a similar style, still standing.

This world of temples, compared with which the colosseum at Rome appears insignificant, and St. Peter's at Rome petty, is entirely covered with hieroglyphics, and adorned with the usual images of the gods and the military and triumphant processions. There is not a spot which I could have covered with my hand, where the pencil and the chisel have not been employed.

After beholding all this grandeur we might imagine that we had seen everything ; but we can pass either from the precincts through the northern gate, to an avenue of sphinxes, almost entirely mutilated, or through the southern gate, which is exquisitely beautiful, and which leads to Luxor, to another avenue, formed by one hundred and four sphinxes ; or we may pass through the granite portal, which lies in the same direction and has an avenue of one

hundred and twenty sphinxes! All these are Criosphinxes, the symbol of intelligence being the ram's head, in honour of Ammon Ra, the god to whom the temple was dedicated. These fine heads have been most carefully sawn off, and the trunks are buried amidst sand, rubbish, and weeds.

We rode back to Luxor by moonlight, over a marshy, uncultivated country; here lay a mutilated colossus, there a block covered with hieroglyphics: here rose a truncated column, there was a sunken pillar; here were heaps of shapeless rubbish, there some startled animal raised itself above the grass. Suddenly we came upon a whole company of aged women, who were seated together in a circle upon the grassy declivity of a hill, and were eagerly relating to each other, in secret, tales of their own times. There they sat, still and motionless, for they are of black porphyry, and have lions' heads; but fable and history, romance and reality were so interwoven in my mind, that I said quite in earnest, "How I should like to know what those old women are talking about so mysteriously!" This was Saturday, the 3rd of February.

We had seen Luxor in the morning, independently of which it had long greeted my eye, because it lies close upon the Nile. It consists chiefly of three pillared halls; one of colossal dimensions and two smaller ones, which produce a much grander appearance at a distance than near at hand. Seen from afar, especially from the opposite bank, and in the evening twilight,

these pillared halls, with the Arabian mountains in the background, and with the broad Nile flowing in front, have the mythological character of a picture by Claude Lorraine; it is enveloped in such ideal colours that you know not to what part of the world it belongs.

In its proximity the magic charm of Luxor is effaced by the most disgusting of all disgusting realities. Amid those obelisks, which have been, and will be the admiration of all ages, which have been wrought in the hard granite with the precision and delicacy of a cameo—amid these, the four granite colossi and the propylæa, of this royal entrance to palaces and temples, to the very termination of the hall, the villagers have intruded and stuck on their patched up and filthy hovels. It is really melancholy, and at the same time it is quite offensive to wend one's way and to tread upon such dirt and nastiness, and to see pillars, temples, and such precious relics profaned as they are here. Far preferable to see the whole half buried in the sand than in such a state of degradation!

The obelisk is free; it is not improbable that at the time its companion was sent to Paris, it may have been rendered unsafe by the removal of the circumjacent sand. I have driven many times across the place de la Concorde, but the only impression which that obelisk ever made upon me was, that it overburdened the place without ornamenting it. I now see the reason of this: the Egyptian architecture

is homogeneous; while its pillars, and propylæa, and the entire plan of its edifices, indicate durability and strength; the obelisks show that strength may be combined with grace, and raise their slender forms, as monoliths, to the height of sixty, seventy, or eighty feet, harmoniously contrasting by their elegance and the precision of their outline, with those vast, sombre masses in their vicinity. In Europe, however, amid our church steeples, our houses of five and six stories high, our confused medley of ancient and modern styles, our tasteless imitations and superfluous decoration, our complete want of harmony in respect to architecture, what effect can so noble and so simple a structure produce among our heterogeneous mass? It is merely adding one more to the motley collection.

I am exceedingly glad that I had the good taste not to fall into an ecstasy with the obelisk at Paris, merely because it had come from Thebes, for it is as completely discordant there, as it is in harmony here with everything around it.

Two colossi are buried up to the breast, and two to the head-dress. The propylæa look as if they were falling into pieces. A mosque and a school, where boys were learning to read, and keeping time by swinging their bodies backwards and forwards, is attached to them. It was, however, quite impossible for me to trace the ancient plan of the building. Sometimes we were in a stall, then again in a little

yard, then in a cottage or hut, in order to look at some pillar or wall covered with hieroglyphics. Doves and fowls, goats and sheep, children and dogs were incommoded by our peregrinations, and we were pestered by old and young with cries of "Bakshish."

A small portion of the walls has not been built against. This and the obelisk have preserved to Luxor the last beams of its ancient splendour. The Pharaoh Amenopht or Amenophist III. to whom the Greeks afterwards gave the name of Memnon, an ancestor of Sesostris, is recorded as the founder of this temple, and of many others in ancient Thebes. But the temple of Karnac is said to have been founded by a Pharaoh of remoter times, Thothmes I.

I am glad that, with these exceptions, we can go back to an obscure, unrevealed millenaries of antiquity, where we are at liberty to conceive men furnished with other powers of body and mind, and with more vigorous vital energies, as the histories in the Old Testament indicate by the lengthened span of man's existence. The energies of our times would not be able to conceive or to execute those stupendous works. Nay, even when we behold the deeds of the devastators, the sawing, shattering and overthrowing of the colossi, the question arises: "Were not these an intermediate race?"

These destroyers have caused incredible devasta-

tions on the left bank. The palace of Kournou consists of a façade of ten columns; three doors in this façade lead to three suites of apartments, which, however, are for the most part in ruins. This arrangement is quite different from that of the temples, and therefore I call this building a palace; yet the decorations are precisely similar in both, and Ammon and the god of the sun also receive offerings here. The apartments are as dark as those of the temples, and light is admitted only through the doors.

It is quite unknown what was the destination of the Memnonium; some call it the tomb of Osymandias, but this is merely for the sake of giving it a name, for the tombs of the Pharaohs are not to be looked for in such buildings, and Osymandias is either an imperfect or a fictitious name.

The most complete part of the building still remaining, is the half of a portico of eight columns, against which colossi lean their backs. I was chiefly interested with a fallen colossus, originally formed of one block of red granite, the fragments of which fill the entire vestibule, and upon which I clambered about as if I were clambering on a mountain. I trod upon its little toe, and my two feet covered only two-thirds of its width; this was the proportion in which it was executed. Its features were sadly defaced, and some ruthless hand has attempted to disfigure them still more by making a cut, but the work proved too laborious. On the

upper part of the arm is a finely chased cartouche of **Rameses** ; it is therefore probable that he reared this temple, in honour of his ancestors.

The celebrated column of Memnon stands with its companion in a green barley field. Why they are called columns I cannot conceive. They are two seated colossi, monoliths of Thebaic stone ; the countenance of the one is disfigured, and the upper part of the body of the other, which is the sounding column, has been shattered to pieces, and has been subsequently rudely put together of several blocks.

On the back of the throne, the cartouches of Amenophis are thrice repeated. A number of Greek and Roman inscriptions are chiselled in the legs of the statue, by those persons it is said, who heard its musical voice. I, however, did not await a sunrise at the statue of Memnon, for the credulous alone are favoured with these miracles. The cavillers, the sceptic, and the curious are not worthy of them, and I was well aware that Memnon would not perform one to please me.

The Empress Sabina made a pilgrimage to Memnon ; Clelia and Cecilia, noble Roman ladies, and numbers of distinguished men, of the times of the Cæsars, came and heard his voice ; but pilgrimages are no longer made to Memnon. There he sits, in undisturbed repose, resting his hands upon his knees, and looking towards the East, a witness of the changes in the objects of worship.

The Greeks constituted Memnon the son of Tithon and Aurora; he was aided in his herculean task of building Thebes, by Apollo, who laid aside his lyre upon a block of stone; from that time an harmonious strain issued from the block as the echo of the divine touch, whenever the god of the Sun passed over it in the morning. Thus I think I once read this wonder explained.

The colossus in the vestibule of the Memnonium greatly exceeded, in the beauty of the materials, and as far as we can now judge, in size also, the statue of Memnon. It was probably the largest of all monoliths.

We next went to the two temples at Medinet-Abou. Against the first, a palace, two stories in height has been erected; it is very much in ruins, yet the second story is distinctly visible. This is very rarely met with, for the Egyptian architecture embraced breadth and length rather than height. The second temple must have been very stupendous; two pair of propylæa, and two vestibules, have remained pretty free from the *débris* and sand which cover the temple itself. While the porticoes of the outer vestibule lie in ruins, those of the inner ones, which are supported by colossi, pillars and columns, are in good preservation. The colouring of the pictures and of the hieroglyphics, is very perfect, for the stone had been cased with white mortar, which had been chased and painted. The chasing is very indistinct and unequal, while the colours, on the



other hand, have been admirably preserved. A scene, where the hands of prisoners have been hewn off, and a man counts them, while another is writing down their number, has been thrice represented in tiers, on one wall, and they are all accompanied by the same hieroglyphics, which probably elucidate the history.

Grecian columns of a later period stand in a circle within the vestibule; they may have been those of a Coptic church, which, together with the village, the remains of which are scattered about the temple, may have been deserted. In the first temple also, and in the palace of Medinet-Abou, are mounds of unburnt bricks, which seem to indicate that the inhabitants were either Copts, who fled from the Arabs, or Arabs who fled from the Turks, or Mamelukes.

The entire country between Kournou and Medinet-Abou, and between the Lybian mountains and the Nile is covered, independently of those gigantic ruins, by a mass of fragments, which must have appertained to other buildings, of whose existence we have no record. They are fragments of statues, colossi and pillars, of circumvallations, portals and walls, which may once have belonged to Thebes, with its hundred gates.

From the great pylone of the second temple is an extensive prospect over the surrounding district. 'The statue of Memnon rises,' with its companion, like a tower over the verdant field; the first temple

and the palace of Medinet-Abou present an unformed and not picturesque mass of blocks of stone. The Memnonium, on the contrary, is highly picturesque, from the clear, uninterrupted view of the porticos and pillared halls.

The palace of Kournou is quite embedded, and cannot for a moment be compared with the colonnades of Luxor, which rise nobly from amidst the mass of loathsome rubbish which encompasses them, while, far off, the immense pylon of Karnak irresistibly attracts the eye by its stupendous massiveness, and quite conceals the ruins which lie behind it.

The small temple of Isis, which is secluded in a ravine of the Lybian Desert, I shall merely allude to in order that you may see that I have not overlooked anything. The way to it is strewn with an incredible number of fragments of mighty sculptures and buildings; the former, partly constructed of granite and porphyry, and partly of the beautiful Thebaïd calcareous stone, which is white, and has a very fine grain, and, when delicately worked, looks exactly like marble. The lower part of a sitting statue, which is wrought with unwonted nicety, is a fine specimen of the beauty of this stone; but, and alas! a lime-kiln in the neighbourhood of Kournou portends the fate which awaits it.

Similar representations and hieroglyphics of Thebes on both sides of the Nile, are less beautifully wrought; those, for instance, of Philæ, Edfou, and Tentyris, except the splendid portals of Karnak,

which may equal them, and the obelisk of Luxor, which stands unrivalled.

When we had finished our investigation above ground at Thebes, we commenced a subterranean research, for the Necropolis surrounded the town, in the same manner as is to this day the case, in more or less pomp, with every Oriental city. Constantinople has its cypress groves; Jerusalem its caverned tombs; Cairo its Mameluke and Chalif groves, ornamented with the elegant work of Saracenic architecture. Thus Thebes also had its adjoining Necropolis. Memphis, too, has one which surpasses all the rest—the pyramids. But I will finish my account of the Egyptian Temples before I speak of the sepulchres.

At the distance of a day's journey from Thebes, descending the Nile, there are behind the village of Denderah, in the sand of the Desert, the beautiful temple of Hathor (Aphrodite) with one of Isis, and a Typhonium, on the site of the ancient Tentyris, surrounded by accumulations of rubbish and yellow sand-hills. Comparatively speaking, this temple has suffered but little from the effects of time.

The sculptures on the well-preserved outer walls have not been injured by the hand of man, but by the wasps, who have built their nests in the contours. The upper apartments are dilapidated; from one of them the celebrated zodiac of Denderah was transferred to the museum at Paris. The inner compart-

ments, including the vestibule, are converted into a khan, and travellers from the country arriving here with their camels and asses, may find a comfortable lodging at the temple of Venus! The ground is covered with chaff a foot deep; black ashes lie scattered about, and from the propylæa to the vestibule, two mud walls have been erected, with clay troughs to water the cattle. These things, however, look accidental, and the grand effect of the temple remains unimpaired.

This temple is of the last time of the Ptolemies, and is said to have been founded by Cleopatra. Four-and-twenty columns, six in a row, form the vestibules, and have a square capital on which is the front face of a woman. If the Egyptian Venus looked so grave, and had such austere, unlovely features, it certainly was not her outward attractions which inspired her worship! and yet it must be Venus, for all the attributes with which Isis is represented, the sun, the cows' horns, &c., are wanting here.

The inner walls have been most laboriously and carefully defaced, by a hammer and chisel. It is not improbable that Christians used this as a place of worship, and took offence at the sacrificial processions, and the images of the gods. In the two last compartments of the ceiling, a zodiac is clearly distinguishable, though rather blackened. It commences with the sign of cancer, above which hovers a ball of light, from which issues a fascicula of beams; this clearly indicates the summer solstice.

The signs follow in succession, and are intermixed with stars, and symbolic figures : they are all similar to those used by us ; but instead of virgo there is a serpent.

The serpent is, in general, a very sacred symbol. It twines round the winged disk of the sun, it bears the royal cartouches, it encircles the forehead of Isis, and the royal sacrificial priestesses ; on the tombs it bears the barks which convey the dead into the armentis, or unseen world. Mystic gifts and powers, seem to be accorded in unmeasured prodigality to this most obnoxious of all animals.

Low steps lead to the roof of the temple, which is partly fallen in, probably after having supported a village ; at all events the barbarisms of destruction reign here in gaping chasms, deep holes, and heaps of unburnt bricks. From the grand vestibule, we entered a hall supported by six columns, which led into three others furnished with lateral apartments ; the whole plan is well preserved, and easily traced. Hence I conclude that it was begun and completed by one sovereign ; for, when such an edifice has been erected by the various sovereigns, the plan is generally confused and unintelligible ; as, for instance, is the first temple of Medinet-Abou, and also that upon the Island of Philæ.

The Typhonium and the small temple of Isis are Roman structures, and the first remained unfinished ; this is very perceptible in the columns which support the portico, one file of which has the

capitals decorated by the mis-shapen little demon, while the others are quite unadorned.

Our ride from the village of Beljenne to the ruins of Abydos, which occupied us two hours, was altogether unsatisfactory, for the celebrated genealogical tables of the kings have been removed to the British Museum. The ruins are surrounded by highly cultivated land; but alas! they are almost buried in the sand; nothing is visible except the ponderous stones of the roofs, (the colours of which are remarkably well preserved,) and some granite blocks, buried and vaulted apartments, which are very rarely seen in old Egyptian buildings.

The remains of Hermopolis and Antinoe are interesting only to the antiquarian, and therefore I did not visit them. I believe that I have seen all the important monuments of the three epochs of Egyptian architecture. We were at Abydos on the 7th of February, and did not reach Cairo till the 18th, and throughout the whole of our long journey we saw no monuments, except tombs and sepulchres!

I do not clearly understand what were the notions of the ancient Egyptians, respecting the state after death. I am, in truth, wholly incapable of entering into them; they may have been Egyptian, Greek, Christian, or Mahometan. In this region every image and every word are dead to me, for they are earthly, confused, and gross, and when I contemplate death, I must have done with everything gross

and earthly. The spirit which has animated my earthly frame has found its weary way through all the phases of corporeal being ; this I call the earthly life. The body is exhausted, because it has fulfilled its destination, and suffered its transformation to its decay ; it dissolves into its elements : this I call death, which releases the imprisoned spirit, and suffers it to quit the fettered life for the unfettered, unearthly, and therefore immortal life. What this is, and whither this is, whether it is a return to the native home of the soul, whether an ascension to the realms above, or whether a union with a spiritual essence, who can say, or to whom shall we apply for a solution ? To Him, to whom alone we apply in the thousand enigmas of life, to whom we look up in sorrow and in joy, in affliction and in prosperity, in unexpected casualties, and in unmitigable woes, to whom we always turn, and who always sends us an answer, though never in our own language. Do you not believe, dear Emy, that humanly speaking, we shall one day understand the language of heaven ? I believe it, and this belief is intimately associated with my hope of eternal life, my bliss ; then I shall have an answer to satisfy my doubts to solve all my anxious yearnings.

But there are myriads of modes and degrees of bliss, and every man bears within himself the germ of his own ; when that germ ripens into a flower, he is blessed. God does not deal with men as a school-

master does with his scholars, whom he dismisses with a general commendation ; he apportions to every man his just recompense, and we may entertain the hope that the ancient Egyptians reached the goal for which they strove ; but what that goal was, it is most difficult for us to understand.

The Egyptians believed that after the lapse of three thousand years the soul would return to the earth, and re-animate its former tenement, which they converted into a mummy that it might not dissolve into dust, but be ready to receive the spirit upon its return. I cannot, however, divine what was their notion of an intermediate state, and I cannot help fancying that they did not understand it themselves.

Sometimes there are indications of a world beyond, whither Anubis, who had the charge of souls, conveyed them, and placed them before a tribunal ; sometimes it seems as if they thought that the soul remained in the grave, where it must have had and have seen everything which it had and saw while upon earth. For this reason it is that the tombs are so spacious, so rich, so highly decorated and furnished with every delight which can charm the eye. Trade and manufactures, dancing and music, hunting and agriculture, navigation and divine worship, wars and games ; yea, every domestic utensil, and every kind of provision are represented in gay colours, on the walls of these sepulchral chambers.

A number of ornaments, idols, and amulets which



were valuable to the deceased while living; for instance, wool, if the departed were an industrious workman, and other appropriate mementos are constantly found in the tombs, both of the prince and of the peasant.

The plan of the catacombs is invariably the same, whether in a rock, or in the pyramid, which is in fact an artificial rock. The entrance is in a niche, which is of greater or lesser depth, and which leads into a passage or into a hall, whence a whole labyrinth of chambers often branches out in every direction, and sometimes there are deeply sunken shafts. I never ventured to descend one of these shafts, into which the coffins were probably lowered. In the former, the last chamber, which was always vaulted, contained one or more corses.

The first tomb which I visited was that of Abahuda, in Nubia, above Abousambul, which is excavated in the rocky wall of the right bank. It is not handsome, consisting only of a chamber supported by four pillars, with small lateral chambers and a posterior compartment with a shaft. The hieroglyphics have been daubed white, the sculptures have been scratched off, and Christ and John the Baptist are painted on the ceiling, while a St. George, and a host of nameless saints are depicted on the walls. All is executed with the extreme rudeness of the ancient times, and the saints are as much defaced as the gods whom they succeeded. It is said that one of the primeval Pharaohs as I call them, namely,

Ammon-Menes, one of the ancestors of Sesostris, the last of the race of Thothmes was entombed in this catacomb.

The tombs of Djebel Selseleh, (Silsiles) situated in the rocks of the left bank, between Koum Ombose and Edfou, have a very good effect from the river, for they are hewn into four ornamented niches. The interior, however, is extremely rude, and is principally ornamented with mutilated sculptures. We found several cartouches of the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties, but whether they refer to kings of those dynasties, or are merely general indications of the epoch when these sepulchral chambers were constructed and used, I cannot determine, though I am inclined to believe that the latter was the case. Rocky tablets, closely covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions, and niches, in which sacrifices are sculptured, appear to point out this spot as an important one in the history of Ancient Egypt. The tombs which interest me most are those of the kings in the valley of Assaseff, and in the mountain ravine of Bab-el-Melek, in the Lybian chain, on the further side of Kournou. The former present a most fearful scene of desolation, for they are inhabited by the natives, and we were obliged to tread upon the bones of mummies, the litter of asses, and numerous broods of little chickens, before we could get a sight of the very delicate sculptures which ornament the exterior. Among these sculptures I saw a head

which was really handsome, with the hair plaited in the Nubian fashion.

One of the graves, which has an exterior portal and door of granite, and delicate hieroglyphics, among which we saw the cartouches bearing the name of Thothmes, particularly excited my attention; because on issuing from its portal I was struck with a magnificent view of Thebes. The three thousand years which the ancient Pharaoh was to pass in the slumber of death must have been well nigh fulfilled! If, in some still, moonlight night, he has burst from his long imprisonment in the darksome tomb, and, standing under the bright, starry firmament, has raised his eyes towards the holy city of the kings and of the gods, ah! how must his spirit have sunk within him when he saw that it was annihilated! Yes, annihilated! for here are ruins which no one understands, and traces of a history which no one knows: must not this be called annihilation?

The mountain ravine of Bab-el-Melek has been formed by the waters. We found large petrified shells, and very singular stones, which looked like bulbous roots, with a whole brood of little bulbs around them; and there were many gaily-coloured and delicately-striped ones, all of which I would gladly have carried off. We saw no traces of vegetation, but there were a few spots which appeared as if some poor, sturdy weed might grow there, if a shower of rain (so uncommon here) would fall and moisten the land.

It is on the whole a fearfully dead rocky valley, in which we were obliged to ride a full league before we arrived at the place where sixteen sepulchres have been gradually discovered and excavated. The cartouches from the second to the fifteenth Pharaoh of the dynasty of Rameses are supposed to have been discovered among them.

That tomb which is called "the Belzonian" after its celebrated discoverer, is incomparably the finest, and I believe also the largest. We entered a plain door in the rock and descended twenty-nine steps to a more lofty entrance door, above which the universal sign of the tombs is carved: Anubis with a cenocephalus, who conveys the soul into the armentis (the realm of the shades or death,) and a scarabæus, the symbol of Phtah the god of fire, flanked by the cartouches.

This door leads to a slightly inclined passage, the walls of which are covered with extremely elegant hieroglyphics, which are relieved by their brilliantly gay colours on the pure white stone. The whole has the appearance of glazed tapestry. Then follows a second descent of twenty-six steps, and again an inclined passage which terminating in an ante-chamber, which leads to a hall supported by four pillars. The colours here are of the most violent contrast, and the pictures so frightful that they really made me shudder. A serpent with human feet, and bearing mummies on its back, runs round the whole wall; over it float richly decorated barks, in which

Anubis with many oars transports the mummies, carefully guarded by dogs in the posture of sphinxes.

Isis and Osiris stand hand in hand against the pillars, and look fixedly at each other with large, lifeless black eyes. Isis wears a robe striped black and flame colour; each stripe is scarcely the width of a straw, and all kinds of curled and frizzled ornaments are introduced upon her breast, arms, and head. The typical mis-shapen form in all its distortion and meanness appears in the most glaring colours; but the artist, with religious accuracy, has conscientiously painted every stripe on each pillar in the same place.

A stair-case of eighteen steps, on the right hand, leads to a passage neatly and delicately painted on a plaister ground, through an ante-room, and up some steps into a lofty vaulted hall supported by four pillars, where stood the sarcophagus which Belzoni took to England, and is now in the museum of the late Sir John Soane.

Here also is a repetition of processions of gods, transmissions of souls, and the odious walking serpent. In the small lateral apartments are representations of the worship of Apis, and horrid scenes of executions. Black men, kneeling with their hands bound, and their heads falling, while others are being led to this punishment. The whole, from the floor to the ceiling, is carved and painted, though its destination was, to be for ever buried with the

mummy. What enjoyment the dead<sup>o</sup> clay can have been supposed to have found in these representations, we cannot conceive. Some of them are very amusing. A stone bench upon which the mummies were probably laid, runs round the wall of a chamber; *beneath* this bench, the most elegant sofas with purple pillows and coverings of tiger skins are painted, in order that the mummy might believe that it was resting on an easy couch, instead of lying upon the hard rock.

The tombs all resemble each other, but all differ in the division of the chambers, and in the ornaments. The transmission of souls, the frightful serpent, the gods, the offerings and the executions are always repeated; but the smaller apartments have, besides, their peculiar paintings. In these are found those representations of all the occupations and necessaries of life which I have already mentioned. One apartment, for instance, is painted entirely with weapons, another with vases, another with musical instruments, another with fruits, another with tables, chairs, &c. The ancient Egyptians had a great variety, and certainly a very tasteful collection of household furniture.

In two of the tombs stood sarcophagi of granite, one of which was sculptured with dogs; in another tomb were fragments of a colossus, and in some there were shafts or subterraneous passages. There was, however, such a musty smell of decayed animal matter in most of them, such an oppressively hot air, and such a host of bats, which we disturbed

with our torches, that my stay there, though very remarkable, was by no means pleasant. But without seeing it, no conception can be formed of the colossal, and mysterious pomp of such a tomb. It is hewn in the rude rock, with its innumerable staircases, passages, halls, pillars and cabinets, and then most laboriously finished with the chisel and the pencil, to be lost for ever in the twofold night of the grave and of oblivion.

The tombs of Beni-I-Iassan appear to be much older and more imperfect than the royal tombs of Thebes. More than thirty of them lie together in a rocky wall, on the right bank, below Antinoe. They consist, for the most part, of a single chamber, which often terminates in a cabin, with remains of sitting figures. They may have been small temples erected above the tombs, for in the floor of every apartment there is at least one shaft; and in some, two, three, nay, even five.

The walls of most of the tombs are quite bare, and the ceilings are hewn in the rock, in the form of a roof. Some of them are supported by handsome columns, each consisting of four trunks of trees bound together by cords. There are similar columns at Luxor, but so enormously thick, that I was not struck with their resemblance to trunks of trees, till I came here. It is very probable that in ancient times, such bundles of trunks may actually have supported the roof of a house or temple, and that the most ancient architecture was an imitation of the prevailing

custom. These pillared chambers are very much ornamented with paintings; but as the figures had not been previously carved, they can scarcely be recognised; the contours are everywhere effaced, and the colours much faded. I was, however, able to discern, very distinctly, figures wrestling, in almost every position; combatants with the bow, spear, and clubs; African hunting parties, lions, gazelles and ostriches, and herds of cattle in long droves.

Two of the tombs are very remarkable; they have small porticos supported by two *Doric* columns. The large apartment is divided by four similar columns, into three aisles, and the roof of each aisle is vaulted in the solid rock, and painted blue, with red stars. Representations, like those in the first tombs, cover the walls; but the colours are fresher, and one of the tombs, that in which the inner columns are broken, has a skirting above an ell deep round the walls, with chiselled hieroglyphics, among which royal cartouches, and especially with those of Osirtesen; this I have only seen at the obelisk of Heliopolis. The second apartment had hieroglyphics only at the door-posts of the posterior cabinet but the *Doric* columns stand there in perfect beauty, and they must therefore have been borrowed by the Pelasgi from the Egyptians.

I have never seen any indications of Corinthian or of Ionic architecture in any Egyptian monument, whether palace, temple, or tomb. The massive Egyptian column, whose stupendous capital is only



superficially wrought, and thus indicates its destination, not only of adorning the building, but of supporting the edifice, invariably obtains in the Ptolemaic, and even in the Roman times. Rounded columns are seen only in the earliest period; the Pharaohnic :—for example, in many of the buildings of Thebes.

I now return to the vicinity of Cairo, and to the most imposing of all the tombs—to the pyramids. The two large ones of Dashur are the most southerly, then follows the group of those of Sakkarah. Next those of Abousir, and lastly, in the north, stand the royal pair of Ghizeh, with their little family. All are on the left bank of the Nile, while on the right, the citadel and the minarets of Cairo glimmer in the bluish, misty distance. Such was the picture which the last evening I spent upon the Nile, Saturday the 17th of February, unfolded to my view. The pyramids quite overpower me. I think not of their immense foundations when I regard them, not of their mysterious destination, not of their age, not of their almost wholly unexplored interior :—I see only two lines, which rise slowly and gradually from a broad basis, and gently incline towards each other, like hands joined in prayer, till they meet in a point. This is all; and yet I assure you they are indescribably grand.

The villages of Bedreshan, Mitraïneh, and Sakkarah, are said to lie on the site of the ancient Memphis, which was founded by Menes, the remote

ancestor of all the Pharaohs. In an exquisitely beautiful palm grove, an overthrown colossus lies on its face, which as far as we can judge, is similar to those at Abousambul, and likewise bears the cartouche of Rameses III. It is also of white stone, and perhaps stood before the temple of Phtah, the god of fire, who was subsequently obliged to share with Apis the adoration of Memphis; for I believe that among the Egyptians the purer worship of the divine creating spirit manifested in the powers of nature, preceded the sensual worship of idols and images. Had the reverse been the case, had the transition been from the sensual to the spiritual, a different development must have taken place.

The remains of a small granite colossus, and a great many pieces and fragments lie scattered about, destined to fall a prey to the lime-kilns, which are busily at work in the neighbourhood. The pyramids appear now and then through the openings in the groves of palm, and with equally serious admonitions of the shortness of life, they once looked down on ancient Memphis.

I did not see the pyramids of Dashur, which are about a league and a half from Sakkarah; they probably belong to the Necropolis of the ancient kings, as well as those of Ghizeh, which may be at about the same distance. Wherever I turn, wherever I walk, I see nothing but tombs! The pyramids of Sakkarah are surrounded by sunken mounds of rubbish, by pyramids converted into

sand hills, by yawning shafts, and broken walls ; heaps of bricks and gravel rise from the silent burning desert, in five tiers or plateaus.

We crept through some of these tombs, and a very painful exertion it was, on account of the closeness of the internal air. They have all been ravaged ; and bones, skulls, and tatters of mummies lie scattered in masses, as at the tomb of the kings at Assaseeff. Idols are offered for sale, but speculators have long since learnt to imitate them, and to substitute false ones for the real.

At Abousir the catacombs of the birds appeared to me the most remarkable. Conical clay vessels, fastened with mortar, after the little mummy had been placed in them, were arranged in successive tiers along the walls. We broke two of these vases, from one of which fell a number of undistinguishable substances ; from the other, a little brown conical packet, which seemed quite firm ; it was the mummy of a bird wrapped in bandages ; but, on being touched, it crumbled into ashes, rags, and little feathers, which had been very well preserved.

What an incomprehensible people were the Egyptians ! in whose estimation the body was so sacred that they desired to secure the component parts, even those of animals, for eternity ; and their illusions of futurity have been punished by the most wounding desecrations. Every age and every nation however, has its illusory belief, and the desecrating hand will as inevitably mar it, as those of preceding generations.

## LETTER LI.

TO MY MOTHER.

Domestic life in Cairo—Marriage and Divorce—Clot Bey—  
Schools of Medicine—Hospitals—Impositions of the Collec-  
tions of Antiquities—The Breeding Ovens—Bab el Futeh—  
Bab el Nasr—The Climate.

Cairo, March 1st. 1844.

My dearest mother, it is a long time since I have been able to write to you. You must lay all the blame upon the temples, for their description is very voluminous, and I only completed it yesterday. It has caused me much trouble, because like all writing which compels me to keep constantly in mind the externals of number and space, of right and left, &c. such matter of fact descriptions are far below the dignity of my pen, and I therefore like to avoid them when I can. I was however, quite unable to do so on this occasion; and my only comfort is, that from Abahouda to Abousir, I have conscientiously described the various monuments which I have seen in Nubia and Egypt. There are said to be some archæological remains, but I have not seen them, because I am interested only in architecture; and whatever appertains to the knowledge of Egyptian art I have seen.

Since the time of Denon, who accompanied the expedition of Napoleon, forty years ago, very much has disappeared. Mehemet has easily found the

most durable materials for the erection of his manufactories and barracks; the lime-kilns contribute their part, and the settlement of an Arabian village in and upon their monuments is by no means advantageous to them; lastly, the sand is an overwhelming devastator; surely these elements are sufficient gradually to annihilate all that remains.

The Egyptian society, which I recently mentioned, has a small library, which was established by the diplomatic agents, who have collected, and continue to collect, the most important and interesting works on Egypt, ancient and modern. The interest which Europeans invariably manifest in learned research, science and art, is quite extinct among the Orientals.

The days of the great Chalifs have long since passed away! The East is, in truth, like the pyramid of Cheops, the monument of its own greatness; but so wrapped up in itself, that intellectual activity cannot be evolved from it.

Viewed from afar, the East is invested, in our estimation, with that majestic charm, with that imposing power of attraction, which immoveable repose has over restless agitation. To wish for nothing, to desire nothing, to aim at nothing; to say composedly, in every propitious event that befalls, "Allah Kerim!" (God is great); and to exclaim with resignation in every adverse circumstance, "Kismet" (destiny), appears like a wonderful mental superiority; like a command over all the affections and passions; and we are astonished at such exalted

beings ; but they are not exalted : they are also tormented by their passions, and this outward equanimity is only the garb of ceremony in which they appear before the world. This equanimity has been implanted in them, but they have not acquired it. It is a part of their etiquette, even as a fan and a pair of white kid gloves are of ours.

Equanimity goes hand-in-hand with a certain absence of internal development : where the impetus is weak, the vibrations are small. In our complex, multifarious life, in the struggles of our parties, which oblige us to decide for or against, and in which there is generally so much confusion, that no able man can appear on the scene with energy and independence without raising a host of adversaries, and no insignificant man without drawing around him a swarm of parasites, patrons, and hangers-on ; to look down upon, and to judge composedly of this Babel with perspicacity and penetration, *this*, indeed, requires an exalted nature.

The Orientals have no such vocation, and the less so, because all their relations, public as well as domestic, are never as between equals, but as between master and slave. In their own house, as well as when they hold an office, they command absolutely, and meet with passive obedience, or extort it when they do not find it ; while, in their turn, they blindly obey their superiors in office, if they do not wish to expose themselves to similar compulsion. The Oriental has little or nothing to do with

his equal; yet this is the touchstone of character. He smokes a pipe with him, and supplies the dullness of social intercourse by a cup of coffee.

The mode of life of the Orientals has its partizans and panegyrist among the Europeans who are obliged to live in the East; and it is truly amusing to hear one person say, that intercourse in business is very easy and safe with the Mahometans. because they never tell a lie, are very honest, and always keep their word; while others say, that the Mahometans never trust the Christian for honest intentions, but set out with the design to cheat him, which makes transactions with them both inconvenient and unsafe.

Thus we hear extraordinary praises of their tolerance, because Mehemet Ali is compelled by his relations with Europe, to exercise it, while on the other hand, I have again been assured, that the hatred and intolerance of the common people towards the Infidels, have increased to a fearful degree within the last few years. To all this I will merely observe, that this hatred must be kept very secret; for, even in the interior of Nubia, where the police cannot be so strict as in Cairo, because the master is at a distance, we never met with any other passion than cupidity—not even the petty annoyance, the pelting of stones, &c., which we experienced at Constantinople. Lastly the domestic mode of life gives the partizan of the Oriental an ample field for admiration. It has certainly one good side, if we abide strictly

by the idea, "life at home." There are no ale-houses for the common man, and no company, in the European sense of the word, for the higher classes; consequently, a number of occasions for luxury, prodigality, and corruption of morals, the decline and ruin of families, fall away.

As soon as it is evening, the streets become silent as the grave. We are struck with this, because this is the very time when our great cities become animated. Immediately after sunset, the Oriental is safely ensconced under his roof, and goes to roost at the same time as the cocks and hens. What has he to do out of doors? There are no gin-shops, no ale-houses, no taverns, no clubs, no theatres, no *soirées*; in short, nothing of all that which, among us, offers amusement or attraction to every one, on whatever steps of the social ladder he may happen to stand. From the highest to the lowest, from the richest to the poorest, the European has the opportunity of spending his time, when he has any to spare, out of his house in congenial company; he has ample opportunity of forgetting that he has a family, or of feeling it the less, when he has none.

Here the case is quite otherwise: a man marries from pure *ennui*, and, from necessity he repairs every evening, with the most faithful punctuality, to his harem, because he cannot pass his time anywhere else. He is compelled to live at home, and the woman is confined to her harem, to the company of



her female slaves, or, at most, to a visit in another harem.

Marriages are chiefly concluded by the mothers, who take the opportunity of introducing their daughters at the different harems, and of seeing those of others. Children of tender age are frequently affianced, occasionally also, marriages of convenience are contracted, so that a young man will marry an ugly, old and infirm woman, if he can thereby acquire, through her relations, an advancement or a position in society. The sultans or pachas nearly always marry their daughters to those below them in office.

Nothing is more common among the Arabs than divorce; five, ten, nay twenty times they will dismiss their wife and take another, even if they have children by her. If they have property, they are obliged to give some of it to the wife and children, but if they have none, (which is generally the case among the lower classes,) the woman must help herself as well as she can: return to her parents, if they will receive her, or, gain a livelihood by her labour. The children of poor people are born like mushrooms, and die like flies; little regard is paid to them.

Very little ceremony is required to effect a divorce. If the husband introduces a new slave into the harem, or wishes to do so, and his wife takes this amiss and remonstrates, he says to her "go," and she is obliged to go. It is no uncommon cir-

cumstance for a man of forty or fifty years of age, to endeavour to find connubial happiness by marrying a little girl of nine or ten years of age, whether on account of the novelty, or whether in the hope of finding her more tractable and obedient, I do not pretend to say. An inexperienced child of that age, wearies of such a comparatively old man ; she begins to weep, and, in her childish way, asks for amusement. If this annoys him, he says "go," and go the poor little thing must. Only the daughters of eminent men are treated with respect, and are not thus cruelly sent forth. The inhuman custom of destroying their yet unborn infants is as general among the women of the Arabian as of the Turkish harem. All these prejudicial habits and vices prevail, not only among the higher classes, to whom greater effeminacy, lasciviousness, and their consequent vices are generally ascribed, but they pervade all ranks to a fearful extent.

A Levantine lady to whom I am indebted for the greater part of these particulars, told me that she saw a little girl wearing the woman's veil under her eyes, and attended by one of her servants. "What is the reason you are veiling yourself, my little girl," inquired she. "Because I am married," replied the little maiden quite pettishly. "What is your age?" "Nine years!"

If we consider the extreme youthfulness and inexperience, the charge of her household, and among the lower classes, the necessity of contributing to her

husband's maintenance, subsequently, the birth and rearing of her family, all which rests upon a fragile being, we can very easily imagine that the husband must have frequent cause for dissatisfaction with his young wife. But why does he enter upon such a marriage? The union with a child of such tender age, is in itself a moral degeneracy; and it is impossible that polygamy should have any other effect than that of debasing the character, since it leads him to regard women, only as the object of his pleasures. Hence divorce and polygamy are complete anomalies, for divorce implies the previous voluntary union of two persons, not the arbitrary surrender of one party who has no will in the matter, to another who has. The wills may be consentient, and they must become so even in divorce. In the East, woman is never regarded as a person, but as a thing; by this standard we are enabled to form an idea of the much lauded domestic life, which certainly possesses many attractions for the husband.

As I have not been at all engaged with sight-seeing since my return to Cairo, I have occupied myself with those subjects which do not so immediately come under observation, although they may not be quite so agreeable as the contemplation of the beautiful Arabic architecture, or the magnificent groves of palms. I have the pleasure of seeing the Austrian consul-general, who has resided in Egypt for the last ten years, almost daily, and I very much enjoy listening to his narrations. When diploma-

tists are agreeable men, they are the most agreeable of all companions, yet there are two qualities with which they must dispense ; first, not to be governed by the all-absorbing feeling that they alone belong to the *bon genre* ; and secondly, not to speak in the very phrases which are written down in their instructions.

The wife of the consul-general is a Greek lady, and exceedingly beautiful. She gave me much information respecting the harems, the domestic economy, and the barbarism of the customs connected with marriage, with which she is as well acquainted as an Arabian, having lived all her life in Egypt.

I have had the real satisfaction of becoming acquainted with Dr. Clot Bey. When Mehemet Ali undertook the organization of his regular troops, the want of a lazaretto, and of judicial medical treatment was soon felt. He accordingly applied to the French Government for a physician, who could undertake the establishment of a military hospital and preside over it. This was the cause which brought Dr. Clot to Egypt seventeen years ago. The word "Bey" annexed to his name is a civil title of high rank, as pacha is of military.

Clot Bey has likewise founded a large civil hospital and several schools of medicine, with the necessary adjuncts of a botanical garden, a laboratory, a small collection of objects of natural history, and a medical library. His institutions seem really to be

successful, and this may always be expected when we earnestly set about the amelioration of human misery. I therefore feel an interest in them, and still more so in the man himself.

He took me to the large civil hospital in the Esekbyeh square ; it consists of several distinct buildings in which the sick men and women, the lunatics, and the midwifery departments are located. A little foundling institution has also been set on foot, and here we saw about a dozen of these unhappy little things. The moral condition of the people, at least in Cairo, is not very different from that of our large European cities. The most fearful vices and the most dreadful sicknesses are quite common, as Clot Bey in his capacity of physician, and director of the medical institution, has the most unequivocal evidence.

After he had founded the military hospital with a school appertaining to it, or rather an institution for the education and training of young Arab medical men, and subsequently founded the civil hospital, he endeavoured to do something for the women, to whom the physician has no access, and who are therefore dependent in times of sickness, upon old women, who, when the usual common remedies fail, have recourse to the most absurd means, which can neither relieve nor save their patients. He accordingly founded an institution for midwifery, where women are scientifically instructed for their calling, and furnished with as much medical and surgical knowledge as is necessary to enable them to give

medical aid to their own sex. Only fancy, Mahometan women are scientifically instructed in anatomy, physic, and chemistry, and that by men! Is it not incredibly remarkable? They read the works that are written in Europe on this profession, and which are translated into Arabic. They write a very small, legible Arabic hand, and are instructed by a former pupil of the medical school, whose education was completed at Paris, where he studied five years.

At our visit to the hospital we found about twelve or fifteen of these women employed in reading and writing, in a large, airy hall, and Clot Bey examined three of the most promising of his pupils. Although he perfectly understands the Arabic language, he does not speak it with that fluency which would enable him to express himself with sufficient clearness on such an occasion; he therefore directed his questions in French to the teacher, who translated them into Arabic.

Clot Bey, in his work on Egypt, states that the instruction in the school is given through interpreters, and I was therefore much disposed to question the success of the experiment, yet it has succeeded. The teacher in this school is still instructed through an interpreter, because the first teachers were Europeans. Now, wherever they are Arabs, this inconvenience is done away with, which not only effects a saving of time, but likewise greatly facilitates the instruction.

The pupils of this institution are all young persons. Some were purchased slaves, others orphans, or

without the means of obtaining a livelihood, whilst others had been sent hither by their parents. They are twenty in number, and are maintained, boarded, and clothed, at the expense of the government. They have a dormitory and dining-hall in common. Most of them were strong and vigorous, a very necessary qualification for their profession. The Abyssinians, who are intelligent and quick of comprehension, would be much more desirable in such an institution; but they cannot stand the climate of Egypt, which we found so mild, and they so rough, that out of twenty-five recently purchased for the institution, only five are now alive; all the others having died of diseases of the chest.

Of two of the pupils who were examined, one was distinguished by her quiet, thoughtful manner, and the other by her great animation. Whilst the former, with a serious countenance and downcast eye listened to the questions and deliberately replied to them, the other endeavoured to divine her answer on Clot Bey's lips, and still more on those of her teacher, and replied as quickly as possible. She looked extremely intelligent, and therefore very well, otherwise she was as ugly as possible. She had that expression which we see among children; in the countenance of adults it is overcome by education, which has disciplined the understanding. Hence an intelligent man looks equally profound or acute, contemplative, or cunning, sensible or interesting, as the case may be; the rough diamond of the under-

standing has already received its facets. You can scarcely conceive how refreshing it is to see a human countenance without this artificial tutoring!

The questions which were directed to these young women, embraced not merely the circumscribed, but also the more extensive sphere of their profession. The two I have alluded to went through the examination extremely well, but the third rather failed; she appeared to be inattentive or embarrassed.

They were all unveiled, whereas even a lunatic carefully drew the veil over her whole face, with the exception of one eye, when we entered her chamber, and she saw the male strangers approach. I know not but Clot Bey wished to see her face and endeavoured to remove the veil, but she stepped back proudly, and said with scorn, "do you take me for one of your Christians, that I should unveil myself before strange men?" and her dark black eye flashed with anger beneath her deep blue veil.

There are more lunatics than we might have expected to find among an uncivilized people, though the proportion is certainly much smaller than in Europe. In nine cases out of ten, the madness of men is brought on by religious enthusiasm, while that of women is chiefly caused by physical disorders.

Three women in the last stage of Goita prove that this melancholy disease is found on the banks of the Nile as well as on the Alps. They were in an apartment by themselves, with a nurse. All the



lunatics were in separate cells, and even those who were raving mad were without chains, a practice which was formerly in use at Cairo. The unhappy patients who were suffering from that dreadful disease, the ophthalmia, were generally placed two and two in a small apartment, while the rest of the sick were assembled in large, lofty, airy rooms.

The beds consist of straw mattresses, and grey woollen coverlets. Salaried nurses and overseers preserve order, and attend upon the sick, and the former is said to be a more difficult matter than the latter, because, unless the patient is actually half dead, he thinks it quite miserable to be obliged to lie still upon his bed. The female patients, who chiefly consist of lying-in women, are of course attended by female nurses, but they are subject to the visits of the medical men, and therefore they very unwillingly enter the hospitals, and never, except when driven to it by absolute necessity. It is on account of this aversion to male attendants that Clot Bey considers the instruction of females the more indispensable.

It is truly painful and distressing to think that this fine large institution should be an ephemera; there are no funds which may be applied to its support. Clot Bey is compelled to obtain all the means; he has to care for the provision of every piece of bread, of every medicine, of every coverlet; and he does so. He must therefore have a great and powerful influence, which he exercises, not only for his patients,

but also for strangers, and all needing assistance, with the greatest philanthropy; but he says himself, that he fears that the existence of his institution will terminate with his own life.

The military hospital and the school of medicine, at Cassr el Ain, between Cairo and Fostat have been organized on a similar plan, and are maintained on a grand scale. I have not seen them, for Clot Bey has constant occupation; I feel greatly obliged to him for having devoted one morning to me, but I should certainly not like to trespass upon him for a second.

His little collection of Egyptian antiquities, which has been arranged without any pretension, is very interesting on account of the number of pretty ornaments wrought in gold, signets with scarabæa idols of bronze, and statues carved in wood, which have been chiefly found in tombs. I was quite disheartened from seeing another private collection, when the person who invited me said with much seriousness, that the collar of Menes and the signet of Cheops were preserved there! I suppose I looked rather incredulous, for my informant added; "the signet of Cheops is incontestibly genuine, because an Englishman has offered £500 for it." A most irrefragable argument truly!

Everything which has the remotest connection with charlatanry is opposed to my nature, and inspires me with disgust; for charlatanry is the lie of vanity, whose main object is to delude others. I did not go to see this collection, which, like the

history of ancient Egypt, commences with a relic of Menes, and, probably, proceeds through all the dynasties of the Pharaohs, with similar questionable reminiscences.

It is impossible to conceive how ample a field Egypt itself presents for charlatanry, unless you have yourself beheld it. This mysterious world of hieroglyphics, these faded colours, these blackened and defaced drawings, these colossal and insignificant fragments of sculpture, and remains of architecture, these mountain tombs, these caverned temples, and the profound uncertainty and darkness, which for ages have reigned over all ; all these are, to the honest investigator, the most seductive enticements into the domain of hypothesis, while they infallibly lead the vain boaster into the extensive field of charlatanry.

I have, however, seen a genuine Egyptian curiosity, namely a brooding oven. There was one at work beyond the gate of Bab el Futeh, in a most desolate suburb of the city. February is the favourable month ; the fellahs then bring the eggs, which they have collected, to the superintendent of the Maamal, who places them in the small niches that resemble ovens, and which run along both sides of a narrow, low passage. Here a continual fire is kept up, which imparts just as much warmth as is requisite to call the chicken into life, and when this is done, the superintendent delivers one chicken to the fellah for every two eggs which he has received,

reserving the other as a recompense for his trouble and expense.

This mode of hatching chickens is a regular business, and, like every other calling in Egypt, has a sheikh at the head. They are said to be very mysterious in their work, but have acquired so much dexterity from their immense practice, that when eggs are brought to them they are able to say, this chicken will appear in three days, that one in eight, and that in ten.

The use of the thermometer is unknown to these men, but they can tell the heat required to such a nicety, that they are able to maintain the exact temperature requisite in this branch of industry, which is exceedingly useful here, as the Egyptian hens are not at all disposed to hatch their own chickens; they lay the eggs, and then give themselves no farther trouble about them.

Many millions of chickens are annually hatched in this artificial manner. Large heaps of eggs were lying in the niches, ranged in two tiers along the narrow, hot, dark passage, which we were obliged to enter by creeping in at a very low doorway; this passage, with some adjoining chambers, is in fact, the oven. A little chick burst the shell while I was looking at it; it really seemed quite wonderful! There lay the lifeless, motionless egg, and suddenly appeared a little creature with a gentle movement, and a small voice. What a marvel is existence! This is a mystery which God has reserved in his own keeping.

How dead, compared with it, are the mysteries of the hieroglyphics which proud man deciphers with such self-satisfaction !

The most celebrated brooding oven in Egypt is at Siout. It is confined exclusively to the eggs of fowls ; other ovens receive those also of different kinds of birds. The Austrian Consul-General once caused the eggs of a crocodile to be hatched here !

The gate of Bab el Futeh, to which I just now adverted, as well as the proxime gate of Bab el Nasr, are fine buildings of the time of Sultan Saladin. The Saracenic arch, with light tasteful ornaments, rises above the entrance, between two solid round towers. These gates are the only monuments of the chivalrous epoch of Egypt ; for the Arab was not only a fanatic conqueror, but he was, like the then whole civilized world—warlike ; and, in poetical language, a knight. Even to the present day, they would be meet entrances to the embattled towers of the hero of the Crusades.

We ride out daily, sometimes through the city, sometimes to the gates, the fountains, the minarets, the tombs of the Chalifs, or to the magnificent avenue of Shoubra, with its sister avenues, where we gladly take shelter from the noontide heat.

The climate is indescribably pleasant : the constant warmth of the sun, the unchanging blue of the sky, which is only traversed by a light, passing cloud in the morning, exercise upon us children of the north, who in this respect are the step-children of

nature, such a charm, that I really look forward to my native sky, with its cool sunshine, and its copious showers of rain, with that undefined apprehension with which we anticipate portending evils.

## LETTER LII.

TO MY SISTER.

Mehemet Ali and his enterprises—Ibrahim Pacha—Misery and Peculiarities of the People—European Civilization.

Cairo, March 2nd. 1844.

IN one of my late letters, my dear Clara, I told you, how Mehemet Ali had managed, to raise himself from the subordinate position of a captain of Albanian troops, to the rank of hereditary pacha of the empire of the Pharaohs.

A revolutionary agitation, more or less powerful, has always been the basis of sovereign dynasties, in the East, as well as in Europe; and the most recent times have evidenced in Europe, that not the bold, skilful, and successful warrior, but the adroit and able politician has raised himself to the throne. The warlike era of Europe is past, for the relations have become far too complex. It is now necessary for princes or for nations to checkmate each other under the most friendly forms, and to keep formidable military forces on foot as though it were in jest. On this basis peace is founded. But the

Oriental has no conception of the European policy, and no practice in its application.

However ably Mehmet Ali may have manœuvred in opposition to the sultan, he is not by any means adept enough to compete with European policy, and unluckily for himself, not strong enough to defy it. He thought that he was fully a match for the Sultan Mahmoud and for the Mamelukes, and, that after having mastered them, he would in a friendly manner procure from Europe whatever was suitable to his system of government. He was, however, egregiously mistaken! He has completely fallen under the tutelage of Europe, and a state of tutelage is the most revolting yoke which can be placed upon the shoulder of a human being. England and France have of course the principal share in it, and of course too, they do it only "for his own good" and "for the benefit of his country."

It would be easy for him to make a canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and thus to effect this most important communication between Europe and Asia. The nature of the soil is said to be highly favourable to such an undertaking, and he well knows how to drive his fellahs to work. What a splendid prospect would this open for the commerce of the countries of southern Europe and the coasts of the Mediterranean! The months, which are now consumed in sailing round by the Cape of Good Hope, would be reduced to as many weeks. This route was taken, and by no means with the

same ease, by the commerce of the middle ages, when Amalfi, Venice, nay, even Augsburg were in the height of their splendour. Egypt also, even if it did not take an active part in the trade, might gain considerably by the transit duties.

England, however, will not tolerate the construction of such a canal, and on the other hand demands, as importunately and as invitingly as possible, a connection between the seas by railway, which it offers to lay down at its own expense. A transit company has already been formed, which unites Alexandria and Cairo by means of steam boats, Cairo and Suez by omnibusses, and Suez and the coast of India by steamers. Goods, however, must be conveyed from Cairo to Suez, and vice versâ, by camels, which perform the journey in three days; for this commerce the railway would be admirable, and England alone would derive advantage from this new and short route to India, which it generously offers to undertake at its own cost!

I am curious to know to what conclusion Mehemet Ali will come; but I think I can plainly foresee that the influence of England will triumph; it is all powerful in our days, independently of which, England has always sought for some fitting opportunity when it may very gently lay its hand upon Egypt. I mentioned my surmise one day to a very intelligent Englishman, who replied, that such a conquest would be too expensive, as was proved by the example of France and Algiers. This I fully agree



in; but to possess in Egypt a second Gibraltar, to be the Lord of the Mediterranean, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Isthmus of Suez, with the intermediate stations of Malta and Corfu,—this is what I mean.

The slave trade will furnish England with an opportunity of picking a quarrel with the old pacha. You are aware that there is an anti-slavery society in England which has lately addressed the British Government, calling upon it to induce Mehemet Ali, to give up this hunting of human beings, in the kingdoms of the Blacks. He, of course, denies that any such takes place, and yet I am informed that he has just now given orders for a new campaign for the same purpose. This is revolting; but, properly speaking, only in the eyes of Europe, which has a thousand different degrees of slavery, though not precisely that of Negro slavery.

Turn back to the remotest era of oriental history, and you will find, that slaves have been too intimately interwoven with the customs, the manners, the very life of the Orientals for thousands of years, for them to have any notions of our philanthropic indignation. And how should they? No where is the mother more highly respected by her son, than in the East, and this mother is perhaps a purchased slave! Men who purchase their wives, and who have legitimate children by their slaves, cannot possibly see the humiliation of the slave or the injustice of the master which we attach to it.

Besides this, every levy of recruits throughout the Turkish empire is a predatory expedition in chase of men, in which armed soldiers surprise districts or villages, and drag away all the men on whom they may be able to lay their hands. How, then, should Mehemet Ali conceive that an expedition against the Blacks is a crime against humanity? He may be compelled to relinquish it, but he will never be convinced; and, if the restraint is removed, he will return to his old habits, and, probably, with the greater avidity, as nothing in the whole matter may appear to him as an act of injustice, except the interference which he is obliged to tolerate from foreigners.

Thus he has just been reduced to sell the productions, such as cotton, indigo, and silk, (the monopoly of which he had reserved to himself,) not to some few great merchants, but to dispose of them by public auction, that more persons may have a share in the advantages of the trade. This relates to the productions of Egypt, of which he is the master.

With regard to the trade in the kingdoms of the Blacks, Dongola, Darfour and Sennaar, which he has conquered, and the investiture of which he annually receives from the Sultan,—with respect to those valuable productions of central Africa, ivory, gum, ostrich feathers, spices, &c., the foreign powers conclude treaties in Constantinople, which permit the trade in them, on the payment of certain duties, and then they require him to carry them into execution.

Now as he supports, with his own resources, the sovereignty over those countries, so that the Turkish supremacy is as nominal as that of the Roman emperor over Rome was forty years ago, he endeavours, in every way imaginable, to evade the execution of these treaties, or to break them altogether; and this of course exposes him to endless annoyances.

I had imagined that, in avarice and love of gold, he must be a genuine Turk, but this is by no means the case; he is said never to have any money. He has trinkets, jewels and diamonds, with which the ladies of his harem may amuse themselves; but money he has none; and if he now and then happens to possess any, he expends it upon manufactories and other enterprizes, which cost more than they produce, and are said besides, seldom to answer their intended purpose when they are finished. This statement I heard, for example, respecting the fortifications of Alexandria. He always invites Europeans to undertake these works, but he seems to have no correct judgment of the plans which they are obliged to lay before him, and hence he is often terribly deceived. He once complained, that he had expended eighty millions of Spanish dollars in the erection and establishment of injudicious institutions and machines, and that the Syrian war had occasioned him a loss of five hundred millions of Spanish piastres.

The pay of the troops is a whole year in arrear,

and their number is said to have diminished to eight thousand. The Pasha has seen to what eminence Europe has attained, by its increasing manufactures, protected by the armed peace of the standing armies, and he has attempted, without thoroughly understanding them, to transplant both into Egypt, which is in no wise prepared for them, and which has not the experience of a long previous training. Add to this the endeavours of his European friends and opponents, to civilize him, according to their notions, and I think that the poor old man must have well learned that, in order to live in friendship with the great European powers, he must keep them in awe. Ah me! in these our liberal times, the weak have a hard task !

Had Mehemet Ali confined his operations, to reorganizing the agriculture of Egypt, and to executing a grand system of canalization ; had he left alone all European manufactures and machinery, how flourishing might his country now have been ! but, in his fruitless endeavours to vie with the manufactures of Europe, he wastes time, money, and human hands, which are so indispensable to Egypt.

In Upper Egypt, about Thebes, Tentyris and Abydos, amid the most luxuriant fields, which are really overcharged with produce, are large waste tracts of the richest arable soil, the fertile black garden mould of which seems merely to require the slightest touch from the hand of man, to produce the most excellent sugar-canes, while the men are forced to work

in the manufactories, in making a miserable kind of sugar. We understand these things better in Europe, but unfortunately we cannot plant the sugar-cane there.

A country which both produces and manufactures must be in a different grade of civilization, and have passed through the school of long previous experience. It commences with producing.

You are aware that Mehemet Ali is the possessor of two thirds of the soil of Egypt, which he has divided, as his property, between himself, Ibrahim Pacha, and a couple of his grand-children. The other third appertains to private persons, and a small portion to the mosques. Lands dedicated to religious purposes are inalienable, and cannot be touched, even for the most important secular purposes; they are called "waqf." In order to secure these possessions against the encroachments of the sovereign, many persons in the East make not only their lands, but even their houses and gardens waqf; that is, in case the family should become extinct, they shall appertain to a mosque, till which time they are under its all-powerful protection. This rule is very general in Syria and the Levant. Thus in Jerusalem half the houses in the city are said to be waqf.

Mehemet Ali has now made two thirds of the land of Egypt waqf, and has thereby gained even all the Mahometan priests. This was a very sly act, to be sure; and it was told me, as a proof of his cunning in what relates to his personal affairs; but he ought

to be aware that precisely in this point, cunning yields to force.

When he began to appropriate the land to his own use, he found himself greatly impeded in his efforts by the immense number of waqfs. He accordingly demanded of the sheikhs documentary proofs that those waqfs legally belonged to these mosques, and that they had not, as there was every reason to suspect, come unlawfully into their possession, during the preceding disturbed times of the Mamelukes. The sheikhs brought the documents, which were deposited in an archive, while the investigation was pending ; when, behold ! one night, the slight building, containing the archives was consumed by the flames, and the documents destroyed !

In such a doubtful case, which cannot possibly be decided, the Turkish law assigns the property to the government, and the sheikhs were accordingly obliged to be satisfied with some indemnification to their mosques. But does it not appear very amusing to you, that in civilized Europe, as in barbarous Egypt, the revolutionists are always animated by the same fixed idea? *They* may pull down with impunity every opposing barrier, but the barriers which they erect must be considered sacred. In this point Mehemet really does honour to his European tutors.

I saw the old pacha twice, in my numerous promenades to Shoubra, where he has his spring residence. All the world may visit this garden, even

when he is there ; and, as he always dines in the open air, by the side of a fountain, between hedges of myrtle and orange trees, there is not the slightest difficulty in getting a sight of him.

Madame de Laurin and I once happened to be in the beautiful marble fountain kiosk, when it was suddenly announced that Ali was approaching. We, however, saw no reason why we should follow the custom of the Mahometan women, be seized with a panic and run away, and we therefore remained as near as we were permitted. He of course saw us, and saluted us very politely. He has a small red face, a magnificent white beard, stoops slightly, and has the resolute, though tottering step of a vigorous old man. He wore the red tarbush, and a dark green pelisse, trimmed with sable.

He receives foreign gentlemen, presented by their consuls, without any ceremony, but does not offer them anything except pipes and tobacco. I asked my travelling companion what was the predominant expression of his countenance ? “ Animated and friendly.” “ Something of the friendly expression of the cat, I suppose ?” “ Just so,” replied he. He was of opinion that if he could have conversed with Ali in Turkish, he would have heard many sensible, though not polished remarks. Even now, notwithstanding the tediousness of interpretation, he replied quickly and sensibly : he speaks only the bad Albanian-Turkish ; he cannot write, and learned to read when he was nearly forty years of age.

Ibrahim Pasha writes and speaks Turkish, Persian and Arabic (and this reminds me that the Arabs have never learned a syllable of Turkish; an expression of the energetic hatred of a people, which has been subjugated for three hundred years!) He is said to have a sounder judgment, more deliberation, and more consistency in action than his father, who is very easily excited; but he is reported to be exceedingly avaricious. He lives in great seclusion from public life, at his country seat at Cube, on the road to Heliopolis, and very seldom visits his palace of Cassr el Ain, which is opposite to the Island of Rhoda.

Ibrahim Pasha has very bad health, and frequently uses baths, but he occasionally admits strangers, and my travelling companion very much regrets that he did not take the opportunity of being presented to him. I was much pleased with the following little anecdote relating to him.

A traveller, whose object it was to render himself very agreeable to Ibrahim, overwhelmed him with eulogiums of his talents as a general, developed to him, as if inspired by enthusiasm, the whole course of the Syrian war, and concluded by saying, that "after the battle of Koniah, it was in his power to prescribe laws, not only to the Porte, but to all Europe." Ibrahim Pasha listened to him very quietly and replied calmly: "Pray speak of other matters: you might have said such things to Napoleon, but not to a poor Turk like me." It is inva-



riably the token of a superior intellect, coolly to repulse flattery, and of a strong character, not to pant after praise.

If Ibrahim Pasha should ever take the place of Mehemet Ali, he will probably relinquish the execution of his two extensive and prospective plans and enterprises, in order to afford more substantial assistance to enable the country to perform that of which it is really capable. Wars have depressed it fearfully, and yet within these three years of peace, the favourable indications of internal tranquillity have already manifested themselves in an increase of the population; and, within the last year, of a more active commerce.

It is undoubtedly not true, that Mehemet Ali ruins Egypt, as is often asserted. He has introduced, within these thirty years, the cultivation of more productions, has laid down more plantations of trees than the Porte has thought of during three hundred years, and this is a permanent advantage. On the other hand, it is perfectly true that he bestows more care upon the soil than upon the people. The fellah is a wretched being, not an unhappy one, for he is not conscious of his condition; but he is truly miserable, and his extreme poverty, and the dirt in which he lives, appear to me to have reached their climax, especially in the vicinity of Cairo. The higher we proceed up the Nile, the more does this misery diminish. The dwellings are better, flocks are seen, and the

poultry are numerous ; but the dirt indeed remains, and it is an overwhelming, indestructible, I might almost say an organic dirt, which seems to be a component part of their existence.

The religious cleanliness of the Mahometans is frequently spoken of ; this must be merely understood to mean that, before they engage in prayer they perform their prescribed ablutions, which consist in dipping their hands into water and then passing them over their face, and sometimes over their feet, and after every meal to wash their mouth and hands, which they punctually perform, in the same superficial manner. But as they *never* change their clothes, and always roll themselves about on the ground in the dust of Egypt, which swarms with vermin of every kind, under this burning sun, which is favourable to their increase ; as they admit their animals, their camels, asses, goats, and sheep, into the circle of their families, and, if possible, between their four walls ; as they execute every office with their hands, digging the ground in the fields, mixing the camels' dung with straw, &c., they are, notwithstanding all their superficial ablutions, in a state of filth which can neither be described nor conceived ; and this extends to all the Oriental countries, and through all classes, although the towns and the rich have their baths.

In the chief harems at Constantinople, at the marriage feast in the house of an Arabic-catholic merchant at Beyrout, in the elegant residences of

the wealthy and beautiful Jewesses of Damascus, I never saw one woman who looked clean! They wore silks, embroidery, shawls and diamonds, but these are all unwashable articles; at night they retire to rest in the greater part of their clothes, and loll about all day long on carpets and cushions. Wherever the women are untidy, the men will be more so; and if the rich are so, what can we expect from the poor?

The fellahs are covered with a crust of dirt, inhabited by a little world of vermin. As they always live in the open air, and behave with as much indifference as if they were in private, and as the traveller is constantly brought into contact, even if only by the eye, with drivers of asses, Nile boatmen, beggars, and inquisitive intruders, he has ample opportunities of convincing himself of these facts, and that in so revolting a manner, that it becomes the most unpleasant part of an Eastern journey. All this, however, affects the European more than it does the fellah, and hence I call him wretched, though not unhappy.

The food of the fellah consist of beans, dura, onions, dates, and, if he is well to do in the world, of sheep or goat-milk; he requires no more, and he has no more. Now, in my opinion, there is no very great unhappiness in being able to subsist without animal food; but as we are accustomed to judge of the condition of the lower classes by the circumstance of eating meat, the fellah may appear compa-

ratively miserable because he subsists on vegetables. In the north a more substantial diet is indispensable. Yet, notwithstanding this spare nutriment, the fellah attains to a great age, unless indeed he dies of the plague; and his thoughtlessness and his "Mash Allah," happily alleviate his wretched life, which in truth, has more resemblance to the animal than to human existence. His extreme filth, his grovelling on the ground, his disinclination to work, which is only overcome by external and corporeal constraint, his cynical indifference to propriety, and the recklessness of danger and bodily dexterity which he displays, when roused by necessity: in all this the animal decidedly predominates.

Yet you must not imagine that they are stupid or dull. They are lively, communicative and intelligent. They are remarkably skilful in ascertaining by your look what is meant and what is said:—not only what is said to them, but what is said in conversation. As soon as ever they raise themselves from the earth, they have an admirable carriage. Their manners are even pleasing; but every thing is buried under a crust of dirt.

The crew which manned our bark from Assuan to Wadi Halfa, were poor in the extreme, and the reis did not fare better than his people. One morning there was a most cutting wind; they had drawn their brown mantles over their heads, and had cowered on the deck like monkeys, with their arms

slung round their knees. My travelling companion, who was also wrapped up in his cloak, came from the cabin smoking; the reis observed, that he supposed if a man could smoke, he would not feel the cold so much. Bystram gave him some tobacco, which he received very thankfully, and instantly turning to the dragoman, who acted as interpreter, he said, "Take some, and stuff your pipe," nor would he desist till he had done so. This readiness to share a favourite enjoyment, this hospitality, which is not confined to home, pleases me much.

I do not remember the name of the village, but once, when our bark pushed off from shore, a female bade farewell to one of our rowers, whether in love or in anger I know not, and he remained perfectly passive; but she, wandering along on the bank in her long dark blue garment, and in her trailing gauze veil, with a light step and uplifted arms and noble motions, made a greater impression upon me than many a "Norma," and was so indescribably picturesque that I could not help thinking that many a German actress might profit by studying the graceful movements of an Arab peasant.

But how can a people be civilized, who, like the beasts, tumble and roll continually on the ground, and know no other table nor chair, nor bed, than the dust and dirt of the earth. They *must* be raised from the ground: for so long as they remain there with their quadruped habits, the animal existence will predominate, and be a barrier against civilization.

Civilization must here be literally commenced from the lowest step of the ladder; and, if it is possible, must not be undertaken by Europeans. They always begin with reading and writing, which may be very suitable to the state of Europe, but certainly not indispensable in a country, whose sovereign did not learn to read till he was forty years of age. It is an untold misfortune to Egypt that Mehemet has not the discernment to see that the material existence of the people must be raised, and that he might effect this without European teachers, if the heart of a regenerator beat in his breast.

The most inextricable medley arises, of Christianity and Islamism, of Oriental manners and European notions, of Oriental traditions and European innovations, which clash with each other in the most fearful discord. Mehemet Ali sends for teachers, and he allows strangers to establish schools, from which, however, religious instruction must be excluded. Should he not rather seek, in the vigorous and plain principles of Islamism, to develop an element which might gradually bring the people to active exertions, and, in order to accelerate it, alleviate the burden which lies so heavily, on their shoulders.

His youngest sons, who are not yet grown up, are instructed by a tutor from Geneva, and I believe those of Ibrahim Pacha likewise. But what do these boys learn, of whose European education there is so much talk? French grammar and French syntax, and not a whit more, because their teacher

knows nothing more! For who comes to Egypt? Able men are everywhere scarce, and to perform any thing here a man must possess eminent ability; men of this stamp are wanted in Europe, and it is but an exception, as in the case of Clot Bey, when they can resolve upon such an emigration. But for one Clot Bey, fifty individuals perhaps come who fancy that, because they are Europeans, they must be of some consequence, and be sure of making their way.

Of Abbas Pacha, the eldest grandson of Mehemet Ali, we hear no good. European manners are said to be hateful to him; this of course is barbarism in the eyes of Europeans; but I can conceive that it may not be such here.

## LETTER LIII.

T O M Y M O T H E R.

A voyage on the Nile—Cases of pestilence—Pompey's Pillar—  
Former state and decline of the town—Its modern aspect—  
An English yacht.

Alexandria, March 6th. 1844.

By way of variety, my dear mother, I am now in a place where the plague has broken out, and my only apprehension is, lest you should learn this news from the journals, sooner than you hear it from me, with the additional information that I arrived here yesterday, and shall depart to-morrow.

Of course nothing is thought in this city of the commencement of the fearful disease of which, since the 10th of February, there have scarcely been more than one or two cases in the day. Now even in order to leave to-morrow in the French steamer "Le Dante," we shall not obtain the *Patente nette*, which is granted only when there has been no case of plague here for forty days, and this may probably prolong our quarantine at Syra.

If the plague has spread so far, that the foreign consuls close their houses, the French steamers will not receive any more passengers: at present only those of the fourth rank are excluded. These are the only steamers which go from Alexandria to Athens, which they do three times in the course of the month. The English steamers proceed direct to Malta, without touching at any point in Greece, and the Austrians, in their line of communication between Trieste, Greece and the Levant, have not yet included Alexandria.

The Transit company, of which I have already spoken, has constituted Egypt a station between England and India, and has organized steamboats upon the Nile which ply between Alexandria and Cairo, and correspond with the arrival and departure of the European steamers. We were told that they are so expensive, so confined, and generally so crowded, that the passengers are obliged to pass the night sitting on their trunks. I therefore preferred the independence of a bark of my own,



which would besides afford me an opportunity of taking a cursory view of the cultivation of Lower Egypt, on the banks of the Nile.

After another stay of a fortnight my interest in Cairo was so far satisfied that I did not desire to prolong my residence there. I intended to stop only the indispensable twenty-four hours at Alexandria; and we therefore imagined that we had made very capital arrangements when we assigned three days for our passage down the Nile. We were told that it might be effected in thirty-six hours, but this appeared very dubious, and practicable only in certain cases; for instance, in the journeys of the pacha; for the steamers are always twenty-four hours.

We left Boulak on the 3rd, and thought that we should arrive here late on the 5th, or early on the 6th. A small bark belonging to a French colonel, who had served six years in India, and who was quite delighted to re-visit Europe, sailed with us. The barks were very light and small, and most inconveniently narrow, for there was not even space for a table between the two sofas, and which obliged us to contrive a substitute; we therefore reckoned the more surely on a good and rapid passage, especially as we had eight rowers; but lo! the north west wind, which, since we were at El Arish had never prevailed, with the exception of a few days, suddenly rose with such vehemence in the afternoon, that the tedious and wearisome tacking again began, and we were ultimately obliged to lay to, till the storm had

passed ; it in fact abated towards sunset, though it did not entirely cease, so that the rowers were able to work for a couple of hours. It however came on again, and thus with the delightful alternation of tacking, lying to, and rowing laboriously onwards, the night and the following day passed over.

The French colonel, who had only six oars on board, had long since fallen behind, and we had now obtained a new companion, a kind of half countryman of ours, a native of Holstein, whom it availed nothing that he had started from Boulak twenty-four hours before us. He had been arrested by the storm, and we overtook him.

We all saw that if we proceeded in this manner, it would be utterly impossible to arrive in time at Alexandria, where, even if we were disposed to forego the pleasure of seeing Pompey's pillar and the obelisks, we should nevertheless be obliged to obtain our certificates of health and passports.

The storm did not abate at sunset on the 4th, but our Holstein companion resolved to await the turn of the weather for twelve hours, and, if there were no favourable change by that time, to proceed by land across the country to Alexandria, and we resolved to get on board the steamer, if it would stop in the middle of the river to take us up. We thought that by this time we must be so far from Cairo that it might overtake us at midnight. But it did so at

nine o'clock, having left Boulak at four. It had performed the voyage in five hours, which we had laboured to accomplish in thirty-two!

We hailed the steamer, and, to our great joy, the captain declared that he was quite ready to take us on board for £5 sterling, each person; the fare from Cairo being £3 10s. Thus you see, my dear mother, I am a child of misfortune, whenever I endeavour to economize, for of course we had to pay for our bark for the whole voyage.

We transferred ourselves, with our promiscuous baggage of the Desert and of the Nile bark, which we should find absolutely necessary in the lazaretto at Syra; and I was glad enough, when, within the space of a quarter of an hour, we were gliding along amid the hissing and roaring of the stream, sure of arriving in time at Alexandria.

In the tiny ladies' cabin I found a very pretty and highly educated English lady, a model of refined society, in the very best sense of the word. She had agreeable manners, talent, understanding, and serious deportment, and not a spark of peculiarity in her opinions or her manners. She is on a tour of pleasure with her husband and child, in a yacht of their own, visiting the coasts of Southern Europe and the Levant, and they were just returning from Cairo to proceed to Beyrout in their "Gitana."

The little cabin was quite large enough for two, and I passed the night, not sitting on my trunk, but

sleeping on a bench, which however was very narrow, and had a very hard mattress. The gentlemen's cabin was full to overflowing.

I awoke at five o'clock yesterday morning, just as the steamer lay to at Atfeh, where we left the Nile, and continued the voyage to Alexandria on the great Mahmudic canal, which Mehmet Ali caused to be constructed in one year by twenty-five thousand fellahs, and this we accomplished in the following manner: a little steamer of four horse power took in tow, a large, conveniently arranged bark, and brought us in about ten hours, to our destination.

We landed yesterday afternoon at four o'clock, and found everything arranged in the European fashion. The host of the hotel d'Orient had sent his calèche to the landing place, and we passed Pompey's pillar, which makes a very wonderful, spectre-like impression upon the mind; we drove rapidly along the roads, which are covered by large heaps of rubbish, overgrown with verdure, past a few solitary palms, and through a deep winding gate-way in the fortifications, to the quarter of the Franks, in Alexandria.

Here Egypt ceases! This is the colony of a European commercial world! It is long since I have seen anything so sober as this European quarter, with its immense houses, all painted quite white, all furnished with green venetian blinds, and all as wearisome as the modern style of building renders the streets of our European cities.

I was quite disappointed in my expectation of seeing any thing of Lower Egypt; for the short tract which I passed in the bark was not distinguished by a greater degree of cultivation than the banks of the Nile, with which I am well acquainted; and the voyage in the steamer by night occupied the greater portion of our route, while from Atfeh we proceeded in the deep bed of the Mahmudie canal, without seeing anything except its desolate banks.

It was not till we reached the neighbourhood of Alexandria that some country seats of merchants and bankers rose above the banks; the houses are white, with iron gates and miserable gardens, which portray nothing more conspicuously than their aim at European refinement. Of the town itself nothing is to be seen in the immediate vicinity, so low is the ground on which it stands.

Where are the noble plantations of Cairo? Where are the mosques, the minarets, the cupolas, which every Oriental city possesses, though not in such numbers nor in such high perfection as this genuine daughter of triumphant Islamism, and the chivalrous, polished chalifate, the noble fantastic Saracene, Musr el Cahireh? The only things Oriental about Alexandria are the mounds of rubbish which surround the town, yet even they no longer appear in Arabian nakedness, but are already clad in a northern garb of young green grass, which in its way pleased me much. It is a sign that there is more rain here. There is not a spot in the vicinity of Cairo which

can boast of young verdure; there is only a rich, cherished vegetation, or a bare sandy desert.

Nothing remains of the traces of the Pharaohs but two obelisks, one overturned and the other still standing upright. Both have cartouches of Thothmes III, and likewise hieroglyphics, which are not so sharply and purely cut as those on the obelisks of Luxor and Karnak. They are now in one of those miserable suburbs of the poor people, which seems to be composed of dilapidated ovens and heaps of rubbish, and which, from their fearful exhalations, are quite calculated to attract and to generate the pestilence. The ground is dirty, all upon it is dirty, and the atmosphere is dirty. Here men are born, here they carry on the business of their life, and here they die.

Half buried in all this misery, and much deteriorated by the storms of time, one of the obelisks lies prostrate on the ground, the other still stands untouched by its side: who knows what sanctuary they once guarded!

As Alexander the Great founded this city, and as the royal race of the Ptolemies made it their residence and the seat of science and art, I think that one of them may have removed these obelisks, which are of much earlier date, from their former locality, and have placed them here before a temple.

Pompey's Pillar rises incomparably more majestically, in solitary grandeur, from the flat verdured eminence without the city, which served or now

serves as a cemetery, and therefore looks like nothing but a mound of *débris*. This sublime monument, so lonely, so noble and so melancholy, towers above land and sea like the stupendous shadow of a great past era, like the incarnation of a mighty departed spirit.

It is a Corinthian column of red granite. The shaft is a monolith sixty feet in height. The polish is in the most perfect state. The pedestal is without inscription, or decoration; and the capital, though ornamented, is rude, devoid of grace or splendour, and not befitting the column; it is unquestionably of a different era, and may have been put on the pillar by one of the Roman emperors by way of finish. Why it bears the name of Pompey is not known; the urn is said to have stood upon it in which his head was embalmed, after he had fallen by the hand of an assassin. There is something magnificent about great men! Their purple mantle flows behind them in such length and breadth, that the great and the little of their age endeavour to cover themselves with it. For this reason I like to believe that it is Pompey's pillar, whether the emperors Severus, or Adrian, or Dioclesian erected it, as has been conjectured.

I do not know whether there are any other remains of antiquity in this city, for we would not adventure amid the throng. On our passage to the Old Port we passed a house which appeared to have small antique pillars; but we proceeded so rapidly that I

could not distinguish them. It was quite a novelty to me to be sitting in a caleche instead of riding on an ass, of which there are as many here as at Cairo.

Of the stupendous works with which the Ptolemies adorned the capital, nothing remains but their undying fame! There is not a trace of the light-house which, two hundred and fifty years before our era, king Ptolemy Philadelphus employed Sostratus to erect on the island of Pharos, which lay before the harbour, and was connected with the city by a dam. It was about four hundred feet in height, and the galleries were supported by marble columns.

These Ptolemies were very magnificent, and did every thing on a grand scale. The same king sent a hundred thousand captive Jews free to Palestine, with a request to the high priest at Jerusalem that he would, in return, send him an accurate copy of the Law of Moses. He received it written upon parchment, in letters of gold, and thereupon employed seventy learned men to translate the Hebrew original into Greek. This is the Septuagint, the authority of which was subsequently disputed by the Rabins.

Manetho, the high priest and scribe of Heliopolis, who was versed in the law, lived in this reign, and he was commissioned by Ptolemy Philadelphus to compile the genealogy of the ancient Pharaohs, from the archives of his temple, a work which Eratosthenes of Cyrene, the superintendent of the Alexandrian library, subsequently endeavoured to complete in the reign of Ptolemy Evergetes; and



thus the labours and researches of these two men, connected with the fragments of chronological cartouches, which are now found in the Pharaonic temples, are the foundations of the study of that remote period of history.

What has become of the Alexandrian library is well known. The celebrated saying of Calif Omar, that, "the Koran was all-sufficient," prepared for it the strange fate of being used, in the name of Allah, to heat the baths of Alexandria, in the year A.D. 651.

Rome, and afterwards Byzantium, adorned themselves with the various treasures of ancient Alexandria; but it continued in splendour under the Arabian Califs, and flourished, by means of its commerce with Asia and Europe, till the thirteenth century. Subsequently, when the foreign dynasties of the Circassians obtained the sovereignty, and internal dissensions and foreign combats brought on the ruin of the unfortunate country, Alexandria declined more and more; most of all under the Turks; and its former magnificence is now covered by the waves of the sea, by morasses and accumulated rubbish.

I take it, however, for granted that it never was a genuine Egyptian city, like Memphis and Thebes, nor yet a genuine Arab city, as Cairo was in the sequel, but that it rather partook of the Grecian spirit which gave it birth and nourished it. The refined taste in art, the zeal for science, the study of the enjoyments and splendours of life, the energy,

the manifold culture, the restless activity and thirst for novelty and dialectic subtleties, all these betray a Grecian origin. It was leavened with a considerable portion of genuine African passion; and the third part of the mixture consisted of the absence of character of a great commercial city which is the resort of every nation. This last feature, but quite in miniature, it bears to the present moment.

I did not venture to visit the naval arsenal founded by Mehemet Ali, out of respect for the plague. I should really have found it difficult to know how to spend the day, had not the English lady whom I met yesterday invited me to visit her in her yacht. To the strange assertions of English bluntness and impertinence towards strangers, I can only oppose my own experience to the contrary, which I have had in all my journeys. Perhaps my distant reserve inspires them with confidence. I could very well sit twenty-four hours by the side of a stranger, and never exchange a word with her, so small is my demand for conversation. Perhaps, however, I am more blunt than they are, and hence I do not observe what others call bluntness. Enough; this English lady invited me before she heard my name, and this I expressly mention, in spite of the assertion, that the English invariably wait to hear the stranger's name before they can determine to be polite.

A little boat was waiting in the harbour to take us on board the yacht. The sailors wore green and white striped jackets, white trousers, straw-

coloured lackered hats, and on their breasts the name of the vessel "Gitana," and below it the initials R. Y. S. (Royal Yacht Squadron), embroidered in red. The whole yacht, from the topmast to the kitchen, was as beautifully neat and in as good order as the crew. I was really quite charmed to see the yacht, both because it was quite new to me, and because it indicates the peculiar character of this remarkable people, who settle down in a ship as we do in our country house, and make long voyages, in quite an independent manner, with their wives and families.

The Royal Yacht Squadron is one of the clubs of which there are so many in England. The queen and her consort take an interest in it ; it has a commodore and a hundred and fifty members. The yacht is a two-masted vessel, which is especially adapted for quick sailing. In summer they very frequently have sailing-matches round the Isle of Wight. They vary in size ; the Gitana is of 130 tons burden ; it has twelve sailors and a captain who was master pilot in the Royal Navy, and therefore understands his business. The owner of the yacht told me that he himself knew nothing whatever of naval tactics. He makes excursions in his yacht because he takes pleasure in this mode of travelling ; and it is no doubt very agreeable, for he is, as it were, in his own house, surrounded by his family, his own servants, his domestic arrangements, his habits, and sails along, enjoying all the comforts of home, to distant and un-

known lands. With "the comforts of home,"—I must apologize for using these words, for which the German language has no equivalent,—are combined novelty and the charm of foreign scenes.

A saloon, a dining-room, five sleeping cabins, a kitchen, &c. nay, even a bath-room, were admirably contrived in this yacht. They are all lighted from above. The walls of the dining room are hung with arms, both for ornament and for the peaceful diversion of shooting. A little library was arranged in the drawing-room, and in the bed-rooms were presses and wardrobes. Every thing was well placed, serviceable and neat, and at the same time of the most elegant simplicity. This is a ship! and the Dahabieh in which I sailed from Assuan to Wadi Halfa is also a ship; they lie at anchor at the two opposite poles of civilization, and are as unlike each other, as these English sailors are dissimilar from our Berber crew!

In every thing relating to the splendour, the polish, and the conveniences of life, civilization makes a stupendous difference, but not to its miseries. These remain the same; whether in the English manufacturing districts, young children must work ten or twelve hours in a day in the close factories, or, whether in Cairo, the little things carry clay and stones, while the elder ones must build up a piece of a wall, as I have myself seen! It is a painful, melancholy, and yet absorbing thought, that, whatever may be done, misery,

material misery, remains the irrefragable lot of a mass of mankind, perhaps of the greater portion! And here too the advantage is in favour of uncivilized nations. Misery oppresses them, without the double burthen of the most luxuriant and splendid culture, which civilization imposes on the wretched; hence the former degenerate less than the latter. Perhaps they may become more obtuse, but certainly not so reprobate.

The principal thefts which are committed in Cairo are those of provisions. Robberies very seldom take place, and robberies attended with murder—never. In general, the security of property is extraordinary.

I have already spoken in Constantinople and Damascus, of the small size of the shops in the Oriental cities; here too, most of them are not much larger than deep niches; the floor, the counter and the sofa are one and the same thing; and there is hardly room for one man. If he is called away, or has some business to transact abroad, he contents himself with hanging a coarse net in front of his shop, and this is respected! Only think! among the bustle, and in the tempting gloom of a bazar! I, a degenerate European, thought this so extraordinarily virtuous, that I would not believe it, but I was assured it was really so. I had often seen a net hanging before a shop, but I of course concluded that there was some one within side—attending.

I have nothing further to relate to you respecting

Alexandria, dearest mother, except indeed were I to narrate the conversations at the *table d'hôte*, which I heard yesterday and to-day, from many European travellers of all nations, and which in their way were amusing and instructing. It is really absurd to hear men, who are nothing in the world, fall upon and judge of those who are something, or perhaps a great deal.

This is my last letter from Egypt; as I write these words I must candidly confess to a slight feeling of regret.

## LETTER LIV.

TO MY MOTHER.

Journey from Alexandria to Syra, and thence into the Lazaretto Quarantine in the Piræus—Stay there.

Lazaretto in the Piræus, March 20th. 1844.

IMPRISONMENT is a hard fate, dearest mother, and, if endured in consequence of a crime, it must be an awful fate, though, certainly, not quite so awful as to die by the hand of the executioner. I have been pondering this matter for the last twelve days, and have vacillated, as to which I should prefer, if I were compelled to choose either the one or the other. But no! by the hand of the executioner! No, I would sooner suffer a hundred years' imprisonment!

Happily my term of imprisonment will expire to-morrow. Our three days' voyage included will make seventeen on the whole, and to this term our originally threatened forty days' quarantine imprisonment has been mitigated. Since my letter from Alexandria, a fortnight ago, nothing of interest has occurred. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 7th, we were on board the French steamer, *Le Dante*, which is commanded by officers of marine, because the chief destination of this line is that of conveying government despatches to the East.

Count S. arrived half an hour after us. He had not quitted his Nile bark; and, favoured by a propitious wind, had arrived at Alexandria at daybreak. The Danish Consul-General (the only Consul who did not follow the Pacha to Cairo) had procured for him everything that was indispensable at the French Steam-Boat Office, and therefore he was happily enabled to proceed with us at once. If he had been delayed only half an hour, he would have been too late: for we weighed anchor at nine o'clock and flew along to the north, with a favourable wind which, on the second day rose so much, that we made eleven knots an hour, and entered the harbour of the Island of Syra, on the third day. We cast anchor at half-past one at noon; this is the most rapid passage which *Le Dante* has ever accomplished.

On our approach the yellow plague flag was displayed, a notification that our vessel was in quarantine and that no boat would be allowed

to put out to meet us. If there is a case of plague on board, a black and yellow flag must be hoisted, and the passengers must perform quarantine in the plague lazaretto on the proximate Island of Delos; Syra is only for those who are suspected.

It rained heavily, the wind blew, heavy clouds were suspended over land and sea, and the vessel was tossed upon the angry waves. Several hours elapsed before we were able to disembark. We were then most barbarously jumbled into the sloops, all the passengers intermingled with trunks, children, and an interminable quantity of baggage of every kind. Some few spread their umbrellas, which they pushed into their neighbour's eyes; the little children squalled and lamented most piteously; and add to this, the sea was so high that we could scarcely make our way. It was really an amusing scene; but I was excessively diverted with a young Frenchman who reproved his grumbling companion by saying: *Eh! mon cher! nous avons à bord des lords et des milords; vous n'êtes qu'un particulier en ce monde! Taisez-vous!*" At last, however, we landed.

The lazaretto is a large, new, square building, and is enclosed by a spacious court yard. It is situated on the declivity of a hill, opposite to the town, divided from it by the harbour, which makes a deep inroad into the hilly shore. The building consists only of a ground floor, with two projections of two stories high in front. One



of these is inhabited by the inspector, and the upper apartments of the other were assigned to us.

I heard great complaints respecting the dampness, the draughts, and the stone floor of the lower story. I had received an admonitory caution on this head when I was in Egypt; for if a person is accustomed to the delicious climate of that country he becomes exceedingly susceptible to any change of this kind. It is true that, with the exception of Alexandria, all the flooring of Egypt is of stone; but the discomforts which they there bring with them, are not dampness, but dust. The upper apartments were therefore comparatively good; and when at about six o'clock at night, we had arranged every thing, almost exclusively with our own furniture, I was heartily glad, for I had not had a wink of sleep for two nights.

I must not forget to mention the unexpected pleasure that I had when first I trod the shore of Syra. Spite of wind and rain, spite of bodily exhaustion I stopped to cull a whole mass of the most beautiful little wild flowers, with as much joy, as if I had not just issued from beneath palm groves, but had passed the winter under our northern, snowy sky. I am sure I could not live through a whole year without a spring, and I always welcome her first beauteous harbingers, with secret joy. I hope, dearest mother, you will commend me for my genuine German feeling.

During the night the storm rose very high, and

continued almost unabated till the 10th. The ships in the harbour heaved and rocked to and fro. On the morning of the 11th it had passed away, and a beautiful scene lay before me, as I mounted the long terrace which runs along the top of the Lazaretto, and forms a very pleasant promenade. I was encircled by horse-shoe shaped chains of rugged, animated, cheerful-looking hills. Such is the appearance of the high shores of Syra, which surround the harbour in which many merchantmen and several steamers were lying at anchor.

Directly opposite to the lazaretto, the town of Syra declines from the summit of a conical hill to the sea. The crest is crowned by a convent, around which lies the old town, which had its origin in those remote, insecure times, when pirates infested the low sea coast. Now, however, under the protection of peace and security, the new town has ventured to descend lower. All the houses, commencing at the convent, are of a dazzling whiteness, and have a singularly cheerful appearance, against the back ground of the dark hills.

Syra is an important commercial town, where the several lines of steamers which form a communication between Europe and the intermediate states of Turkey and Greece, and with the Levant, meet and cross each other, and on this account, a principal quarantine station is established here.

To the right, at the opening of the horse-shoe hills, the sea spreads out with a part of the group of the

Cyclades, to which Syra itself belongs. There lie Iino, Miconia, the sacred Delos, Naxos—all beautiful picturesque blue mountains, the lovely daughters of one family, enveloped I know not with what magic charm of poetry and divine mystery.

On Naxos, the god of eternal youth and joyous enthusiasm approached the forsaken, lonely, and disconsolate Ariadne, and led her from the rocky island to the imperishable joys of Olympus. Oh this intuitive perception of the human soul, this feeling that untold sorrows must precede infinite joys; this assurance that divine power appeases and comforts human yearning, weakness and misery, and draws them to itself by love alone! This moral it is that converts the Myths of Greece into genuine pearls, which forms the wreath of flowers that encircles the brow of Grecian genius.

In these Myths the gods always draw near to mortals in silence, and almost always in sorrow; thus Bacchus approached Ariadne, thus Diana visited Endymion on the adjoining Cithæron; and thus Perseus delivered the fettered and tormented Andromeda from the rock in the sea.

What an indescribable yearning must have reigned in the bosom of this people, when, in the midst of the brightest and most glorious splendour of earthly existence, they yet had such an ardent longing for a heavenly existence!

A temple of Apollo, with its celebrated oracle, once stood upon the Island of Delos; whence that

island was called "the sacred." Apollo honoured it with this favour out of gratitude for having received his mother Latona, when, persecuted by Juno, she could find no spot upon earth, where she could give birth to her children. Here now stands the plague lazaretto : thus dissimilar are the wants of different ages.

The ancient Centaurs, who were conquered by Hercules, were buried at Myconia. It seems as if there had always been rude, brutal and unruly energies, which it was necessary to control by a regulating power ! This is a very consolatory thought, when we contemplate the never ending fermentations which every succeeding epoch brings with it. Our fermentations, however, seem to be artful rather than rude, and venomous rather than unruly.

Between Naxos and Delos, lie Poros and the little Island of Antiparos ; the latter has the most beautiful stalactite cavern, and the former the finest marble quarries, in the world. We sailed past them ; they are not visible from Syra. Upon Tinos a small white town is very distinctly visible.

A silver halo, and a magic play of colour invested all these beautiful mountain forms, and the ever varying outlines of the landscape seemed most enlivening in my eyes, contrasted with the austere, long straight lines of Egyptian scenery. Add to this, that the sound of the convent bells, to which my ear had been so long a stranger, touching like the call of love, floated in a soft tone over the blue ocean,

and ascending into the azure heavens, sounded to me like a welcome from home. It was a glorious morning.

In the afternoon, we suddenly received a message from *Le Dante*, which was still lying in the harbour, uncertain whether its destination would be to Alexandria or to the Piræus; informing us that it was now decided that it should go to the Piræus, and inquiring whether any of its passengers would proceed with it? The days which we had passed in quarantine at Syra would there be taken into account. This was a most welcome message to me, because it was dubious whether a steamer would come to relieve us from Syra, on the 22nd or more probably not till the 27th; independently of which, this beautiful day seemed to promise a quiet night, a very important matter to me, who am so sadly inclined to be sea-sick.

Some of the passengers had made what is called "Spoglio," that is to say they had submitted their persons to the ceremony of being disinfected by the use of baths and taking clothes from the institution and subjecting their effects to fumigation, by which means they had limited their term of quarantine to nine days, at the end of which they intended to proceed in a sailing vessel to the Piræus. They would have rendered their Spoglio of no avail if they had taken their passage in the *Dante* with us, who were considered as infected persons. All these formalities may be very important, but they have a ridiculous side.

Two English gentlemen and ourselves returned to the *Dante*, which commenced its voyage at half-past eight in the evening. The night was as calm as I could have wished. I passed Cape Suniam, the Island of Egina, and entered the Piræus during a profound sleep. I was not awakened till seven o'clock, by the casting of the anchor, and instantly flew upon deck.

Here Themistocles made his entry after the battle of Salamis, and all the circumjacent hills were witnesses of his triumph. This was my first thought as I stood upon the deck. I hail thee, thou little Athens! Thou queenly priestess, decked with thy sceptre of intelligence, with thy crown of incomparable finish, with the royal purple of dominion, endowed with thy richest of boons—with wisdom and genius. The one or the other are the gift of men, when they have attained to a great eminence; thy men possessed both. Hence nothing transcendent has appeared in any sphere of life which had not previously appeared in thee. Grandeur, fame, splendour, and beauty, all were possessed by thee, and emanated from thee. A nation so highly favored by Heaven can never be forgotten by the children of men.

I was aroused out of my reverie by being transported into the boat which took us to the lazaretto. Unfortunately, earlier visitors had taken possession of the best apartments, and we were therefore obliged to content ourselves with lodgings in a warehouse, which had been superficially converted into

apartments: thus for instance there were no windows, and tremendously large folding doors which were fastened inside with an iron hook. As the fine climate of Egypt does not gladden these skies, but on the other hand, rain, storms and tempests, and above all a very cold wind prevail, I do not feel very comfortable in my present abode. However, when I was in quarantine at El-Arish, I was still more uncomfortable and dull; and as soon as I am at liberty, a carriage can convey me in one hour to Athens; therefore I do not regret having left my more congenial apartment at Syra.

An imprisonment of this kind is, however, very unpleasant. You have keepers set over you; you must promenade in the tiny court-yard or on the quay, which is forty feet long; you must avoid the remotest contact, even that of touching the veil of a person who has arrived sooner or later than yourself; you are shut up between bars and bolts; you lose fourteen days, and you must pay a good price for suffering all these inconveniences.

Of Athens itself, nothing can be seen here. The Piræus is surrounded by beautiful hills which everywhere shut in the view. English and French ships of war lie in the harbour. Are they destined to protect the king, or the revolutionists? I cannot bear the sight of them; and gladly would I see merchant-men in their place: but these unhappily are wanting here. Now and then a boat comes sailing into the harbour from one of the

many adjoining islands ; but even these also are compelled to perform a nine days' quarantine in the Piræus, which is very oppressive for a small trade.

Every evening there is a scene which we witness with the punctuality and the interest of true prisoners. It is the moment when the gun is fired in the harbour, which announces the setting of the sun. Suddenly the flags are lowered on all the vessels, and their bands of music strike up at the same instant : then, after looking for a time at the changing colours of the evening sky, every one retires to his cell. ●

I have received newspapers, books, and periodicals from the ambassadors, but I have not the slightest inclination to look at them. The air of my prison makes me indolent and dull : and this keeper, who follows and watches me wherever I go, with a stick in his hand, and paces up and down before my cell, makes me quite melancholy. I have read in the Travels of Puckler-Muskau and Schubert, how those gentlemen worked during the time of their quarantine. I cannot do this ; but, properly speaking, I have no work to do ; writing a few letters is not work : and to read only to kill time is such a task, that I do not venture upon it.



## LETTER LV.

TO MY MOTHER.

Impression made upon me by Athens; its inhabitants, circumstances, and monuments—Journey to Trieste.

Trieste, April 14th. 1844.

WHAT do you say, dearest mother, to this long pause? It is a fact that I have not written a line for three weeks and a half. Why not? I could not. I have never before experienced anything like it. Such melancholy, such an internal vacuity, such a depressing discomfort, as at Athens, I have never felt in my whole life. For sixteen days I sat stock-still, in the most unfavourable weather in the world, which rendered all my intended excursions impracticable; and I never once thought of taking up my pen—my heart felt paralysed.

Europe appeared to me as repulsive as an insipid masquerade which has been prolonged to the light of day. Ah! my dear mother, you cannot imagine with what solemn feelings a stranger returns from the solemn shores of the Nile, the solemn sepulchres of the kings, the solemn pyramids and sphinxes. He has lived in the past, in the kingdom of shades; but the shades are so majestic and awe-inspiring that they leave a far greater impression upon the inmost soul than all the images of the present, in their motley, unconnected, presumptuous garments and attitudes:

—these are so complex and confused that they look dark ; but those shades, so simple and true, that they appear light.

From the light of the uncivilized world, I had returned into the twilight of European civilization, with which, from the very beginning, unhappy Greece has been ruined ; whether it deserved a different fate, I know not. Able men and able nations make their own lot, as they require it ; and then desert is out of the question. But Greece probably never had that which it required.

Europe, with childish, inconsiderate enthusiasm, took delight in the emancipation of that small tract of country which is now called the kingdom of Greece, while millions of Greeks remain subject to Turkey ; and Europe regarded this little territory as a wild, beautiful girl, who must be formed in a boarding-school, for which she is to be highly grateful to her patrons, and willingly to accept the husband whom they have chosen for her. This husband is king Otho. May God bless him ! His benevolent, melancholy eyes reveal his fate ; he is not happy, and does not make his subjects happy. No European Prince could do so.

A king of Palikari, of the Greek religion, fond of conquest, governing despotically, with an iron hand, this would be a king for Greece ; but not for Europe. The proximity of such an untameable spirit would be an abomination to highly polished Europe, with its pedantic pedagogism, because he

the king have a son, and may I hear mass at St. Sophia at Constantinople." Now, dearest mother, do not you like the Paladin? Does he not speak as if he were an old Crusader? The mass at St. Sophia! Europe has nothing to do with ideas of this kind! It does not understand the religious element of Greece.

I once heard it seriously admired, as a grand advance in spiritual education, that there was a country where the people were of the Greek, the king of the Roman Catholic, and the queen of the protestant religion. This is so completely European! We, indeed, who have passed through the dissolvent storms of reformations, revolutions, and philosophies, have become tolerant—that is to say, hypocritical—by necessity, because we consider intolerance as a disgrace.

But what do the Greeks know of reformation, or philosophy? They know only the same dogmas which have existed for a thousand years. They had lived for centuries in such circumscribed relations, that they knew only the members of their own church, as believers, in contra-distinction to the Mahometans, as unbelievers; hence to this day, every one dissenting from them, is no real Christian in their estimation.

I am persuaded that king Otho would have occupied a far different position, and never have suffered the torments of this revolution, if he had joined the Greek Church. Who are now the na-

tural, earthly protectors of this Holy Church:—the patriarch at Constantinople, and the Czar at St. Petersburg. King Otho is assuredly not its protector: a world of intrigues, and perhaps the ruin of Greece might have been obviated by that resolve of a strong mind.

Petro Bey is the head of the powerful family of Mauromichalis, and lives at Athens surrounded by his children, grand-children and nephews, while his mother, who is a hundred years of age, resides in Maina. Does not the great authority of the chief, his advanced age, the harmonious union of the family under one roof, remind us of the times of the patriarchs, and do you not think that it is a crying anomaly, that I possess a trophy of the intrusion of our hollow, conventional life into Greece,—namely, a visiting card, upon which Petro Bey with his own hand has written his name, Petros Mauromichalis.

One of his nephews, the same who acted as our interpreter, had a very long family name which foreigners find it very difficult to pronounce. He is called Dimitrikarakos. Whether he is very much vexed at hearing this name pronounced ill and mutilated by strangers, or whether he has perhaps been teased about it, or whether he himself finds it rather inconveniently long, I know not; he thinks that his name would sound more harmonious, and be more easily pronounced if it were abbreviated to Dimitrakos. But how was he to induce his old

father to consent to this change? Requests and remonstrances effected nothing.

“At last,” (I tell you in his own words,) “it occurred to me to say to him: my father, poets will one day sing the delivery of Greece, and they will enumerate all the names of renowned heroes; but yours must be omitted, because it is too long. My father looked at me thoughtfully, and then rapidly counting the syllables, replied calmly, Not so, my son, it makes exactly half a line.” Is not this a most original idea; of a most primeval stamp, to change one’s name in order to be celebrated in the songs of future poets? Among us a name is indeed changed, but only that the individual may be of more consequence in society; and if a young man were to open to his father such an ideal prospect he would forthwith send him to a mad-house.

One day I dined with the Bavarian Ambassador, where I met Colonel Hadshi Cristo, who has since risen to the rank of general. He was splendidly dressed in a scarlet uniform embroidered with gold, and as I could not carry on any conversation with him, our intercourse was chiefly confined to my admiration of his costume, which he bore with the most good humoured kindness. I was quite touched by the child-like simplicity of this gray warrior, of whom, however, one of the company present gave the following account.

A few years since, Hadshi Cristo captured a band of revolutionists in Thessaly, and caused the leader

to be brought before him. He laid aside his pipe, took a knife, cut off his prisoner's head, and resumed his pipe as calmly as if the intermezzo had been only a cup of coffee! The prisoner had deserved death, and was to suffer that punishment, why then delay, or make any fuss about it? But conceive the embarrassment of a European government, at this summary administration of justice, and reconcile in your mind the barbarity of the man with his docile appearance.

I communicate these various traits to you, because they are more characteristic of the temper and morals of the people, than the new constitution which has been brought about by some individuals who have received a half education in foreign countries, and are influenced by interests which they do not understand. I do not believe that one of them has confidence in it, or even hope of its progressive development.

I saw only two cheerful countenances on that melancholy day, when the king dismissed the national assembly,—those of the English and French ministers. I saw only one honest face,—that of the king.

Yet the Greeks did not by any means displease me: they gain upon you, because they are handsome and speak well, have the innate good manners of the people of the south, and above all, something chivalrous in their deportment to women, which is carefully excluded from the circle of our gentlemen,

as a disgraceful remnant of the rudeness of past ages, unworthy of a man in office, of a scholar, of a manufacturer, nay even of a liberal !

In Greece I sighed with the Greeks, and consider it quite natural that they have freed themselves from the refractory spirit of the Bavarians, and only regret that they are too vain, too restless, too intriguing not to become the slaves of foreign influences. I was very much pleased with Coletti, for instance, notwithstanding his rather doctrinaire mode of speaking, which he probably learned at Paris, where he was ambassador for eight years. I did not like Calergi; I felt no confidence in this Cretan, who had been so pliant in Russia.

There is something peculiar in all Greek physiognomies, namely, mistrustful eyes. I was told that they always look cunning, and on the watch. This I seldom found; but that look of mistrust always. Calergi invariably seemed to be asking, "What do you think? What is your opinion? Do you really mean what you say? May I believe you?" I, with my "repulsive sincerity" as you call it, sometimes felt myself embarrassed by this mistrustfulness. My honest German mind was wounded on the foreign soil, and yet, nevertheless, very much pleased with the attractiveness of the Greeks, but at the same time painfully conscious that it would not easily find a firm footing on this soil. I believe that the half of one's life must be passed, before one can inspire a Greek with confidence. This is a natural conse-

quence of the Byzantine corruption, and of the slavish hypocrisy, to which they were reduced for three centuries and a half. Intrigue and hypocrisy always degrade the character.

I hope you will not be tired with my relating all these particulars to you, my dear mother. I am afraid you will say that the impression which Athens has made upon me is imperfect and unsatisfactory, because this is very evident from my letter. The dark side of Europe, general oppressive discomfort and vain pretensions, were especially offensive to me among this half Oriental people, and, the fraction of European society which has very many amiable characters, distressed me on the whole, even though the individuals were pleasing to me.

The weather was quite unfit for making excursions. We visited Eleusis amid torrents of rain, and the Cape of the Pentelikon, in a thick fog. All the eminences, far and near, were covered with snow, which an icy wind swept from the summits into the wide, bare plains. Clouds upon clouds concealed the "Greek sky."

I passed two lovely, sunny mornings amid the temples of the Acropolis. Nobleness and wisdom mark the character of the Greek architecture. It has not the unrivalled majesty of the Egyptian, nor the awe inspiring elevation of the Christian Gothic, nor the enchanting fancy of the Arabic. It has selected from each what is necessary, but has refined it with admirable wisdom, to the greatest har-



mony, and is therefore the nearest to perfection. By wisdom I do not mean that of a pigtailed schoolmaster of the last century, or of a pedant of our day, but I mean the wisdom of Plato. These noble-minded men erected temples to divinities of whom they had elevated conceptions.

In these temples it was again evident to me that the primæval ideas of nations have always been the same, equally simple and grand, but differently modified by every age. Everywhere there is one eternal God, and everywhere, between Him and the human race, a sacrificed mediator who brings light and receives death. Here the heroes, those divine sons of the gods and mortal women, take this place, which brings them into an immediate and personal connexion with man.

We are all the children of one house; but our ideas have traversed thousands of years, under different symbols, and thus they will continue to do in generations to come. In order to maintain my connexion with the future, I have plunged so deeply into the past: and what I know of the past, I hope for from the future.

We left Athens on the evening of Saturday the 6th, slept in the Piræus on board the steamer which brought us to Calimaki, proceeded in carriages belonging to the Steam Navigation Company across the isthmus of Corinth; sailed through the gulph of Lepanto, which is as beautiful as the lake of Como; glided along the undescribably picturesque moun-

tains of the Ionian Islands and the coasts of Dalmatia, landed for some hours on the lovely flower garden of Corfu, and thence we continued our voyage to Ancona, where we were obliged to remain in quarantine on board; and at last safely reached the large commercial city of Trieste. My first words, after I had glanced at this fine city were: Alas! how free from wants is the East, while Europe perishes in its own abundance. That, which is its boast and its triumph, will ultimately prove its ruin.

THE END.

LONDON:

Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.











