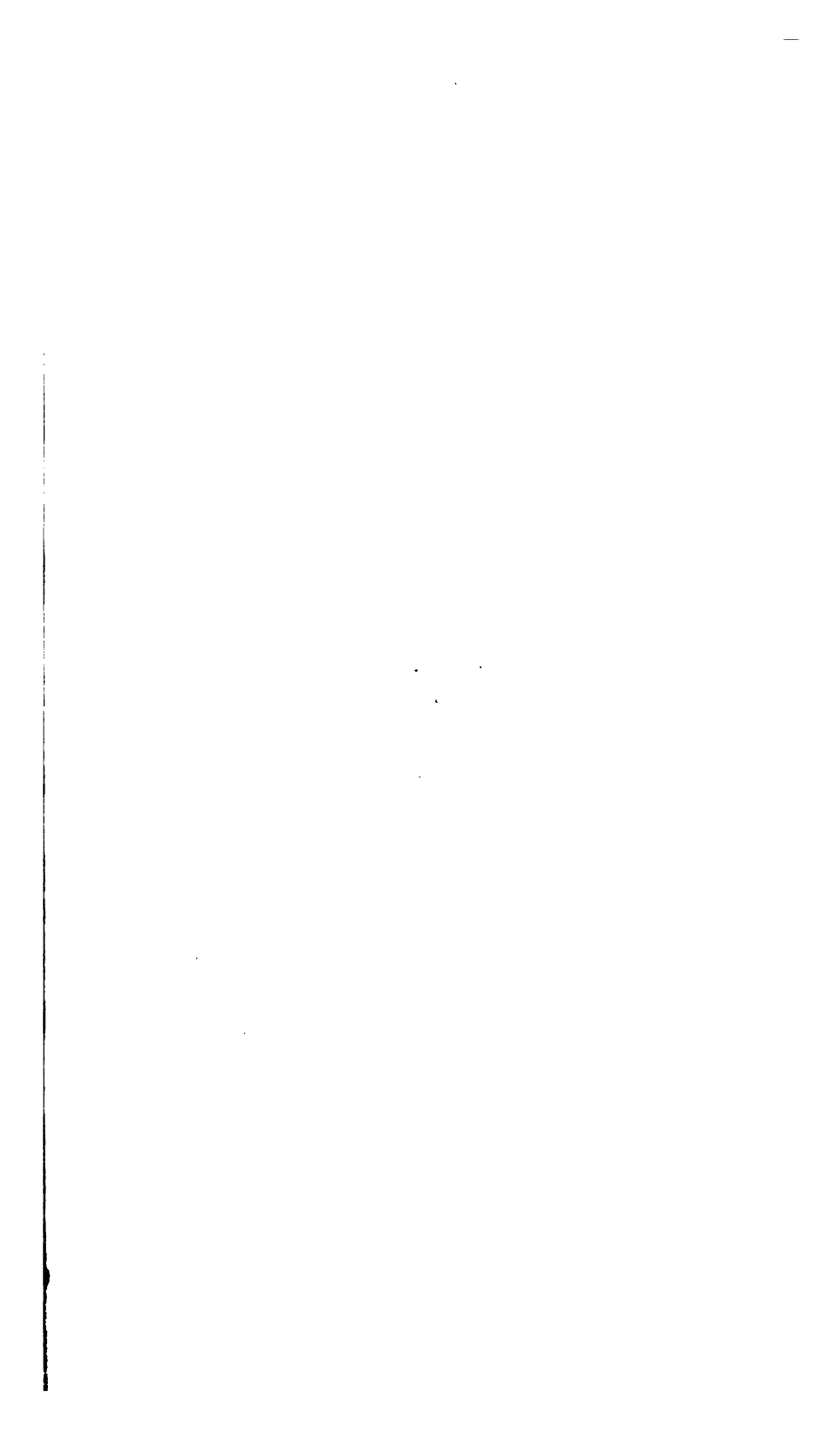


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THE
DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES,
THE
FRONTIER LANDS OF THE CHRISTIAN AND THE TURK.

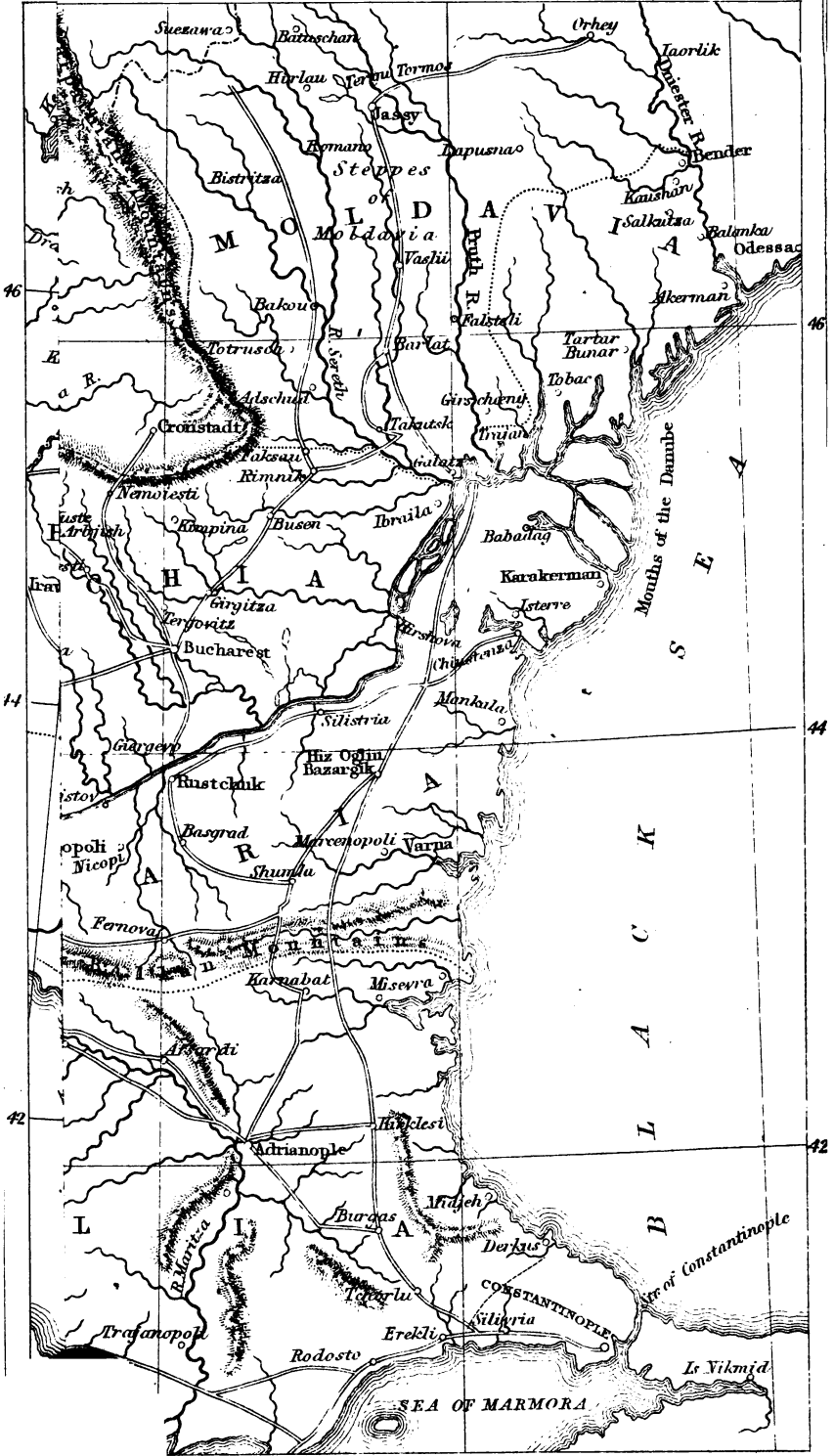
By James Henry Stine

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE
DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES,
THE
FRONTIER LANDS
OF
THE CHRISTIAN AND THE TURK.

BY A BRITISH RESIDENT
OF TWENTY YEARS IN THE EAST.

James Henry Stowe

—
Third Edition.
—

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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CONTENTS

OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

| | |
|--|---|
| JASSY — PRINCE GHIKA — THE MOLDAVIAN HELEN — BOYAR'S COUNTRY-HOUSE — FUNERAL — ADMINISTRATIVE ESTABLISHMENT . | 9 |
|--|---|

CHAPTER II.

| | |
|---|----|
| TIRGU FORMOS — ROMANO — NIAMTZO — STEPHEN THE GREAT — JOHN SOBIESKI — BACOW — STANISLAUS LESCYNSKI — AZUT — FOCSHAN — CONSULAR AGENT — THE VRAUTSHA — RIMNIK — SUWARROW — BUSEO — PUBLIC DINNER AT BUCHAREST . . . | 26 |
|---|----|

CHAPTER III.

| | |
|---|----|
| SLEDGES — PALACES — WOLVES — GAESTI — COUNTRY-HOUSE — THEO- DORE VLADIMIRESCO — TIRGOVIST — MATTHIAS BESSARABA — THE ISPRAVNIK — MICHAEL THE BRAVE — AN ARCHBISHOP'S CURSE — VLAD, THE EMPALER | 49 |
|---|----|

CHAPTER IV.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| CONSCRIPTS—DOROBANTZ—VILLAGE HOSPITALITY—KIMPOLUNG— BLACK RUDOLPH—NUNNERY OF NEMOIESTI—KURTE D'ARDJISH —ST. PHILOFTEA—RIMNIK | 73 |

CHAPTER V.

| | |
|--|----|
| EPISCOPAL CHURCH—SALT-MINES—CONVENT IN A TREE—HOREZUL —BISTRITZA—TIRGUJILU—TISMANA—CZERNETZ—TURNUL SE- VERINUL | 97 |
|--|----|

CHAPTER VI.

| | |
|---|-----|
| GLADOVA—THE SERBIAN CAPTAIN—BRSA PALANKA—MILANOVATZ —MADENBAK—COPPER AND SILVER MINES—HUNGARIAN REFUGEE—BIVOUAC—NERESNITZA—GIPSY-CAMP—POJEROVATZ —SEMENDRA—HOG TRADE—GROTZKA | 117 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER VII.

| | |
|---|-----|
| BELGRADE—VASIF PASHA—PRINCE ALEXANDER—SERBIAN POLI- TICIANS—ADMINISTRATION—POLITICAL POSITION OF SERBIA— PANSLAVISM | 141 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER VIII.

| | |
|---|-----|
| CONSULS-GENERAL—AUSTRIAN GENERAL—AUSTRIAN ESPIONNAGE —PALESH—SHABATZ—REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLE OF THE SERBS —RACSA | 177 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER IX.

| | |
|---|-----|
| THE PLAIN OF ORLOVOPOLIE—BIELINA—GIPSY-CAMP—TOOZLA— SALT-WORKS—FEHIM PASHA—THE LATE BOSNIAN REVOLT . . . | 197 |
|---|-----|

CONTENTS.

vii

CHAPTER X.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| POLITICAL POSITION OF BOSNIA—LATE CAMPAIGN | 222 |

CHAPTER XI.

| | |
|--|-----|
| IBRAHIM PASHA—GIPSY BRIGAND—THE RIVER BOSNA—ZEPSHE— VRANDUK—TWO BATTLES—ZENITZA—TRAVNIK—ARAB AHMED PASHA | 256 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XII.

| | |
|---|-----|
| OMER PASHA—TRAVNIK—DERVISH—GREEK POLE—THE CAMP— ARAB AHMED PASHA—HAIREDDIN PASHA—MUSTAPHA PASHA— HIS CHILDREN—YOUNG BOSNIAC BEYS—SULEYMAN BEY AND TURKISH OFFICERS—AUSTRIAN SPY—OMER PASHA'S STUD— DJELALUDIN PASHA—ARABIAN COLT—TRIAL OF THE REBELS— RECRUITING OF THE CHRISTIANS IN TURKEY | 293 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XIII.

| | |
|---|-----|
| BATTLE OF VITESZ—VEDJIHI PASHA—BUSSOVACZA—EKSHISU— LIAP ISMAIL PASHA—BOSNA SERAI—MUNICIPAL INSTITUTIONS —MEHEMET BEY—AUSTRIAN CONSUL-GENERAL—ARCHBISHOP— MOKRO—TURKISH LADY—HAIDUKS—KUSHLAR—FORD OF THE JADAR—SVOBNIK—OSMAN BEY—ALI VIDAITSH—VALLEY OF THE DRINA | 333 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XIV.

| | |
|---|-----|
| LIEBOVIA—SOKOL—THE IMAM—THE MUSSELLIM—VALLIEVO— HUB—PALESH—BELGRADE—GROTZKA—SEMENDRA—GIPSY BRI- GAND—THE CONVENTS OF MANASSIA AND RAVANITZA—THE BATTLE OF KOSSOVA—KIUPRI—PARAKIN—GIPSY BRIGAND AGAIN—RASHNIA—THE CASTLE OF STALACZ—ALEXINCZE— SERBIAN FRONTIER | 371 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XV.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| THE BULGARIANS—NISSA—KHURSHID PASHA—TOWER OF THE SKULLS—MUSTAPHA PASHA PALANKA—THE RAMAZAN—SHEHER- KIENI—MUSTAPHA AGA—THE CASTLE—THE BATTLE OF SHE- HERKIENI—SOPHIA—IHTIMAN—THE BALKAN—PHILIPPOLI— ADRIANOPE—CONSTANTINOPLE—CONCLUSION | 393 |

THE FRONTIER LANDS

OF

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE TURK.

CHAPTER I.

JASSY—PRINCE GHIKA—THE MOLDAVIAN HELEN—BOYAR'S COUNTRY-HOUSE—
FUNERAL—ADMINISTRATIVE ESTABLISHMENT.

JASSY, now a city of about 50,000 inhabitants, was a Roman town, having been the head-quarters of the nineteenth legion, called *Jassiensis*, who, according to the system of the great republic, by which every soldier became an artisan in time of peace, were gold-miners, *aurarii*, and worked the rich mineral strata of the Carpathian mountains, especially at Baya.

The Roman fort, the *Jassiorum municipium*, was situated on a height, in the centre of a circle of hills, which is now occupied by the palace. The present building is only about a century and a half old; but there are churches in the town of much greater antiquity. I visited it with our consul, Mr. Gardner, for the purpose of being presented to the Prince of Moldavia, Gregory

Ghika. It has a long and plain front of more recent date, in the middle of which a double staircase led us to a large hall. It was here that Peter the Great of Russia dined with the Hospodar Demetrius Cantimir, when he was on his way to fight the disastrous battle of the Pruth, after which he was obliged to make so humiliating a peace with Turkey. John Neculce, who wrote his curious chronicles of the events of his era about this time, was then Hetman of Moldavia, and by virtue of his office present at the dinner, records that the emperor took the prince in his arms several times, and raising him from the ground, kissed him on the eyes and on the cheeks, as a father embraces his favourite child. Nicholas Muste, Clerk of the Divan of Moldavia, also a contemporary historian, relates that Peter recognised Cantimir as Prince of Moldavia for life, and "*Autocrat*," with power to leave his throne to his descendants, and gave him his portrait, enriched with diamonds, to wear in token of this acknowledgment. But not many days passed ere Cantimir's legitimate sovereign held this usurper of authority at his mercy, and the ambitious Prince of Moldavia took to flight, never to return to his principality, which was thenceforward given to Greeks.

Prince Ghika received us in a handsome drawing-room, and after the first civilities, he took us into a small sitting-room, where pipes and coffee were brought. We talked a good deal on the all-engrossing subject in these provinces—the corn trade; and the prince did not seem



to be so much attached to the interests of Russia as Prince Stirbey. He is altogether a different sort of man, considerably younger, strikingly handsome, and possessing quiet dignified manners. Prince Ghika enjoys the universal and undisputed reputation of being a thoroughly honest man. After an hour of most agreeable conversation, Mr. Gardner and I rose to take leave, and the prince invited us to spend the evening with him, which we agreed to do. We then paid several other visits, and the short space I had allotted for my stay at Jassy was soon filled up with engagements.

I went to see the principal sights of the town, the most remarkable of which is the church of the Three Saints. It is a richly ornamented Byzantine building, with every stone elaborately chiselled, and the small round-topped windows divided by slender columns, while domes of different sizes rise above the chancel, transept, and aisles. It was once the scene of an interesting drama, which forms a prominent feature in the local annals and archives compiled by native historians, one of whom commences the narrative of this event in the following promising manner:—

“Moldavia, like the Troad, offered the spectacle of a bloody war, fought for a princess; she was as beautiful as Helen, and more innocent.”

The Moldavian Helen was Roxandra, the daughter of Basil Lupu, Prince of Moldavia, about the middle of the seventeenth century, and of a Mahometan slave of

Circassia, whose marvellous beauty had captivated the Christian prince. As in most cases when breeds are crossed, the offspring was still more beautiful than the parents, and Roxandra seems to have been the fashionable belle of the season, for five kings and sovereign princes of Eastern Europe disputed her hand. Amongst these suitors was the young Prince Coributh of Poland, whose fame as a warrior was great. The father preferred him, and the daughter also; but it would appear that she was as circumspect as she was lovely, and she declared that she would not engage herself without having first seen and spoken to her betrothed. Soon after this she was at the Church of the Three Saints on Palm Sunday, when it is the practice for every one to carry a branch of a tree. A youth of noble mien, though dressed as a humble merchant, approached her, and gave her the branch he held, while he told her that the fatigues of his long journey were amply repaid by one glance of her bright eyes. She took the branch, and on looking at it, she found on it a piece of paper, bearing these words:—"He who burns to win thee, swears to succeed or to die." This could be no one but Prince Coributh; and Princess Roxandra, on coming to so satisfactory a conclusion, smiled upon him. The stranger smiled in his turn, and then disappeared, no one having been able to ascertain who he was, whence he had come, or whither he had gone.

Poland was then at war with the Cossacks, whose celebrated Hetman, Bogdan Shmielniski, displayed so

much energy of character that they were generally successful in the struggle. Prince Coributh was the champion on the other side, and he had frequently gained important advantages, although on the whole his cause was ill-supported. On one occasion, the Cossacks held the Polish army with the king, John Casimir, entirely in their power; and the latter endeavoured to negotiate: Shmielniski would listen to no terms unless Prince Coributh should first be delivered over to him; the Poles were unwilling to do so; the young prince therefore resolved to cut his way through the enemy's ranks, or die in the attempt, rather than continue to embarrass by his presence the negotiations. He mounted his horse at night, and left the Polish camp. Some believed that he had been killed by the Cossacks, and others, that he had been taken prisoner and was kept concealed, for nothing more was heard of him. The fact was, that he had succeeded in escaping, and had gained the Moldavian territory, where he assumed the name of Argyrius. He became known to the Prince Lupu, who took him into great favour, and he saw the Princess Roxandra often; he declared his love, but without disclosing his real name; she rejected his suit on the grounds of a prior engagement, and finally announced that she would never marry any one but Prince Coributh. The lover was thus his own successful rival. He kept his secret, however, supposing that the Princess had become enamoured of his renown, and determined on not making himself known until he could claim his bride

as Prince of Poland. She offered him her friendship, which he accepted, and he had the advantage of hearing daily the expression of her attachment to himself, and of her grief at his loss in so mysterious a manner. The Hetman, meanwhile, after humbling the pride of Poland, had returned to the Ukraine to consolidate his power, and he demanded of Prince Lupu the hand of Roxandra for his son Timush. The young lady would not hear of a Cossack husband; Shmielniski became furious, and invaded Moldavia; Lupu yielded, and concluded a treaty, which was dictated in Latin by the Hetman himself, and which is still preserved in the archives of Moldavia. Its laconic purport was the following:—

“Principes Moldaviæ, Moldaviam pleno jure obtineto.
 Filius Chmielnicii Principis Moldaviæ gener esto.
 Tataris Cosacisque nunc sexcenta millia talerorum numerato.
 Polonis nequaquam faveto.”

The marriage was thus settled, the dowry fixed, and the possession of Moldavia secured to Lupu on these conditions, together with that of not assisting the Poles. The war broke out again, Coributh returned to his country, and by his presence gave new courage to his troops. Fortune was unfavourable to the Cossacks, who were driven back to the Ukraine, and in that campaign two well-known names were covered with glory, that of Mazeppa, then a young page of the Polish queen, and fighting against his future subjects the Cossacks; and that of John Sobieski, a youth of the greatest valour, and destined to reign over his fellow-countrymen, and to play a prominent part at the siege of Vienna by the

Turks. The Prince of Moldavia then considered himself at liberty to retract his promise to marry his daughter to the Hetman's son Timush, which she implored him to do; and he offered her hand to the now victorious Coributh, whom she professed to love. The Polish suitor advanced with a numerous and warlike retinue to claim his bride; Timush armed his Cossacks to avenge the breach of faith of the Moldavian prince. The rivals met on their way to Jassy, a bloody battle was fought, and Coributh was killed. Bitter were the tears that Roxandra shed for her lover, and more bitter still when Timush summoned Lupu to keep his word and give him his daughter; she besought him on her knees to resist; the Boyars, fearing the Cossacks, called on him to save his country by sacrificing his child; and he agreed to do so.

It was again Palm Sunday. Roxandra went in procession to the church of the Three Saints, and prayed for a miracle to come to her assistance. A hundred Cossacks, bearing branches, surrounded the church. Timush advanced from amongst them, and presented the branch he held to the princess, who was considered a patriotic victim, and who did not dare to raise her eyes from the ground, he said:—

“I have won thee, and I claim thy hand.”

It was the voice of Coributh; she looked up, and saw, instead of a fierce and savage Cossack, the handsome youth on whom she had bestowed her heart a year ago.

“ You are Coributh ! ” she exclaimed.

“ I am Timush,” he replied.

Timush or Coributh, she married him, and when the remains of the Polish prince lay in state before interment, and the features of Argyrius were recognised, she wept for her friend, but less bitterly than she had done for her lover. She was happy, after all, as the wife of a Cossack husband.

At Prince Ghika's, in the evening, I met his daughters, one of whom is remarkably beautiful, and saw several of the distinguished members of Jassy society. General Engelhardt, the Russian Commandant, and the same who commanded a brigade in the campaign against Bem in Transylvania, appeared to be an intelligent sort of man; quick in manner, and spare in figure, with a red, weather-beaten countenance, a fair complexion, and a bald head,—the very picture of a Slavonian. His wife was a pretty looking person, conspicuous, amongst the gaily attired Moldavian ladies, for the simplicity of her dress. A Moldavian colonel, with whom I had been made acquainted, proposed that we should go into the next room; I followed him through several rooms; he sat down at a card-table, and asked me to cut. I said I did not play cards, and he expressed his astonishment as I had accepted his proposal, which seems to be the understood form among gamblers here. He soon found an antagonist, however, and piles of gold ducats were laid on the table by the players and betters.

I dined at the house of one of the principal Boyars of Jassy ; there the conversation turned solely on play, and every attempt I made to give it a more interesting tone was in vain, although the master of the house was one of the Prince's *soi-disant* ministers, and his wife was young and pretty. She received her guests in her bedroom, and smoked a pipe with us after dinner.

I was invited to join an excursion to a country house not many miles from Jassy. The party was numerous, and the rendezvous was at the gate of the town. A sledge was got ready for Jacob, for much snow had fallen, and there was a hard frost ; and a singular organization was that which connected it with three black horses destined to put it in motion : the reins only supplied the means of guiding the middle horse within the shafts, the mouths of the two others being attached to his on the inner side, and strapped tightly outwards to their bell-covered girths, so that when one rein was pulled the three heads must turn ; and the traces were common ropes, not very equal in length, and unavoidably galling the horses. Such as it was, this strange vehicle jingled and skated me out of the town, and was pulled up with a jerk, which threw the horses on their haunches, literally making them sit down in the middle of the assembled party. They were all in richly gilt private sledges, much more showy than my humble hackney sledge, and nothing could be more graceful than those winter equipages ; some were shaped and painted

like swans, others like great clam shells, and one like a dragon ; the horses, with flowing tails and manes, fiery eyes, distended nostrils, and impetuous action denoting their Oriental blood ; and the bearded coachmen, principally Russian refugees in their national costume, consisting of sheepskin rasaks, either white or black, and great fur caps, gave them a singular and picturesque effect, which fully harmonized with the peculiar character of the wintry scene. Costly furs composed the lining of the sledges, in which reclined fair ladies sumptuously dressed, or military officers in resplendent uniforms. The conspicuous coronets on the panels and harness would lead one to suppose that they were all of the highest rank ; but this was far from being the case ; for the fact of not possessing one or more of these gaudy carriages is considered by the Moldo-Wallachians as tantamount to the renunciation of all claim to respectability, and privations are endured by many of them within doors, in order that this indispensable branch of a Jassy or Bucharest establishment may not be wanting : as for the armorial bearings adopted, they are, for the most part, dependent on the heraldic learning of the Vienna coach-maker.

All this gave a semblance of animation to the broad street, in spite of its frozen covering, and the dull, dense heaviness of the cold grey sky. The signal was given, and all the grim coachmen cracked their whips, except mine, who was mending his traces, already broken ; the horses of the others sprang forward at a gallop, the sledges

glided forward on the hard snow, and the party soon appeared like a flight of swallows rapidly skimming the surface of a tranquil lake. I was left behind; but the coachman was soon ready, and he seemed to be determined on quickly overtaking them; for he flogged his horses into a racing pace, and they went along most astonishingly. The sledge was no weight to pull when it had once received an impetus, and it went straight as an arrow shot from a bow, over banks and mounds, which could not upset it, but which often nearly threw me out on the snow. I held fast with both hands, as I had heard strange stories of postilions never turning round to see if the traveller were in the sledge or not, but driving on, when he fell out to be devoured by bears and wolves.

A most horrible adventure with wolves occurred, as I was told, on the other side of the Pruth;—a Russian peasant was in a sledge with his wife and four children, when a whole flock of these furious animals gave them chase; the horses were unable to save them, and, in order to check the advance of the wolves, the four children were thrown out to them by their father one by one; they reached their village in safety by this barbarous sacrifice, and the mother immediately denounced her husband for murder; the case was tried, and he was acquitted.

I kept my seat, and no wolves followed me, as I was hurried along in pursuit of the other sledges, which I overtook at last. All around was an interminable ocean

of snow, occasionally diversified by clumps of trees, like islands rising from its surface ; while the broad expanse of lead-coloured sky seemed to be descending heavily upon the earth, as if to close its grave after having already wrapped it in a cold and spotless winding-sheet. Gradually these groups of trees thickened, and in about an hour we reached the skirts of a dense forest of dark pine-trees, whose branches, bending under the weight of snow, were fringed with icicles, which sparkled like diamonds amidst the sombre shade. Great rocks of a greenish granite arose before us, and as we passed beneath their overhanging flanks, the horses sank above their fetlocks in the soft moss, which had been sheltered from the fallen snow ; while the iron binding of the shafts, on which the sledges rested, would grate harshly on the earth and stones below it. Hollies with their glistening leaves, and junipers covered with dark berries, now met our eyes on every side ; and again we plunged into a wilderness of everlasting pines, whose boughs emitted a perfume of resin, that filled the atmosphere, as they waved in the wind, producing a sound like that of the distant sea. We emerged from the wood, and ascended a hill at the same rapid pace, the horses plunging in the snow to drag us up it. From the summit the place of our destination became visible ; a small stream flowed tortuously across an undulating plain, and formed a lake of about half a mile in length, now frozen over ; its banks were studded with tall trees near the buildings

which stood on a long slope rising slowly to the opposite heights.

There was an air of profound repose about the landscape, and the chain of low mountains bounding the narrow horizon appeared to cut it off, and protect it from the turmoils and troubles of the outer world. I fear we brought them with us, however; for the party was little in harmony with the scene, as I soon found when we alighted; the younger ladies were more anxious about their *toilettes* than anything else, the older ones carefully watched the unloading of sundry hampers, from which peeped out the sealed necks of bottles, and the gentlemen, both young and old, asked for card tables. I went to see the house.

It displayed in every detail a singular degree of rudeness combined with attempts at splendour; marble columns supported thatched roofs; great halls with gilded wainscoting were covered by ceilings of coarsely hewn timber; and in the principal courtyard an elegant little Byzantine chapel stood beside a vast filthy dog-kennel, for the *Amphitryon* affected the tastes of *Actæon* also; certainly his hounds looked as if they could devour not only him, but all his guests together. The long passages, broad staircases, and great ill-furnished antechambers were thronged by crowds of serfs and Gipsies, lying on the stone floors, as they had no other sleeping-place, and, were constantly in attendance on their lord.

The principal saloon was fitted up with somewhat of magnificence, in the style of "*la Renaissance*;" it seemed to have been hardly even swept for a couple of centuries at least. The ceiling was painted in medallions and compartments, not altogether without art, but singularly composed: there was Mars in a coat-of-mail and jack-boots; Venus crouching in her shell, and hiding her blushes with a gigantic fan; and Juno looking at them contemptuously through an eye-glass. The furniture was handsome and *rococo*: inlaid cabinets, crystal chandeliers, and quaint little time-pieces of *boule*, which had evidently survived many generations of Boyars, contrasted agreeably with rose-wood sofa-tables and arm-chairs, lately received from Vienna; and a few books and engravings, fashionable French novels and political caricatures, were scattered about in significant confusion, as the young Boyaress had left them, for she was studious and intellectual, which I suspect is a rare instance.

The proud possessor of this domain had so great an aversion to reading, that he could hardly even bring himself to take cognisance of the contents of any letters he might receive; as for answering them, that was altogether out of the question. He would break the seals, and wade painfully through the first page, wondering all the while how people could ever bore themselves and others by writing; when about to turn it, he would perceive that he had no very distinct notion of the intelligence which his correspondence had wished to convey;

and he would recommence his task, like Sisyphus persevering in his fruitless labour, and yawning and sighing until the letter fell on the floor, and he sank back on his chair fast asleep. His wife was now no longer there to pick it up and answer it.

This couple and their way of living, as well as the character of the widower, were highly characteristic of the Moldo-Wallachian Boyars. He had never contemplated marriage, but the old ladies of the family had promised his hand to the father of a rich heiress, and he resigned himself to his fate, which he found on the whole to have been rather advantageously arranged than otherwise, for he was thus disburdened of a multitude of obnoxious cares and duties.

The young ladies of this country are invariably Bloomers, in the moral sense of the term, and are regularly brought up to rule the roast. The fortune is generally theirs, and divorce being easy, they keep their husbands in order by threatening to dismiss them, if they misbehave. My host had fallen into a state of submission to the ascendancy of his wife, and they lived *quasi* happily for a few years, although they did not deserve their happiness, and had no right to it, for neither of them fulfilled the respective conjugal missions of their sex; marriage being protection on the part of the husband, and sacrifice on that of a wife; the former being an entity increased but not changed; and the latter, whose individuality is merged in her husband's,

having ceased to be a unit, and having become a fraction existing in, and by, another being.

But, however this may be, the world is but a bivouac, and we are all soldiers under arms, not in permanent quarters; it is an inn for travellers, too often a hospital for sufferers,—a place to die rather than live in,—and the Boyaress died. The Boyar was not inconsolable, but incapable of exerting himself to seek consolation; he was waiting for it to seek him; and so it will, I suppose, unless the old ladies die too. In the meantime, the interior of his country-house offered a striking contrast to the death-like repose of nature. The halls resounded with the hurried steps of busy attendants; the imperious voices of their lords were heard reiterating endless wants; officious damsels rushed about on all-important errands; whilst the burly overseer of the household roared himself hoarse in the equally ambitious and abortive endeavour to get everything done in no time at all. It was, in short, a house without a mistress, and that, in good sooth, is no very desirable residence. I was getting tired of it, for congenial amusement there was none: a noisy scrambling dinner; dancing in the evening to Gipsy music, which, by the way, was wonderfully good, considering that it was all played by ear; and card-playing for ever and everywhere. When we separated for the night, I took leave of my host, and drove back to town in my sledge at an early hour on the following morning.

When I was looking out of the window of my hotel

one fine day, a funeral passed; it was a splendid affair, with hearse and mourning-coaches, and above all, a numerous band of music playing in front. I thought there must be a dead General at least in the coffin; but on inquiring, I found that there were only the remains of a rather poor tailor's wife to be buried, and I was told that magnificent obsequies were generally promised to the dying, as a consolation in the pains of death; one old gentleman in the last stage of cholera, when that dreadful scourge visited Jassy, having died happy, when he was told how many drums and trumpets should precede his corpse to its last resting-place.

The administrative establishment of Moldavia is, at all points, similar to that of Wallachia; and the population is composed of the same elements, the number of Gipsies being 12,000, and of Jews 11,000, almost exclusively of the German race, or Askenazim, in a total aggregate of inhabitants amounting to about 1,300,000.

CHAPTER II.

TIRGU FORMOS—ROMANO—NIAMTZO—STEPHEN THE GREAT—JOHN SOBIESKI
 —BACOW—STANISLAUS LESCYNski—AZUT—FOCSHAN—CONSULAR AGENT
 —THE VRAUTSHA—RIMNIK—SUWARROW—BUSEO—PUBLIC DINNER AT
 BUCHAREST.

A SUDDEN thaw induced me to hasten my departure from Jassy, as I might otherwise have been obliged to leave my drosky there, and take a sledge, for the winter must soon set in seriously, when there would be at least four or five months of unremitting frost and snow. I waited, however, until the latter had nearly altogether melted, and then I sent for post-horses and my passport. In taking leave of the few acquaintances I had formed at Jassy, I was struck by the easy terms on which society is connected here; it partook very much of the German character of unceremonious bluntness and prompt familiarity; and I was treated by several families, whom I had seen only twice or thrice, with as much cordiality, as if they were separating from an old friend. In this Jassy is far superior to Bucharest.

My course was north-westward, as I purposed seeing something of the Carpathians. The first village I came to was Letzean, situated in a hilly district. The church

was a plain round tower, which is uncommon, but I had no means of learning why the usual form of the cross, so rigidly adhered to by the Eastern Christians, had been deviated from in the building of this place of worship. The houses of the better class of cultivators consisted in a large barn, with their dwelling-rooms on one side, and stabling on the other; the whole being under one roof.

We changed horses at the small town of Podlealoi, surrounded by boundless tracts of arable land, and having large embanked mill-ponds behind it. The long narrow street was one continued mire. We came next to a larger place, called Tirgu Formos, these words being a corruption of Turris Formosa in Latin: and pretty indeed it was, as its name indicates; the country around it, hilly and wooded; intervals of good cultivation, and two small lakes, half frozen over, adding to the charms of its position. The whole population, which could not have exceeded 4,000 or 5,000, seemed to be in the streets; and there were apparently more shops than houses in the town, for there were ranges of small buildings which contained only shops, probably for the convenience of a wide circle of villages, whose inhabitants crowded the straight thoroughfares, while they examined the goods exposed.

After leaving Tirgu Formos, with fresh horses, we commenced the ascent of a hill called the Strunga. This was formerly a pass where brigands were sure to

be encountered, but last year a picket of Russian soldiers had been placed here, and it was now perfectly safe. On the summit, we found a narrow plateau of great length, which forms the ridge of the back-bone of Moldavia; in front we saw the bold outline of the lofty Carpathians, running at right angles to our road, and parallel to the range of hills which we were crossing; and on looking back we could descry the valley of the Pruth, which forms the boundary of Russia. The young wheat was rising well at this height, though the ground was frost-bound, and the plateau was the only cultivated land on the hill, whose flanks were thickly wooded.

We commenced our descent through a leafless forest, with here and there a mountain tarn hard frozen, whose brinks we passed so near on more than one occasion when the postilions drove round them, that I expected the drosky to slide on the ice, which seemed to be thick enough to bear twice as great a weight, and which was so rough that it appeared to have hardened with a ripple on the surface of the water, formed by the light breezes blowing among the trees, when the late thaw had melted the upper coat of ice. We emerged from the wood, and came upon the valley of my old friend the Sereth, here not half as broad as where I had seen it last.

We stopped at the village of Neklusheni, but only to renew our eight stout poneys; for the kindness of a Jassy Boyar, in the shape of a well-filled basket, which Jacob

had been nursing on his lap ever since we started in the morning, made us feel quite independent of roadside refreshment for ourselves.

We crossed the river by a small bridge of boats towards evening, and continued our course towards the great mountains, sometimes meeting the stream as it turned and twisted on the plain, and then leaving it again for half an hour. It was covered in one or two places, where it was particularly rapid, with corn-mills, one end of the axle resting in a house on the bank, and the other being supported by a boat in the centre of the river, while the broad wheels revolved with the current. The plain was closely cultivated; the track we followed passed frequently over ploughed land, where a road had formerly been left open; it was often deeply tilled, as if to avenge the encroachment of waggons on the fields.

At a late hour we reached the town of Romano, on the river Moldava, which joins the Sereth after giving its name to the principality. We went to a *khan*, which was not bad, especially as I wanted nothing but a clean board or two, to lay my cloak upon and lie down. I was up early in the morning, and inspecting Romano, which possesses 8,000 inhabitants, a fine Episcopal church, and a good wooden bridge over the river. It is the central point of the best agricultural district of Moldavia, and the corn produced here has always a preference in the market. It may be taken as a sample of the average state of the land in the principality, as

some districts have a greater proportion of forest and pastures, while others are more productive in wine and grain. Thus, in the district of Romano, one-half of the soil is tilled, one-third is in wood, and one-sixth in pasture; and the fifth part of the landed property of the whole principality belongs to the monasteries.

We pushed on towards the Carpathians, following a valley which opened on the plain of the Moldava, and then, crossing one of the enclosing ranges of hills, we took up another line along the banks of a brook, which we forded, perhaps, a dozen times; after that, a long climb, and a beautiful drive over a high and open country, from which the view was splendid; and at last we reached the ruins of the old castle of Niamtzo. It is situated on a height commanding the valley of the river Niamtzo, and covering the small borough of the same name. The outer defences have been altogether destroyed, and can now hardly be traced; but the inner walls are still standing; the buttresses of a drawbridge across a natural precipice remain; two towers, flanking the approach, have been little injured; the gate, several staircases, a cistern, the chapel vaults and catacombs, may yet be seen, which tell of the ancient glories of Niamtzo.

This castle is said to have been built as an outpost of Christendom against the inroads of different races from the East, by the knights of Malta, belonging to the German Language, according to the division by lan-

guages of the order of St. John of Jerusalem. The Slavonic word *niamtz* means *dumb*, and it is still employed as a distinctive appellation of all foreign nations unable to speak Slavonic; but more especially of the Germanic races, with which the Slavonians have been so much thrown in contact. The date of construction of the castle would be difficult to determine, as no precise information can be obtained on the subject; and the appearance of its ruins indicates that it had been built at different periods, or perhaps repaired after the partial destruction of its massive masonry. On two occasions was it connected with important historical events. The first was during the invasion of Sultan Bayezid II. Stephen, surnamed the Great from his successes against the Hungarians, the Poles, and the Turks, then ruled in Moldavia: alarmed by the formidable preparations of the Sultan, who had already reduced both Kilia and Akermann, he ordered the inhabitants of the plains to take refuge in the mountains; and sent his mother, Helen, with his whole family, to the fortress of Niamtzo, which was considered impregnable. He then met the Turkish army at Resboyeni, on the river Moldava, and was defeated by them with great loss. He marched rapidly on Niamtzo with about 12,000 men, who had escaped from the slaughter; and, on his arrival there, he ordered the garrison to open the gates, as he believed the Turks to be following him. His mother then appeared on the

walls, and called out to him to go back and attack the Turks, as she would never receive him unless victorious, and would prefer his death on the field of battle to his safety by flight. Stephen turned back with the remains of his army, and fell upon the Turks while they were pillaging the country. The struggle was fierce and deadly, but the Sultan was at last obliged to retreat, as his generals were fighting under great disadvantages, without a plan, and having been taken by surprise. The number of bones strewn over the plain, gave it the name of the Valle Alba, or White Valley, as it is still called. The Turks evacuated Moldavia; but Stephen, on his death-bed, enjoined his son to surrender it to the Sultan, as he foresaw that it would be impossible to protract the contest; and the example of Wallachia was soon followed by Moldavia.

The other historical recollection attached to the name of Niamtzo, refers to a later period, when John Sobieski, king of Poland, sought to reap the reward stipulated between him and the German emperor, for his assistance before the walls of Vienna, by taking possession of the Danubian provinces, which the reverses suffered by the Turks might disable them from protecting, and which would make an advantageous addition to the territory of Poland. Constantine Cantemir was the Hospodar of the day. Sobieski arrived at Jassy, and the Seraskier Mustapha Pasha advanced with an army of Turks and Tatars to oppose him. The Hospodar had

left Jassy three days before the appearance of either party, and had retired to Faltzi, there to watch his opportunity for siding with the stronger of the two.

The Polish king had calculated on receiving provisions from the Moldavian prince, and on his withdrawing the troops began to suffer from famine. The Seraskier took advantage of this circumstance to save his soldiers, and avoided battle, which was frequently offered by Sobieski. The latter became desperate, and pillaged the country, revenging himself on the Moldavians for the cunning of their prince. The Turks next attacked the Poles in concert with the natives, and the king was forced to retreat. He passed through the valley of Niamtzo, and, before quitting the country, he was anxious to redeem his military honour by some exploit, such as the reduction of that well-known castle. He attacked it; and after four days, fifty Poles and the commander of their artillery being killed, he willingly accepted the terms of capitulation offered, which were an honourable retreat for the garrison, with arms and baggage. The king's army was drawn up to receive the defenders of the castle; the gate was thrown open and six men came out, bearing three wounded. Ten had been killed, and this was the whole garrison. Sobieski was so enraged, when he perceived with what a diminutive force his army had been engaged, that he was on the point of attacking them; but the Marshal Jablonovski reminded him that he had sworn to observe the terms of

the capitulation, and should rather show his admiration of their valour,—which he did, by providing them with everything they could want for the curing of their comrades. The Moldavian administration honoured their bravery by founding a village near Niamtzo for their families to inhabit, and it is still called *Venatori*, for they were soldiers of a rifle corps; and the images of the Chapel in the Castle were transferred to the Church of the Riflemen, whose descendants pride themselves greatly on this sacred deposit. After it ceased to be occupied as a military position, Niamtzo was for some time the residence of a holy fraternity of monks; but in the commencement of the last century, they removed to a large monastery not far distant. I would have wished to have visited that establishment, as well as the Convents of Varatica and Agapia, which are in the higher recesses of the same range of mountains, but the season was unfavourable for that sort of excursion; and as the first fall of snow would inevitably stop my journey in a drosky, I hurried on towards Bucharest without seeing those cloisters, in one of which there are no less than a thousand nuns, many of them of the highest families in the country.

We followed a south-easterly direction, over parallel branches of the Carpathians, well wooded, and watered by numerous streams in the narrow valleys, one of which seemed at last to suit our postilions, for they turned down it, and a long drive brought us to the

plain of the Moldava again. At night-fall we reached the village of Galbia, but there was no place where one could sleep, and we changed horses in the hope of finding an inn further on. We passed the confluence of the Moldava and Sereth, and still pushed forward. The road was excellent, being the continuation of the piece of macadamisation which I had enjoyed after leaving Galatz. It wound along the foot of the Carpathians on the right bank of the river Sereth, the plain being on the other side ; but we could now see nothing, and our only object was to get into some place where we might pass the remainder of the night in peace. None was to be had ; we changed horses again and again, hour passed after hour, and still no inn. At last we reached the town of Bacow about midnight. Hitherto we had been taken to wretched pot-houses, when we wished to be conveyed to the post-station ; now we were driven to the latter, although we insisted on going to an inn. The inn was far off, and the postilions refused to move. We refused to change horses, so that we were in a perfect dilemma. Jacob valorously threatened to break every bone in the postboys' bodies. He seemed to have a great soul in that little frame of his, or perhaps he saw that the postilions had still smaller frames. I thought the best way to get out of the scrape was to provoke a crisis, and I dared the Jew to put his threat into execution. He begged me to take care of the precious basket, which was still dandling on his knees,

and he got off the box with the greatest possible amount of noise. The drivers really took fright, or wished to play him a trick; for they cracked their whips furiously, and the eight horses started off at a gallop. I called to them to stop for Jacob, but they now seemed to be as anxious to get on as they had previously been to stand still; and after racing about the town for a quarter of an hour at least, and making some most perilous turns round corners, we pulled up at an inn. Jacob was at the door in an instant, and opened it for me to get out, while the postilions laughed heartily at their joke. But the laugh was on the other side, for the Jew was not to be taken in, and he had jumped up on the foot-board, beside my portmanteau. After thus making a triumphal first appearance before the inn of Bacow, with my queer little servant standing behind my carriage, I was ushered into the house by an obsequious host, hostess, and no end of little hosts and hostesses, roused from their innocent slumbers, and crying in all the keys of the gamut. I got to bed as fast as I could, and rose betimes to take a look at Bacow.

It was here that the unfortunate king of Poland, Stanislaus Lesczynski, who was the principal cause of the war between Peter the Great and Charles XII., was taken prisoner by order of Nicholas Mavrocordato, then prince of Moldavia. The Pole was disguised as a Swedish officer, and was on his way to join his protector, Charles, at Bender, in company with two Swedes. As such they

were conducted to Jassy, to be examined by the prince. The king endeavoured to preserve his incognito; but, in his anxiety to secure his captor's good will, he said:—

“If you will give us aid and protection you will have two kings for friends.”

The astute Hospodar immediately saluted him as King of Poland, and generously promised him a safe passage through his territory, although Stanislaus persisted in asserting that he was merely a colonel in the Swedish service. He admitted, however, that Mavrocordato had guessed aright, before they separated; he went to Bender, and thence, after another unsuccessful attempt to recover his throne, he retired to the duchy of Lorraine, which was then conferred on him by his son-in-law, Louis XV. of France.

Bacow is a larger place than any of the other country towns I had seen in Moldavia, as it has no less than 12,000 inhabitants, but in appearance it in no way differs from them;—the houses similar, the churches somewhat larger, and the streets, if possible, broader and more marshy. But there is an affectation of fashion about Bacow, which at once raises it above all the Burlats and Romanos in the world; for I remarked a signboard over the door of a large building, which bore the words “Bal Masqué,” in French; and another announced in the same manner that it was the “Casin Noble,” or aristocratical club of Bacow. The great number of apothecary's shops implied an unhealthy place;

but, indeed, the situation of the town, behind a screen of mountains impeding the free circulation of the air, and close to the muddy banks of a river, which were generally exposed to the rays of the summer sun, striking into a sort of natural oven, in the centre of which Bacow lies baking, could leave but little doubt as to that fact. In autumn, fever and ague must be prevalent here.

The next place to which we came was the large village of Rakatsha, lying under a prettily wooded bank, with a few houses on the height. We still travelled along the narrow plain, stretching from the Carpathians to the river Sereth, and to a range of hills beyond it, which was the continuation of that elevated plateau that we crossed before reaching Romano ; and when the line of mountains receded on our right, the course of the stream also turned off in the opposite direction, while the plain thus opened before us, on a level tract, which reaches far into the neighbouring province of Wallachia, whose confines we were approaching.

The small market-town of Azut, with its long street of wooden booths, stands at the extremity of the valley of the Sereth, which we were leaving behind us ; and after changing horses there we commenced one of those rapid races across the almost trackless plain, which form the principal and most striking feature of Moldo-Wallachian travelling. When the ruts became very deep, in following the wheel-marks of other carriages or waggons, the *Surudjis* would take a new line of their own on the

meadow-land; and I was often at a loss to discover on what they steered their course, as no visible object seemed to guide them; but the steeple of a church, or the roofs of houses would at length rise above the horizon right in front, and we arrived at the post-station, as if by chance.

We crossed the river Croatus, a tributary of the Sereth, on a long and ricketty wooden bridge; changed horses at the large village of Marisesti on the Sereth; passed through a forest; again changed horses at Petrisheni; forded the river Putna, with the water covering the fore-wheels; galloped across a plain, strewn with gravel by repeated inundations; and reached the town of Focshan at a late hour, when I was very hospitably received by our Consular-agent, Mr. Calcagno. He is a most interesting character, as he has seen a great deal of the world, passed through a multitude of adventures, and talks freely and well. A native of Piedmont, he commenced life as a dragoon in the French army, having served in Spain, in the Russian campaign, and at Waterloo; he then took a part in the Genoese revolution of 1821, was banished, and joined the expedition of General Mina in Spain, where he fought against his old friends the French; but that was a matter of no consequence to the Dugald Dalgetty of Focshan. He next went to Greece, where he volunteered under General Fabvier; and, when that war was over, he came to Wallachia, with the view of fighting against the Russians in the campaign of 1828; but his fate was

always to change his colours ; for, when he became a captain of Wallachian Pandurs, he was sent to help the Russians against the Turks. It was all one to him : hard knocks were all he cared for ; and to whom they were given, or from whom received, was perfectly indifferent. When the whole of Europe was at peace, he would not serve, but took to trade, and was successful, having finally married and settled at Focshan, where he was appointed British Consular agent, in favour of his well-known honesty and independence of character. He is a fine soldierly-looking old campaigner, and right glad to have an Englishman for his guest.

Focshan is a town of 25,000 inhabitants, one-half of it being Moldavian and the other Wallachian ; as the frontier between the sister provinces runs through the middle of it. Each half has a governor and a separate administrative, judicial, and fiscal establishment ; and in passing from one street to another, every one must show his passport, and undergo a custom-house search.

The town offers little attraction to a tourist's notice, and but one historical event is connected with it, which is the defeat of the Turks by the Austrian army, under Marshal Laudon and the Prince of Coburg, in 1789, when the alliance between the Empress Catherine II. of Russia, and the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria, was so near precipitating the fate of Turkey whilst she was still a prey to the insubordination of the Janissaries, and to the consequent anarchy and corruption which then pervaded every branch of her polity ; but she was saved by the

still surviving martial energies of the nation, aided by political combinations, consequent on the disorders which then occurred in Brabant and in Hungary, and on the distaste which was felt by other powers for the wild scheme of Catherine, who had projected the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, and the restoration of the Greek empire, by placing on its throne one of her own grandsons, who had been named Constantine with the view of fulfilling the old prophecy, that "a Constantine had founded Constantinople, a Constantine had lost it, and a Constantine would regain it."

When the drosky was ready on the following day for our start, Mr. Calcagno made a close inspection of all my preparations, and then shook his head, saying, "they would never do." I asked him what was wrong about them, and his only reply was an order to a servant in Wallachian; the latter soon returned with a huge blunderbuss and two full-sized horse-pistols, a powder-flask, and a bag of balls. He next proceeded to load this formidable artillery with the greatest care, telling me at the same time how his carriage had been recently stopped on the road to Bucharest by five men—how he had been stunned by a blow on the head when he was asleep, the postilions having pulled up—and how he had been maltreated and robbed. He also mentioned several other similar cases, and especially one, of the murder of the government courier, and plunder of money entrusted to his charge by merchants.

It was said that these highwaymen were instigated by the Russian agents, in order to prove the necessity of an army of occupation, and that they were not arrested by the authorities in consequence ; but Mr. Calcagno was not to be trifled with, and, through the support of the British Consulate, he had the postilions convicted of complicity, and condemned, although the brigands escaped scot-free. He insisted on my taking his arms, and I accepted the loan—for they could easily be returned by depositing them at the Consulate of Bucharest—more to satisfy him than from any apprehension that they would be required, as I did not mean to travel by night. Little Jacob looked ferocious, with the blunderbuss between his knees, and its muzzle reaching up to his chin, while both his hands were clasped resolutely round the barrel. Thus equipped, we bade adieu to Focshan and the hospitable soldier of fortune.

We forded the river Milcov, both deep and rapid ; we crossed a dreary plain, uncultivated and covered with brushwood ; met some Russian soldiers on the march, weary and foot sore, wading painfully through the mud ; they looked dispirited, and no wonder, as they suffered every sort of hardship in a cause which has no interest for them ;—what is Imperial ambition to them ? We skirted the hills descending from the loftier Carpathians, and forming an elevated region, which is called the Vrautsha. Being to the north of the Milcov, it is in the Moldavian territory, and it is inhabited by the most

independent and prosperous portion of the rural population of that province.

Every peasant of the Vrautsha is a landed proprietor; there are no rich men, and no serfs; their ancient immunities, obtained in return for the defence of the frontier, being still in vigour; and they do not allow any stranger to settle within the boundaries of their district. Further west rose the inaccessible summit of the Budshiesh, which derives its name from one of the lieutenants and sons-in-law of Gengis Khan, who overran the Wallachian plain with his Tatar hordes, towards the end of the fourteenth century, and left so terrible a memory behind him, that the most rugged of the Carpathian heights was called after him.

We changed horses at Bucow, and as the evening began to close in, we renewed our scamper over the plain, which seemed never to offer a single object on which the eye could rest. It became almost quite dark, and still on, on, we hurried.

We had left Focshan late in the day, and the heavy roads had kept us back; I began to think that I was travelling by night, after all, in spite of my determination to the contrary. I saw a speck on the clear straight horizon before us—could it be a tree? or a waggon? No; a house—all alone in the desert. It did not seem to be inhabited. The shutters flapped in the wind, the door, which we passed close to, hung loose on one hinge, and the tall smokeless chimneys seemed to shiver in the cold night air, as they rose, all naked, from the falling

roof. Such a dreary place was never seen. Yet, when I turned to look at it again, before we had left it far behind us, I saw a light in one small upper window, and a thin spare figure, apparently dressed in black, stood before it, attracted probably by the clatter of our horses' gallop, and gazing at us, with one hand raised to his eyes. It might be the retreat of a hermit disgusted with life at Bucharest—and much there is to disgust the least fastidious; or it was perhaps the haunt of Mr. Calcagno's highwaymen: I felt for the pistols of that friendly warrior, and I asked Jacob if he had his blunderbuss ready. He replied that we would soon come to the wood. He had understood my question, but he could give me no information, nor obtain any for me from the postilions, respecting the solitary occupant of that lonely tenement, which, they said, had not been inhabited for many years.

In a quarter of an hour we certainly did come to the wood, and, the moon having now risen, we could see for some distance before us. Just as the carriage plunged into the forest, at least a dozen men stood in the middle of the road. I bade Jacob tell the postilions that we would shoot them if they attempted to pull up; he suited the action to the word, put his blunderbuss to his shoulder, and covered them. I held a great pistol over each door of the drosky, ready to fire a double broadside; the post-boys flogged their team to a full gallop; and in this singular array we rushed past a party of peaceful peasants, who were in a great hurry to

get out of our way, and seemed much astonished at Jacob's sporting attitude towards the postilions, while several of them did not hesitate to laugh heartily at our demeanour, which they apparently supposed to be meant for the very good practical joke of a madcap Boyar.

We passed through the wood in perfect safety, and rather ashamed of our readiness to assume the defensive, which we attributed solely to Mr. Calcagno's dismal forebodings. There was a consequent reaction in our disposition, and, instead of stopping at the town of Rimnik, as we had intended, we now determined on travelling the whole night, which was an uncommonly fine one, with a clear sky and a bright moon. We therefore changed horses at Rimnik, which is a small town of insignificant aspect, situated on a river of the same name. Near it was fought, in the year 1789, the battle between the Turks and the Russians, which gave to the conqueror, Suwarrow, the surname of Rimnikski: Russia and Austria were then for the first time combined against Turkey, and they were victorious at both Focshan and Rimnik; they were now again combined in a diplomatic war against the Sultan, but their every attack has been foiled, and, as Britons, we may take pride in our country having contributed towards that salutary result.

Twenty years after the battle of Rimnik, the son of Suwarrow, also a Russian general, attempted to ford

the river of Rimnik in his travelling carriage; the stream was swollen by recent rains, and the general, with his carriage, servants, horses, and postilions, was swept down the stream, and he was drowned. We forded it also, but without difficulty, as the water was low; I could understand, however, what a torrent it must be when the snow melts on the Carpathians, for the great extent of dry gravel indicated how far it could rise on such occasions; the river followed a tortuous course along the broad belt of a shingle, and being now bereaved of its better half, it restlessly tossed from side to side on its widowed bed.

Towards morning we drove through the Buseo, a much larger stream, and apparently dangerous to ford, for special postilions were stationed on each side of it, to take the place of those who brought carriages to cross it. One of these mounted a leader, and guided us through the water, turning and twisting to avoid holes, trotting along an island of sand in the centre of the river, and then leaving it, to pass the other branch, where the water flowed freely into the drosky;—we took a quarter of an hour at least to ford the Buseo. Half a mile further on was the town of that name, through which we drove, admiring some good streets and a handsome episcopal residence, to which is attached an ecclesiastical seminary, endowed with twenty bursaries. Near this some very curious antiquities were found a few years ago by a peasant digging in

a field; they consisted of four lamps, one of which was in the form of a hawk, and another bore a figure of Iris; three vases, probably used as drinking-cups, as an inscription on the ring uniting them would infer, by the words *χαίρε καὶ πίνε*; a sort of flat dish; and a *patera*, with a small statue fixed in it, and figures of Neptune, Apollo, Mars, and others, embossed on it: the whole being in pure gold. They are of Byzantine workmanship, and are supposed to have been an offering of one of the Greek emperors to the chief of some barbarian horde, that pushed his incursions from the banks of the Danube into the territory of the Empire in the 6th or 7th century, and to have been hidden in the ground during war. They were deposited in the museum of the College of St. Sava, at Bucharest, where I afterwards saw them. A few stages after Buseo we came to the village of Urtsicheni, where I had left this road on my way to Ibraila; and, before reaching Bucharest late in the evening, I was doomed to undergo the same tiresome process of being dragged through the mud on the banks of the river Jalonitza.

When the drosky stopped at the door of my hotel at last, I jumped up, and was proceeding to run up stairs, all anxiety to learn how those whom I had left there had got over the last month,—for I was too suspicious a character to be permitted by Moldo-Wallachian authorities to receive a letter,—when two naked sabres were crossed at the door, and the corresponding Cossacks

refused to let me enter. There was a crowd about the hotel, and I learnt that a great public dinner was being given by the Boyars to General Lüders, who had arrived at Bucharest on his way to the watering-places of Germany, however unseasonable it may appear to go there in winter. I endeavoured to explain that I was an inmate of the house, but it was in vain; the Cossacks had received orders that no one should pass; and, after a long absence, and considerable fatigue, I was kept standing at my own door without a hope of being able to get in. The hotel keeper incidentally appeared, and he succeeded in effecting my admission. I passed through the great hall, where toasts and speeches, cheers and hiccups, champagne and fine feelings, trombones and kettle-drums, flattery and flummery, were going on; and I finally reached the rooms we occupied, where I found that all were well, the little boys being in the gallery, where the brass band was playing, and wholly absorbed by the mastication of certain *bonbons*, which a Russian officer had kindly brought them, when he saw their curly heads over the balustrade.

CHAPTER III.

SLEDGES—PALACES—WOLVES—GAESTI—COUNTRY-HOUSE—THEODORE VLADIMIRESCO — TIRGOVIST — MATTHIAS BASSARABA — THE ISPRAVNIK — MICHAEL THE BRAVE—AN ARCHBISHOP'S CURSE—VLAD, THE EMPALER.

OLD Winter had now thrown his white mantle over the Danubian plain in real earnest, and Bucharest had assumed a Siberian aspect. The swarms of hackney-coaches and Boyars' carriages had given place to flights of sledges, with jingling bells on their horses, and fur pelisses on their occupants. The cold was so intense, that a night-watchman was found one morning frozen to death in front of our door. Waggon without wheels, laden with fire-wood, crowded the streets; whole forests disappeared in the monumental stoves of the Wallachian houses; the outer panes of the double window-sashes were incrustated with sheets of ice; but quadrille-bands played incessantly, and opera singers screamed, saloons were brilliantly illuminated, and conservatories warmed, for the gay revellers at balls, concerts, and masquerades; while the miserable hovels next door were closed in vain against the cold north wind, by their shivering and famished inmates. We had no great wish to join in

these amusements, though we went to one or two of the splendid parties that were given, merely to see what they were; and we found that they differed little from those of larger capitals, as far as outward appearances went. But the decline of natural affections should not astonish, where every moral duty is betrayed.

The prince's palace is his own property; it is a tolerably good house, on the Podomogoshi, embellished by an imposing guard-house, which he has just built in front of it; but, when he ceases to be Hospodar, the guard-house will look curious. The most ancient palace of the princes at Bucharest were destroyed by fire in the year 1813, and it has never been rebuilt; the position is good, being on a height, where the ruins of the *Kurte Arsa*, or Burnt Court, as it is now called, form a picturesque object; and it must have been a very extensive building, if one may judge by its remains, of which the chapel is the only part whose walls remain standing. Another palace was subsequently erected in the main street, and it was occupied by several, indeed most, of the Hospodars, until the entrance of the Turkish troops into Bucharest, when their Commander-in-chief took up his quarters in it, and Halim Pasha now lives there.

The winter was not considered a severe one, but it lasted a very long time. We thought it would never end. We were anxious to resume our wandering life, and, as a part of our plan depended on the steam navigation of the Danube, which was frozen over, we were

obliged to wait for the breaking up of the ice, like Arctic explorers. At last the departure of the steamers was announced; my little party prepared for a start by the river and the Black Sea for Constantinople, where I proposed to meet them after an overland journey, which they could not accomplish; and I made arrangements with two friends for a part of my tour, on which they wished to accompany me.

I left Bucharest on a glorious spring morning. This trip was undertaken on a new plan. I had travelled in a cart with hired horses, in a cart with post-horses, and in a carriage with post-horses: this time I tried it in a carriage with horses of my own. I bought a very light calèche and four strong horses, which, wonderful to relate, cost me in all only thirty pounds. I now, therefore, travelled in my coach and four. Instead of little Jacob, who could be of no use to me where I was going, I had engaged a Turkish servant; and a coachman, destined to drive me and take care of the horses, turned out to be a Gipsy. The former had been a non-commissioned officer in the Sultan's regular army, and, having been pensioned for two wounds in the arm and leg, during the last campaign of Kurdistan, he had entered the service of a distinguished diplomatist of Turkey, who kindly ceded him to me for my journey. The other was an elderly and rather dissipated-looking Gipsy, who was recommended to me as possessing one great merit, which is common to his race, that of infallible skill in horseflesh,

in favour of which I took him, in spite of various less advantageous accomplishments, in which I was told he was a proficient.

I followed a north-westerly course over the vast plain which surrounds the *chef-lieu* of the Wallachian province. After driving rapidly for an hour, we passed the ruined church of Giulasco: it is of considerable dimensions, and of picturesque architecture, in the Byzantine style; and it stands alone on the rich pasture land, stretching to the horizon on all sides. We entered a wood a few miles further on, which was in process of being prematurely cut down, for there was not a tree of more than ten years' growth in it. On emerging from it, two roads presented themselves for our selection. The Gipsy had boasted of knowing the route I intended to follow, as well as every other, I believe; but the want of veracity, which is another characteristic of his race, soon became patent in him; and he confessed that he was uncertain which way to turn. The only living creature, more or less gifted with reason and speech, who was in sight, happened to be a young female of uncleanly aspect, to whose sisterly care had been confided a numerous herd of swine. We invited her to assist us with her local information, but neither the Briton, nor the Turk, nor the Gipsy, could humanise the brute; and she took to flight, scattering her kindred animals before her. We, therefore, had nothing to do but to trust to chance in the choice of a road, and, of course, chose the wrong one.

After driving another hour, we learnt our mistake at the village of Popesti, where we received instructions how to get on the right road again. It was a pretty enough little place, with a good deal of timber about it, a small church, surrounded by clumsy wooden crosses over humble graves, and a tavern, where three of my coachman's brethren were making the peasants dance to the wild strains of a Pan's pipe, a mandoline, and an old fiddle. This being a holiday, the rotatory swing was going up and down at a great rate, with rustic pairs seated on all the bars. We endeavoured to follow the instructions about the first turn to the right, third turn to the left, and then straight on, which we had received ; but we finally became quite bewildered, as it was no easy matter to keep on the road where there is none, and where wheel-tracks crossed each other in every possible direction.

The Gipsy at last pulled up in despair as we were passing an old Rumoon, and, without saying a word, laid an embargo on his person by forcing him to take a seat on the box beside him. It was evidently the first time that the grisly boor had been in such a position, and he did not seem to like it much ; but he guided us faithfully, and we found that we had been beating to windward between the roads to Pitesti and Tirgovist, now crossing to the one after making inquiries, and now sent back to the other by ulterior information, tacking until we were tired of our zigzag course, and making what Paddy called " a mighty fine short-cut, *if you've time.*" But we could

not take the sequestered Rumoon the whole journey, so we dismissed him with a suitable guerdon, and soon got wrong again. The Gipsy had fallen in my estimation ; he might have been had cheap. I ordered him to drive straight on when he stopped in doubt, for I had resolved on adopting the classical method of following our noses ; and I declined to leave the road we were on, in spite of all the assurances of peasants, in reply to the coachman's questions, that it led anywhere but to the place of our destination.

We passed a large mill, which I was told was one of Prince Stirbey's princely speculations. We skirted several thickets of wood, and traversed a long line of small villages. A bridge of logs took us across the river Dimbovitza ; and, towards the close of the evening, we approached a forest, apparently of small extent, through which our road, such as it was, seemed to pass. On advancing towards it, we saw several cows and bullocks appear from amongst the trees, in a singularly wild and unusual manner ; they were galloping promiscuously, with tails erect, and heels flourishing playfully in the air ; and yet there was something of consternation in their deportment, which at once fixed my attention. Behind them two large dogs, as I thought, were running about from one to the other. On coming nearer, the dogs assumed the proportions of well-grown calves, which they also greatly resembled in colour. One of them, especially, seemed to frisk round a large heifer with astonishing agility,

as the latter rushed towards us. Our horses pricked their ears, snorted, swerved from side to side, and finally stopped short, with an evident determination not to proceed. The heifer rolled over in the middle of the road not twenty yards in front of us: the horses plunged furiously, as if endeavouring to get out of their harness and escape. The Gipsy jumped off the box, and seized the heads of two of them; Osman Aga laid hold of a Turkish sabre, which was strapped across the front of the carriage, drew it, and ran forward. I got my gun, and was hurriedly loading it, while I stood upon the seat to get a better view of what was going on. A strange and horrible spectacle then presented itself. An enormous wolf was tearing the throat of the cow, which commenced lowing most piteously. The Gipsy set up a fearful scream, which diverted the attention of the beast of prey, hitherto apparently unaware of the audience before which he was enacting the part of the country gentleman killing his own beef. The heifer then recovered her feet, and took to flight. The other wolf came up. Both stared at us fiercely, and snarled like huge mastiffs. I tried to get a shot at them, but the Turk was standing between me and them, with his sabre *en garde*, and I was afraid of hitting him, as I had loaded with buck-shot, and I was not sorry to reserve my fire to repulse an attack, if that should be the decision of the council of war which the enemy seemed to be holding. The horses got quite frantic; the Gipsy shouted still more lustily than before;

and the wolves, not liking his voice, as it seems, slowly turned tail, and trotted away, retiring quietly into the road. Though still restive, the poor frightened nags now breathed more freely, and they soon became manageable. The next question was whether we should pursue the retreating force or turn back. Our road lay in the direction that the wolves had taken ; there were probably many more of them ; but we determined on braving the danger, which we finally escaped by galloping furiously till we reached the village of Gaesti, where we put up for the night, being obliged to abandon the original project of sleeping at a friendly country-house, in which my future travelling companions were to meet me.

It is not unusual for wayfarers to make unwelcome encounters in Wallachia, of the nature of ours with the wolves, especially during winter; and I was told that, when the horses cannot drag the carriage or sledge faster than the wolves can run after them, the postilions are in the habit of cutting the traces, and of thus leaving their employers to their fate. The Gipsy said that he had often been attacked by wolves, and that the most efficient defence is that of screaming, which always drives them away, and is universally practised in such cases by the Moldo-Wallachians: he added, that if I had fired, we would, most probably, have been all three devoured.

After leaving Gaesti, which is a large village, boasting of a *khan*, to whose comfortless hospitality I owed a night's unrest, we followed our westward course.

On the road we met six Gipsies, walking abreast, and pinioned, with two mounted Wallachian peasants riding behind them, and flourishing long whips over their shoulders. My coachman sighed for his kith, as he told me that these were robbers being conveyed to gaol: they were closely bound together by a strong rope, each end of which was held by one of their escort, and they were thus obliged to walk in a row. As we passed them, they asked me for charity; and, however injudicious and unreasonable it may appear, I confess that I threw them some small pieces of money, because they looked so wretched. My coachman pulled up, deliberately got off the box, came to the door of the carriage, and taking my hand, kissed it, while he jabbered something I could not understand, in his gratitude for his fellow Gipsies.

On either side of the road round hillocks covered with vineyards now arose, and small enclosures were thickly planted with plum-trees, at present in blossom. This fruit is cultivated for the purpose of distilling a spirit from it, which is a most popular beverage; though, on the whole, it would be unfair to allege that the inhabitants of the Danubian provinces are much addicted to drunkenness. A few Russian soldiers were to be seen at the doors of the pothouses as we drove through the villages, and they may safely be said to be prone to intoxication; for I saw many a one reeling along in that state of incorrigible sottishness which is a characteristic of the Slavonic race. The country was here so populous,

that we seemed to be driving through one continuous village, and there were few cottages about which one or two of these poor slaves in uniform were not lounging. A great many of the peasants in this district are Bulgarians; easily distinguishable from the Rumoons by their superior stature, fair complexions, and showy dress, composed of bright colours, with their black fur caps: colonies had frequently immigrated from the right bank of the Danube to the left. They were still dancing, and singing, and swinging, in honour of Easter, which festival was not yet over.

We entered the valley of the river Ardjish, which flows between two parallel chains of low hills, richly wooded, and broken into a thousand picturesque forms, the intervening space being closely cultivated, and thickly studded with neat little hamlets, around which crowded the universal plantations of plum-trees. In the centre of this lovely scene stands the country-seat of a Boyar, whose invitation to pay him a visit I had accepted, together with my two friends, and we had agreed to meet here. I arrived about noon, and found that they had come in time for dinner on the previous day; and I was much teased on account of my coachman, who had been wandering about the country with me, and had made me sleep at an odious *khan*, instead of bringing me to join their friendly party, as my travelling companions had been by their post-horses.

The house is spacious and comfortable, and its interior

differs little from the style of such residences in England; indeed, the inmates too are more like honest Britons than members of the corrupt society of Bucharest. That, I also understood to be the reason for their preferring to live in the country, for they are a family forming an exception to the general Wallachian rule, and consequently incapable of devoting themselves to the frivolous and dissipated mode of life prevalent in the chief town of the province. Several unaffected and well-informed young ladies, two kind and worthy parents, and a grandmother, who looks like the eldest sister of her granddaughters, lively and good-humoured, always amusing herself with her garden in the morning, and gathering an affectionate circle round her after dinner; such was the agreeable party which I found in the valley of the Ardjish; and it will be easily comprehended, however familiar may be to us the image of a similar home, it is heroism to realize it in Wallachia; elsewhere respectability is but a duty, here it is the highest of social virtues. The objects surrounding this country mansion reminded one of the past vicissitudes of Wallachia: an extensive court-yard and garden, in which the dwelling-house stood, was still enclosed by a thick and high wall; the gate was flanked by hollow projections, and surmounted by an open platform, which was now fitted up as a *kiosk*, where the family often sat in the evening, but which had evidently been constructed for the purpose of firing on assailants; while

the whole range of the wall was loopholed at regular distances. These means of defence had been prepared by Theodore Vladimiresco, in 1821, when he entrenched his army on this plain against the advancing Turkish force, and in that *kiosk* he received the emissaries of Alexander Ypsilanti, who enticed him to accompany them to the head-quarters of the latter at Tirgovist, where he was put to death, as already narrated. These historical circumstances connected with her country-house, formed the topic of a most interesting conversation which I enjoyed with my amiable hostess during a walk about the grounds after dinner, the remainder of the family, with my future travelling companions, leading the way through a long avenue of poplar-trees to a height, whence a noble prospect extended over the green valley, with the river meandering among lofty trees, and the town of Pitesti appearing on the opposite hills imbedded in wood. Patriotism was a painful subject with the good lady, as her four sons are now in exile in consequence of the part they took in the late revolutionary movement; and she talked feelingly, evincing strong political convictions. She mentioned an anecdote of a Russian officer, with whom the advantages of liberal institutions were discussed, and, when he was obliged to admit that they were worth a struggle, he concluded by saying that his countrymen would certainly rise to demand them as soon as an Imperial Ukase should authorize them to do so.

On the following morning we left this hospitable house, my two friends in a cart with post-horses, and my Gipsy keeping up with them. When we reached the end of the rising grounds towards the north-east, we separated, as the cart must go to some distance in search of a post station, while I took a cross road ; but I made an agreeable exchange of Osman Aga for the Prussian Consul, the former looking much humiliated in the springless vehicle beside the Transylvanian servant of the French Consul, who reclined in the back part of it on a heap of cloaks. We struck off to the left across the country by a track which soon left the plain. We ascended and descended hills and dales, forded streams, plunged into dense forests, came out again, upset, raised the carriage unhurt, broke the traces and mended them, smashed a splinter-bar, pulled out our axe and cut down a young tree to replace it, and at last reached the large village of Mishla. It is prettily situated in a small valley, and appeared to be populous, as the whole number of its inhabitants was collected in an open space, some of them being in the full enjoyment of their everlasting *dulap*, or wheel-swing, for the Easter holidays were still unspent. After a short halt, we proceeded again over a country of a similar character, while we discussed the reciprocal policy of Prussia and Austria, a subject of great interest to the clever German beside me. Towards the evening, we descended on a plain, in the centre of which stood the ancient town of Tirgovist,

where we found the other detachment of our party at the house of the *Ispravnik*, or Administrator, the longest way round having in this, as in most instances, proved the shortest way home.

Tirgovist covers a great extent of ground, although it now possesses only 2,000 inhabitants. Its streets are well paved, a rare perfection in Wallachia; and a great many churches, of which some are large and handsome, especially the cathedral, give it the appearance of a considerable town, whereas in reality it is but a village. The cathedral is richly decorated with the intricate chiseling of the Byzantine style of architecture, and has no less than eight domes of different sizes, which rise from its roof; while the rounded arches of the double windows, divided by slender columns, are surmounted by sculptured arabesques of the greatest delicacy of design and execution. Within, we saw the usual figures of saints painted in fresco, images, and lamps of silver, and an elaborate screen of carved wood covered with gilding. There were several tombs in the aisles, one of them, an ornamented marble sarcophagus, being that of Prince Matthias Bessaraba.

Tirgovist was in those days the residence of the Hospodars. Bessaraba, who was above eighty years of age, had for some time submitted to the forced exactions of his mercenary guards, composed of Hungarian, Polish, Serbian, and Bulgarian adventurers, and had exhausted the resources of the province to satisfy

their cupidity. A Greek, of the name of Ghina, a potter, had acquired wealth, and married a rich Wallachian heiress. He proposed to the prince to extricate him from his financial embarrassments by a new system of administration, if he would confer on him the office of Vistiare. Bessaraba consented, and as the old chronicler, Gretshiano, says, "Ghina turned the wheels of government like those of his pottery, but he turned them so quick that they broke." His extortions exasperated the people, and a revolt took place. The guards joined them, because their pay had been reduced. The palace of Tirgovist was attacked. Ghina was sought for everywhere in vain, until he was at last dragged from under the bed on which the prince was lying. He was soon stripped by the mob, and flogged with rods in his master's presence: he was then taken out of the town, put to death, and his body cut into small pieces. The insurgents massacred several other influential persons; and the prince, trembling for his life, escaped to Curte d'Ardjish, a monastery at no great distance. Thence he returned to Tirgovist, when he was informed that the town was quiet, but the people closed the gates and refused to let him enter. After three days, however, they received him, and he regained his palace, where he died of grief and mortification a few days afterwards. The inscription on his tomb bears date the 8th of April, 1654.

The *Ispravnik*, although we had no introduction to

him, treated us with the greatest politeness, hospitality being apparently one of the duties of his situation, when strangers, holding official posts, pass through the town. My two companions were, therefore, made much of by our host, who was a gentlemanlike young man; and I came in for my share of his kindness, notwithstanding I possessed no such claim. He took us to see the remains of the ancient palace of the Hospodars. Crumbling brick walls, with a ruined chapel of the Roman Catholic rite, and a Greek church dedicated to the Virgin Mary, which was still a place of public worship, composed the principal features of the dilapidated buildings; while a tower, of about sixty feet in height, square at the base and round at the top, seems to have been repaired, and is perfect. In the Greek church we saw a portrait in fresco of Prince Serban Cantacuzenus, whose family claims descent from the Greek emperor of that name, and who died of poison, administered, as was said at the time, in order to frustrate his wild project of the conquest of Constantinople, in the year 1688. There was also a rude likeness of Prince Michael the Brave, the most patriotic Hospodar that dwelt in this palace. His manes are insulted now by his successor of the present day, who has filled the courtyard of the ancient princely residence with sheds for the accommodation of the Russian waggon train.

The first appearance of Michael at Tirgovist was on the scaffold raised for him by Prince Alexander, in con-

sequence of an unsuccessful insurrection which he had headed against the selfish tyranny and oppression of that Hospodar. The executioner was struck with his noble bearing and handsome person, and when all was ready he refused to strike the blow; the people received this incident as an omen, and became clamorous in his favour; Alexander pardoned him. He went to Constantinople, where he obtained the support of Sir Edward Burton, the ambassador of Queen Elizabeth; and the Grand Vezir, Sinan Pasha, having found it necessary to put a stop to the wretched administration of Wallachia by dismissing Prince Alexander, Michael was so strongly recommended, that Sultan Murad III. was induced to appoint him to the vacant office.

When he had taken possession of his post, his ambition drove him to attempt the repudiation of his allegiance towards his sovereign the Sultan, and the extension of his government; in the latter object he succeeded by uniting Transylvania and Moldavia with Wallachia, and by ruling thus over the whole of ancient Dacia; but in the former purpose he failed, though he kept the country in a state of constant war, and distinguished himself by many acts of personal bravery. His death, which took place in the year 1601, was caused by the struggle which he had provoked with Hungary and Poland. In spite of the friendship of the Emperor Rudolph, who had married his beautiful daughter Florica, Sigismund Bathory, the ex-Prince of Tran-

sylvania, was re-elected by the Diet in the place of Michael; the latter marched against his rival, and defeated him; but, in his retreat, Bathory carried off the Princess Florica, wife of Michael, and his young son Nicholas, who had been left in the castle of Vacaras, and he sent them as an offering to the Khan of Tatory, whom he besought to assist him. Michael, stung to the quick by this insult, accused those who surrounded him of treachery. General Basta, among others, who commanded a body of German Imperial troops, and who had already shown a hostile disposition towards Michael, being thus provoked, no longer restrained his hatred; and having been tampered with by the ex-Prince of Moldavia, Jeremiah Movila, determined on putting him to death. He went to the tent of the Wallachian prince at Thorda in Transylvania, together with Jacob Bory, and another German captain, each at the head of 300 men; while Basta surrounded the tent, the two captains entered it, and declared that he was the prisoner of the Emperor.

“You shall not take me alive!” exclaimed Michael, plunging his sword up to the hilt in the breast of one of them; he was drawing it from the wound to attack the other, Bory, when the latter struck him to the ground with a halbert; the soldiers rushed in, and cut off his head with his own sword; and then sent it to Wallachia, where it was buried near Tirgovist, his body having been hewn in pieces.

The Ispravnik offered to drive us to the spot, and I pressed my companions to make this pilgrimage in honour of the Rumoon hero. We left the town in a phaeton, with our administrator charioteering it, and a party of mounted police to escort us. After fording the Jalonitza, which flows along the eastern portion of the valley, we came to a broad and straight road, made by Prince Bibesco, as a patriotic tribute to the memory of the great Hospodar, during his short-lived period of popularity; and leaving the plain, we followed its winding course to the summit of a height, on which is situated the Monastery *Dialu*, or *On the hill*. There we found an extensive vulgar-looking modern building, which owes its existence to that same princely patriotism, surrounding a small antique church of sculptured stone; and in it we were shown the spot where the hero's head was deposited under the pavement, with a Slavonic inscription over it. This was all; and my French friend indulged in many jests at my expense for having been so anxious to visit this classic site, as he called it.

On our return to Tirgovist, we saw the ruins of a large house, with a small chapel attached to it, in the most populous street. We were told that this was the residence of an archbishop, by name Nyphon, who lived in the time of Prince Radu IV.; and that the house had not been inhabited for three centuries and a half, nor the church officiated in since then, in consequence of the circumstances under which the prelate left it.

He had demanded the divorce of the prince's sister, who had been unlawfully married to a person within the forbidden degrees; Radu refused, and when the couple appeared in church, the archbishop publicly excommunicated them. The prince, enraged at this act of defiance, decreed the immediate banishment of Nyphon, and prohibited his being received by any one. Twelve Boyars concealed him for some time successively in their houses, hoping that Radu's indignation might subside: but they were mistaken; he heard of their disobedience, and put them all to death. The archbishop issued forth from his hiding-place—buried them beside his chapel—pronounced a solemn anathema against the prince, the country, and the town; and then made his escape across the Danube, and retired to Mount Athos, where he died in one of the monasteries. Radu suffered adversity, from that time forward: the people revolted against him; the country was devastated by famine; and he expired in the torments of a most painful disorder before the year had passed. The inhabitants of Tirgovist attribute the misfortune of seeing Bucharest supplant it, to the Archbishop's curse; and they still blame the twelve Boyars, whose graves we saw lying side by side, and whose pious conduct few modern Wallachians can appreciate, for causing the downfall of their town.

The most remarkable era of the history of Tirgovist was that in which the Hospodar, Vlad the Empaler, or,

as he was called, *Dracul*, the Devil, resided here in the middle of the fifteenth century. He commenced by beheading Dan, the son of a former prince, who might become his rival; then he empaled 500 wealthy tradesmen, to possess himself of their riches; he next burnt 400 Transylvanians, who had come to rouse the Wallachians against the Turks; and soon after he massacred 500 Boyars, who had dared to remonstrate with him in a body for his cruelty. During a campaign which he undertook against Hungary, an insurrectionary movement was prepared at Tirgovist, where a project existed for the union of the two provinces under Stephen the Great, the contemporary prince of Moldavia, in favour of his rising fame.

Vlad heard of the conspiracy, left his army, and reached Tirgovist on Easter-day. The population was engaged in the usual festivities and rejoicings, when the prince appeared with a band of myrmidons, who cut down every one they met in the streets, and arrested 300 of the principal Boyars, who were supposed to be disaffected; on the following day they were empaled round the walls of the town at regular distances; and their wives and children were sent to build a fort, which still retains the name *Penari*, or the condemned, while their property was confiscated. Sultan Mohammed II. determined on putting a stop to these atrocities, and addressed an order to Tshakardji Hamsa Pasha, governor of Widin, to go to Tirgovist, and take Vlad prisoner by force or by cunning.

The Pasha set out on this expedition with his secretary alone, in order to avoid suspicion, but the prince was not to be deceived; and so soon as they had crossed the Danube their approach was reported to him; he guessed their errand, laid an ambush, and seized them. When brought to Vlad, he ordered his executioner to cut off their legs and arms and empale them, specifying that the Pasha should have a higher pale than his secretary, out of consideration to his rank. To forestall the vengeance of the Sultan, he made an offensive and defensive alliance with Matthias Corvinus, king of Hungary, and invaded Bulgaria. He ravaged that province, and carried off no less than 25,000 prisoners, whom he impaled at Tirgovist round the bodies of Hamsa Pasha and his secretary. Officers were then despatched by the Sultan, with orders to procure an explanation of his conduct; and when they appeared before him, he bade them salute him by taking off their turbans; they refused to do so, and he retorted that if they wished to keep them on, they should be fully satisfied; and he had them nailed on their heads.

The Sultan marched in person with a strong force to punish his rebellious Hospodar, and soon took possession of the whole province, which Vlad evacuated with a small army. On reaching Tirgovist, Mohammed II. is recorded to have been horror-struck at sight of a whole forest of stakes, on each of which a human body was fastened; and amongst them he recognized that of his governor of Widin. Another Hospodar, Radu III., was appointed;

and, after the Turks had left the province, Vlad persuaded the king of Hungary to assist him in his attempt to recover his post, but Radu and the Boyars represented to Matthias the unworthiness of the cause he espoused, and the king not only abstained from invading Wallachia, but sent Vlad a prisoner to Buda.

Fifteen years later, Stephen the Great obtained the freedom of Vlad from Matthias, and aided him to overthrow Radu, and regain his government, after the latter was beheaded at Cronstadt. Vlad resumed his atrocious habits of cruelty: when desirous of getting rid of the Gipsies, who were multiplying, he invited vast numbers of them to a feast, after which he boiled as many of them as the cauldrons would hold, and burnt the remainder alive on a great fire; and a story seems to be authentic of his having forced some Tatars to roast and eat one of their tribe, who had committed a theft. When he took prisoners from the Turks, he had their feet flayed, rubbed with salt, and licked by the rough tongues of goats. And with all this he was a remarkably handsome man, with a mild expression of countenance and long soft hair; he was possessed of undoubted bravery, and was of a comic humour withal; though, in refinement of cruelty, he far surpassed Louis XI. of France, John IV. of Russia, and even Caligula, Domitian, and Nero; for the most remarkable instances of his barbarity are such as were never heard of elsewhere, and such as we would not willingly sully these humble pages by translating

from the Saxon document, which the learned historian Engel considers as a valid testimony on the subject.

Vlad the Empaler was wounded in a battle which he fought near Rimmnik, against his former patron, Stephen the Great, in the year 1749; and when he was crossing a field to seek a place of safety, one of his own soldiers blew out his brains.

CHAPTER IV.

CONSCRIPTS — DOBOBANTZ — VILLAGE HOSPITALITY — KIMPOLUNG — BLACK
 RUDOLPH — NUNNERY OF NEMOLESTI — KURTE D'ARDJISH — ST. PHILOPTEA
 — RIMNIK.

“ AH, ça ! Vous êtes des aristos, vous autres. Et moi donc ! ”

My Prussian friend and I were roused at an early hour by these words, and, on sitting up in our comfortable beds, we saw the Consul-general of the French Republic, half-dressed, on a sofa, with only his cloak to cover him. He told us with many semi-serious reproaches that, when he had followed us to the room destined for our repose, he had found only two beds, and both occupied by us, who were fast asleep, while he was unable to muster enough Wallachian to ask for his servant ; and, having made a vain attempt to find any one he could speak to, he was at last obliged to rough it.

We explained that we had been told a separate bedroom was prepared for him in favour of his rank, and that we had therefore taken possession of those two ; but whether it was that it had been a Caleb-Balderstone-sort of device of the Rumoon attendants of this Ravens-

wood of Tirgovist, to cover the non-existence of a third bed, or that our French friend had been shown into our room by mistake, we were unable to discover; and the only satisfaction obtained by the sufferer, was our cordial congratulations on the advantages of being a Consul-general.

We got up, and went out on a large balcony in front of the house. A singular scene awaited us there. Two conscripts were standing in the courtyard, under the escort of four policemen, and pinioned; they were complaining bitterly to the Ispravnik, who was on the balcony, that their wives and children were left to starve, as they had no other means of supporting them but by their labour. I asked the Ispravnik if there were no exemption for heads of families. He said there was, but that those who were eligible often bribed their captors and escaped, while the number required was consequently made up by taking persons who were ineligible. I remarked that if they did not also purchase their liberty, it must be because they had no money, and that the most indigent families of the country were thus deprived of their scanty subsistence. He replied that by serving in the militia they avoided the payment of all taxes.

“But, if they pay no taxes when away from their families,” I continued, “does the government pay anything to maintain those families?”

“No,” he answered, “but recruits always return to

their homes with plenty of money after they have served their time."

"Yes, to find that their wives and children had died of want in the meantime, and the government charitably puts them in the way of providing the funeral expenses."

To this remark of mine the Administrator merely replied by shrugging his shoulders, and he ordered the policemen to escort the two conscripts to the barracks. Thus is raised a militia for the defence of Wallachia, but against whom, I had yet to learn, for her real enemy is already in the camp, and that enemy was now represented at the residence of the Ispravnik of Tirgovist, by a bevy of Russian officers belonging to a regiment of infantry in garrison here, who came to pay their respects to the strangers.

A formal reception took place in the drawing-room, where we were duly stared at, and probably afterwards reported on. One of those officers was the lineal descendant of the Tatar king of the Crimea, Khan Gherai; and, if the present Ottoman dynasty were to become extinct, he might succeed to the Sultan's throne; he is a handsome and gentleman-like young man, and he speaks French perfectly, as also German, and a little English. Other visitors arrived, several of them being the principal Boyars of the place. They talked much of the recent passage through Tirgovist of 12,000 Austrians under General Puchner, when they were driven out of Transylvania by Bem. These soldiers were almost all without

shoes, and the people of the town supplied them with sandals, such as the peasants wear, while the Ottoman commissioner at Bucharest placed a large sum of money at their disposal for the purchase of provisions.

We left Tirgovist in the afternoon under a broiling sun, and, passing from the banks of the Jalonitza to those of the Dimbovitza, which river flows along the lower level of this double plain, we followed its course for several miles. Entering a lovely vale, we still continued in the same direction, occasionally winding to the right or left for a short distance, but always returning to our north-westerly route, while the valley gradually narrowed, as we approached the mountainous country to the south of the great Carpathian range, and became more and more wooded and picturesque. We galloped through the village of Voinessi, and reached that of Djemeni, where we found a *Dorobantz*, or mounted constable, whom the Administrator had sent on to prepare horses for the Consul's cart, as this was not a post-road. The name of *Dorobantz*, is said to be a relic of the passage of Charles XII. of Sweden in these countries, his heavy cavalry having been called *Drabants*, or trotters, as they rarely charged at a gallop; and, when the principalities raised a mounted force, they were called by the same appellation, subsequently corrupted to this form. The *Dorobantz*, on this occasion, was but a young lad, though the authority of his green coat and jack-boots, as well as the weight of his whip, was keenly felt

by the peasants, whom he drove about like cattle till they had collected a team of eight horses. My Prussian companion pitied the abject state of the people, and I replied that I was sure every one of them would act in the same way if he had a green coat and a pair of jack-boots, and that, oppression being most galling when exercised by strangers, that of the native authorities can hardly be complained of in a country where a foreign domination exists, however, like Russians, the Dorobantzes may have been costumed by Stirbey. There was much furious kicking, plunging, rearing, and biting, before the postillions could get the wild little brutes, harnessed promiscuously to the cart, to move on; but at last they set off with a will, and then the difficulty was to stop them. They rattled the poor waggon and its poor occupants over every obstacle in the way, and these were not a few, for brooks, banks, stones, and holes, seemed to multiply, just when they were least agreeable, if they ever can be so with Wallachian drivers.

I followed at my leisure with the Prussian, admiring the enchanting scenery around us. The Dimbovitza, with numerous little streams flowing into it from the mountains, and some of them running parallel to it, for a mile at least, before their confluence,—occupied the whole space between the steep hills on either side; and our road lay in its broad family bed, sometimes crossing one branch and sometimes another, and then going straight up against the stream with the water covering

fore-wheels, or playing at hide-and-seek among thickets of willow bushes which clothed long islands of gravel.

The valley closed at last on the site of the small village of *Kirze mare de piatra*, or The great barrel of stone, as the dell had taken that shape, and the green shelving banks of the Dimbovitza, feathered to the water's edge, had given place to rugged rocks. The evening had also closed in, and the road was not such as one could venture to travel on by night; but we learnt that the village was the property of an acquaintance at Bucharest, and we easily obtained hospitality by making use of his name. We were taken possession of by the principal personage of the hamlet, who was the landlord's steward, a burly jovial peasant, looking like a *Kirze mare* himself, and apparently on excellent terms with the god Bacchus. He had a wife of congenial mind, and a descending scale of olive branches, uniting the parental cordiality with the comeliness of their own respective ages, which seemed to represent all the cardinal numbers—from the pretty little girl of nine to the cypher of a baby in its rosy mother's arms. All these cleared out of the one-roomed house to make way for us, and, after supping heartily on the contents of a basket, which had been surreptitiously strapped behind my carriage on the morning when we left the valley of the Ardjish, we endeavoured to woo repose on the long divan, which served as a bed for both generations of our hosts. But the high priest of that holy temple, the

peasant's home, had not taken all his household gods with him, and had left whole swarms of jumping lares and crawling penates behind him, which materially marred our prospects of sleep. Our six-foot Consul-general tried to double himself up in a sort of cradle formed of a trunk of a tree scooped out, in which he said he had slept "comme un amour;" but my other friend and myself soon gave up the attempt, and waited impatiently for the break of day. It appeared at last, and, after a lively night thus spent, we shook ourselves at four o'clock in the morning, and got into our carriages, one of our party having first astonished the natives by performing his matinal ablutions in the Dimbovitza, which flows past the village. Our host positively refused to receive any pecuniary compensation for the inconvenience we had caused him and his family.

We commenced a long and steep ascent, which detained us nearly two hours, and then we entered on an elevated region of hill and dale, without wood, and producing only a scanty pasturage for sheep, many flocks of which we saw, tended by brown and half-clad children, such as Murillo loved to paint, or by old men with grey beards and bronzed visages, worthy of Rembrandt himself. On our right arose, within a few miles of us, the highest summit of the Carpathian mountains, still covered with snow; lower down, another range, less lofty, ran parallel to them, and on one of its heights stand the ruins called *Aluradavoda*, which mark the

spot where *Radu Voda*, or Prince Rudolph, who was surnamed the Black, first fortified himself on descending from Transylvania to found the principality of Wallachia. But we did not go up to them, as we were assured by competent informants that nothing remains which is deserving of a closer inspection, the site being distinguishable only by a few heaps of stones, which we saw perfectly well from the road. After crossing a very high hill, we descended into a beautiful but rather narrow valley, in the bottom of which lies the town of Kimpolung, on the small river Tirgului, a tributary of the Ardjish and falling into it at Pitesti.

This place derives its name from the long field on which it stands, the Latin words *campus longus* having been corrupted to Kimpolung. It was the first seat of the Wallachian government, as it was the original settlement of Radu Negru, the first of the princes after the Goths, Huns, Tatars, and Slavonians, had retired from the country. The situation of the town is remarkably striking, as it is enclosed on every side by a barrier of mountains, thickly wooded, and with a bold outline picturesquely broken; while the gigantic Carpathians look down upon it from their more distant heights, which appear so close, that every tree on their steep flanks and hoary summits might be counted. The population of Kimpolung was considerable before the Hospodars transferred their residence to Kurte d'Ardjish, and thence to Tirgovist, but it does not now exceed between eight and

nine thousand inhabitants. There are some good houses to be seen and several churches, though none of them are interesting, excepting perhaps that which belonged originally to the palace of Black Rudolph. It is now a monastery; the fortifications, and especially the gate-tower which overhangs the river, are still in a state of good preservation; and in the church, a portrait of the founder, and a golden chalice of the time of Prince Matthias Bessaraba, are shown as sacred relics of the glorious age of Wallachia. There is also a curious old Roman Catholic chapel, which was built by Rudolph's princess for her own use, as she was of that persuasion.

The Ispravnik, in whose house we were accommodated, invited several of the Boyars to meet us at dinner. They were dressed in the ancient costume of Wallachia, which consisted of loose and flowing external garments, with inner robes bound round their waists by shawls, and fur caps of a stiff form, resembling inverted cones with their apex truncated, while they all wore full beards; and in outward appearance they eclipsed their modernized sons, who rejoiced in broad-tailed, long-waisted, Parisian evening coats, and cruel neckcloths, their patent-leather boots looking pinched and uncomfortable beside the red-morocco buckets of their sires. The dinner was everlasting; and the grave solemnity of the elder guests, as well as the affected elegance of the rising generation of Kimpolung, which they called Longchamp, with a melancholy sigh, in honour of the favoured promenade

of the same name in the French capital, were little in harmony with the wild jig tunes played by a Gipsy band, whose din nearly deafened us for more than two hours.

The music was remarkable in its way, however; so perfect was the intonation, so rapid the changes of key, by putting peas in the tubes of the Pan's pipes, and so varied the manner of striking the chords of the mandolines with nimble quills. They all played by ear, not one of them knowing a note of music, performing concerted pieces, each part a separate melody, blended with skill and modulated with taste and feeling. The style was peculiar,—spirited when quick, and full of plaintive expression when slow. The Gipsies are a most eminently musical race.

After dinner we rode to the small convent of Flamundi in the vicinity of the town, where we found nothing to see. Thence the Ispravnik led the party—which consisted of about thirty equestrians, every one who possessed a horse, bestriding it to do us honour—up a hill, on which there was a tree, and the branches of the tree were so curiously twisted that strangers must admire it. We came down the hill again, and were taken to a well, some three miles off, whose water was so deliciously cool that strangers must taste it; and we were each forced to drink the contents of a dirty mug, whether we were thirsty or not; and then we trotted another hour to see the place where the notables of Kimpolung take

their walk of a Sunday evening, this being Wednesday; and we were told that, though nothing in itself, the field was gay, and even brilliant, when crowded.

“Ma foi! J’en ai plein le dos,” interrupted the Consul-general, who could stand this no longer.

“Ah, to-morrow,” replied the Ispravnik, still hoping to astonish us, though evidently somewhat discouraged, “you shall see a sight worth seeing.”

“Well, let us go home for to-night,” retorted the good-humoured Frenchman, “and you may try again to-morrow.”

The Administrator had arranged an excursion for us, which we accomplished on the following morning without the Prussian Consul, who said he had lost all confidence in the lions of Kimpolung, and would not move a foot to see any one of them. Several carriages were at the door at an early hour, and a large party assembled. The Ispravnik took his seat with the Consul-general in the first, which was drawn by eight handsome greys belonging to the former. I was put into the next, with an old gentleman in a blouse, to be dragged over the rough pavement by eight post-horses at a gallop; and the other persons, invited by our host, followed in the remainder of the vehicles, some with springs and some without.

I had inquired of my new companion, as soon as I could venture to talk without running the risk of biting my own tongue off, whether or not he could speak

French, and he had replied that France was his native country. Our means of communication being thus established, we commenced an amicable conversation; in the course of which I learnt that he kept a boarding-school at Kimpolung for young ladies. I suggested that the latter were probably under the charge of *Madame son épouse*. He replied, that he was not married, and he said so with an arch expression of countenance, a twinkle of his small and sharp grey eye, and a sort of tremulousness in his shrill cracked voice, which betrayed a wish to laugh in my face.

I took the liberty of looking at him more fixedly: he was of exceedingly short stature, and his little old visage was wizened in the extreme; his hair was straight and black, with a reddish tinge indicative of die; beard, there was none. I conceived doubts of his sex; and by way of experiment, I substituted the word *Madame* for *Monsieur*, in our dialogue. It seemed to pass unnoticed, and my suspicions were confirmed. After many circumlocutions, I succeeded in obtaining an explanation; for my curiosity was roused on the subject. My companion was, indeed, a woman, and she had been an actress. On one occasion, the *compagnie de vaudeville*, to which she belonged at Bucharest, had lost its principal actor, and she had changed her costume and played his part.

“De jeune première je suis passée jeune premier,” she said, “et je l’ai trouvé plus commode de rester homme.”

When she became too old for the stage, she set up a boarding-school at Kimpolung, where she was engaged with a strolling French company, and she had prospered. She gave me some curious details regarding the manners and morals of the provincial Boyars, as she spoke with the freedom of her adopted sex, and I found that they closely resembled those of Bucharest, though on a smaller scale.

Our road led us across the hills towards the north-east, and in about an hour we reached the nunnery of Nemoiesti. This romantic spot derived its name from an expression of Black Rudolph's, when he halted here, to take an extensive view of the country he was entering. "*Ne homo y esti!*" he exclaimed—"There is no man." And the convent, which was afterwards founded on the spot by a holy sisterhood, retained the name of "There is no man," which is still true, though in a more limited sense, for there are now a good many women within the walls, if no men.

It was in the year 1236 that the Moguls invaded the Danubian plains; the Byzantine emperor, Theodore Comnenus Lascari, sent his empress to sue for aid from St. Louis of France, and to offer him in return the crown of thorns worn by our Saviour. A treaty was concluded, and the Moguls being thus driven back from the south, they fell upon the northern territory of ancient Dacia. Batu Khan, the grandson of Gengis Khan, was their leader; and his first halt was in Upper Moldavia, at a place still called Botoshan.

The lord of Vacaras in Transylvania, by name Rudolph, took up arms and marched against Batu Khan; he forced the Moguls to retire towards Bohemia, whence they were also repulsed by King Wenzel; and he returned to his castle, with nine sacks full of the ears of his enemies killed in battle. He next determined on settling in the country lying between the Carpathian mountains and the Danube, which had been overrun for several centuries by different barbarian hordes, and he came by the pass of Nemoiesti to Kimpolung, where he fixed his residence in 1241, and lived twenty-four years in the active occupation of organizing his new principality.

The conventual chapel of Nemoiesti is a grotto cut in the solid rock. The local legend relates that a shepherd, asleep on the hill, saw the Virgin Mary in a vision; and she told him that under his head was her image, which he must search for and place in a position where it might be adored by the faithful. When he awoke, the shepherd marked the spot; and, having gone in quest of a pickaxe, he commenced digging. His work lasted three months, during which he was scoffed and jeered by his fellow-shepherds; but he persevered, and, after penetrating to a great depth, he discovered the chapel in its present state, with the image on the altar. To make it accessible, he had only to open a lateral door in the rock, and both entrances still exist.

This incident, which was said to have occurred between two and three centuries ago, created so great a sensation

in the district, that certain pious ladies built cells around the rock, for the purpose of devoting the remainder of their lives to the care of the miraculous image, which appeared to me to be a very common description of painting on wood, with a silver plate covering the background, and numerous trinkets suspended over it.

Thus was founded the nunnery, consisting of a number of cottages, perched on a steep bank, and inhabited by thirty holy sisters, two of whom were young and remarkably well-favoured. The lady abbess received us with great kindness. She was a middle-aged woman, and of most distinguished manners, being of good family, and having retired from the world in consequence of the loss of her husband and all her children by the cholera. Her grief, or her ascetic life, seems to have influenced her reason, for she told us gravely that another rock of similar form stands at a short distance from the chapel, and that she occasionally hears the sounds of church-bells and chanting issue from it. I inquired whether this had happened during the hours of service in the convent chapel, as it might be the effect of an echo; but she was horror-struck at the profane explanation, assured me that it was not so, and declared that she was so convinced of the existence of another miraculous image and church, that she firmly intended to have an excavation made for the purpose of discovering them, "as soon as she should receive permission to do so from above." I asked several of the other nuns if they believed this, and they all said

they did, although the sounds had not been heard as yet by any one but the Superior. They mentioned that, several years ago, in the depth of winter, when they were at matins, a strange noise reached them through the skylight, which was the first excavation of the shepherd. In their alarm, they all looked up, and they perceived that their devotions were watched by an enormous bear. The poor sisters consulted on what was best to be done, and one of the least timid volunteered to take the whole contents of their scanty larder and throw them on the rock, while the others should hold the door open for her retreat into the chapel, and be ready to close it with bars and bolts, in case of an attempt on the part of their visitor to prefer the nuns to the meagre fare they could offer him. Bruin made a comfortable breakfast, and withdrew. He has since made repeated visits to the convent with equal success ; but he has become so tame, that he is no longer feared when he looks down upon the nuns from the skylight ; and he is supplied with food more from a feeling of friendliness and old companionship than by the impulse of dread.

The Carpathians abound in bears, and, when the ground is for a long time covered with snow, they frequently descend to the lower country, tormented by hunger.

The scenery in the environs of Nemoiesti is wild and beautiful ; and we strolled about for some time enjoying it, and conversing with the nuns, who are not confined to

their cloisters, who wear no veils, and who do not know the meaning of the screen, through the chinks of which Italian and Spanish nuns look at the world, and hold communication with its denizens. Here was no restraint; and the monastic vow seemed to be all the more easily kept on that account.

About noon we returned by the same road to Kimpolung, whence we took our departure after a light collation, worthy of a higher sphere, and after experiencing some difficulty in escaping from the kind insistence of our Ispravnik that we should go with him to see many other curiosities; but, although he had somewhat risen in our estimation as a Cicerone, to the great discomfiture of the Prussian, who had heard the wolf of Æsop's fable so often falsely announced that he would not believe in its real presence, we thought it better to let very well alone, rather than undertake another excursion in search of mares' nests, such as that which we had undergone for several hours of the previous evening on rough ponies and hard saddles.

Our road, or rather the beaten track which we followed in our own carriage or cart, lay across parallel lines of hills and courses of mountain torrents; the woods were rich and varied, and the country, on the whole, such as differed widely in character from the general appearance of Wallachia. After climbing and descending three separate ranges of heights, we reached the village of Albesti, prettily situated in a narrow valley; thence another

long ascent and descent brought us to Domnesti, on the river Domnul; nothing could be more picturesque, and finer scenery nowhere could be found. Three other valleys succeeded, yielding in nought to the most favoured landscapes the imagination can conceive; and at last we made a very long descent into the vale of Ardjish, which I had crossed already at three different points, between Giurgevo and Bucharest, on the road to Calafat, and again near Pitesti.

It was dark when we knocked at the gate of the large monastery of Kurte d'Ardjish, which is celebrated in Wallachia for the architectural beauty of its church, and which derives its names from the fact of Prince Radu Negru having for some time made it his residence by building a town on the ruins of the ancient Argidava, which are at a distance of a few hundred paces from the monastery, now mingled in one mass of confusion with those of its more modern successor.

We passed the night in a splendid apartment, laid open on the first mention of a Consul-general, and we slept long and soundly, in consideration of our having all performed on foot at least one half of our previous day's journey, which had been so much up hill. When we did get up we proceeded to inspect the church. It was built in the year 1514, by Prince Nagu Bessaraba, who was remarkable for his piety, and is said to have introduced a Rumoon edition of the Gospels, printed in the Cyrilian character, under the direction of the monk Malesius;

it is as beautiful a specimen of the Byzantine style as I ever saw. It is not built of white marble, however, as more than one foreign tourist asserts, but of a fine sandstone. Ornamented in every part, there is not a square foot on the surface of the whole edifice which does not display a profusion of sculpture, like elaborate filagree-work in relief, the variety being so great that no two zones of masonry are alike, and so perfectly proportioned, that the building appears to be a little toy until, on approaching it, the real size is appreciated. Two of the four towers which diversify the monotony of the numerous cupolas, are constructed in a spiral form, which gives a singularly light effect to the whole, and they appear fragile to a degree that threatens their falling on each other; but they have stood thus for nearly three centuries and a half. The interior is rich in the extreme, all carving and gilding; the fresco paintings are wretched; but there are three pictures on the wooden screen, representing the Virgin and Child, the Ecce Homo, and St. Nicholas, which are far from being bad; and four of the six columns, supporting the principal dome, which are fluted spirally like the two towers, show excellent taste.

There are several tombs with Slavonic inscriptions in the church, the most remarkable of which is that of Niphon, a patriarch of the Greek church, who had been Metropolitan Bishop of Wallachia, and who desired that his remains should be conveyed hither for interment; a few chests of ancient workmanship were shown us, in which relics of saints were deposited. Of these, none inte-

rested me except the bones of St. Philoftea. She was a young girl of Tirnova, in Bulgaria, the daughter of a labourer, who was a passionate man, and a great eater. His wife was in the habit of sending the little girl with her father's dinner to the fields, and she took care to provide an abundant supply of food, as she knew well her husband's appetite. But he always found reason to complain that the quantity was insufficient. Philoftea invariably replied that she had brought him enough to satisfy his hunger. He determined on watching the child when she was carrying the food, as he suspected that she ate a part of it on the way. He saw a number of poor women and children waiting for her on the road, and, when she came to them, she put down the basket, set aside a portion of its contents for her father, and distributed the remainder among them. In his rage he flung his axe at her, and it broke both her legs, inflicting a mortal wound. The poor child died on the spot. The murderer endeavoured to approach the body, but a mysterious power kept him at a distance from it. The witnesses of her death also attempted to go near it, but a magic circle seemed to be drawn around Philoftea, which no one could enter. A priest was sent for, and he exorcised her, but all was in vain: no one could reach her. The bishop himself came, and, addressing her, said that he merely wished to take her to the church of Tirnova to be buried. Still some hidden influence forbade their approach. Another church was proposed to her, but she would not be persuaded; then another and another cemetery were fruitlessly suggested.

At last Kurte d'Ardjish was mentioned, and immediately the corpse moved. It was then found practicable to touch and raise it, and she was carried hither in procession, the people firmly believing in her sainted beatitude; and here were her bones, in an old box, the two thighs being in reality broken. These relics receive the credit of having saved the church during the earthquakes of 1805 and 1838—when the monastery suffered severely—as the virgin Philoftea is supposed to be in close communion with the Virgin Mary, to whom it is dedicated. The revenues of the establishment amount to 7,500*l.* per annum, and they are spent chiefly in hospitality; for there are now only twelve monks to provide for, although the building is very extensive.

After leaving Kurte d'Ardjish, we crossed the field of battle on which Michael the brave defeated 3,000 Tatars, who had invaded Wallachia with the purchased connivance of some of the Boyars; the chiefs of the conspiracy—the Logothete Kesar, his son, and the councillor Demetrius—being simultaneously executed by order of the prince, who fortunately discovered the disgraceful plot three days before the invasion. We passed over the river Ardjish on a wooden bridge, and ascended a green and forest-covered range of hills, which separates the valley from a narrow but deep ravine, through which flows the small stream Topologou, whose name is formed of two modern Greek words; meaning the "*place of speech*;" because on its banks Prince Rudolph the

Black held a conference with Michael, Ban of the Bassians (*Bassianorum*), whence the name of Bessaraba was assumed by his family. This chief of the country lying to the west of the river Olto acknowledged the supremacy of Rudolph, and swore fidelity to him in that conference. The small river is one of the most productive in grains of gold, which exists in the province; and we found a party of Gipsies washing them from the sand in the manner already described.

We drove through the village of Sufleni, and still continued our course in a direction at right angles to the parallel lines of hills and streams which descend from the high Carpathians to the great plain. We climbed a mountain more lofty than the others; it was covered with patches of wood, beautifully disposed on a great extent of fine turf; some of the trees being magnificent oaks and beeches. When we had attained the summit, the sky, hitherto serene, became suddenly clouded. A violent gust of wind sent showers of withered leaves careering over our heads: a bright flash of lightning, an immediate crash of thunder, a few drops of rain, and a fearful storm commenced. We had a steep descent to accomplish on a bad road, or, rather, on no road at all. The horses got restive, and the Gipsy coachman became clamorous. The drag-chain slipped from the wheel, my friend jumped out on one side, while I jumped out on the other, at the imminent risk of being run over by the cart, which was tearing along behind us with eight

horses at the gallop, some pulling, and others trying in vain to hold it back by the pole-straps. Precipices appeared on the right, then on the left, and soon on both sides; in fact everywhere, for the road was almost a precipice itself. On they went, the Gipsy screaming as he urged his horses forward, to prevent their being thrown down by the carriage coming upon them;—strange oaths and exclamations in French and Turkish from the Consul-general and Osman Aga in the cart;—while the Transylvanian servant scolded the postilions in Wallachian; and the hurricane blew, and the rain poured, as the Prussian and I endeavoured to follow them on foot, wading in the mud, and sliding from side to side, for they could nor stop to take us up. At last they disappeared in the valley, and we remained alone on the hill, tired, wet, hungry, and alarmed; but still we could not help looking around us from time to time, and exclaiming involuntarily, “How grand!” At the bottom of the hill we found them waiting for us, the Gipsy having succeeded in keeping the horses on their legs, and the carriage on its wheels, for he was a first-rate whip. And then we underwent a long, slow, and fatiguing drive, in an interminable valley, the ground being as heavy as if it had rained incessantly for a week.

It is really surprising how rapidly the clouds of dust, that cover Wallachian roads in summer, are converted into oceans of mud when the weather is showery; and after that transforming process has been completed, the

boasted velocity of Rumoon travelling becomes the veriest sluggishness. Thus we laboured along until we reached the small hamlet of St. Nicholas, where we stopped to shake off the water that was dripping from our fur pelisses like wet Newfoundland dogs, and then to make a vigorous onslaught on the hams, tongues, turkeys, and other contents of an amiable hamper, replenished by the Friar Tuck of Kurte d'Ardjish. This done we started again, crossed another hill—the evening being now fine—and glided gently down to the valley of the Olto. I was struck with the great resemblance of the scenery to that of the vale of Avoca, in county Wicklow, which I had seen not long ago; and though its character was different from that of the country through which we had been passing, being less wild, the picturesque beauty of what lay now before us was hardly inferior to it. The whole landscape was green and rejoicing, refreshed by the deep draught it had just imbibed after a thirsty foretaste of a southern summer, and seeming to belong to the youth of nature, now first called into existence. We crossed the Olto in a boat, passing thus from Great to Little Wallachia, and a few minutes more brought us to the town of Rimnik. We found no Administrator there, and were fain to content ourselves with the hospitality of his secretary, who was acting for him in his absence. But after such a day we were not difficult to please; dry clothes and rest were what we most wanted, and these we soon obtained.

CHAPTER V.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH—SALT MINES—CONVENT IN A TREE—HOREZUL—
BISTRITZA—TIRGUJILU—TISMANA—CZERNETZ—TURNUL SEVERINUL.

RIMNIK, in Little Wallachia, is distinguished from Rimnik in the east of Great Wallachia by the addition of the word Valcea, while the latter is called Slam Rimnik. This is the ancient Romula Vallis, of which its name is merely a corrupted form, and it was once the seat of the emperor Trajan's government of his Dacian province; a town having been founded here by him, and a road constructed to lead to it from his bridge over the Danube, when Sarmatogetusa, the capital of the Dacian king Decebalus, was destroyed, and nothing remained on its site but the uninteresting village of Gradishta, which is at no great distance from here, on the Transylvanian side of the Carpathians. No Roman ruins now exist in this town, but there is a curious church of considerable size still standing, though dilapidated, which was built by a bishop named Clement, whose tomb we saw in it, bearing a Slavonic inscription, and the date 1262. As this was an episcopal see, whose

revenue is now 16,000*l.* a year, a seminary for the education of priests was built in the court-yard of the church; but it was destroyed by fire about four years ago, Rimnik having been almost totally burnt to the ground, as well as the town of Pitesti, at the time when Bucharest suffered so much in the same way, which gave rise to the suspicion that it was a political conflagration. The episcopal church is not remarkable in an architectural point of view, but its situation in the upper part of the town, near the foot of the hills which skirt the valley, is singularly beautiful. Rimnik is on the high road between Hermannstadt in Transylvania, and the central towns of Wallachia; and it was consequently occupied by the Russian troops which marched against Bem, and subsequently by the Turkish corps of observation. It is a small place, possessing a population of only eight hundred, but which has nevertheless the appearance of a town; the houses, though scattered about, being generally good, and the site evidently that of a future prosperous municipality, if prosperity be in store for Wallachia. Our host gave us an opportunity of judging the qualities of the famous wine of Drageshan, which is a village in the neighbourhood where a decisive battle put an end to the revolution of 1821, and destroyed the Sacred Battalion, as already related; it is a wine which would be much liked in England, if it were made known, and it might supersede Madeira, as it possesses both body and flavour.

We travelled southwards from Rimnik, following the direction of the river Olto, which rapidly widened as we advanced, by the contributions of small streams emerging from every branch of the valley. On our right we saw the tiny convent of Troian, which borrows its name from Trajan's road, near the line of which it is built. Its position, on a height, seemed pretty; and the structure, including the church, is picturesque. A mile or two further on we left the highway, and struck off to the west, with the view of visiting the salt-mines of Okna, entering a wooded ravine of great beauty, in which they are situated. As soon as we arrived at the village of Oknitza we inquired for guides, and proceeded to one of the ten shafts, which we descended by a staircase 240 feet in depth. We walked several miles underground through streets of salt, whose only population consisted of convicts and their escort of Wallachian militia-men. At the corners, the names of the streets were painted on wooden sign-posts, most of them being called after the principal functionaries of the province; in Stirbey Street large blocks of rock salt had been lately extracted, and they were being conveyed on trucks to the main shaft, where there was a windlass, worked by horses, to hoist them up; the long line of lamps gave a glittering appearance to the crystallized walls, which almost favoured the delusion that we were in a town by night, with rows of shop windows on either side. In the village we saw both *goîtres* and *crétins*,

those Alpine deformities so prevalent in elevated countries, where the water used is melted snow; and I found, by questioning the captain of the Company stationed, that this cause is also assigned by the natives for their occurrence.

We soon returned to the high road, after having fully satisfied our curiosity on the subject of the far-famed salt-mines of the Carpathian mountains, which commence in Poland, and extend, more or less worked, as far as the Danube, producing 15,000,000 of piastres to Wallachia; and we continued our way along the valley of the Olto, the river being now at least 200 paces in breadth.

The land seemed to be as fertile here as everywhere else in Wallachia, and it was more closely cultivated than on the great plain; but it was apparently thinly peopled, and there was still a good deal of wood. About noon, we turned our horses' heads to the west, and drove into a long ravine, more wild than pretty, towards the end of which we found the *Monastir deutr'un lem*, so called from the original church of the convent having been built of the wood of a single tree. We saw that church, and a prodigious tree it must have been, if the story be true. But the name is also explained in another way, infinitely more poetical; it is said that an old hermit lived in the forest, sleeping sometimes under one tree and sometimes under another, but always returning at break of day, at noon, and at nightfall, to

a large oak, in a cleft of which he had deposited an image, where he prayed. The oak was struck by lightning, and was almost completely burnt, but the image remained unscathed; its fame spread far and wide, and "Our Lady of the Tree" became remarkable for her miracles; a wooden church was built for her, and a holy sisterhood founded to take care of the image.

The convent, a large and unattractive building, with a clumsy stone church in the centre of the quadrangle, was erected between two and three hundred years ago, but we could not ascertain the exact date. It is inhabited by seventy nuns, most of them mere peasants. Thence we travelled for several hours over a beautifully wooded country, our road being for some time in the bed of a river, enclosed by two picturesque ranges of low hills.

We were rapidly nearing the Carpathians, and the outline of the scenery was gradually becoming more and more gigantic in all its features. At last we reached the large monastery of Horezul towards evening. It is a great straggling edifice, without style or taste; and any claims to romantic beauty, which it might otherwise have possessed in favour of its position in a narrow ravine richly clothed with trees and overhung by noble cliffs, were altogether annulled by the abominable manner in which the buildings were painted, or rather bedaubed with discordant colours. It is about 160 years old, and has a revenue of between 4,000*l.* and 5,000*l.* a-year, enjoyed by thirty-six monks and a Superior. The apart-

ments, for they cannot be called cells, were sumptuous; three saloons, all lighted with lustres and furnished with costly elegance, were placed at our disposal, and bedrooms to match were soon prepared for us. In one of them I remarked a portrait of Calvin, and I asked the abbot, who spoke Greek, how it had come there, as I thought it rather out of keeping, not only with the splendour of a luxurious convent, but also with the religious communion to which the fraternity belonged. He replied with great simplicity, that he had found the portrait there when he was elected Superior, and that he did not know either how it had come there or whom it represented. That portrait had possibly been the confidant of the doubts of some conscientious monk, long since dead and forgotten. The Superior showed me a stuffed pelican, which he considered as a far greater curiosity, for he had shot it on the neighbouring hill—a pelican in the Carpathians being a *rara avis* in Wallachia.

The church was rich but uninteresting; a small painting of Paradise was held in great estimation, more so than the hand of St. Margaret, which was another relic belonging to the monastery of Horezul. Not perceiving any great merit in the former, I inquired why it was thought so much of, and I was told with emphasis that it had been presented by the Russian empress, Catharine II. Next morning, we went on horseback to the neighbouring monastery of Bistritza. The path along

which we rode was lovely, as it took us over one of the flanks of the mountain which advances on the lower country, separating the twin dells, in which the two great monastic establishments of Wallachia are situated. That of Bistritza is built at the foot of lofty perpendicular cliffs, from which gushes the river of the same name, derived from the Sclavonian word *bistra*, or clear, and the water was certainly clear enough. It is said to be very productive in particles of gold, which it conveys from the bowels of the Carpathians, to be washed out of the sand by Gipsies; and small rubies have also been found here in the same manner. The rocks from beneath which it flows, are not less than one hundred and fifty feet in height, the two sides of the gulley being about twenty feet apart at their summits; nearly half way up one of the cliffs there is a grotto, whose entrance is very small, but in which a thousand persons have found refuge during the incursions of invaders; it was once inhabited by a hermit, who had taken a vow never to speak, and no one knew who he was; he disappeared ten years ago, having probably got tired of solitude, for, his body not having been found, he was not supposed to have died. A dangerous pathway descends to it from above, and a beam still projects from the orifice, with the remains of a rope and pulley attached to it, by means of which women, children, and chests containing objects of value, were raised to this place of safety during the revolution of 1821. The buildings of the convent, including the

church, are quite modern—in fact, still unfinished; but an ancient establishment existed, which was founded three centuries and a half ago by Barbul, Ban of Crajova, of the family of Bessaraba. The revenue is 6,000*l.* per annum, for the support of fifty monks, and innumerable guests. In these monasteries the employment of the common income is not dependent on the will of the majority of the brothers, as it is in the large establishments of Italy, nor is it even vested in the hands of the Superior; but the government takes possession of the rent of all convent lands, on pretence of disposing of them for the general good of the monks; and, like every other branch of the financial administration, they are squandered and embezzled. Thus 30,000*l.* are now being laid out on the buildings of Bistritza, and the work is badly done, peculation being the principle object. But that is a matter of little importance, provided another summer residence be prepared for the Hospodar. In most countries, kings have palaces and castles; in Wallachia the prince has monasteries. It is a prison to his brother, however,—a poor harmless idiot, whom we saw, confined and neglected, dressed little better than a peasant, and excluded from the gorgeous apartments on the first floor, which were laid open to a Consul-general. On the hill above Bistritza are perched the two small monasteries of Papusa, or the doll, and Arnuta, built by Prince Matthias Bessaraba, who was buried there; they have each only five or six monks, and, although they

possess incomes of about 1,500*l.* a year, the poor creatures are allowed to suffer the privation even of the necessaries of life, their establishments not being such as to tempt the Hospodar to make use of them, and their ducats being required by others. After returning by the same path to Horezul, we pursued our westward way in our carriages, still crossing the beautiful tract of country which lies at the base of the Carpathians. We soon reached the large village of Polovratz, situated on the Oltezzo, a rapid stream descending from the lofty mountains behind it by a rocky pass, at the mouth of which stands another monastery, which we did not visit, as we were anxious to reach Tirgujilu in the evening. We, therefore, continued our gallop, after the cart had changed horses, and my ponies still cantered gaily along as if they never knew what it was to be tired.

We had a long pull up hill, which was severe on the collar, but they rattled us down the other side with a degree of freshness and spirit that was quite astonishing. A thick forest of well-grown oaks surrounded us for some time, and then we came to a wide valley, where, in default of cultivation, extensive meadows of the brightest green, with occasional clumps of trees,—amongst which I remarked the beautiful weeping birch,—rendered the landscape as fair as any we had seen, though the country was no longer so wild. A few straggling Gipsy villages, looking for all the world like rabbit-warrens, were the only indication of its being inhabited; and I suppose

their known aversion for the occupations of husbandry accounted for the land, which appeared to be excellent, having been left as pasturage for the small number of animals they possessed.

When we stopped to water the horses at a brook, we saw a Gipsy girl of rare beauty filling her jars; her olive skin was pure and fine as that of a duchess—her figure matchless, and her every movement full of grace. The postilions told us, that she was celebrated over all the district, and that a Boyar had sent an artist from Bucharest to paint her portrait; she was called Tormosa Giuana, or Pretty Jane. We passed the large villages of Pitsico and Bengesti, which latter is in the rich and broad valley of the river Gilolt, with low rounded hills on either side of it; and, after another hour or two, we reached the central plain of Little Wallachia, which, unlike the *steppes* in the neighbourhood of Bucharest, is undulating and partially wooded. The cart broke down with a crash: a small tree was soon cut and made fast to the perch, to keep the vehicle together; and off we set again. About dusk we arrived at the town of Tirgujilu, whose Ispravnik would not let us into his house until he had seen our passports, to corroborate our statements of our identity; so rare was it for him to have such guests to entertain, that he was loth to believe in his unwonted good fortune.

We found nothing worth seeing in this town, when we sallied forth in the morning from our Administrator's house,

and we consequently ordered our horses for a fresh start. Tirgujilu, or the Tower on the Jil, is situated on the river of that name, and contains about 1,000 inhabitants; it is an assemblage of comfortable cottages, with a few Boyars' houses rising above them here and there; unpaved streets, broad and dusty; innumerable shops, as it is the market-place, in which the population of the district is furnished with commodities of foreign growth; and a large court-house, whose entrance is thronged by peasants, indicates that here they also come to purchase justice of the indigenous kind. The cart was declared unfit to proceed, and we left it to the tender mercies of a Gipsy blacksmith, while the post-horses were harnessed to the calèche, in which we packed ourselves, consigning the four good steeds, which had brought me so well thus far, and the wreck of the cart, to the three servants, who were told to follow us as soon as they should be able to get under weigh again.

A long bridge, that appeared to go through a forest rather than over the water, conveyed us across the river Jil, which was divided into a number of small streams, the intervening islands being covered with lofty trees, whose boughs overshadowed the beam-supported road. A couple of large pavilions had been constructed, partly in the wood and partly on the water, the entrance to them being from the bridge; and a more delightful evening lounge in hot weather could not easily be conceived. We were still on the plain, which was well cultivated

where it was open ; and the oaks, where it was wooded, were the finest I had seen in Wallachia, most of them being from sixty to eighty feet in height. We drove through the large village of Tirgoist, chiefly composed of log-huts, the neighbouring forests being an excellent quarry of materials for building ; and thence we proceeded to Pestishani, where we changed horses.

Hitherto our course had been divergent from the line of the Carpathians, but as the latter now brought their right shoulders forward and wheeled to the left to meet the Balkans, or Bulgarian Alps, we again approached them, and exchanged the flat and tame scenery of the last day's journey for the picturesque broken ground at the foot of the lofty range of mountains. The road, however, was bad, the horses worse, and the bare-footed post-boys shouted in vain as we ascended higher and higher. At last we entered a thickly wooded glen, and, after following it for half-an-hour, we reached the monastery of Tismana, the most beautiful on the Carpathians. The date of its foundation and the name of its founder are unknown, as it is the most ancient establishment in Wallachia ; it was repaired in the year 1366, by Radu Negru, whose Roman Catholic princess has committed the practical solecism of placing her armorial bearings over the gate of the Greek church ; and the French *fleurs-de-lis* have a singular appearance in this wild pass of the mountains, which bound the great *steppes* of Asia on one side, as the Urals do on the other.

There are only eight monks, who are not living, but starving, on an income of 10,000*l.* per annum, the property of their monastery, little of which is enjoyed by them. On the face of a perpendicular rock is a cell, now inaccessible, which was once inhabited by St. Nicodemus, a Serbian, who lived upwards of five centuries ago, and whose body was removed hence to Montenegro, by some of his countrymen during one of the wars which brought the Serbians into Wallachia. A fine spring of clear water issues from the rock, and falls from the plateau, on which the monastery stands, into the river below, forming a cascade of about 150 feet. The buildings are very striking in their old garb, but, like the other convents, they are now undergoing a process of vulgar renovating Vandalism, in order to make them suitable as summer quarters for his highness the Hospodar. There is a *bijou* of an old chapel on a point of the rock: I have no doubt it will soon be whitewashed.

After a light and wholesome repast of about three dozen hard eggs—painted with all the colours of the rainbow—which the poor monks had kept since Easter, and which, with black bread, were the only fare they could lay before us, we resumed our seats in the carriage and returned to the post-road. Two other monasteries tempted us to leave it again for the purpose of visiting them, and we held a council of war, which resulted in our continuing our way, after the decisive remark of the French Consul-general:—

“ Allons donc ! Assez de monastères comme ça ! Voilà trois jours que nous ne voyons pas autre chose ! ”

As we advanced, the population of the country seemed to become more and more Gipsy, and sundry were the outlandish colloquies held by my coachman with them. The softer sex of this interesting race appeared to do all the work, and but little assistance was afforded them by their dusky helpmates, who generally sat smoking at the entrance of their burrow, where their numerous offspring frisked about in most *impuris naturalibus*, gazing listlessly at the innocent gambols and nutbrown nudity of the little creatures. The women baked, cooked, and hoed their tiny kitchen-gardens, drove the donkey-cart, and, wherever a house was being built, the stones and lime might always be seen carried by Gipsy girls. At the village of Golgova, we saw one of them washing her face, which is so rare an occurrence that it deserves to be recorded. We were nearly upset in the river Mutro, where this unwonted ablution was performed. It was a large and rapid stream, across which a bridge had been thrown several years ago, being still incomplete for want of a few logs ; and as we passed under, instead of over it, the wheel got into a deep hole, which nearly procured us a ducking, but the post-boys applied their timely lash to the horses' backs, and we got out in safety.

Wallachia is a fine country, but it is so shamefully ill-administered, that those few logs will probably never

be placed on the bridge unless the Prince should wish to pass this way, and then the work, which was paid for years ago, may at last be executed.

During the remainder of the day, we travelled over a fine meadow country, where the hay was being cut already, and stacked in a singular manner ; on the low fields which were subject to inundation, pollard willows were laden with hay, and the pliant branches wattled round it. The scenery was pretty, but in general it was spoilt by the dearth of houses, the half-subterraneous huts offering no contrast to relieve the eye from the monotony of the foliage and grass. Fruit-trees were in great abundance, and the cherries, which were beginning to ripen on the road-side, were freely plucked by passers-by, as every one seems to help himself in Wallachia.

We met a peasant's funeral, which was conducted in a primitive fashion ; a sturdy boor led two oxen drawing a waggon, on which lay a rude and lidless coffin ; two young women sat beside it, weeping, tearing their hair, and occasionally addressing a howling apostrophe to the rigid features of the corpse, which was that of an old man. A promiscuous throng of men, women, and children followed, chatting and laughing ; and an ill-clad, ill-conditioned-looking priest hurried on in front, muttering nasal orisons. They stopped and drew up on a bank to let us pass ; but there was something so revolting in the abject servility of making even their dead get out

of the way of a carriage, which they probably supposed must contain a Boyar, that we called to the postilions to pull up, and halted on the other side of the road, bidding the funeral party go on. They did so, remarking merely that we could not be Boyars, as we had shown this degree of respect. We then descended a steep mountain, and reached the level of the great Danubian plain. We thus left behind us that range of mountains, every pass of which is occupied by one or more splendid monasteries. These are built as a line of defensive establishments on the northern frontier of Wallachia, as well as with the view of facilitating pacific communications. They are all situated advantageously for military purposes, and the distance between them is invariably a day's journey on foot, while the deeds of foundation impose on the fraternities the obligation of entertaining travellers. It is in virtue of their duties of hospitality, that the princes and Boyars take up their abode there during summer; but they neglect one of the principal conditions of the institution, which is, that no visitor shall stay longer than three days in any monastery.

We proceeded amongst fields of maize and brushwood, until we entered the town of Czernetz, a populous place situated in a deep hollow near the great river, and offering no interest to attract us. A mile or two more brought us to that of Turnul Severinul, where we were well received in the house of the Ispravnik. After a good night's rest, and a hearty breakfast, we went

to survey the ancient ruins, of which I had already caught a glimpse in first descending the river. The town is very small and quite modern. The tower, from which it takes its name, is built in the Roman style, on a height close to the Danube, and nearly opposite the buttresses of Trajan's bridge. Great masses of stone and lime, still adhering, are strewn about amongst the thick brushwood, which has grown up around it, forming a sort of garden intersected by walks. An enormous marble sarcophagus was standing amongst the ruins; it had been brought from a spot at some distance, where it had been discovered a few days previously. It contained some bones, but there was no sculpture about it. I thought I saw an ancient inscription on the tower, but on going close to it, I read the words, "*Vivat Barbo Stirbey.*" It was a cruel satire, but the Ispravnik, in putting up the board on which these words were written, probably thought it a graceful act of homage on the Hospodar's birthday. We traced the line of road leading from the bridge in the direction of Rimnik, where I had seen another portion of it, and we found considerable remains of mason-work at different points on a straight line with the two buttresses, which are still standing. This was the site of the town of Turris Recidua, which the Roman colonists raised after the conquest of Dacia by Trajan. The bridge was destroyed by his successor, Hadrian, who contemplated the abandonment of the colonies

to the north of the Danube: he having already given up several others of his great predecessor's conquests, such as Assyria, Mesopotamia, and Armenia; the tower was subsequently repaired by Septimus Severus, whose name it has retained.

Another friend having arrived by the steamer from Giurgevo to meet my travelling companions and return with them to Bucharest, we spent the evening in comparing the notes of our journey, preparatory to the separation of our respective routes; and, on the following morning, they all took their departure in the cart, leaving me to proceed on my way with Osman Aga and the Gipsy.

I inquired about the passage of the Danube, and was informed that the Serbian authorities would oblige me to perform quarantine on the opposite side of the river for two whole days. I could hardly believe in the existence of such a preposterous absurdity between two provinces of the same empire; and I sent a man to the town of Gladova, on the right bank, to ascertain the truth, which proved to be as the Wallachians had told me; but, having understood that an English gentleman, with a carriage and horses, wished to cross the Danube, the Serbian governor had sent a large boat to convey them across it. I returned my best compliments and thanks, declining to avail myself of his civility, as I had no wish to be detained two days in confinement, and would prefer entering Serbia from Hungary where there

was no quarantine. I was, therefore, on the point of driving to the Austrian frontier, when a messenger arrived from the other side of the river, inviting me to cross it, as I should be admitted without delay. I had the horses' heads turned towards the Danube, wondering at this first specimen of the Serbian administration, which I mention as a curiosity, the intention having probably been to put me in quarantine for the purpose of extortion. We embarked the carriage and horses in the large boat, and pushed off. Three of our men towed us along the shore against the stream for half-an-hour, and when we were opposite the Austrian steamboat station, Skella Gladova, on the left bank, we rowed across the broad current, after tossing a piece of money to the Wallachian soldier, who took off his chako and held it out like a beggar, having performed his duty of preventing communication between the Serbians and Wallachians, by accompanying the three who towed us, with his bayonet fixed, on the Russian quarantine principle. Such a reciprocal farce was never seen, for there was perfect health on both sides of the river. As we receded from the northern shore, we heard loud and dismal cries; on looking back we saw a crowd, and the boatmen said:—

“It is nothing. The *Dorobantz* are beating a convict.”

This was a characteristic penultimate impression of Wallachia: it was not the last; for, seeing us look

round, several officials took off their hats, and bowed low to wish a prosperous journey to the donor of money, as they were present, when I threw some to the soldier. The bow of the Rumoon, like his standard of self-respect, is certainly the lowest in the world.

CHAPTER VI.

GLADOVA—THE SERBIAN CAPTAIN—BRSA PALANKA—MILANOVATZ—MADEN-
BAK—COPPER AND SILVER MINES—HUNGARIAN REFUGEE—BIVOUC—
NERESNITZA — GIPSY CAMP — POJEROVATZ — SEMENDRA — HOG TRADE—
GROTZKA.

I LANDED at the Serbian town of Gladova, under the walls of the fortress of Feth-Islam, which is garrisoned by troops of the Turkish regular army, and which seemed to be strong and well-conditioned. A most ridiculous caricature of sanitary precautions took place. Our baggage was fumigated, we were fumigated ourselves, our very horses were fumigated, and we were all shut up in a room full of smoke, with a little boy flourishing a censer in our faces, to the great indignation of Osman Aga, and one of the ponies, the former abusing him violently in the majestic tones of his mother-tongue, and the latter snorting, stamping, and lashing out in all directions. When this was over, we came within the pale of a system of commercial fiscality, and of police administration, which was not less absurd and unreasonable; my passport was examined with stupid solemnity, and an *ad valorem* duty was levied on the little carriage and horses; and I signed a declaration

of the amount I had paid for them, while I received in return a document professing to secure the re-payment of the sum when I should leave Serbia. All this was done with a degree of inefficiency and confusion, proving how foolish it is abruptly to borrow the institutions of other countries, with are inconsistent with the deep-rooted ideas and immemorial habits of the people to which they are applied. Formerly the Serbs were accustomed to come and go where they liked, without any questions being asked, and to consider themselves free when they had paid their capitation tax to the Sultan's treasury; but, now that they have an administration of their own, they cannot go from one place to another, without giving an account of their motives; and they must submit to intricate custom-house regulations on everything they purchase, while the imperfect manner in which they are carried out, in a great measure frustrates the object for which they were established. This is only one of the results of the administrative independence of some of the Turkish provinces, which are generally injurious, and which are mere imitations of foreign fashions, whose substantial benefits do not here exist.

The Serbs think they have improved the customs which were prevalent when they were governed directly by the Osmanlis: for my part, I preferred my mode of reception at Widin to that which I now experienced at Gladova. I inquired for the chief authority of the town,

and I was taken to the house of the Captain, for the government of Serbia is military in its outward forms, the officers of militia being also the substitutes of the *Nastshalniks*. He was a young man of colossal stature, with a pleasing expression of countenance, blue eyes and light hair; the very picture of a Slavonian. We entered into conversation in Greek, which he spoke pretty well, and, after he had given me some information about the road I meant to take, he stated his opinion on things in general, and on Serbia in particular. His notions on European politics were not more correct than those he entertained on the subject of his own country.

“Serbia is but a small state,” said he.

“On the contrary,” I replied, “it is one of the most important of the provinces.”

This was the theme of our discussion, which ended, like most others of the same kind, without either party being convinced: he still called Serbia a state, and I insisted it was a province. The town of Gladova is small, its population not exceeding 3,000; but it is clean enough, and it is embellished by trees around most of the houses, some of which are excellent. In the fort, also, there are a few handsome buildings, with a minaret or two to add an oriental tone to the landscape, which is noble—the lofty Balkans, the glorious river, and the vast plain, forming details rarely combined. The number of inhabitants in Serbian towns seemed as

difficult to ascertain as in those of Wallachia, for the Captain of Gladova knew little more of the amount of population under his charge than did some of the Ispravniks, one of whom told me there were only 400 inhabitants in his place of residence, where I had myself seen twice that number in the streets; and another asserted with the greatest confidence that there were 60,000 in his head-quarters, which possessed, in fact, only 10,000. The Captains, however, seem to differ from the Ispravniks in one respect, for they are generally natives of the town in which they reside; while the Wallachian administrators are for the most part young men of good families, sent from the balls and gaming-houses of Bucharest, to gain rank as Boyars by trafficking on the interests of the people.

I was soon ready for another start, and off I set in my coach-and-four over the mountains of Serbia. This mode of travelling had the great advantage of rapidity, for the horses were generally at a gallop, and if I had ridden, I should have gone at a walk, and I had thus more time at my disposal, when we halted, to let the horses rest. The road was better than any I had seen in Wallachia; it was not macadamised, but it was sufficiently raised in the centre to throw off the water that fell into a ditch on either side; and a thick layer of gravel had made it as hard and smooth as an English avenue. The country was not unlike a park,—green meadows studded with groups of lofty trees; hamlets in the dis-

tance, with church-steeple; and comfortable farm-houses, with their extensive offices, often standing near the villages. We passed those of Vesnelitza and Grabovatz on the bank of the Danube, whose course we followed towards the south. The inhabitants of both were Wallachian emigrants,—a bad symptom of the sister province. In the evening we pulled up at a khan in the small town of Brsa Palanka, the first of these two words being pronounced, if possible, exactly as it is spelt. This place is prettily situated on the great river, and a number of large boats moored near it, testified to some commercial activity on the part of its inhabitants.

From the window of the little hostelry I was witness to a violent quarrel between two Turkish boatmen, and the tavern-keeper, who was a Wallachian. The bone of contention was a small matter of a bill amounting to only 2*l.* for a dinner: the Turks refused to pay so exorbitant a charge, and they were right; they shoved off their boat, after throwing down a reasonable sum, but the innkeeper seized the anchor; they threatened to cut the cable, and the Rumoon said they might do so if they liked, as the anchor was worth the balance due. The boatmen swore they would kill him; he laughed in their faces; and at last their frantic gestures ended in their counting out the money demanded, but they added a deep curse against the *Tanzimat*, or new organization of Turkey, which forbade their taking the law into their own hands. Brsa Palanka might contain about 1,000

inhabitants, and there was not a house in the place which had not been converted into a shop or a tavern, for it seemed to live by the traffic on the river. I strolled about the single street for some time, and, when I was tired, I went into a coffee-house, where I found a great many persons seated, several of them being sailors and petty traders from the Ionian islands. With them I conversed on their enterprising voyage up the Ægean Sea, through the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus, across the Euxine, and in the Danube; in a boat not ten tons burden, for which they seem to have been amply repaid by their profits. A few Serbs, who understood Greek, joined us, and our conversation took a political turn. They talked of the prince of Serbia deserving the attachment of his countrymen, as being the son of their *deliverer* Czerny George; and they mentioned the age of the prince's son, whom they treated as their future *sovereign*. This tissue of errors was too much for my patience. I told them, that they knew nothing of their own history and political condition; for the Serbs had not been *delivered* any more than the remainder of the Sultan's subjects. That they had all been equally oppressed by the Janisaries, against whom Czerny George had revolted with the Sultan's approbation, and even assistance; in the same manner as the Sultan had himself freed the whole country from their tyranny, by destroying them in a body.

I next assured them that their prince's son could never be their *sovereign*, because the Sultan alone was their

sovereign, and that the boy had no greater right to the post of governor-general, viceroy, prince, or whatever else it might be called, than any other eligible Serb; that dignitary not being hereditary in the family of his father; and I concluded by expressing my surprise that they should exaggerate the nature of the privileges they enjoyed, rather than feel grateful to the Sultan for having granted them, since they appeared to prize them so much — although I was myself disposed to doubt how far they were really advantageous. My interlocutors evidently did not know what to make of all this, which was apparently to them a totally new view of the case. They said nothing in reply, but they looked as if they wished me on the other side of the Danube, or anywhere else than in Serbia.

I wished them a good night, and returned to my khan, where I found but little rest. I was obliged to lie down on the earthen floor of a small room, in which ten or twelve persons were drinking, and smoking, and singing; and they were most vociferous in their Bacchanalian mirth. My Gipsy was conspicuous amongst them; he drank five bottles of strong wine, and then a bottle and a half of the spirit distilled in the country; after which extraordinary feat he went to feed the horses, at three o'clock in the morning, as steadily as if he had taken nothing but Father Mathew's pledge, and was an exemplary member of the Temperance Society. At four o'clock we started on our day's journey; he did

not appear to be sleepy or to have the slightest headache, and he never drove better. This was the first opportunity I had of judging how remarkable were the accomplishments attributed to him by his previous master.

We commenced the ascent of the great range of mountains forming a part of the gigantic letter S, composed of the Carpathians and the Balkans; and which in this part of its length separates two parallel lines, followed by the Danube in its search of a passage, which it found or forced at the great whirlpool called the Kazan. We were four hours climbing and descending these mountains, which is never accomplished in less than a whole day by travellers on horseback; but my stout Wallachian ponies seemed to think nothing of it, and hardly ever slackened their trot. The road was good, and well engineered on the most approved method of the zigzag. The country was one continuous thicket of young oaks, elms, and hornbeams, as it appears that a fine forest had been here destroyed by fire, some twenty years ago, and was now growing up again from the roots. The view, on descending to the Danube in a westerly direction, was quite enchanting. The river was like a great pool, enclosed by lofty mountains on every side, excepting where the narrow outlet of the Kazan opened on the right with its jaws of adamant; through which I had steamed nearly a year before. A tiny islet, covered with trees, rose on the smooth surface of the slow current, and further up the stream appeared the larger island of Porecs; and on the hill below us an

occasional oasis of unbroken turf in the wilderness of wood, sprinkled with wild strawberry plants in flower, violets, primroses, and cowslips, and gaily decked with hawthorn-bushes in full blossom; which with a bright undergrowth of broom and foxglove, formed a natural garden in the forest. Wood-pigeons were flying about in perfect security. I thought of loading my gun to provide a breakfast, to be cooked at the next town; but the poor doves seemed so little suspicious of evil, that I could not be guilty of so great a breach of confidence. I did, however, throw a stone or two at some of the many snakes I saw, as I was walking down the hill; for I never before witnessed so complete an ophyological collection, except in bottles of spirits of wine. The number of lizards was also quite surprising, many of them being more than a foot long, and of a bright green colour.

On reaching the narrow strip of land which lies between the river and the mountains, we came to the town of Milanovatz, where we stopped for a couple of hours to bait the horses. It derived its name from the late Prince Milan, the eldest son of Prince Milosh Obrenovitch, who had offered pecuniary assistance to the inhabitants of the neighbouring island of Porecs, when they migrated hither about eighteen years ago, on account of the bad air prevalent there. In the same manner as Michailovatz was called after the second son of that family, when the population of an island below Brsa Palanka, founded that town; in consequence of their island having come under the jurisdiction of the princes of Wallachia.

The captain of Milanovatz, who accosted me as soon as I entered the place with a request to see my passport, told me that there are 1,500 inhabitants; and I verily believe that the whole of them turned out to see a carriage on springs, for we were forced to run the gauntlet through a crowd, along the straight street, whose houses were emptied of their gaping inmates.

Like him of Gladova, the captain was a fine looking man, with an open countenance; and indeed, in all the Serbs I had hitherto seen, I remarked a great difference of race from the Moldo-Wallachians, who are short and swarthy. So marked was the distinction that I could always recognise a Wallachian peasant on the Serbian roads, and I never failed to obtain an answer, more or less intelligible, to the few words of Romanest I could muster to try the experiment; for a great many Rumoons have settled on the right bank of the Danube.

The tavern-keeper, when we stopped at Milanovatz, also insisted on seeing my passport; he said he had to make his daily report of travellers. What a parody of Vienna!

I went to see the church, which is large but plain, and quite modern. There I found some of the principal personages of the town sitting chatting on the steps, and I attempted to join in their conversation; but it was in vain that I tried every language in which I could say a word or two—for they knew none but Serbian, and of that I could not speak even one word. They were all dressed

in the national costume, which somewhat resembles that of the Greeks of the Archipelago, with the exception of the peasants, who wear the flowing shirt and shaggy *dolama* of the Bulgarians and Wallachians, with their sandals and leggings; differing only in the head-dress, which is also of sheepskin, but infinitely more voluminous, and white instead of black. The Serbian women are also dressed like those of the Greek islands, and distinguished from the modern Dacians by the small red embroidered cap, instead of the white cotton veil.

On leaving Milanovatz we mounted to the very summit of the steep range along the base of which flows the Danube. This ascent took us three good hours. We then travelled for some time over an elevated level, which soon gave place to a series of intricate ravines, separating a labyrinth of small hills, all uniformly clothed with wood. This forest had not been burnt, however, or at least not for a sufficient length of time to enable the trees to attain their full growth; and splendid they were. There was not a single acre of land for cultivation in the whole district; but an immense profit might be drawn from the timber, being so near the Danube, and having a descent to it. No attempt to realize this profit seems to be thought of.

At last we came down from these heights to a small valley in which there was a narrow plain. This had been the site of a town, called Madenbek, from the Turkish word Maden, or metal, and Bek, the name of the

river flowing through it. This town had been deserted nearly a century and a half ago, when the working of the neighbouring copper and silver mines had ceased. I saw the ruins of a good many houses and of a small castle, which lay scattered about, and a few huts had lately been constructed for the purpose of harbouring the German and Hungarian refugees, who, about a year ago, had offered to the Serbian administration to reopen the mines. One was now extracted by them, in considerable quantities from the surrounding mountains. The diggings of this Serbian-California were worked by a hundred labourers; and the specimens of copper were rich in the extreme, those of silver being of less value.

The whole population of the settlement amounts to 300, including women and children. Among them I found two Hungarians and three Poles, who had been officers in Kossuth's army. One of the former, a handsome young man and an ex-captain of the staff, described the colony as being in the utmost state of demoralization. His mind, poor fellow, seemed to have suffered by his reverses, for his conversation, when I touched upon the subject of Hungary, became wild in the extreme; and it was accompanied by manual gesticulations and vocal inflections of the most melodramatic description. He put me in mind of the starling's "can't get out," in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," as all his declamations ended with a wish to go home.

“*Ach! Ich möchte nach haus,*” was his invariable conclusion to every remark. Formerly misled by more vigorous intellects, he was now paying the penalty due to the sins of others; who are comparatively happy, haranguing crowds of admirers, while he is working in the mines of Madenbek, and the score is probably not yet near its end. Who knows when he will cease to be a poor miner, and resume his place amongst men of as good education and birth as himself? Surely this is a paltry revenge on the part of Austria. It may be answered that a general measure was necessary; but it would not be difficult to class those who are not dangerous apart from the instigators, and, if banishment be ever expedient and justifiable, it can only be as an imperative precaution, to prevent the peace of society from being disturbed, not as a punishment for having been exposed as a scape-goat. If the affections of a man, be they for kindred or for country, are to become the instrument of moral torture, there should be at least a corresponding advantage to the mass; but, were it merely for the sake of example, political exile might certainly be inflicted on a more suitable class of delinquents than that to which this poor young man belongs. It cannot be from such as him that danger is apprehended by either the imperial cabinet of Vienna, or that of St. Petersburg. In this respect, the Sultan puts both the Kaiser and the Czar to shame.

My carriage was driving off, after I had taken leave of

the Hungarian refugee, when he called to me to stop, and, jumping on the step, he whispered in my ear with a mysterious expression of mingled hope and melancholy :—

“ *Ich mögte nach haus!*”

Following the narrow vale of the Bek, we soon reached Krusnitza, another colony of German miners, exactly similar to that which I had just left. We stopped to inquire the distance to the next village, and being informed that we could easily reach it before nightfall, we continued our course on the bank of the river. Night fell, however, and no village was to be seen. Hour passed after hour, and we advanced slower and slower as the horses were becoming tired. We could not have mistaken our road, for there was but one, and we were still on it. We left the valley, and ascended a high hill on its western side. We entered a forest which seemed to cover a lofty plateau—not the least possible appearance of a village—and we halted to let the poor ponies breathe after their long ascent, which had been preceded by so many other long ascents. They devoured the grass and weeds on the road-side; one of them was even proceeding to swallow a young tree, leaves, branches, and all, for their supper hour was long past, and they were evidently very hungry.

The Gipsy proposed that we should remain a short time to let them feed, and the Turk suggested that if we did so, we should get our arms ready, as we might

probably receive the visit of a wolf or two. Both projects were put in execution ; the horses were set free ; and a double-barrelled gun, a five-barrelled revolver, two pocket-pistols, a Turkish scimitar, a dagger-knife, and a life-preserver, were prepared for action, and distributed according as they could be used with most effect. No wolf came near us, however, and the horses were soon ready to proceed. We continued traversing the forest until we saw a fire at a little distance from the road. Osman Aga jumped out, sword in hand, to reconnoitre, and he returned with the intelligence, that the next village was still three hours' drive from where we were, and that we should have to make a steep and dangerous descent from the hills. It was near midnight, the fire was tempting, and the horses were quite knocked up ; those beside the fire were peaceful peasants, and we determined on staying there till daylight.

The flickering of the flames among the trees, and the moving figures, produced a most picturesque effect ; but I did not study it long, for having nothing to eat, I lost no time in winding my buffalo's hide around me and disposing myself to rest under a tree. But I could not go to sleep : there was something so novel in this kind of bed-chamber, with the hard ground for my couch, and the foliage of the thicket for my curtains. I lay reflecting on the singular position in which I was placed until I forgot I was in a forest of Serbia. And I began mentally repeating

the text of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," supposing myself to be Bottom in the wood. I closed my eyes, and was aware of nothing further, except the crackling sounds emitted by the fire, and the eager munching of grass by the trusty ponies.

A philosophical reflection of our own comparative helplessness in such a juncture, combined with certain yearnings, made me despise myself for being so dependent on cooks and kitchens; and I looked up to see how matters really stood with us, for all was misty and confused in my addled brain. The peasants had resumed their reclining posture, which had been disturbed by our arrival, to share the hospitality of the god Pan. Osman Aga was pacing to and fro, armed to the teeth, and ready for battle with all intruders. While the Gipsy was sitting by the fire, greedily devouring the roasted remains of an unfortunate cuckoo, which had flown across the road during the day, and had tempted me to fire at it in the belief that it would prove an interesting acquisition to ornithological science. If the poor "plain-song Cuckoo," as Shakespeare calls it, was a failure in this respect, it for ever set at rest the question at least of Wordsworth:—

"Oh, blithe new comer! I have heard,
I hear thee, and rejoice;
Oh, cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?"

There was evidently something much more tough than a wandering voice, between the glittering teeth of the

Gipsy, as he sat picking the cuckoo's bones before the fire.

In the morning at an early hour, we were roused by the departure of the peasants, who had collected their mules in the wood, where they had been grazing, and left us sole possessors of the bivouac. Our horses, more easily satisfied than ourselves, had found ample food during the night, and were now fresh and lively; they were soon harnessed, and trotting gaily along the road.

It did take a very long time to reach the village of Neresnitza, which was our destination for the previous night. We found that the mistake had been caused by there being a footpath which leads across the hills from Krusnitza in two hours; and the Gipsy, on going in search of information at the latter place, had omitted to state that he was not travelling in the usual manner of his race. Neresnitza is situated on the river Bek, which we reached after crossing the mountain round which it flows, and we found that it had received sufficient tribute from several ravines to render it now a considerable stream. A few straggling cottages, a khan, and a church, formed the whole village. We were by no means tempted to stay longer than was necessary for the horses to eat a double feed of barley, as they had had none the night before. We followed the course of the Bek, which we forded no less than five times. For some hours it passed through a narrow defile of precipitous rocks, barely leaving space enough for the river and the road. I was

astonished to perceive that a number of bushes in flower, on the face of the cliffs, were wild lilacs. We passed the village of Krushevitza, whose wattled huts were miserable in the highest degree. We then crossed the heights on the left hand, quitting thus the valley of the Bek ; and entering an agricultural district, consisting of an undulating plain with a little wood here and there, having apparently an excellent soil.

The character of the country was now altogether changed from what it had been in the eastern part of Serbia, and it was also much more thickly peopled. There was a great deal of cultivation, and the peasants were actively engaged in ploughing for summer crops, using a large wheel-plough drawn by eight oxen, or by four horses. A general appearance of prosperity and comfort was manifested in the villages through which we drove ; the aspect of German industry having taken the place of Slavonian indolence, so evident in the unimproved resources of the noble forests covering the vicinity of the Balkans.

Near the large hamlet of Liubin we saw an extensive Gipsy camp. The chief, who wore a rich Albanian dress, was seated on a grassy bank above the road, with several old men around him : two or three good horses being walked about behind them, ready caparisoned, probably for some marauding expedition, as the robbers in this country are generally Gipsies. They rose to salute us, and the bronzed features of the chief assumed

almost an agreeable expression in doing so; while they seemed at once to recognise a brother, in our coachman, for they pointed at him with smiles and nods. The women were carrying water from a well in the neighbourhood, and a Hindoo Rebekah volunteered to draw water for us and our beasts, when we stopped for that purpose.

In the evening we came to the town of Pojerovatz, or Passarovitz, as it is called in history. It is situated in the valley of the large river Morava, near its junction with the Danube, which appeared at a distance as we descended on the plain. It has 4,000 inhabitants, and is under the magisterial government of a Colonel, who spoke German well, and was polite to me when I paid my respects, but he was apparently incapable of giving me much local information. The town is built in a regular form, with streets at right angles, and a large square in the centre, on one side of which was the khan, with a coffee-house below it, and, as a proof of progress in the march of civilization, a billiard-room. The upper floor was composed of a large suite of apartments, altogether unfurnished and cheerless, most of the windows being without glass, and the doors unhinged. There I passed a night, of which excessive fatigue would prevent me giving an account, if any were required of me; the only comfort I enjoyed I owed to the soft and cleanly fur of the buffalo's hide, which I used as a bed on the whole of this journey. Such was the accommodation of the Pojerovatz Hotel,

but the bill I had to pay, was more exorbitant than any ever presented to me, at Meurice's in the Rue Rivoli.

While the carriage was being prepared in the morning, I walked through the town, and into some churches and court-houses, all modern and uninteresting. Nowhere could I discover the slightest vestige of that remarkable period when Prince Eugene signed in this town the treaty of 1718, which deprived the Sultan of the kingdom of Hungary, Little Wallachia, as far as the river Oltul, and a portion of Serbia; and which inaugurated the short-lived rule of Austria in the latter province of the Ottoman empire. Leaving Pojerovatz, I drove across a rich plain, capable of yielding corn enough for the whole population of Serbia, but there was very little cultivation either of grain or of anything else. Some very fine oaks grew on it, many of them being at least six yards in circumference; but no use seemed to be made of either the timber or the soil in this district, for I saw several of the older trees rotting upright on the ground, and others lying untouched where they had fallen. We crossed the river Morava in a large ferry-boat, the water being about five feet deep. We continued our course towards the west, passing the village of Vuksak, and soon afterwards falling into the high road between Constantinople and Belgrade; which was the great thoroughfare for the traffic of the Turkish capital with Germany, before the steam-navigation of the Danube was commenced. After driving through the

village of Lipa, we came in sight of the Danube, and soon reached the town of Semendra on its right bank, with the fine old towers, that I had admired on my way down the river nearly a year previously, standing out in bold relief from the wood on the opposite side. The castle is garrisoned by 200 Turkish artillerymen, under the command of a major, a small population of Mus-sulmans also inhabits it.

The town is composed of three or four long lines of shops, with a few good houses at rare intervals; its inhabitants amount to 3,000, and they are governed by a Serbian major, whom I did not see, although he insisted on countersigning my passport. The principal trade of the place consists in the exportation of hogs to the Hungarian ports; it is carried on to a great extent, and a crowd of large river-boats is consequently moored along the shore. Indeed this article of commerce constitutes the chief resource of the whole principality, as swine are reared with great facility in the extensive oak forests, where they feed exclusively on acorns. They are then sent to Vienna by speculators, who fatten them in Austria, the East having been closed to them by Mahomet; and they spread over the whole of Germany, reaching even the market of Paris, to be killed after travelling several years. The number of them in Serbia is quite surprising, and it has been said that, during the long war sustained in that province, if the swine had been hunted till they were all exterminated, it would

not have been necessary to fight the Serbs, who would thus have been reduced by blockade. The communication with Hungary is easy at Semendra, as the river is narrow, its breadth being divided by a large island, which, like all the others, belongs to Austria.

The castle was built in the year 1432, by one of the Brankovitches, who succeeded the family of Knez Lazar, as despots or native princes, before the Turkish conquest. When Serbia became an Ottoman province, the Brankovitches continued to live here until the beginning of the eighteenth century. George Brankovitch, the historian, who was the last of them, died at Eger in Bohemia, whither he had emigrated, having there received the rank of Count, though he was always kept in confinement on suspicion of secret correspondence with the Turks. The lineal descendants having thus become extinct, the only existing representative of the family is the Earl of Devon, who is collaterally allied to it by the marriage of Urosh the Great with Helen of Courtenay.

From Semendra we drove for some distance along the right bank of the Danube, and then struck off behind the low range of very pretty hillocks, covered with vineyards and gardens, which run on a parallel line. The road lay in a series of wooded ravines of the greatest beauty, and this enchanting scenery did not change until we arrived at the small town of Grotzka, in the evening, just in time to escape a heavy fall of rain

which continued all night. I was lodged in a corn-bin. A separate room was not to be had at the khan, and, as I felt no very decided sympathy for a number of pig-dealers, whose society I must have undergone in the only dormitory which was offered me, I went on a voyage of discovery over the premises. On opening a door in the stable, I found a small place boarded over and half-full of barley. Here I had my buffalo's skin stretched out, and established myself as comfortably as could be expected under such circumstances. The next day we travelled over a hilly country with some wood and hardly any cultivation, which was more like the eastern part of Serbia than that which we had traversed in the centre of the principality, although the mountains were now much less elevated, and the forest more varied and not so continuous. Indeed, this seems to be the general character of Serbian scenery, which is beautiful, but monotonous, wild to a degree that makes one sigh for tameness, and green as a young landscape-painter's first daub.

As we approached Belgrade, the wood became more rare, and cultivation closer. We stopped at a road-side pot-house to let the horses breathe; here the Gipsy got troublesome, I did not quite understand about what, nor did I inquire, after I perceived that a sound drubbing from Osman Aga had made him as docile as a lamb; but I supposed that the difference of opinion must be in some way connected with the brandy-bottle.

We moved on, and, descending over a bare and open country, thickly tilled and sown, we passed the trenches thrown up by Marshal Laudon, during his memorable siege, and reached the gates of the town. A long drive through the streets brought us to a great staring German hotel, in which I was more or less comfortably housed.

CHAPTER VII.

BELGRADE—VASIF PASHA—PRINCE ALEXANDER—SERBIAN POLITICIANS—
ADMINISTRATION—POLITICAL POSITION OF SERBIA—PANSLAVISM.

BELGRADE, or *Bielo Grad*, the White City, is a town of about 50,000 inhabitants, though covering an area capable of containing three times that number, so wide are the streets and so scattered the houses of the new, or Serbian, quarter. More a suburb than an integral part of the town, it stretches from the eastern gate along the ridge of the hill, and descends to the bank of the Save, while the opposite slope, from the ramparts to the outer wall on the Danube, is occupied by the Mahometan population, the Turkish garrison being in the fortress. In the former resides a prince; in the latter a pasha.

My first visit was to the former of these two representatives of the Sultan. The fortress, which was built by Charles the Fifth, rises above the confluence of the Danube and Save, on one side, to a height of about 100 feet, and its *glacis*, on the other, descends gradually for 600 paces, until it meets the first line of houses in the

town. The upper works are not in such good repair as those on the water's edge, which were restored to an efficient state for defence fifteen years ago, the Pasha of the time having been obliged to employ Hungarian workmen, as the Serbs were averse to the strengthening of the position, and would not engage in it at any wages. Large barracks have also been constructed for the accommodation of 2,000 regular troops, which form the garrison. This force seems inadequate, and it would be prudent to increase it, although the whole Mussulman population of the town is obliged to take a part in the defence when required, and every male inhabitant receives an annual gratuity from the time of his birth, as a sort of retaining fee. But whether or not more infantry be necessary, a detachment of artillery with a few light guns is much wanted at Belgrade, as the great iron guns on the ramparts, ill mounted and badly kept, would be of little use; and, moreover, in the event of disturbances in the town, the Turkish authorities, with their two battalions alone and without artillery, would be easily overpowered.

Near the new barracks still stands the old tower, called *Ne boaz*, or Be not afraid, which was built in the year 1343 by the Serbian kral, Stephan Dushan. It is square, with buttresses at the angles, and is in a state to serve occasionally as a prison. The upper plateau is divided into two courts, in one of which there are new unfinished buildings and a large mosque; and, in the

other, the old *konak*, or palace of the Pasha, with projecting eaves and open galleries in true oriental style.

Vasif Pasha received me in a large saloon surrounded by divans. He is the son-in-law of Hussien Pasha, who distinguished himself during the momentous epoch of the destruction of the Janissaries, and whose tomb I had seen at Widin. Having inherited the greater part of the fortune amassed by his father-in-law, he is a man of great wealth, but simple in his manners, of a quiet and benevolent disposition, and more remarkable for prudence and good sense than for brilliancy of talent. We talked much and often on the nature of his position at Belgrade, as the representative of Serbia's sovereign, the Sultan; which position required some study before it could be rightly appreciated. I next waited on the Serbian chief.

Prince Alexander is the son of Kara George, the leader of the Serbian revolution, and is a man of no particular note in any way, easily led by those around him, and evincing the political bias which they inculcate. As he talks, besides Serbian, only a very little German, I could obtain no great insight into his character and policy when conversing with him, but his public acts suffice to class him. His residence is plain and not extensive: and in personal appearance he is altogether insignificant.

Of his official advisers, M. Garashanin, who is in charge of the provincial affairs, pleased me most. He is

a man of considerable ability and experience, and is one of the few among the leading Serbs, who appeared to me capable of entertaining statesmanlike views.

The cathedral of Belgrade is a large staring modern church, finely situated in an elevated position in the town, but devoid of all internal or external interest as a building. In the districts there is a dearth of places of worship, as well as in the chief town of Serbia, for 1,152 villages have only 298 churches; and the whole population of the province, which is barely a million, is under the pastoral care of no more than 652 priests. They are paid by their parishioners, while the archbishop receives a salary from the government of 5,000 imperial dollars per annum, and each of the three bishops of Shabatz, Timok, and Ujitza, 2,500. The minor clergy are almost starving, while the prelates are faring sumptuously, as their incomes are large in a country where every one is more or less poor. There are 123 monks in Serbia, and 260 elementary schools, several of which are attached to monasteries; and the whole number of pupils, including those of the college at Belgrade, is 8,000. There is considerable progress apparent in this respect, for in the year 1840 there existed only 80 schools and 1,000 scholars. Besides these 20 students of theology are kept at Kieff in Russia at the expense of the Serbian administration, and 38 young men have likewise been sent to study the sciences at the universities of Western Europe, whence they

will bring back republican opinions, as the future priests will return from Kieff to propagate Slavism. A literary society at Belgrade is engaged in the compilation of a Serbian dictionary and grammar, as also of a history. They are also forming a library and a museum of antiquities; the spirit pervading the society being openly Slavist.

There is but one printing-press in the country, and it belongs to the government, which employs Germans to work it. A newspaper exists, but as it is edited on an official salary, and is subject to a rigid system of censure, this can hardly constitute freedom of the press. The militia consists of two battalions of infantry, each 1,000 strong, a squadron of cavalry, 200 strong, and 300 artillerymen. They serve four years; and a quarter of the whole force is on furlough every alternate three months. The military estimate is now 125,000 imperial dollars per annum, the entire revenues of the province being about 1,000,000.

If the Serbs are less addicted to agriculture than the Bulgarians, and to trade than the Greeks, they are on the other hand an eminently more warlike people, and this characteristic, which is so prominent in their past history, may also become conspicuous in the development of the Slavist schemes, unless they be checked in time. These schemes are founded on the different national antecedents of the Sclavonian tribes, which must, therefore, be taken into consideration before

Slavism can be understood; its importance, in general, has already been shown, and its possible consequences in connexion with Serbia are sufficiently illustrated by the fact, that this province possesses a population capable of equipping 150,000 foot and 10,000 horse.

The Serbian tribe of the great Slavonic race settled on the banks of the rivers Danube and Save in the sixth and seventh centuries. They became submissive subjects of the Lower Empire, and continued as such for about three hundred years, being under the immediate supremacy of the Bulgarian *krales*, or kings.

In the year 924, a Serbian chief named Tzestlav Klomirovitsh revolted, and succeeded in establishing the independence of the country; but this first attempt of Serbian nationality was of short duration, for John Vladislav of Bulgaria reconquered the Serbs, and when his territory passed under the yoke of the Greek Emperor in 1018, they shared the same fate. Several subsequent efforts were made by them to throw off their allegiance to the degraded crown of the East, in proportion as the spirit of independence and warlike enterprise became developed in this people. They prevailed in the year 1034, but they were soon again reduced to obedience. In 1073, they endeavoured in vain to engage the Venetian Republic in their favour; but it was not until twenty years later that they were able to wage a decisive war with their enfeebled sovereign. Urosh, whose father, Vulcan by name, had sustained

several active campaigns against the Emperor, became Grand Duke of Serbia, and was the first of the ten princes of the family of Nemanja, whose reign during 212 years constituted the glorious epoch of Serbian history. The power of Serbia increased in proportion as that of the Lower Empire declined. For her grand dukes, who had successively assumed the title of princes and then of kings, skilfully originated disputes with the weak emperors of Byzantium, which invariably resulted in favour of the rising Serbian tribe.

In 1356, Stephan Dushan Urosh, surnamed *Silm*, or the Powerful, seemed to be on the point of substituting a Slavonian empire for that of the Greeks. He was great as a conqueror and as a legislator; and he made himself master of the whole peninsula lying between the Adriatic and Ægean and Black Seas, with the sole exception of the province of Thrace; while he consolidated his conquests by promulgating a code of laws of his own composition, which is a singular production for that era, when the different populations of Europe were still plunged in all the barbarism of the dark ages, and he alone emerged from it to raise his country in the scale of nations. He proclaimed himself Emperor; and nothing was wanting to the foundation of a vigorous and prosperous state on the ruins of the corrupt and falling Byzantine polity but life to realize his scheme, and a successor capable of maintaining its results; for he was a man of consummate proficiency in the science

of government, as it was then understood, as well as of tried courage and great military talents in the field. He was murdered, and his son became the victim of the ambitious vassals whom he had placed at the head of his feudal states. Thus fell the hope of the Slavists of that day; and the epoch of Urosh is the theme of the Slavist visions now disturbing the repose of a Turkish province. Serbia became divided into small principalities, which again fell, piecemeal, under the power of the Byzantine throne,—so soon to fall itself beneath the resistless energies of another race that rose in Europe. Then came the battle of Kossova, which overthrew the Sclavonian armies, and Serbia became a province of the Ottoman empire.

In the commencement of the present century, Serbia revolted; but, on this occasion, it was no aspiration at national independence or Sclavonian union that roused it; but simply the desire to be revenged on the Janissaries for their numerous crimes. After the assassination of their atrocious chief, Deli-Ahmed, and the consequent dispersion of the Janissaries, the Sultan granted a general amnesty to the Serbs, and prohibited the return of the Janissaries to the province. This policy of the Ottoman Porte was dictated by the incipient impatience of the irksome yoke imposed on the Sultans by their domineering soldiery, which ultimately produced their total annihilation by Sultan Mahmud in 1826. The immediate effect of so conciliating a line of conduct in Serbia was most

salutary, for the subsequent administration of Hadji Mustapha Pasha was undisturbed by further disorders, and it became so popular that he received the surname of Father of the Serbs. The Janissaries, however, sought revenge, and a favourable opportunity was presented by the rebellion of Pasvan Oglu of Widin, whose father, an *Ayan*, or Notable, of that town had been put to death by the Seraskier, and who had, therefore, placed himself at the head of 10,000 Albanian mercenaries, usurped the command of the Pashalik, and ravaged the country in all directions. The Janissaries who had been exiled from Serbia joined his standard, and when he was besieged within the walls of Widin, by the troops of the weak but well-intentioned Sultan Selim III, they were mainly instrumental in repulsing them. They then made inroads into Serbia, and Hadji Mustapha Pasha roused both Mahometans and Christians to oppose them. But the rebels made good their footing in the country; confining their occupation, however, to a few of the smaller forts. The Pasha was old and infirm, and in every critical circumstance his son, Dervish Bey, directed his conduct, and even acted for him when energetic measures were required. The Janissaries, well aware of this fact, took advantage of a casual absence of the latter, to march on Belgrade and blockade the Pasha in the citadel. Having entered it by a drain, a few of them made him prisoner; and forced him to sign an order to his son to march elsewhere with the troops, as soon as he should

return from his expedition. Being thus at the mercy of the ferocious brigands who styled themselves the only supporters of the Mussulman faith, the unfortunate Hadji Mustapha Pasha, a faithful servant to his master and a true friend to his country, was executed by them, as a degenerate Turk, for having attempted to protect the inhabitants of the province committed to his charge from their overweening insolence and arbitrary oppression.

Four chiefs of the rebels then seized the provincial authority, and exercised it under the title of *Dayis*, which they assumed. Their administration was as cruel and tyrannical as might be expected, after the manner in which it was inaugurated. The Serbs petitioned the Sultan, who threatened the *Dayis* with his vengeance. They forestalled it by a general massacre of the native chiefs, who had instigated the petition. Kara George, a peasant of Shumadia, which is the wooded country in the centre of Serbia, then appeared at the head of a revolt against the *Dayis*, thus disavowed by the Sultan. All Serbia was soon in a state of insurrection; the Turkish authorities were indiscriminately shut up in the fortresses; and Kara George was unanimously called upon to take the administration of affairs into his own hands. The *Dayis* proposed negotiations, but no terms were listened to by the Serbs, and both parties prepared for war, the whole Christian population being under arms on one side, and the feudal levies of the *Sipahis* assembled on the other. Belgrade, Shabatz, and Pojaro-

vatz, were invested by the Serbs, who received ammunition and provisions from the Mahometans attached to the Sultan's interests, and the Porte even established an agency at Constantinople for the supplying of the Serbian troops. All these places were taken, and the *Dayis* fled with their treasure to the island of New Orshova, whither some of the Serbs followed them. They were taken there, put to death, and their heads were sent to Belgrade.

Eminent services had thus been rendered by the Christian population of the province ; but the precedent was dangerous, and the power achieved was not readily relinquished. The Serbian chiefs remained at Belgrade with their respective followers. Suleyman Pasha governed in the name of the Sultan ; but the native magnates fearing, or pretending to fear, the lawlessness of the irregular troops under his command, would not return to their homes as he wished. Seeing no other escape from the dilemma in which they were placed, between their desire of retaining the administration which they had assumed during the struggle, and their unwillingness to forfeit the merit of their military exploits, by showing that they had been undertaken, in the hope of wresting the legitimate authority, from the hands of their sovereign as well as from those of the mutinous *Dayis*, the Serbs, instigated by the secret agents of Russia, adopted a middle course, which has been the origin of all their subsequent sufferings. They sent a deputation to

St. Petersburg, to implore the interposition of the Czar in their behalf. The answer to this ill-judged application was, that if the Serbs would lay their claims and grievances before the Ottoman Porte, they should be supported by all the influence which Russia might possess in Turkey. This was done; but the only result was that of establishing a precedent of Russian diplomatic intervention in the affairs of Serbia.

Being thus encouraged, the Serbs renewed hostilities. The fortresses of Ujitzá and Karanovatz were successfully besieged by them, and an army brought to attack them by Hafiz Pasha, of Nissa, retreated in consequence of his sudden death, which was attributed to poison, through the agency of Stephen Shivkovitsh, one of the Serbian chiefs. These chieftains, who had been led by the intrigues of Russia into a much greater enterprise than they had anticipated when they first took up arms against the *Dayis*—for they were now at open war with the Sultan—openly aspired at independence after this successful campaign, and Pan Slavism again appeared amongst them, probably through foreign instigation. The struggle on this new field of battle continued for two years, with varying issue.

At last the impending war between Russia and Turkey induced the latter to endeavour to pacify Serbia in 1806: a conference took place at Semendria, and it was agreed that a deputation of Serbs should be sent to Constantinople; and the result was that the Sultan, in

order to put an end to the civil war, conceded a national administration, but reserved to himself the occupation of the fortresses. This condition was unpalatable to the Serbs; the arrangement of the differences was not concluded, and Kara George advanced with a strong force on Belgrade and Shabatz, to take possession of the forts refused to him.

Amongst the Albanian mercenaries employed by Gushanz Ali Pasha, the Turkish governor at Belgrade, was a Greek named Konda, who had taken an active part in the previous defence of the town against the Serbs. He went over to the latter, and now offered to accomplish the reduction of that town. With six followers, he scaled the walls during the night, and attacked the guard at the gate. It happened to be the eve of the first day of the *Bairam*, and the Turks in the citadel supposed the firing to be in honour of the approaching festival. The guard thus remained unsupported, but the soldiers fought desperately, and they killed four of Konda's party. He was himself severely wounded, and with difficulty he succeeded in opening the gate with an axe: A column of the rebels rushed into the town. Kara George, with another detachment, climbed the wall to flank the attack on them. The inhabitants were roused by their shouts, and commenced firing from their windows. The houses, from which the streets were defended, were set fire to. A dreadful *mélée* and carnage took place; and soon after daylight,

the Turks retired into the citadel, leaving the town in the hands of the rebels. The fortress was blockaded. The island at the confluence of the Danube and the Save, which is called by the Austrians the *Kreigsinsel*, having been occupied by the Serbs, Gushanz Ali Pasha was obliged to surrender, and he embarked with his troops for Widin. Shabatz capitulated three months later, and Ujitza soon after it. Sokol was the only fort which the Turks retained, their attention being at that time engrossed by the struggle with the Russians in Moldavia. It had proved a powerful diversion in favour of the Serbian insurgents, and no immediate effort was made to recover the ground thus lost by the Sultan.

Kara George, though he shot his father, hanged his brother, and put an inverted beehive on his mother's head, all with his own hands, showed great humanity towards the Turks on this occasion. But his example was not followed by all the Serbian chiefs, for Milenko opened a heavy fire upon Gushanz Ali Pasha, from a battery on the island of Poretsh, as he was descending the river. When the effects of the shot did not appear to satisfy them, the Serbs followed him in boats, even on the Austrian territory, to harass his retreat; although he was under a safe-conduct from their chief. The Pasha, like a true Osmanli, responded magnanimously to these insults. He dismissed the Serbian hostages who had accompanied him to Widin, not only

unmolested, but with all the consideration due to their position; and he took no notice of another gratuitous act of treachery on the part of the Serbs, who put to death the servants entrusted with the care of his horses by land. Suleyman Pasha applied for permission to leave Belgrade under a guarantee of personal safety for himself and his followers, which was granted; but he had not proceeded many miles when he was attacked; and his Serbian escort, instead of protecting him, joined the assailants. Two hundred Janissaries and several Turkish families formed his retinue; not one of them escaped the massacre. During two days, the Mahometans of Belgrade and Shabatz were assassinated indiscriminately wherever they could be found; and the few that survived on the third day were sent to Widin, while the whole property of the Mussulmans in the province was confiscated without distinction.

The Ottoman Porte was for some time engaged in war with Russia, and therefore deferred the settlement of the Serbian affairs until a more convenient season. After the peace concluded at Tilsit, energetic measures were proposed to that effect; but the Serbs had foreseen this contingency, and had again sent a deputation to the Czar, who took advantage of this opportunity to establish a direct agency in a revolted province of Turkey. He despatched a Greek, by name Rodofiniki, to represent his influence, acquired by the mistaken policy of the Serbs. The war again broke out in the spring of 1809,

and Russia was thus enabled to create a diversion in her own favour, by organizing a simultaneous attack on the part of Serbia. Milenko laid siege to the town of Gladova, protected by the fort of Feth-Islam, where a Russian force effected a junction with his troops, and Kara George marched southwards, in order to put himself in communication with the Montenegrines, in the hope of thus cutting off Bosnia from the Ottoman empire. The latter fought the Turks and Bosniacs on the plain of Snodol, and was nearly beaten by their cavalry, which could manœuvre on such ground; but he rallied his men around his guns, and, having withstood several charges, he made such havoc with his artillery, that he finally secured the victory. He joined the Montenegrines, who had also risen at the instigation of Russia, and attempted to take the fortress of Yeni Bazar, in Bosnia. An enterprise which, had it succeeded, would have shorn the Sultan's dominions of a great part of Turkey in Europe. But he was obliged to raise the siege, and hurry to the assistance of Milenko and the Russians, who had been driven back by the Turks. Rodofiniki fled from Belgrade. General Kamenski, who commanded the Czar's troops, issued a proclamation, in which he called the Serbs brothers of the Russians, and fellow-countrymen by their Sclavonian origin, and he promised them ample assistance, while he recognised Kara George as their chief. The issue of the campaign was in their favour, and Belgrade remained in the

occupation of a Russian regiment, with Kara George at the head of the provincial government, holding the rank of Lieutenant-general in the service of the Czar.

In 1811, the Grand Vezir, being anxious to secure a safe passage through Serbia for the Bosnian levies, which were on their way to assist the Sultan in his war with Russia; offered to name Kara George, Prince of Serbia, on the same conditions as those enjoyed by the Hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia, provided he would abstain from molesting the march of the Bosnian troops; but Kara George feared to accept a favour at the expense of Russia, and he sent the proposal to the Emperor Alexander, declaring himself ready to follow his instructions. The cabinet of St. Petersburg temporised, probably foreseeing that the position of Napoleon Buonaparte, which could be maintained by war alone, would soon render it expedient for Russia to make peace with Turkey. The treaty concluded at Bucharest on the 28th of May, 1812, accordingly put an end to the struggle between the Sultan and the Czar, in order that the latter might be more free to repel the invasion of the French. This result was also consistent with the interests of the Ottoman Porte, for Constantinople might be thought a convenient stepping-stone by the assailant of Russia; who aspired even at the conquest of India, in his feverish dream of universal domination and of especial hostility to Great Britain.

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character was well known, and the chiefs deputed Molar Nicolajevitsh and the metropolitan bishop Nikshitsh to entreat the pasha to save the country from his supremacy. Milosh accused the former of conspiring against the Sultan; and supported his charge by so many false witnesses, whom he had suborned, that the pasha had him beheaded; while the bishop was murdered on his way from Vallievo to Shabatz, by the acolytes of Milosh, disguised as banditti. The Serbian chiefs were terror-stricken, and they tamely submitted to his domination, which was confirmed on the 6th of November, 1817, in a solemn ceremony performed by the bishops of Belgrade and Ujitza, at a general assembly in which the leading characters of all the districts acknowledged him to be their chief, and swore to obey him. His rule being thus established, he openly practised extortion in every form for the purpose of enriching himself; the taxation became more burdensome than it had been even in the time of the *Dayis*, for he required the *Haratsh*, or capitation tax, for children who were only two years old; and the people at last were so exasperated that they took up arms against him in the year 1825. The wily *Obor Knez*, or principal chief, for such was his title, opposed the northern *Nahias*, or districts, to those of the south, for he had assiduously kept their mutual jealousy alive for an emergency of this nature.

The two parties fought a battle at Oplentza, near Topola; the army of Milosh being under the command

of Vucics, and that of the insurgents having at their head Miloje Popovitsh, surnamed *Djak*, or the Deacon. The latter was defeated, and in his flight he was taken with 150 other Serbs at Hassan Palanka, where they were all immediately shot. His army however formed again, and Milosh offered terms, which they accepted. Amongst other conditions of their capitulation, the insurgents stipulated that one of their chiefs, by name Andrei,* should be made *Knez* of Topola. Milosh swore to appoint him, and he kept his oath; but a few weeks later, Andrei was assassinated. The opposition to the *Obor Knez* was thus altogether crushed.

On the 14th of October, 1826, was concluded the Convention of Akermann, between the Sublime Porte and the cabinet of St. Petersburg. A separate article, which was added to the 5th clause of this document, indicated the general basis on which the administrative privileges would be founded; and an imperial Hatti Sherif confirmed the concession of these rights in the month of September, 1829; but they were not defined in detail until six months later, when another Hatti Sherif finally set the question at rest. The principal immunities thus conferred, consisted in religious liberty, hereditary succession in the family of Milosh Obrenovitsh, the payment of a tribute to the Sultan, the formation of a national militia to secure the internal tranquillity of the country, the right of erecting schools and hospitals, the administration of public justice, and the establishment

of regular posts under the exclusive control of the provincial authorities. This Hatti Sherif of April, 1830, concludes by assuring the Serbs that, so long as they keep within the limits of fidelity and obedience, they will never cease to be the objects of the Sultan's solicitude; that under the shadow of his strength, they will enjoy perfect security and peace; and that they would do well to be careful to fulfil most rigorously their duties as his subjects, and consequently to avoid everything which might be contrary to those duties.

Thus was constituted the principality of Serbia, after a civil war of more than a quarter of a century. If the condition of a principality under such circumstances can be regarded as a favourable one, the Serbs owe it first to the temporary weakness of the empire of which it forms a part, and secondly to the Slavist schemes which were applied to their case. For, had their struggle for administrative independence taken place either before or after that period of anarchy and corruption, which was so nearly causing the total downfall of the Ottoman power; or if their Sclavonian origin had not been used as the watchword of a sympathy awakened by their efforts, there can be little doubt that the ultimate result would have been far different from what it is. In justice to the Serbs, it must at the same time be admitted that they displayed throughout a degree of warlike valour, which cannot but be taken into account in all speculations on the subject of Slavism.

For nine years did Prince Milosh abandon himself with impunity to the amassing of wealth, and his extortion produced an insurrection against him. He quelled it; but a senate had been organized in virtue of the constitution given to Serbia by the Sultan, and a determination to examine into the public finances alarmed him. He suddenly left the country, and wrote from Semlin that he would not return unless adequate assurances were given him that he should not be required to give any compensation for lands which he had appropriated to himself, as it was said, without just cause or right; and that he should not be called upon to give any account of his administration of the revenues: for the swineherd, who had once been content to earn two-pence sterling per diem, was now the holder of 1,600,000 ducats—about 800,000*l.*—deposited in the Bank of Vienna, besides very extensive landed property in Serbia and Wallachia.

These conditions were refused by the senate, and the Turkish pasha having protested against the absence of Milosh, he returned to Belgrade, and fomented a revolt of the militia against the senate. It was put down by Vucics at the head of the peasantry; and when the senate investigated its origin, the brother of Milosh confessed that it had been their joint machination. The game of Milosh was thus irrecoverably lost, and he resigned his post, which fell to his eldest son. He then retired to Bucharest, where I frequently saw both him

and his second son, Prince Michael, who succeeded after the death of Prince Milan, and who was deprived of his post for conduct similar to that of his father. They are still intriguing in the hope of recovering the princely functions—which were then conferred on the present prince, Alexander Karageorgevitsh—and their respective hopes are founded on Russian and Austrian protection, on the ready sacrifice of money, wherever support can be purchased, and on professions of Slavism, by which Prince Michael, especially, expects to captivate his estranged fellow-countrymen. The policy of Russia and Austria is now identical in Serbia, and they both appear to encourage his ambition; but this may be with the view of creating difficulties for the Ottoman Porte, rather than for the purpose of aiding him, because Austria is evidently on a footing of perfect intelligence with Prince Alexander, whose confidential advisers she has enlisted in her cause. The alternative of one prince or another is not the critical question for Serbia, any more than it is for Wallachia and Moldavia, as they all employ the same tactics to gain office, and only differ in their mode of holding it, according to the circumstances which arise. No fixed principle is adhered to by them, and the real danger for the Serbs is the Slavist propagandism.

Slavism formed the principal subject of my researches at Belgrade, which is the centre of action for several of its apostles in the Sclavonian provinces of Turkey, and

the focus whence the intrigues of more than one of the Slavist parties emanate. I found no difficulty in becoming acquainted with the most conspicuous leaders of these different interests; and their anxiety to propagate the principles to which they are attached, enabled me to form an opinion with regard to them, for no information was withheld from me, notwithstanding that I did not make any secret of my intention to publish; while the reciprocal antagonism of the factions always supplied the means of verifying the too favourable statements of any one of them. They were, in general, men of great intelligence, and some possessed considerable literary merit, which circumstances amply compensated for the trouble I took to gain an insight into the obscure interests of Slavism, as its representatives in Serbia were most agreeable companions.

When Russia awoke to greatness under the master-hand of her first Peter, who shook the numerous tribes of Muscovite and Ruthenian Slavonians from their long lethargic sleep, the vast flood of her new energies rolled northwards to gain the sea. When that object was attained, and when another vigorous grasp—that of the second Catherine—dragged her mighty aspirations higher still, they turned towards the south, as serpents seek the sun. Vast populations of cognate race, stretching their dominions to the very gates of Stambul, offered a field for ambition, a theme for agitation, and Panslavism was devised. Austria, who was vitally involved in the result,

strove to turn it to her own advantage; and Joseph II. wavered between the alternative of a Germanic or a Slavonian empire. Federal power tempted him on one side, extension of territory on the other; and the scheme was suffered to slumber until the maturing of general tendencies should point out the most salutary course.

When the Magyar war broke out, Austria again bethought herself of her Slavonian subjects, and their wildest dreams were fostered by her. They fell into the snare, and marched against the Hungarians. Another power was necessary, however, to crush the latter, and the Croats were thrown aside as a broken tool. The desire to be received into the Germanic confederation with all her states, struck the last blow on the devoted head of Pan Slavism, and its shattered fragments formed themselves into separate bodies of Slavists.

At Agram, in Croatia, the cast-off instruments of the anti-Magyar movement held together, and conceived the project of Sudslavism, whose aim is the formation of a kingdom, which they call the Illyrian kingdom. They would wish it to comprise the Austrian provinces of Croatia, Carniola, Istria, Dalmatia, Slavonia, and the Military Frontiers as far as the boundary of Wallachia, and the Turkish provinces of Bosnia, including Hertsegovina, and Turkish Croatia, Montenegro, and Serbia. Their projected limits do not embrace Bulgaria, because its inhabitants are not, strictly speaking, Slavonians, although they talk a Slavonic dialect, but Slavonised

Tatars; and they are right in drawing this ethnological distinction, notwithstanding that the motive of exclusion may really be different and more practical; for the Bulgarians are a pacific and industrious people, not likely to be deluded into the loss of present prospects of advancement, by the pursuit of an unprofitable chimera, such as the spirit of nationality. Two millions of them are Mahometans, which fact would also militate greatly against the success of the scheme, were it to include Bulgaria. Moreover, half the population of Bosnia is likewise Mussulman, and this impediment seems to have been lost sight of, or kept in the background at least, by the advocates of the Illyrian kingdom.

The area of the proposed states would be about 70,000 square miles, 40,000 of which now belong to the Sultan. and 30,000 to the Kaiser; and its boundaries would be the Adriatic on the west, Albania on the south, Bulgaria and Wallachia on the east, and Hungary, Corinthia, and Styria, on the north. The whole population would be about 6,000,000, of whom nearly 3,000,000 are at present Turkish subjects, and upwards of 3,000,000 are Austrians. Of these 5,200,000 are Slavonians, 200,000 are Osmanlis, and 600,000 belong to other races, such as Germans, Greeks, Jews, and Gipsies. 1,000,000 are Mahometans, 800,000 Slavonians of Serbia, Bosnia, Hertsegovina, and Turkish Croatia, being Mussulmans, besides the 200,000 of the pure Ottoman race. Nearly 3,000,000 are Roman Catholics,

and almost 2,000,000 belong to the Eastern Christian Church, the small remainder being Jews, as the Germans are chiefly members of the Romish, and the Greeks and Gipses of the Eastern branch of the Church.

These heterogeneous elements are little likely ever to come to an understanding, and the efforts of the agitators have consequently been hitherto fruitless; especially on account of the failure of the Croats in Hungary, which deprived them of their claims on Austria, although she still encourages them to a certain degree, doubtless in favour of the pernicious tendency of their endeavours in the Turkish provinces. The Hetairia of Agram is actively represented at Belgrade.

There exist, however, several other Slavist parties besides that of Croatia, and most of them have established a direct action on Serbia, which is considered by them to form the nucleus of a future Sclavonian state. When the principle of nationality spread, it was diverted into various distinct channels; and different branches of Slavism grew out of the original propagation of Pan-slavism, which has died a natural death, leaving sundry compact and even hostile factions to succeed it. Their views are for the most part divergent, and their means of agitation are in all cases dissimilar. Of these, the most enlightened, and consequently the most formidable, is the *Tshekh*, or Bohemian party, which does not seem to have any concise aim, beyond that of bringing about the dismemberment of both the Austrian and the Ottoman

empires; and it is stronger on that account, because it avoids the opposition which might be raised against narrower interests. The least dangerous is the purely Serbian party, for it possesses few men of talent or learning: its object is the total independence of Serbia, together with that of the Serbs on the left bank of the Danube, who might unite with those of Turkey to form a homogeneous state; the aid of the volunteer corps, led into Hungary by Cuicianin, has been offered to Austria during the Magyar war with this view. Another hope is that the Montenegro might be annexed to Serbia with the intervening part of Bosnia, as that small Sclavonian tribe is essentially Serbian, being descended from the remains of the army defeated by the Turks on the plain of Kossova, whence it took refuge on the mountain which it still occupies. The next in importance is the Polish party, whose designs are carried out by the ostensible and salaried agents of Prince Czartoriski and the Polish Emigration at Paris. Having no located interests of its own, it shifts from one faction to another, aiding the cause which seems the most promising at the time, in the hope of being adopted by the first Sclavonian tribe which may achieve independence.

The Bohemian, Croatian, and Polish Slavists being Roman Catholics, the Serbs belonging to the Eastern Christian church, and all parties respectively fanatical on the subject of religion, there necessarily arises a

certain degree of mutual estrangement among them, and the Austrian Slavists strive in vain to obliterate this aversion at Belgrade. The three former parties derive a positive sympathy from their community of religious faith; but, on the other hand, a reciprocal feeling of rivalry also exists in consequence of their literary claims in favour of the Slavonian cause in general; for, if the Croatian Slavists can boast of their Gaj, who was their founder, the *Tchéques* vaunt their Shaffarich and Gatterer, and those of the Polish party, their Mickievitsh and Lelewel. The Serbian and *Tshekh* Slavists entertain another species of antipathy to each other, which is so virulent as to appear irreconcilable, since both parties assert the supremacy and ascendancy of their political position in the race for independence; the claims of the former are based on the greater administrative privileges of their province, which they call, or rather mis-call, free state, and those of the latter founded on the superior intelligence and education existing in Bohemia. These are unmistakable elements of discord; and the Slavonian cause, were it to receive a commencement of realization, would probably become so divided that a collective failure would be the result; but that does not render it the less likely, that some attempts may be made if other circumstances should seem propitious, and the subject is, therefore, one which deserves to be investigated by those interested in the relative positions of the three empires ruled by the Kaiser, the Czar, and the Sultan.

As regards Serbia alone, Slavism can hardly be considered to offer any very palpable prospects of danger, for the Serbs are not a people remarkable for political perspicacity; and being keen commercial speculators, they perfectly understand that they have nothing to gain in immediate material prosperity by any change whatsoever. It is not, therefore, probable that their spirit of nationality will soon be productive of great results.

Although enthusiasm undoubtedly exists to a certain extent among some young men both in and out of office, who have received a Parisian education, and with it Parisian ideas, still there are no positive *desiderata*, which could operate powerfully on public feeling, and serve as a cry for the Slavist party. It is true that they are very anxious to obtain hereditary succession for their princes, which was lost by the dismissal of Prince Michael, as it was conferred on the Obrenovitsh family alone; and they are vociferous on the subject of the evacuation, by the Mahometan Serbs, of the five circles round the forts of Belgrade, Shabatz, Ujitza, Semendra, and Sokol, which are occupied by the Turks; none of these advantages, however, are of sufficiently vital importance, to induce them to risk anything for their attainment.

Russia, ever ready to sow the seeds of disaffection in a Turkish province, in the hope of reaping the harvest of intervention, encourages the Serbs, through the instrumentality of her agents, to make these demands of the Ottoman Porte; but they do not tend to produce such a degree of excitement as could justify the least appre-

hension that public tranquillity may be disturbed as she might wish. She has seen her scheme of Pan Slavism fall still-born from the ambitious counsels which conceived it, and her influence has proportionately declined at Belgrade, where its *focus* had been established. Having since identified her policy in Serbia with that of Austria, she now stands aloof to espouse the most advantageous cause when a crisis may seem approaching; while she allows Austria, in the meantime, to take the lead in that course, which must ultimately conduce to their common benefit, by converting the Serbian government into an instrument of disorganization in Turkey.

It has been the constant endeavour of Russia, ever since the insurrection of 1804, to kindle the flames of revolt in the Ottoman provinces, through the agency of Serbia; and the principal Serbs have unfortunately shown every disposition to be thus made tools of, for she has frequently succeeded in rendering them subservient to her views; but little impression has been as yet produced on the mass of the population, and it is not unreasonable to calculate on their continuing to resist this pernicious impulse. The cooperation of Russia in the suppression of the Magyar revolution, however, has secured to her a great advantage in Serbia, by changing a rival influence into a friendly one, and by inducing Austria, who was formerly opposed to her, to conspire with her in all her intrigues, allowing her agents even, to be put forward in their execution, while Russia herself assumes an attitude of indifference. This new combination calls for

redoubled vigilance, on the part of those whose duty and interest it is, to watch and circumvent her machinations by a temperate and steady counteraction.

Austria has thrown the whole weight of the political influence which she necessarily derives in Serbia, from the relative geographical positions of the two countries, into the same scale with that of Russia. Slavism of every kind is undoubtedly favourable to the latter empire; and the apparently unaccountable encouragement lavished on it by the former, in spite of its injurious tendencies within her own frontier, may thus be explained, on the principle of helping a benefactor, even at a sacrifice, in full reliance on the assistance of that benefactor, if the sacrifice should make it requisite, especially at a time when the roar of Russian artillery on the Hungarian plains is still ringing in her ears.

Thus Slavism, to a certain extent, progresses in Serbia under the fostering hand of her enemies, and those of Turkey in general; it is eagerly furthered by the leading Serbs, as a stepping-stone to the personal ambition of some, and as a foundation to the national aggrandisement by others; but it is feared by the majority of the people, lest it should disturb the peaceful course of the petty trade, to which they are almost all more or less addicted. A salutary exercise of legitimate influence, on the part of those whose interests are opposed to violent changes, would infallibly turn the balance in favour of tranquillity and consequently of increasing prosperity; but unfortunately no effort is made to that effect, and it still remains

an open question, whether or not the Slavist agitators will eventually be successful, in their attempts to foment disturbances in Serbia. On the whole, the chances seem to preponderate on the side of the better disposed middle classes and peasantry, who listen with growing mistrust to the suggestions of the so-called patriots.

In the other Sclavonian provinces of Turkey, it is certain that Slavism can only act through the Serbs, and if they remain quiet, the Bulgarians and Bosniacs will not furnish matter for serious apprehensions. In the Sclavonian provinces of Austria, Slavism will probably be summarily suppressed, as soon as its failure in Turkey shall have been proved; there will then exist no longer any reason why Austria and Russia should encourage it, especially if the Kaiser should succeed in bringing all his states into the Germanic Confederation: the uncertainty in which that discussion has been entangled; has hitherto, it would appear, confirmed the expediency of an ambiguous line of conduct towards Slavism on the part of Austria, for in the event of ultimate failure, she would possibly then be induced to fall back on the Sclavonian element of her empire, in the hope of maintaining her tottering position in the scale of European powers.

Turkey, in the meantime, and her friends are threatened by Slavism; they should open their eyes to the danger, be it great or small, and gird their loins to do battle against it.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONSULS-GENERAL—AUSTRIAN GENERAL—AUSTRIAN ESPIONNAGE—PALESH—
SHABATZ—REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLE OF THE SERBS—RACSA.

OUR Consul-general at Belgrade, Mr. De Fonblanque, contributed greatly towards the rapid flight of time during my stay in that town; his agreeable and interesting conversation, not only on local subjects, but on any topics that presented themselves, formed a never-failing resource, upon which I drew largely; he also made me acquainted with many persons whose society was both amusing and instructive. Amongst these, the most conspicuous were, the Russian Consul-general, a most estimable and gentleman-like person, and the French Consul, whose lively sallies were a constant source of entertainment to the circle of *habitués* in his hospitable residence. There were also many others who received me with the utmost courtesy, and I had few evenings without some kind of engagement, such as I little expected to find in the chief town of a province like Serbia. I had also an opportunity of renewing my

acquaintance with the Austrian General in command of the garrison and district of Semlin. When we met a year previously, we neither of us thought that we should again find ourselves in the same room in a relative position so different from what it had been. On this occasion, as on the last, our interview resulted in my obtaining every possible satisfaction from him, though I was not now personally interested in it. The half hour that I spent at Semlin afforded me the gratification of having prevented mischief, while it gave me another proof that it is not, as might be thought, a necessary characteristic of the public servants of Austria that they should emancipate themselves from all the customs of good society.

In this respect we may boast of our railway-porters and policemen, who are proverbially paragons of politeness, while the French and Austrian officials of all ranks are, in general, as much the contrary; but, if we eclipse them, we are immeasurably surpassed by the functionaries of Russia, for it is a fact not less extraordinary than true, that from the general to the corporal, and from the Minister-plenipotentiary to the Vice-consul's clerk, one always meets with the most exquisite urbanity when coming in contact with the Muscovite authorities, however much they may detest the nation to which one belongs. This was illustrated at Belgrade, by the manner in which I became a frequent guest in the house of the Russian Consul-general; the terms of our first conversation were of a nature that generally precludes

all further communication ; but the perfect courtesy and temperate tone which were displayed immediately afterwards conciliated my sympathy, and we often sought each other's society with the utmost cordiality.

I was at last reminded that it was time to move on; however, by the intelligence of the safe arrival of my party at Constantinople, and by the expression of considerable impatience for a corresponding event as regarded myself. I therefore bade adieu to my kind friends at Belgrade. I had much to do yet before I could hope to reach Constantinople, and I commenced by making the Gipsy drive westwards, for the roads were good enough to admit of carriage travelling; and, by order of Vazif Pasha, I had a *kavas*, or body-guard, on horseback to show me the way. Haireddin, for such was his name, brought me some letters which had been addressed to the pasha's care, and, having intimated that he had been selected to attend me on my journey, he took the lead without another word. It was worthy of remark, that every letter sent to me by the Turkish courier reached me in safety, while not one of those entrusted to the Austrian post-office ever came to hand. They possibly arrived at the *Königlich und Kaiserlich* consulate of Belgrade, but there they no doubt remained; I was aware that I was honoured by an especial *surveillance*, which was detected when I crossed the river to pay my visit to General Kreutner; for a spy followed me, and watched all my movements.

The opening of letters seems to be a part of the Austrian system, and it is actively pursued at Belgrade, where I heard of several curious instances that took place; in one case, when it was apparently thought advisable to deliver the letter after a copy of it had been taken, by inadvertence the copy had been forwarded instead of the original; and, on another occasion, a letter from Naples had been received with one from Paris enclosed in it, proving that they had been opened, and carelessly sealed up again; which operation of re-sealing is, by the way, most shamelessly effected, for the original seal is melted, and a piece of paper stuck on it.

With all their police vigilance, however, the Austrians seemed to be easily outwitted, for during my stay at Belgrade no less than three Hungarian officers escaped across the Danube; one of them having been the Artillery Commandant at the siege of Comorn, and being keenly pursued all the way thence to Belgrade, was five times arrested, and as often successful in his attempts at evasion. Another revolutionary agent resided in the town, who had actually posted with impunity 30,000 patriotic proclamations in the barracks occupied by the Hungarian regiments in Lombardy, in spite of the Argus-eyed Austrian authorities.

So oppressive had been the heat at Belgrade, that I had quite feared to encounter that sultry sun in the open country when I should recommence my rambles; but I had taken advantage of the first rainy day to make my

new start, an opportune fall of the barometer having indicated friendly clouds and refreshing showers. I now therefore drove out of the town, with the rain falling cheerfully. But, though matters above were thus satisfactory enough, those below were widely different, for the heavy clay forming the soil of the roads had become a perfect mire, into which we sank at every step. That was not my business, however, as I sat in the carriage, and had not to pull it, while I well knew to what my ponies were equal. They excited the unmitigated admiration of my smiling and fair-haired young Turk of Bosnia, when he saw them at work; and he turned round in his saddle every now and then with an emphatic "Mashallah!" when they trotted through the deep mud. We followed the course of the Save for several miles, until we came again into a region characteristic of Serbia, when we left the bank of the river, after passing the small village of Ostrushuitza, and struck into the interior, where hills and woods, glades and streams, succeeded each other in an endless chain, every link of which was a perfect landscape. On the summit of a steep acclivity, which we attained after a hard pull for the ponies, I perceived a considerable number of tombs on the roadside, where no church was visible. On inquiring of Haireddin, I learnt that some fifty years ago a bridal party was here attacked on its way from one village to another, the bride was carried off by *Haiduks*, and those who fell on either side were buried on the

spot. I had previously remarked that in Serbia graves were rarely near churches, and the dead seemed generally to be interred in a field near their cottage, or in a defile of the mountains where they had been killed by robbers. Their last resting-places are enclosed by four oak-planks about eighteen inches high, and dovetailed into each other at the corners, the visible contents of this sort of box being in general a small plat of common flowers, while a marble headstone bears the name of the person buried, with sundry signs and symbols bedaubed over it in bright colours. These gaudy gravestones are to be seen in the shop windows of most villages, amongst groceries and hardware, exposed for sale like blank bills, with a place left for the name to be filled up by the purchaser.

In the evening we reached the pretty little town of Palesh, on the river Golubara, a tributary of the Save, and a deep sluggish stream, which we crossed by a large ferry-boat. Here we slept in a tolerable inn, boasting of a comfortable room up stairs, of which I took possession for the night.

The following day was a holiday, and when I went out in the morning I found crowds of peasants returning from church in their gayest attire. The women, who had for the most part fair complexions, seemed all to dye their hair black, which had a singular effect when coupled with light eyebrows and blue eyes; they wear strings of gold coins round their necks and on their red

caps, the dowries of young girls being thus easily appreciated by those who wish to marry them. This practice is said to withdraw from the monetary circulation no less a sum than 600,000*l.* in the whole province. The custom of hoarding money in the ground is also a source of much injury to the country, but it is inveterate among the lower classes. An instance was mentioned to me of a villager who had speculated successfully in hogs, and who had concealed his capital in the corner of a field. Having been taken ill of a bad intermittent fever, he thought he was dying, and he commenced telling his children where his treasure lay. He said it consisted of 16,000 ducats,—about 8,000*l.*, and gave them his instructions on the subject of its division amongst them; but the ague-fit subsided before he had described the spot, and he then said that he had been delirious, and had been speaking nonsense. He died during the next fit, and his heirs had no clue to the discovery of their inheritance; but it was turned up by chance, and they found the exact sum he had named.

On leaving Palesh, we crossed a nearly level country, covered with wood of the noblest growth: it was an old oak forest, the patriarchs of which were lying prostrate, and crumbling to tinder where they had fallen, while the younger generations had already risen to an enormous height. The road was in process of construction on more enlightened principles than that on which it had first been made, the new parts being regularly macadam-

ised, and the older portions formed of two parallel lines of stakes, wattled and filled with gravel.

We occasionally passed a picturesque Gipsy camp in the wood; a large khan with its verandah full of travellers smoking their pipes, while their horses fed at a short distance; or a village formed of log-huts scattered about amongst the trees. There was a little cultivation here and there, where the country was more open, and I remarked that every field was enclosed with hurdles, which one might have supposed to be a symptom of an improved state of husbandry; but it was in fact only a necessary precaution against the numerous herds of swine that roam about, half-wild, in search of acorns, their staple food in Serbia. In front of one of the khans where we stopped to let the horses breathe, I saw a very smart pony, which was being taken to Belgrade for sale. Nothing could surpass the beauty of his form, but his head was somewhat heavy; as a park-hack he would have fetched 30*l.* in London, and he was offered to me for 4*l.*, one half of which sum was probably added in the hope of gulling a stranger. We forded a stream, almost stagnant, and the fever miasma visibly brooding over it like a thin vapour.

The whole of this district is said to be exceedingly unhealthy. We passed through the hamlet of Stublina, and crossed the small, but rapid river Tamlana on a curious wooden bridge. In the afternoon we reached the large village of Banian, nestling in a hollow amongst

the wooded rising grounds; and here we halted for a couple of hours to bait the horses, and eat cold hard-boiled eggs, with rock-salt in lumps, for we could get nothing else. The cottages were built of rough planks, perpendicular for about five feet, and then bending inwards to meet at the top of a high-peaked roof; a few of the better class were plastered with mud. There were enclosures all about the village. The villagers generally wore pistols and daggers; they seemed to be quiet inoffensive people, however—always excepting the inn-keeper, who was a rogue of course. On resuming our way we entered a forest, such as I had never yet witnessed; the oaks had attained a height of which I could not have believed their growth susceptible, while their moss-covered trunks were in many instances at least three full yards in diameter. It was a forest which seemed to have remained in this state since the primeval age, before the human race had spread thus far from the garden of Eden. What resources undeveloped, and what wealth unemployed were here! Nothing indicated even that the soil had ever been trodden by the foot of man, excepting the broad macadamised road which advanced further and further into the dark wilderness, like a highway for mortals to another world; a herd of swine alone appeared, grunting and snorting as they fled among the trees when we approached.

At last I descried some traces of the passage of man; but in such a form! Three lowly graves, lay side by

side, under a huge tree. The centre headstone was exceedingly small, and on each of them there was only a cross carved in relief. Imagination busied itself in filling up the blank in the story of those beneath the sod, by supposing them to have been a father, mother, and child, who had been killed by wolves or by *Haiduks*; but the former would probably have preferred entombing their victims in their own stomachs, and the latter would not have buried them at all: they could not inter themselves; and who else could have come so far from any habitation to do it for them? The poetical theme, however melancholy, was thus altogether unsatisfactory in its results, and I therefore gave it up, leaving the nameless dead to sleep on unrecorded in their noble temple of living oaks. I thought I saw a hare cross the road at some distance, and stop behind a tree; I called to the Gipsy to pull up, and I bade Osman Aga give me my gun: walking warily up to the tree, I levelled, when my hare commenced running again; a burst of half-suppressed laughter arose from behind me; it was a little pig.

“Shoot it, master, all the same!” cried out the Gipsy, who was not particular. “I’ll roast it for your supper.”

“*Allah ! etmesin !*—God! do it not!” exclaimed my two Mahometans, in their horror of eating an unclean animal; and, in the conflict of religions, little piggy ran squeaking away. I say religions, but I am wrong, for the Gipsy was, I believe, a pagan.

In the evening we arrived at a small khan on the

skirts of the wood through which we had driven, and as we were still three hours' march from Shabatz, I determined on passing the night in it; a comfortless night it was. At early dawn we were on our way again under a heavy fall of rain, and after crossing the river Dubrava on a high and single-arched stone-bridge, we reached the town of Shabatz.

This place has 10,000 Christian inhabitants and 2,000 Mahometans. Its streets are broad but ill-paved, and the houses are too low and insignificant to give them a handsome appearance. The public buildings are larger, though utterly devoid of interest, and the fortress became the only attraction for me. I found its interior as unpromising, however, as its outward aspect had appeared when I descended the Save by steam. A low wall and an earthen parapet, flanked by four towers, and surrounded by a ditch, formed the only defences, which were also sadly out of order. They were raised by Sultan Mahommed II., in the year 1470, and were taken five years later by Matthias, king of Hungary, who soon lost them again when his army was driven across the Save by the Turks.

In the Serbian insurrection, Shabatz fell into the hands of the revolted Rayas; a corps of Bosnian Sipahis, 1,000 strong, had been sent to reinforce it under the command of Notshina Bey; and a *Haiduk* chief, named Tshurdja, went to meet them at the neighbouring convent of Djakeshina with only 200 men. From behind

trees and rocks they fired on their enemy in the defile leading to it, and they checked the progress of the Sipahis for fifteen hours. Their ammunition was then expended, and unable to defend themselves any longer, the brave brigands were surrounded and cut to pieces. Tshurdja alone escaped.

Jacob Nenadovitch, one of the principal Serbian chiefs, having learnt that they were engaged, hastened to succour them, but he did not find any of the Christians alive, and the few survivors of the 1,000 Sipahis took to flight when he approached. The intelligence of this exploit convinced the other corps of Mahometans that the war was becoming desperate, and they surrendered this fortress, together with those of Semendra and Pojarevatz, in order to concentrate their forces at Belgrade.

Hitherto the war had been of a nature to occasion little anxiety to the Ottoman Porte, where it was regarded as a retaliation exercised on the Sipahis by the Rayas for the persecution which had been experienced at their hands against the wish of the government, and the sympathies of the Turks had all been in favour of the Christians, although it had not yet appeared necessary to interfere otherwise than by the threats addressed to the Sipahis.

The success of the Rayas, however, had now assumed an aspect somewhat alarming for the safety of the empire, which was thus in danger of dismemberment, and it was

judged expedient to crush the insurrection, and afterwards to adopt administrative measures which would prevent a recurrence of persecution on the part of the Sipahis. Ibrahim Pasha, the Governor of Scodra, was therefore ordered to assist the Vezir of Bosnia. He raised an army of Albanians, and invaded Serbia by the Bulgarian frontier.

A strong body of Bosnians crossed the Drina. The Christians were thus simultaneously assailed on both flanks. Regardless of his numerical inferiority, the *Haiduk*, Stoyan Tshupitsh of Notshai, attacked the advanced guard of the Bosnian Sipahis as soon as they emerged from the forest of Kitog on the plain of Salatsh, and utterly destroyed it, notwithstanding the bravery of old Mehemet and Osman Djura, who commanded it. Tshupitsh was thence surnamed the Dragon of Notshai.

The main body of Bosnian Sipahis under Kulin Kapitan, hearing of the massacre of the vanguard, resolved on avoiding a pitched battle, and immediately formed a number of small detachments to ravage the country. The Albanians followed this example in other districts, where they received support from Bulgaria. Thirty thousand soldiers were thus opposed to a people not exceeding six hundred thousand, women and children inclusive, and this vast inequality of numbers soon suggested negotiations. Jacob Nenadovitsh sent his nephew Protá and Tshupitsh to Kulin for that purpose. Kulin retained them as prisoners. It then became

evident that no quarter could be expected, and desertion commenced among the Rayas. The river Save was covered with insurgents taking to flight with their families, in order to place them in security in Austria; others endeavoured to propitiate Kulin by offering him provisions for his soldiers, while the chiefs took refuge in the forests. The *Haiduks* alone kept the field. Accustomed to brave danger and death, having nothing to gain by a peace, and finding an ample harvest of booty in the maintenance of a system of guerilla warfare, they occupied all the defiles, drove the small bodies of Sipahis from the villages, where they had billeted themselves, and intercepted the Rayas, who attempted to escape, forcing them to follow Kara George, who alone, of all the Christian leaders, did not despair of ultimate success, and persisted in keeping the field to rally the fugitives. He was ably seconded by Katish, a Serb of Hungary, who had renounced his rank of captain in Austria to join his friend Kara George, and who undertook to harass Kulin with 1,500 *Haiduks*. At Petska he defeated the corps of Hadji Bey, which had left the fortress of Sokol, and the army of Sipahis approached the town of Shabatz. As they could there command the course of the Save, Kara George endeavoured to prevent their occupying that position, and intercepted their march with 7,000 foot-soldiers, and 2,000 horsemen. Kulin, trusting to his great superiority of numbers, summoned him to lay down his arms.

“Come and take them!” replied the peasant-hero.

During two whole days the Sipahis furiously assailed the entrenched camp of the Rayas, and were invariably repulsed. On the third night, Kara George posted his cavalry in a neighbouring forest, with instructions to fall upon the Mahometans in the rear when they should attempt another attack. At dawn, the Bosnian Beys advanced at the head of their vassals, bearing their feudal banners, which had been transmitted from father to son since the Middle Ages, and not a shot was fired until they almost touched the muzzles of the Christians' long guns. Then a volley was discharged; the *Haiduk* cavalry charged on from behind; and the flower of the Bosnian aristocracy was mowed down like a crop ripe for the sickle. Among those who fell were the *Molla* of Bosna Serai, and the two pashas, Mehemet of Zvornik, and Sinan of Derbent. A general panic seized the surviving Sipahis, who fled in the direction of the river Drina, but most of them were overtaken in the forest of Kitog by the mounted peasants and *Haiduks*, and were put to death without mercy.

There the young Milosh Stoishevitch, *Voivode* of Potseria, discovered his mother in the power of the Sipahis, who were carrying her off to slavery. He delivered her, pursued Kulin, killed him with his own hand, and took possession of his scimitar, which popular superstition alleged to be enchanted. Shabatz had thus

been an important position in the civil wars of this country, but it must be better fortified if it is expected to play any part in a future campaign between regular armies, should such be in store for Turkey in this portion of her dominions.

As I intended to push my exploring expedition into Bosnia, where the roads are not practicable for a carriage, I determined on taking the two best of my ponies to carry Osman Aga and myself, and on leaving the Gipsy here with the two others, and my little *calèche*. I preferred giving them in charge to a Turk rather than to a Serb, and I sent for the *Mussellim*, or administrator of the Mahometan population. He was a dignified looking personage, and quite calculated to inspire confidence. The Pasha's kavass was a sufficient guarantee for my respectability, and every possible offer of service having been made to me, I explained in what manner the *Mussellim* might show his good will, which he readily agreed to do.

This being satisfactorily arranged, we prepared to start on horseback, amid much weeping and gnashing of teeth on the part of the Gipsy, who blubbered lustily as he kissed my hand and assured me that he would be a real orphan in my absence. He kissed my pony too, and most eloquently besought it to carry me well. Then he returned to the inn, shaking his head most dismally, wiping his eyes, and roaring for brandy, as we rode away. Osman Aga took the hint, and called

back in Turkish to the *Mussellim*, who was also there, that the Gipsy should only have half a bottle of spirits *per diem*, and that at night after the horses were fed. We left them quarrelling and scolding each other right heartily, which boded ill for the harmony of their evenings when they should be alone together.

I could hardly believe I was an Englishman when I saw myself thus riding with Osman Aga and Haireddin—their scimitars slung over their shoulders, and their inlaid pistols and cartridge-boxes on their waist-belts, and myself wearing a red *fez* under the cowl of a Greek *capote*, and an enormous pair of Tatar jack-boots, with embroidered woollen *revers*. My revolver and a flask of wine were consigned to the holsters of an English saddle, which was the only occidental feature of our equipment, for I never could ride on a Turkish one; but my bridle was decidedly oriental, being covered with brass, and having a crescent and star suspended from the neck-strap. It rained hard and heavily, but we nevertheless rode on gaily, at a quick amble. We soon entered a forest, of course; it was the same which I had admired so much from the deck of the steamer on the Save. Its aspect was now altogether different, however, for it was blowing a gale of wind, and the huge branches of the oaks swung to and fro, creaking and groaning most awfully; more than once they snapped off and came thundering to the ground, with a crash that resounded through the wood, while our horses started and shied from

side to side, evidently at a loss what to make of it, as they had never seen such trees as these fall in Wallachia. At the village of Bogatitsh we pulled up at the door of a wine-shop, in which about twenty Serbian peasants were seated round a fire. "*Buyurun!*" one of them exclaimed, taking us all for Turks, and seeing the water dripping from our cloaks. We dismounted; three of them ran out to take care of our horses; the remainder made room for us by the fire, and received us with a degree of friendliness which, as a Turk, I hardly expected to experience from the Serbs. After steaming ourselves like boiled potatoes, for we could not dry so rapidly, we mounted again in half an hour, and continued our westward course.

The village of Tshernabara did not tempt us to stop, and we pushed on to Racsa, which we reached at nightfall. This is the quarantine station on the river Drina, which divides the province of Serbia from that of Bosnia: it is situated near the confluence of that stream with the Save, and opposite the Austrian fort. There is a khan, a lazaretto, and some mills, surrounded by a meadow forming a sort of lawn, diversified by noble trees, and no village nearer than Tshernabara. It is said to be so infested by musquitos and marsh miasma, as to render it almost uninhabitable,—a philanthropic institution for a quarantine establishment! To keep out the plague, which does not exist, people are kept here to waste away by fever, or to be eaten, body whole, by enormous musquitos,

more than half an inch long. They buzzed about my ears like bees, as I lay in my buffalo's hide, which I appreciated now more than ever, for it was not only the best bed I could have after a cold and wet ride, but it also covered my head and kept off the enemy, rolled up as I was in it.

The innkeeper's wife, who brought me a wooden bowl full of a most repugnant soup, the only fare to be had, wore Austrian *zwanzigers* on her cap, instead of Turkish gold pieces, and the form of this ornament was curious, as it rose above her head like a helmet, and descended round her chin like a beard, leaving a triangular aperture for her fat coarse face to look out at. She was a virago in appearance, at least six feet high, and her costume gave her a *fauw air* of Minerva, or Joan of Arc. The Serbs are in figure the finest race I ever saw.

We got up early and went to the ferry, but there we found a military post, from which we were sent back to the lazaretto, to get a written permit to cross the river, as it appears that it is not every one who can leave Serbia when he likes. Then I was asked for an export duty on my horses. I explained that I had paid an import duty on them only a few weeks previously, and I showed the receipt which contained an order for repayment of the drawback at the frontier on quitting the country. With regard to reimbursement, that was evidently quite out of the question; but on seeing that I was legally entitled to demand payment from them, instead of their having any

such claim on me, they did not insist on receiving the export duty. I left the collector of customs, assuring him that his conduct would be made known at Belgrade.

A boat full of people arrived from Bosnia; they were received in a space enclosed by hurdles, where they underwent various quarantine and police absurdities, before they were admitted into Serbia. We got into the boat, horses and all, and crossed the deep and rapid Drina.

The only thing said to us on the Bosnian side was "*Hosh gheldin!*"—You are welcome. I congratulated myself on being able to shake off the dust of spurious civilization from the soles of my jack-boots, and on entering a province, where primitive good sense is still unadulterated by childish and awkward aping of other countries.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PLAIN OF ORLOVOPOLIE — BIELINA — GIPSY CAMP — TOOZLA — SALT-
WORKS — FEHIM PASHA — THE LATE BOSNIAN REVOLT.

AFTER entering Bosnia, we rode for three hours across a plain partially cultivated. The weather was fine; our horses fresh and frisky; turbaned and bearded men, and veiled women, announced that the odious mongrel cocktail orientalism of Serbia had been exchanged for the thorough-bred Turkish style; and we laughed and chatted merrily, as we trotted over the turf and through the villages of Brodatz and Popovo, towards the town of Bielina.

This was the plain of Orlovopolie, on which the Bosnian levies dispersed in the year 1828. The march of the Russians on the Danube had rekindled the smouldering fire in Bosnia, and revived the hopes of the Sipahis, who had been vainly struggling for a quarter of a century in defence of their feudal privileges attacked by the Sultan. The necessity of sending all the troops in the province to protect the Balkan, gave them an

opportunity of attacking their Governor-general Abdurrahman Pasha, who was thus entirely unsupported and at their mercy. Thirty thousand men were in fact assembled by him, and despatched under the command of his *Kiaya*, or Superintendent. When they arrived at the frontier of the Serbian province, their passage through it was refused by Prince Milosh, who also abstained from sending the contingent required of him, and they encamped on this great plain, called Orlovopolie, or field of the eagles, near Brielina, on the left bank of the Drina, while a corps of Serbian troops observed them from the opposite bank of the river. The *Sipahis*, remaining in the province, soon took up arms against Abdurrahman Pasha, who was blockaded in Bosnia Serai, with a garrison of only two thousand soldiers. He endeavoured at first to intimidate the rebels, before they should attack him, by arresting and beheading several of the instigators of the revolt who were in the town, but the whole population rose; great numbers of his disbanded Janissaries arrived from Vissoka, a small place eighteen miles distant, which they secretly selected as their rallying post; and the Vezir's troops were assailed by this overwhelming force.

Abdurrahman Pasha sent his *Kapudji Bashi*, or Chamberlain, to treat with them. The rebels halted, and several of them advanced under the pretext of selling their obedience; the *Kapudji Bashi*, encouraged by this indication of unsteadiness of purpose among them,

hoped to strike a decisive blow by ordering his attendants to seize and behead them in the presence of their comrades ; but they called out, " Let those who believe in the Prophet assist and save us ! " The rebels rushed upon the small body of Turks, who retreated precipitately towards the town of Bosna Seria ; 2,000 Bosniacs entered it, saying that they were in search of the Faith (*Trajiti Sakon*), and they attacked the regular troops, whom they styled infidels. After three days' fighting, scarcely one man of the garrison remained alive, and the pasha asked permission to leave the citadel. It was granted, and he retired with his artillery to Bielina. He had no sooner arrived there than his army, learning what had passed at Bosna Serai, spontaneously dispersed, declaring their intention of joining the victorious Sipahis of the capital. The pasha was true to his Sultan, however, and, in strict compliance with the orders he had received, though almost unaccompanied, he proceeded by another route to the army opposed to the invading force of the Russians.

We soon reached the small town of Bielina. The first house we saw was a very large and handsome one, which had belonged to a certain Mahomed Pasha ; this was one of the local chiefs and the principal proprietor of the district, who had taken a prominent part in one of the former insurrections against the Sultan, and had been exiled in consequence to Trebisonde, where he died. In front of it stood a number of Turks ; one of

them, a tall old man, in a green turban and white beard, advanced from among the group, and, approaching Haireddin, threw his arm over the neck of the Kavass, though on horseback; and the latter went through a similar movement by stooping in his saddle without dismounting. Not a word passed between them; but, shortly after we had arrived at the khan, Haireddin was missing, and we waited some time before he reappeared. When he was forthcoming he presented me with a funny little whip, which he said he had gone to buy for me, as I had hitherto used birch-rods to persuade my pony to proceed; but I suspect the rascal had been to see his friends without leave, and wished to disarm my censure by his offering made for that purpose.

The town, which might contain six or eight thousand inhabitants, was eminently Turkish in appearance; a long bazar crowded with Mahometans and Christians, as it was Sunday, and the weekly market was being held; a khan, large, old, and two-storied, dirty and dilapidated; but the black coffee and the *narghilé* were good, the bubbling sounds of the latter recalling to my memory many agreeable hours passed with a Moslem friend; dark wooden houses tumbling upon each other; and well-plastered mosques with their slender minarets, which some one, I forget whom, has quaintly likened to pencil-cases, and with their gracefully rounded domes.

For dinner I had *pilaf* with *iaurt*, that is, rice and

sour milk,—a palatable combination! no wine, but water to drink from the spout of a wooden bucket, in shape like a watering-pot minus the rose. In the charge, however, there was a sensible difference from those of Serbia, where a traveller's purse is summarily turned inside out, for the smallest possible provision of animal comforts in return. The *khandji*, or innkeeper, at Bielina, who accepted my money as if he were doing me a favour, would have been an excellent model to sit for Abraham in a historical painting, although his features were not of the Jewish type; and there was a dignity about the old man which forced one to respect him without inquiring whether he deserved it or not. He wished me a good journey in so paternal a manner, that I felt half disposed to ask him for his blessing as I bestrode my Rumoon steed. On leaving the town, we rose gently over and along low ranges of hills, covered with wood, during the whole afternoon; we passed only one village, that of Csadiavitza, seeing no cultivation excepting in its immediate vicinity, where there were some good crops of barley; they were deriving more advantage from the weather than we were, as we rode for five long hours under a continuous fall of rain, which commenced soon after we left Bielina.

At dusk I asked Haireddin where we were to sleep. He said that there was a khan within an hour's ride of the point at which we were. That hour seemed interminable. It soon became quite dark, we were in a dense

forest, the road was full of large holes, and the large holes were full of water. The horses, jaded and hardly able to keep on their legs, slid and skated from side to side; my gloves, like sponges, and my hands, like icicles, could no longer hold the reins, which slipped through my fingers every time my pony stumbled; and the rain poured down faster and faster. I was excessively fatigued, every joint of my body enduring a separate pain; while the khan seemed never likely to appear. Rejoice, ye travellers by steamers and railways! for, verily, your troubles are few. At last Haireddin pulled up, and pronounced the single word "dismount." This was a proposition which I should have had considerable physical difficulty in realizing; nor did I quite comprehend the advantage of getting off my horse into the mire in the middle of a wood, with the prospective impracticability of getting on again. But the Kavass soon began shouting in Bosniac; a door was opened close beside us, although I was unaware of our proximity to any house, a stream of light fell upon us, and I then made up my mind to attempt executing the manœuvre of dismounting.

On entering the khan, I saw a grave young Turk lying smoking near a fire in the centre of a large stable, and he was alone, for the khandji and his assistants had gone to get in our horses. "*Selamun aleikum!*" said I. "*Aleikum selam!*" replied the grave young Turk. I had the best of all reasons for not keeping up the conversation, as

my acquirements in Turkish were still somewhat circumscribed, but I was astonished at his not saying more. I afterwards learnt, however, that he had the self-same reason that I had for not speaking Turkish ; but we might have exchanged our ideas with facility either in German or French, had not each taken the other for an Osmanli, for he was a Magyar officer of Omer Pasha's army. He had left the khan before I awoke in the morning, and I was thus deprived of the pleasure of his acquaintance, Osman Aga alone having cultivated it after I had retired into a sort of den in the corner of the stable, which was destined to be my sleeping-place. The entertainment of the khan consisted only of clean straw to lie on, and a dish of coarse flour fried in butter ; but fatigue is a skilful bed-maker, and hunger a scientific cook.

Our ride from this inn to the town of Toozla took us good ten hours in the saddle ; the weather was now fine, and after going some twelve or fifteen miles, we came to a part of the mountainous country where it had not even rained, and the path was quite dry. In one or two of the valleys we suffered from the heat, as a broiling sun seemed to send its piercing rays into the very centre of our brains, and a strong hot wind blew the dust in our faces most uncomfortably. This was indeed a changeable climate, and the Bosnian barometers must lead a lively life with their constant jumping up and down. We crossed two great ranges of hills, well clothed with

timber, and traversed a small plain of rich soil, on which there were some patches of cultivation, and a handsome country-house, standing alone like a hermitage. A country-house is eloquent as to the state of a people : I saw none in Serbia. Again we climbed a hill, the descent from which was so steep, that we were obliged to get off our horses, and scramble down as we best could in our jack-boots, with which we were all provided ; for light infantry movements they are not the most appropriate equipments, however suitable they may be to those of the Life Guards. The view was constantly changing, and always so beautiful, that I, at least, was glad to walk in order the better to enjoy it, often stopping to gaze at every new landscape unfolded before me ; walking, even in jack-boots, was not without its advantage in another respect, for we could more readily pluck and eat the wild strawberries, which were most abundant.

We halted to dine at a khan in a lovely vale, where our fare was milk and honey in their literal sense, and as good a repast we made as the Israelites themselves could have desired. When sitting at the door, I saw a burly Turk pass on horseback, with his burlier wife, also mounted, of whom nothing was visible but a mass of white linen, with a yellow morocco-leather boot hanging on each side of the horse. From their appearance they must have belonged to the wealthier class of the inhabitants, but they had no attendants of any kind,—another

good symptom of the present pacific state of the country. On proceeding we came to a road paved in the same manner as I had often seen in Greece, and dating probably from the time of the Romans, or at least of the Lower Empire. It is strange that so much labour should have been bestowed on a road so unskilfully planned, for such causeways generally go in as straight a line as possible, without paying any attention to the levels, although I have seen them with ancient wheel-marks, indicating that they were not merely horse or mule tracks. The scene around us was very much like the choicest morsels of the county Wicklow, which are so much admired probably because they form an exception to the usual physical features of Ireland and Great Britain. In Bosnia no road would be made on purpose that the king might go and look at nature, which was done at the Dargle; and no crowd of visitors would pay their shilling to see a wild dell, as was the case at the gate of the Devil's Glen. Here one passes fifty Devil's Glens and Dargles in a single day's ride, for such is the general characteristic of the country: but with us they are the wild spots, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, of tame scenery.

The variety of foliage in the wood, through which we were travelling, was quite surprising; no two trees seemed to be alike. One in particular was new to me; its bark very closely resembled that of the trees in the cork wood near Gibraltar, and its leaves were like those

of the ivy, as dark, though larger, as glossy, and as much indented. I could not make out what it was. Unfortunately, on a journey of this kind, one has a surfeit, as it were, of nature's charms, and, after having admired even to satiety, one hardly condescends to look at anything, not supereminent among the many beauties offered for inspection. It is the impression of admiration, moreover, that memory retains, and not the abstract image of the object admired; I detected myself being less delighted with views far superior to those of county Wicklow, than I had been when I saw the latter. An interesting *tableau* soon rose before me, however, as we advanced, and my attention was sufficiently attracted by it to induce me to dismount, and approach it on foot.

A considerable space of open ground, surrounded by gigantic trees and impenetrable underwood, was strewed with dark brown tents; it was the haunt of a very numerous nomadic tribe of Gipsies. Gaudy articles of dress were suspended to dry in all directions, the whole camp having probably been drenched in the previous night; for the muddy roads attested that it had rained here as much as on the other side of the dry oasis, some twenty miles in breadth, which we had traversed. In the centre of the encampment were assembled several ponies, mules, and donkeys, with pack-saddles of a most clumsy construction; and beside two or three large masses of rock, which stood near the trees, blazed the

fires that served to cook their food. Each fire was superintended by an old hag, and the turning-spit on each was eagerly watched by a number of half-naked brats, who seemed to relieve one another in this important duty, while their murky ranks were intermingled with dogs of different breeds, some large and fierce, to act as the sentries of the camp during the night, others small and quaint, with bright coloured jackets, to dance at merry-makings, and take a part in the juggling tricks of the wanderers from the far Ind. One spit, on which a large lamb was being roasted whole, was gravely turned by an enormous bear, whose benignant gaze was fixed on a monkey in a cocked hat and feather, which was burning its fingers in the vain attempt to drag certain small pieces of meat from the cinders where they had been placed to grill. The men and women of the tribe were lounging about in happy idleness, after having doubtless spent a busy day in purloining the mutton and poultry now preparing for their evening meal, and in tinkering or fortune-telling.

Some of the younger Gipsies of either sex were handsome; and those who could lay no claim to positive beauty, were less ugly than the ill-favoured among European nations, for there is never an appearance of vulgarity or stupidity in this singular race. Poor and often filthy though they be, there is always something about them which classes them with nature's aristocracy. Several wild-looking figures advanced to meet us, and they saluted

us with a sort of cordiality, which was explained by their inquiring, through the interpretation of Haireddin, where my coachman was. I asked what they knew of my coachman, and one of them answered, "Did I not see you near Pojerovatz, and is he not our brother?"

I then recognised, under the tattered garments of the spokesman, the splendidly dressed chief whom I had seen in Serbia, and it was my turn to question him. He laughed as he informed me that with the Serbs a man is respected only when he appears to require nothing from them, but in Bosnia the more miserable he seems, the better will he be treated. I inquired respecting the good horses I had seen, and he eagerly offered to sell me a much finer one if I liked.

"I do not see him here," I said, glancing at the herd of sorry brutes.

"Oh no," he replied with a knowing wink, "but I know where to find him not far off."

He meant, that he knew where to steal a good horse, I suppose; but I told him I did not wish to buy one. He then gave me a very civil invitation to dinner, and promised me a shake-down to pass the night on; but I reflected that he or some of his followers might be apt to introduce himself, by means possibly disagreeable, to the acquaintance of a rather well-furnished waist-belt, which I wore under my clothes, and I declined the honour. My friends became pressing in their hospitality. Osman Aga silently drew up my horse for me to

mount, with a peculiar expression of countenance, while he jerked his scimitar forward, so as to have the hilt at hand. I took a peep into my holsters: the Gipsies drew back, perfectly understanding the pantomime, and Haireddin laughed heartily at their discomfiture. Our leave-taking was full of courtesy on both sides, and mounting, we rode on.

In a short hour, we reached the small town of Upper Toozla, which is only a few miles distant from Lower Toozla, the place of our destination. The former contains about five hundred houses, scattered over a small level place within a circle of hills.

In Bosnia the customs of the Mussulmans differ in some respects from those of the remainder of Islam, and this is owing to their Christian habits having to a certain degree been retained after their abjuration in a body: thus at Upper Toozla I saw young women going about unveiled, and it is a common saying among the Turks: —“Go to Bosnia to fall in love with your betrothed.” Like Okna, in Wallachia, Toozla takes its name from the salt-works existing there, *tooz* in Turkish signifying salt. They are not mines, but wells of salt water, which is evaporated by boiling. They are still in the same state as they were left in by the Hungarians when Bosnia belonged to them. The well I saw was about fifty feet deep, the water was extracted by a windlass and buckets, and then boiled in small flat caldrons.

There was not much to detain me here, and, though

the evening was closing, I proceeded to Lower Toozla. The ride was most agreeable, the road lying along a narrow valley with low rounded hills on either side; and I enjoyed the company of the *Musselim*, who insisted on escorting me, when I declined his cordial invitation to stay a day or two at his house, on the plea that I had far to go and much to see. He was a handsome young Turk, with a jovial face, and commanding figure; mounted on a good horse, which he rode well. The banks of the small stream in the valley were uncultivated, but well stocked with cattle and sheep. Some of them belonged to a Bosniac priest, who was taking them home. He was on a clever black pony, which he galloped about in rather unclerical fashion; and his costume differed in nowise from that of his lay Christian countrymen, excepting that his skull-cap was black instead of red, and his beard was unshaven. He wore jack-boots, also, with embroidered flaps. On the brink of the river, near the lower town, crouched a Turk at his vespers as we passed. It is a good thing when piety is avowed in public without attracting notice.

Lower Toozla is a larger town than the other, but as even an approximate statement of the amount of population is difficult to obtain in such places, I cannot say within two or three thousand how many are its inhabitants; they can hardly exceed 8,000, however. The khan was very good, though rather small; it was

a quadrangle with a broad verandah round the four sides of a court, and a number of small rooms opening from it. I took possession of one of them, and sent Osman Aga with my letter to the pasha governing the district. A pressing invitation was brought in return, that I should go to sleep at his *konak*; but I declined it on account of fatigue, promising to wait on his excellency on the following morning.

After a little while, a magnificent looking Turk entered my room. I was in the act of rising from my low divan to receive him, when Osman Aga, who stood at the door, said to me in Greek, "Sit still." I sat still, and the splendid personage proceeded to shake hands with me, which he evidently supposed to be the greatest mark of respect according to European manners; and then he drew back to a corner of the room, and folded his arms in humble expectation of being told to speak. Osman Aga did this for me, and, after a colloquy in Turkish, he explained that my visitor was a servant of the pasha's, who had sent him to express his hope that I would at least let him send me a bed. I made no objection, and two other servants immediately appeared with mattresses, pillows, and coverlids of silk embroidered with gold. This was all very well, but a message was also delivered to the innkeeper, which made me wait two hours for my dinner. It was ready, and I had just called for it, when the pasha's messenger announced to the host that his master did not send

my dinner as he knew him to be a good cook, and he recommended him to do his best. Another dinner was then commenced, and it was not served till two o'clock, A.M., when the deep voice of the *muezzin* was chanting his call to prayer from the neighbouring minaret, and when I was far too sleepy to do justice to any one of the twenty or thirty little stews and sweet dishes which arrayed themselves in rapid succession on the low table before me. A *narghilé*, however, I did enjoy, and then addressed myself to well-earned repose.

In the morning I paid my visit to Fehim Pasha in an old *konak*, of the usual dilapidated exterior, and most comfortable internal arrangement. He was a young man, with an intelligent and cheerful countenance, which struck me as being not unfamiliar to me. He asked me if I had met his brother Dervish Pasha on my way, and I announced his safe arrival at Belgrade, as I had seen a major-general of that name at Vazif Pasha's on the day before I commenced this excursion, whom I supposed to be the same, for I was not then aware of their being brothers. Fehim Pasha told me that he had seen him here when he was passing from Omer Pasha's army to his native town in Bulgaria, on leave of absence. I expressed my astonishment that an officer of that rank should absent himself from his head-quarters during a campaign; and Fehim Pasha informed me that the war was over, and that the field-marshal commanding

would probably soon return to Travnik from Turkish Croatia, where he had fought a brilliant action a few days previously, defeating the rebels, and putting an end to the revolt. This was of course a matter for congratulation, but in expressing my satisfaction, I felt that my sincerity might be questionable, as I was personally much disappointed by this intelligence, for I had hoped to have seen something of the Turkish regular army on the field. The young pasha, now, gazed at me attentively, and bade Osman Aga ask me if I had not dined with Zia Pasha at Widin last Ramazan. I answered that I certainly had, and begged to know why the question was put.

"Because," replied he, "I then had the pleasure of dining in company with you."

"I do not remember meeting any other pasha but Zia Pasha on that occasion," I objected.

"I was not then a pasha," he said. "Indeed, I was not anything," he continued with a smile, "as I had just lost my position as Governor of Lom Palanka."

How could I ever have recognised the woe-begone and trembling ex-governor of Lom in the smiling pasha now before me? But, on looking at him again, I recollected his features. More fortunate than Zia Pasha—who had been removed from office in consequence of that untoward affair, and was still living in retirement on his estates near Varna—Fehim Pasha, who had then bowed his forehead to the ground before Zia Pasha, was

now the governor of ten townships, the reward of subsequent services in Bosnia ; and perhaps the favour enjoyed by his brother, who was aide-de-camp to Omer Pasha, had raised him to a higher rank than that which he mourned so grievously when I saw him at Widin. He addressed a kind reproach to me for having gone to the khan, and he told me he would give me a little frank advice, which was, to send on one of my party to inform the authorities of my arrival whenever I approached a town ; otherwise I should expose myself to continual complaints on their part. I asked him if the road to Travnik were now safe, as I had heard that it was sometimes infested by *Haiduks* ; and he replied that it was perfectly so, but that he would send some of his men with me, merely to show his respect for me. This was quite intelligible ; the road was unsafe, but he did not wish to frighten me by saying so. Our conversation then turned on road-making, which appeared to interest the pasha greatly, as he said that he was anxious to do anything to improve the country placed under his charge.

We next talked of the campaign against the revolted Bosniacs, who first rose at Toozla, whence they carried off the arms and ammunition in the castle to use them against the Sultan's troops. The pasha said, with a good deal of humour, that some of the rebels were so ignorant of warfare at this commencement of the struggle, that when loading the four twelve-pounders, which they took possession of, they had folded the balls in linen to pre-

vent the powder from dirtying them ; but they were not long uninstructed, though he was too cautious to explain how. He represented the origin of the insurrection to have been a violent repugnance against innovation ; in fact, an exaggerated conservative principle, which was in strange contradiction to what I was told by the Serbs. But the ideas of the latter with regard to Bosnia, must surely be visionary ; for there are few Christians in the Bosnian towns, and a considerable proportion of Mahometans even in the villages ; and it is madness, or gross ignorance at least, on their part, to suppose that, whatever be the identity of national origin, the Bosnians would ever participate in their designs of united Christian independence, because their active discontent is created by zeal for Islam, and opposition to the abrogation of privileges.

On leaving the pasha, I went to the castle. It stands on a rising ground in the centre of the town, commanding every part of it ; but commanded in its turn by the circle of surrounding heights. A Turkish inscription over the gate informed me that it was built in the year 1167 of the Hegira, or ninety-nine years ago. It is quite dismantled ; a few unmounted guns of heavy calibre lie about on its ruined ramparts ; and their oblong rectangle, flanked only by four towers of different figures, offer every facility for attack, and none for defence. Inside there is nothing but a square modern keep, and an old falling house. The view from the parapet was fine, extending over the town to its

feeble circumvallation, composed of crumbling walls with an apology for a ditch, and thence across the green valley to the wooded hills which enclose it in all directions. Besides the *konak*, I saw only one other large building, —a rambling old house, that belonged to Mahmud Pasha, a Bosniac of great wealth, who headed the revolt of this district, and was sent to Constantinople for trial. There were also several mosques of some size, with their slender minarets standing out in white relief, from the dusky assemblage of wooden houses forming the town and bazaar, and from the picturesque zone of mountains, approaching on every side within the range of cannon-shot.

I next visited the salt-works, which, though on a large scale, were otherwise precisely similar to those of Upper 'Toozla. I also remarked two or three small factories, where women wove, on old-fashioned looms, a coarse woollen stuff used for making sacks and horse-cloths. The pasha had insisted on my supping with him; and, in the evening, I therefore returned to his *konak*, where I was told that he was waiting for me in a garden at a little distance. I was conducted out of the town to a very pretty *kiosk*, or summer-house, on the bank of the small river Spessa, which flows through the narrow valley of 'Toozla. There I found Fehim Pasha, with his *Malmudir*, the chief of the Administrators, a Turk of Constantinople, and his doctor, an Albanian Mussulman, dressed in the old style. The *Malmudir* spoke a little

Greek ; so we dispensed with the attendance of Osman Aga. He then presented his two sons, handsome boys of six and eight years of age. They sat on the sofa in Turkish fashion, as grave and mute as mandarins, until they received permission to go into the garden, where they took their revenge for the previous constraint, by romping most obstreperously with a large dog. At the other end of the garden was a spacious dwelling with closely latticed windows, which had been the habitation of Mahmud Pasha's harem, or family—for this place was his property—and into it the children were driven by a sudden fall of rain, as it was now occupied by the Malmudir.

If the weather had been fine, Fehim Pasha's idea might have been a good one ; but, as it was, nothing could be more dismal. There we sat, lightly clad, in an open *kiosk*, with the rain falling fast and gusts of piercing wind blowing upon us, while ten or twelve unfortunate musicians jingled everlasting wire-stringed lutes, till our ears ached again. A bonfire was lit near the river, and it struggled gallantly against the other element, which sometimes fell in bucketsful, and well-nigh extinguished the feeble flames. But all was in vain ; and it was impossible to get the steam up for mirth, under such circumstances. We smoked and talked, cold and shivering, and the *guzlas*, as the lutes were called, jingled furiously, until the supper was brought. We ate of innumerable savoury messes with our fingers, and

still the *guzlas* jingled: I thought they would have driven me mad. I tried to beguile the time by drawing out my interlocutors on the subject of the rebellion, and I gathered some curious information; but I was summarily brought back to the hopelessness of my personal condition by the doctor, who volunteered to enlighten me with regard to the ravages of ague at Toozla. He told me it was very prevalent, and that he found it of no use to attempt any medical treatment, as the disease carried off the patient at once, or subsided, according as his constitution enabled him or not to endure it.

At last, I thought I might take leave of the pasha; and I was lighted to my khan by soldiers carrying lanterns. I tumbled into bed as fast as I could, in the firm belief that the *kiosk* would be the death of me, as I had felt a chill come over me and creep into the very marrow of my bones; but I slept soundly, and awoke quite well to take notes of all that I had learnt about the revolt, while preparations were being made for my departure from Toozla.

The army under the command of Omer Pasha consisted of twelve battalions of infantry, a regiment of dragoons, and two batteries of artillery. There were only provisions for one week at Bosna Serai, as the local pashas had made no arrangement there for a regular supply; and Omer Pasha was, therefore, obliged to forage—a practice which is not approved of in the regular army of Turkey as it now exists, but it was a case of

necessity. In three weeks he could only obtain provisions for a month. He sent officers into the districts on the plea of obtaining statistical information, but in reality to sound the disposition of the inhabitants. Their reports were unfavourable; a general rising was announced by them, and they were obliged to return to Bosna Serai, on account of the bad treatment they received from the people. Amongst others, Mehemet Bey, a Polish lieutenant-colonel, of the family of Lasky, was attacked at Mostar. He took refuge from the mob in the *konak*, or palace, of Ali Pasha, who made a show of protecting him, although it was afterwards proved that the attack was instigated by the pasha himself, in order to drive him away. Omer Pasha attempted to gain over to the cause of the government some of the local chiefs: but he found it impossible with any of them excepting Hassan Bey of Trebigno, who was on bad terms with Ali Pasha, and he sent a verbal order to the former to repair immediately to Bosna Serai, which order he at once obeyed.

The revolt commenced at Toozla, the pretext for the insurrection being the recruiting which was forcibly carried on by the officer stationed there, named Cadri Bey. The son of Toozlali Mahmud Pasha, who was the local governor, told this officer that the people would certainly put him to death. He took him into his harem, dressed him as a Bosniac peasant, and sent him thus disguised across the Save to Austria. This was a

comedy similar to that which was played by Ali Pasha to get rid of Mehemet Bey; for the whole Toozlali family immediately abandoned the modern Turkish costume, which they called the *Ghiours'* dress, and adopted the turban and the ancient Oriental garments.

Omer Pasha received intelligence of the riot at Mostar, and the outbreak at Toozla at the same time. This was on the 13th of October, 1850. He sent Skender Bey, who was of Polish origin, with a battalion and two guns, to occupy Konitza, in order to cut off the communication between Bosnia and Hertzegovina, and to secure the bridge over the Narenta. He himself marched, with four battalions and one field battery of artillery, (that is, four guns and two howitzers,) to Travnik, where he remained two days, uncertain whether he might be required to reinforce and support Skender Bey, or to proceed against the rebels of Posavina. The latter, having heard of these movements, and supposing that Hertzegovina was the country attacked, and that Omer Pasha would proceed thither, crossed the river Bosna in great numbers, at different points, with Mahmud Pasha at their head, in order to cut off Omer Pasha's communications by occupying the defile of Vranduk, and by taking Travnik as soon as he should leave that place with his troops. Omer Pasha, however, out-manceuvred them, and put an end to the campaign.

So many and such gross misrepresentations, of the long and obstinate struggle, sustained by the Bosniacs

against the Ottoman government have been laid before the public, both during its continuation and since its conclusion, that a plain statement of the facts has become desirable, in order to show that it has neither been a war of persecution, waged by the Sultan on one class of his subjects, nor a crusade of Mahometan fanaticism against the Christian population, as has been alleged. It was, on the contrary, an insurrection undertaken by a refractory province to prevent the application of enlightened reforms, in favour equally of the Mussulman and Christian inhabitants of Turkey; the latter having throughout been warmly devoted to the cause of the government, and having constantly assisted the repression of the outbreak, instead of being (as they have been described) the opponents of the regular army, the promoters of sedition, or the victims of an armed oppression. The origin and incidents of the war are, therefore, briefly related in the following chapter, in order that the truth of the matter may be made fully known.

CHAPTER X.

POLITICAL POSITION OF BOSNIA—LATE CAMPAIGN.

THE Bosniacs are mentioned in Byzantine history, under the name of Botsinaki, as having been the first of the Slavonian tribes, who made their appearance in the empire of the East. Soon after their settlement in their present territory, internal dissensions arose amongst their chiefs, and, when they had divided it into petty sovereign states, it became an easy prey to the ambition of neighbouring princes. Thus it was alternately attached to the kingdoms of Hungary and Serbia, until Twartko, the Ban of Bosnia, proclaimed himself king in the year 1376. He was defeated, however, with the Serbs, at the memorable battle of Kossova, and his kingdom was subsequently taken possession of by the Turks.

The Gnostic heresy had at that time been making rapid strides in Bosnia, for the constant intrigues of the German prelates had alienated the affections of the population from the church of Rome, of which they were for the most part members; and the schism of the

Greeks had also weakened their attachment to the Pope. The violence of the German bishops, against both these inroads on the orthodox faith, produced a state of doubt and confusion in the religious creed of the people, who likewise saw temporal evils growing out of spiritual differences. Rome and the Holy German empire had conferred feudal privileges on the great families as the price of their allegiance, and the peasants suffered great oppression at their hands. The nobles, thus taught to regard their confession of faith as a means of social domination, readily embraced Mahometanism, in the hope of retaining their prerogatives when the Turks became their masters in lieu of the Hungarians. Vast numbers of the peasants as eagerly abjured Christianity, with the view of escaping from their onerous vassalage; while many of the schismatic traders, inhabiting the towns, apostatized with the Roman Catholic nobles, from whose patronage they derived their livelihood.

The Bosniac Mahometans, in this way retaining their seignorial rights, and averting religious persecution, became fanatical in favour of the faith which secured to them power on the one hand, and protection on the other. Feudalism and Islam were considered as inseparable conditions. Although imperfect in their practice of the Mussulman law, as prescribed by the Koran, these neophytes displayed, and their posterity continues to display, less tolerance than the Osmanlis themselves; and the chasm existing between the Mahometans and

the Christians is wider in Bosnia than in any other part of the Ottoman empire. This is entirely owing to the fact that the fatal introduction of feudalism from Germany, has always kept the two classes of the population aloof from one another. The difference of religion having thus grown into a necessary feature of aristocratic supremacy, it was assumed as the watchword of both parties : whereas the real respective characteristics were the enjoyment of, or forced submission to, the rights of feudalism. The Sultan's government, beginning to understand the perils surrounding the empire, and the means of saving it from impending annihilation, naturally desired to remove this only obstacle to the union and amalgamation of the population. None other existed or exists, notwithstanding all that has been said and written by those who mistake, or wittingly mistake, the facts. In other provinces where feudalism had been instituted, it soon disappeared : in Bosnia, the struggle between it and the new system of administrative centralization, has lasted from the commencement of this century to the present year.

During seven years that the first insurrection of the Serbian Rayas lasted, bands of mediæval chivalry, led by their Vezir, Mehemed Begovitsh, marched and counter-marched triumphantly from the Adriatic to the Danube, prevented the Montenegrines from acting in concert with the rebels, and practically saved the empire from a dismemberment, which had at that period been

projected by the Russian and Austrian emperors. The latter, consistently with the ancient policy of his house, abandoned to the fury of the Bosniac Sipahis, the Christians for whom he had fought, and they suffered unheard-of cruelties. The Turks interposed to protect the Christians from the vindictiveness of the Slavonian converts to Islamism, who resenting this interference, formed a general coalition of all their beys under Ali Vidaïtsh of Zoornik, and raised the standard of revolt against the Sultan.

The insurrection was suppressed after much slaughter ; and finally a pasha was sent to Bosnia on a special mission to destroy the feudal power of the Sipahis. His efforts were vigorous but unsuccessful, and, in his despair he took poison. This was in 1821, and from that time forward the province was the prey of anarchy. Those who had embraced the cause of reform were obliged to take up arms in their own defence ; cities, villages, and even families, were at constant war with each other ; security of life and property altogether disappeared ; brigandage was rife ; and, no traveller being able to visit so lawless a country, Bosnia became an unknown land.

The Ottoman Porte had not abandoned their purpose, however, of overthrowing the tyranny of the Sipahis, and of securing the Rayas from oppression. Several attempts were made, but they were not perseveringly followed up, at a time when more serious dangers were

menacing the very existence of the Turkish empire. The protracted rebellion with the Greeks, the destruction of the Janissaries, the war with Russia, the revolt of the pashas of Scodra and Acre, and the formidable opposition to the Sultan, raised by the ambitious Mehemet Ali Pasha of Egypt, necessarily absorbed the attention of the embarrassed government, in that era of transition for Turkey; and the affairs of Bosnia fell into a state of comparative obscurity. Pashas and Commissaries were sent thither successively with the view of furthering the object desired, but they failed in attaining it, and were even obliged on one occasion, to consult their personal safety, by embarking clandestinely on the Save for Belgrade. One of them entered the province with a few hundred Rayas, whom he had armed for that purpose; this single act furnishing an epitome of Bosnian contemporary history, for we see there the Turk with a body-guard of Slavonian Christians to protect him from the Slavonian converts to Mahometanism, and the representative of the sovereign supported by peasants against their feudal superiors who were vassals of that sovereign!

At last the Hatti Sherif of Gul Hané, the famous *Tanzimat*, announced to the Rayas all over Turkey the equality, before the law, of every rank and religion. This drove the Sipahis to desperation, but they did not require to oppose its application to Bosnia by taking up arms, for their Beys always succeeded in

frustrating it by intrigue. The Porte temporized until circumstances should render it safe to enforce the full measure of reform and annihilate feudalism by one final blow; matters were allowed in the meantime to continue in a pernicious state of transition between authorized oppression and proclaimed equality before the law,—the oppression still existing though condemned, the equality unaccomplished though decreed.

The fiscal burdens on the population were most onerous; they consisted in the *Haratsh*, or capitation tax of the Rayas, the tithes of all agricultural produce, and the customs. In lieu of these, the expenses of all irregular troops were defrayed; those of the Nizam being of course met by the government. The whole cost of the civil service was calculated, and levied from the peasantry, both Christian and Mahometan, in a ratio determined arbitrarily by the feudal chiefs, holding their respective appointments; it cannot be supposed that the proportion falling on the Rayas was equitable. The number of families thus assessed in Bosnia was 72,000, and] the just amount to which they were amenable was 85 piastres; each per annum (about 17 shillings), which was by no means exorbitant; but this contribution did not fall equally on all. Mahometans possessing property only in the town, paid nothing, the Sipahis were exempted, and the holders and tillers of one third part of the land in cultivation, were the only classes of the population thus taxed.

The tithes and customs were farmed, and the feudal chiefs generally became farmers, exacting more than their due, and employing a vexatious mode of collection, which added to the sufferings of the Rayas. This system, moreover, was highly prejudicial to the finances of the general government and to the tranquillity of the province; for a clause was always inserted in the contract, by which the farmer of the revenues was exempted from payment in the event of insurrection taking place, as the peasants might in that case evade their contribution; and the feudal chiefs consequently fomented partial revolts, for the purpose of avoiding the fulfilment of their engagements. The unremitting cabals of the local magnates, who had been entrusted with these civil functions, and the corresponding disaffection of the other Beys and of the Sipahis, thus rendered completely illusory all the expectations of the Porte to see the new system, which worked so well in other provinces, fully inaugurated in Bosnia, and rendered every endeavour to that effect completely nugatory.

The secret agency of another inherent element, also, contributed powerfully towards the continued anarchy which existed. This was the sympathy on the part of the Croats of Turkey, for their fellow-countrymen beyond the Austrian frontier, and the subtle advantage taken of it by the church of Rome, to which both factions of that Slavonian tribe belong. An active agitation was designedly sustained through the medium of the Roman

Catholic priests, who became political as well as religious missionaries. Commercial interests aided them also, for the geographical position of Bosnia, entering like a wedge between Dalmatia and Sclavonia, necessarily identified the trade of the three provinces.

The long finger which Austria stretches down the eastern coast of the Adriatic, holds the sea-ports through which the Bosnian produce is exported, and the European manufactured goods can reach the Turkish province through these alone; the direct line between them, Sclavonia, and southern Hungary, passes through Bosnia, leaving the mercantile communities of the neighbouring empires in a great degree dependent on each other. The spirit of enterprise possessed more largely by the Dalmatians than by the lawless Sipahis, or oppressed Rayas, created an exercise of industry on the part of the former within the territory of the latter, whose inexhaustible forests, amongst other objects of trade, offered a profitable field of speculation to a maritime people, who have not the command of wood at home for ship-building. Indeed, so great is the dependence of the Austrian ports on Bosnia, that the Dalmatian markets would be starved if the importation from Turkey were stopped, and there was, consequently, great solicitude on the part of the Austrian subjects to secure that abundant resource, by doing everything in their power to keep up the political ferment, which absorbed the time and attention of the Bosniacs, and prevented them from availing themselves

of their own elements of material prosperity. This naturally tended to retard the projected improvement of their social and political condition. The Austrian government, too, well aware of the importance of possessing a party in Bosnia, appeared to favour the Sipahis, who have more than once given evidence of the existence of some such encouragement, when they would otherwise have been altogether friendless. This fact, though of little real importance—for a protection of that nature must universally be admitted to be totally impracticable—still produces a factious spirit of opposition in the minds of the Sipahis, which is equally injurious to their own interests and to the general welfare of the province.

The Rayas are also not without their foreign patrons, and if the *Propagandæ Fidei* preach attachment to the defender of the Catholic faith, *Caloyers** from Mount Athos are likewise eloquent in their praises of the great protector of the Eastern Christian Church. Russia, as well as Austria, has thus her apostles in Bosnia, and another element of disorder and disaffection is added to those already existing.

Great Britain adopted, in 1837, the only legitimate means, by which a powerful, and at the same time a generally advantageous, influence can be exercised by a foreign power; and a Consular establishment was raised at Yeni Bazar for the promotion of trade. The ill-fated individual selected to direct it, was, however,

* Greek monks.

altogether incapable of fulfilling his mission, and of doing justice to the important interests which he might have furthered in favour both of England and of Turkey. His absurd pretensions to princely rank in virtue of his being one of the *Knezes* of the tribe of the Vassojevitsh, together with a line of conduct incompatible with his position, led to his being driven out of the town by the natives in the following year; and, having been deprived of his official character, he was afterwards assassinated by them. Unfortunately he had no successor, and the field has ever since been left open to Austria, who, alone of the European powers, now maintains a Consul in Bosnia.

Nothing was therefore wanting, three years ago, to keep the north-western provinces of European Turkey in a state of constant anarchy and confusion of authorities: the different classes of the population estranged from one another; undefined social distinctions precluding the possibility of a satisfactory understanding being attained on the subject of their respective rights and duties; while vindictive feelings and ambitious hopes militated against the endeavours of the Porte, and prevented the success of the measures adopted to rectify these crying evils.

A man of tried abilities and known resolution, Tahir Pasha, was sent to Bosnia as Governor-general, in 1848. His instructions were to make one great effort to introduce the *Tanzimat* as the practical law of the land. At first

he endeavoured to intimidate the local pashas, but he soon found that, by doing so, he produced a closer union among them. They strove, however, to conceal this fact from him by accusing each other secretly to him, and by representing their colleagues as inimical to the new system, which indeed they all were, though each dissimulated his real views. Some of them next tried to induce Tahir Pasha to accept bribes in affairs of private interest, with the intention of making him commit himself, and of accusing him of venality before the Sultan, who would certainly in that case recal him. It is alleged that in this they were successful, but appearances would rather imply that they had failed; for were it otherwise, they would not have required to foment an insurrection, which evidently took place for the purpose of having him removed from his government.

That revolt occurred in the Kraina, in the year 1849. Tahir Pasha marched against the rebels, but the local chiefs, and especially Mustapha Pasha Babitsh, pretending to be friendly towards the Porte, deceived him with regard to the force necessary to cope with them, and his army was consequently inadequate to the circumstances. The expedition failed, the Vezir was driven out of Bihach, and, the cholera having seized a considerable number of his men, he abandoned his baggage and ammunition, and returned to Travnik in disorder. His humiliation at this want of success, and an attack of the prevailing epidemic, completely deprived

him of his wonted courage and strength, and he died soon after arriving at his head-quarters.

The Sultan's government at any other time might well have sent a sufficient force to quell the insurrection, but the rupture with Russia and Austria, which then occurred on the subject of the Polish and Hungarian refugees, required that all the troops should be kept in a state of readiness to defend the empire from external hostilities; and the winter was thus allowed to pass without active steps being taken for the pacification of Bosnia. In the month of April, of the following year, 1850, however, an expedition was undertaken for that purpose, and it was placed under the command of Omer Pasha, a distinguished general, whose antecedents and subsequent success prove that this appointment was a most felicitous selection.

Omer Pasha is by birth a Croatian of Austria, and in early life he commenced his military career in one of the Frontier regiments, which he left in disgust at not being promoted. He then passed into Turkey, and, having become a Mussulman, he entered the Sultan's regular army; in which he has risen to the highest rank by merit alone. To the *prestige* of military success, the advantages of his Slavonian birth, and the knowledge of the language and habits of the Bosniacs, he thus added considerable experience of the peculiar mode of fighting practised by them, and an especial acquaintance with the country in which he was destined to oppose

them. It is, therefore, evident that his appointment was a measure of great sagacity on the part of the Ottoman government, and its results have been in every way satisfactory.

When the revolt broke out at Toozla, Omer Pasha marched from Travnik to meet the insurgents under Mahmud Pasha. He fought them twice with equal success at Vranduk on the river Bosna, and, crossing it by a skilful manœuvre, he drove them back till he reached the town of Derbent. When there, he heard of the rebels having entrenched themselves on the neighbouring high hill of Vutshiak, and he proceeded to attack them. He found them in a strong position, and numbering upwards of 15,000. Although he had hardly 4,000 men, he opened a heavy fire upon them, and, having outflanked them by strategy, he totally defeated them. Again they formed at a village called Dugopolie, and again they were dislodged. Their chiefs fled to Austria, and the Sipahis dispersed.

The province being thus pacified, the Pasha marched on Toozla to meet there Ibrahim Pasha with his brigade, which had left Bosna Serai by his order, for the purpose of scouring the whole country. But the latter had been attacked on his way, and was blockaded on a high hill. Omer Pasha reached him by a forced march, relieved him, and they both returned to Bosna Serai.

In the spring, that is, a couple of months before my

arrival, Turkish Croatia, or the Kraina, as it is called, exhibited preparations of a warlike character. Omer Pasha marched thither, and found the fortress of Jaitza in a state of defence. He sent a written proclamation to the inhabitants of the town, summoning them to surrender; and a certain Cadi Kapitsh, who called himself the commandant of the garrison, returned a verbal answer, by which he informed Omer Pasha that his general (*Seraskier*), Ala Keditsh, was at Gul Hissar; that he would allow the Turkish troops to retire unmolested by a route which he would point out, if they would at once renounce their undertaking; and that the Bosniac army being 50,000 strong, and the whole population united, it would soon occupy Bosna Serai, and send deputies from thence, to treat with the Sultan, on the subject of the form of government to be adopted, as had been done by the Serbs.

Omer Pasha then sent Dervish Pasha, whom I saw at Belgrade, and who had been promoted for his conduct in the last campaign, to attack Gul Hissar, which is a fort on an island in the river Verbas. The expedition consisted of 4 battalions, 1 squadron, 500 Albanian irregulars, and 2 guns. When Dervish Pasha had proceeded about half-way, he met a small portion of the garrison of Jaitza, which had gone along the left bank of the river in the right, had crossed it at Gul Hissar, and was now returning by the night bank to attack the left flank of Omer Pasha's position. The enemy was 4,000

strong, but Dervish Pasha did not give them time to form, as he came upon them unexpectedly. He charged them with his usual impetuosity; their ranks were broken, and they took to flight in disorder; the Turks pursued, and a running fight continued until they reached Gul Hissar. The Bosniacs crossed the bridge and entered the fort, but they had not time to close the gates. Dervish Pasha, at the head of his troops, followed them into it; they hurried over the other bridge leading from the island to the left bank of the river, and dispersed; while he retained possession of the fortress.

Omer Pasha, meanwhile, was cannonading the fort of Jaitza, and the fire was returned with admirable precision. The plan of the defence was wonderfully scientific, to have been conceived by Bosniac Sipahis, who, however brave they may be, are far from being possessed of any knowledge of tactics; for, simultaneously with the projected attack on Omer Pasha's left flank, another force of 7,000 men had also left Jaitza in the night, and had descended the left bank of the river, about nine miles, to a ford, which they had passed, and were coming up the right bank to assail his right flank; and at the time when they supposed their two expeditions to be on the point of falling upon the Turkish position from both sides, the rebels opened a most galling fire from the ramparts in front of it, and about 2,000 men got within musket-shot, to keep up a constant discharge of small-

arms. Their whole strength must, therefore, have been about 15,000 or 16,000 ; and their defence was evidently directed by a person or persons of military experience, according to the principles of regular warfare, although no such individual was known to exist among the number of the Bosnian rebels.

Omer Pasha sent his aide-de-camp, Mehemet Bey, (the Polish officer, Lasky,) to reconnoitre the enemy's position about one o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th March, and he reported that a strong force was advancing on the right flank at a distance of about 2,000 paces. Ibrahim Bey, who commanded a battalion on the extreme right, was then ordered not to move, but to prepare to receive the attack ; another battalion changed front to the right, and two more approached to support them, their respective commanding officers being directed to take ulterior instructions from Ibrahim Bey, in order that no time might be lost in waiting for further orders from the Pasha ; while Mehemet Bey was instructed to remain on the right wing until the fight should commence, and then report to Omer Pasha, as the heights masked the enemy from where he was. Thus passed three hours without any alteration of the relative positions, and it is probable that the enemy was anxiously looking out for the arrival of the expedition from Gul Hissar. At four o'clock several horsemen were seen galloping wildly towards Jaitza, from the direction of Gul Hissar ; the batteries of the fort ceased firing ;

signals were made to the 2,000 men in front and to the 7,000 on the right flank ; and both detachments retired. Omer Pasha's artillery had opened a breach in the ramparts, and the word was given to storm the fort. Whilst the scaling ladders were being prepared, a messenger arrived from Dervish Pasha, with intelligence that Gul Hissar was taken, and that he would march on Jaitza at an early hour on the following morning, to be ready to support Omer Pasha by a flanking assault on that fortress, if he should be disposed to attack it in front. The day was far spent, and Omer Pasha determined on deferring his purpose until it could be effected under the more favourable auspices, thus held out. The army passed the night under arms, and shortly before daybreak, voices were heard calling from the ramparts to the nearest Turkish trench. An officer was sent, and he was informed that the enemy's troops had evacuated the place, and had fled to the mountains, and that the inhabitants of the town were ready to surrender, and submit their fate to the clemency of the Sultan. Omer Pasha entered the town, and occupied the fortress. The loss in all, on the part of the troops, was fifty-four killed, and ninety-nine wounded, one of them being an officer ; and six of the Albanians were killed, and eight wounded. The latter, who were Ghegs of the Dibra, the bravest of their brave race, and all Mahometans, no Christians being as yet employed in the Sultan's armies, behaved admirably under Dervish Pasha,

which was the only part of the army seriously engaged on this occasion and it was in that action that the only loss occurred on the enemy's side, but it was not considerable, as they saved themselves by flight. One of the Beys of the Sipahis was killed, however, before Jaitza, and the enemy was much discouraged when he fell; it happened in Mustapha Pasha's engagement, before Omer Pasha's arrival, for the advanced guard had already been in action with the enemy when he appeared.

Deputations of submission, praying for pardon, and promising obedience, arrived from the two districts of Bania Luka and Klintsh; and Omer Pasha exercised no vindictive feelings towards them, or the inhabitants of Jaitza, all those who submitted to the Sultan's authority being at once forgiven.

At Jaitza the rebels had forced the Christians of the surrounding villages, as well as of the town, to bring everything they possessed—money, provisions, household utensils, and other moveable property—into the fort; and, when they evacuated it, they carried all this away with them. Most of the women and children had been removed from the town to the more distant villages for safety; and they now returned, half-starved, to their rifled homes, where they found no means of subsistence. Omer Pasha distributed among them 30,000 *okas* of Indian corn, and 50,000 piastres in money. When this sum was exhausted, he gave them 100,000 piastres more; and an equal amount was subsequently divided

among the Christians of Bania Luka, then similarly situated. In both these cases, lists of their losses were taken, and Omer Pasha made the rebels refund them, by levying an indemnity from all those chiefs who had signed manifestos and proclamations calling on the Sipahis to take up arms.

After seven days at Jaitza, Omer Pasha proceeded towards Vratzar, leaving Ibrahim Pasha in command of the fort and town. At Dobrina, the third night's halt, Ali Pasha of Mostar was brought to Omer Pasha's camp, with his son, Hafiz Pasha, because the rebels would not believe that those influential chiefs were prisoners; and Omer Pasha had therefore resolved on taking them with him on his march into Turkish Croatia, for the purpose of discouraging and intimidating the Sipahis of that country, by showing them two of their principal pashas under arrest. They were provided with food from Omer Pasha's own kitchen, and every possible attention was showed them. Although fires were not allowed in the tents, on account of several soldiers having suffered in consequence of burning charcoal, the request of the two prisoners to have stoves in their tents was acceded to. There was a sentry in each of their tents, and another outside; and this was always the case when persons of rank were under arrest. At midnight, the orderly officer of the day awoke Omer Pasha, and reported to him that the sentry in Ali Pasha's tent, having become drowsy from the heat of the stove,

had let his firelock fall, and that it had gone off, and shot Ali Pasha through the head. Omer Pasha was horror-struck by this accident, especially on account of the construction which might be put upon it; but a minute inquiry proved that it had occurred precisely as reported to him; and Hafiz Pasha, the son of the deceased, was fully convinced that no blame could be attached to any one, beyond that of the military delinquency of the sentry, who was tried for it. On examination, it was found that the musket was out of repair, and went off easily at half cock.

The rebels, after evacuating Jaitza, accused Cadi Kapitsh of having been bribed by Omer Pasha, and they put him to death. He had friends among them, however, who resented this cruel act, and two parties were thus formed. A violent quarrel took place, in which several men were wounded on either side; and instead of proceeding to defend Bania Luka, they all disbanded on their march near Maden.

The Sultan's troops, therefore, entered the above town without opposition, a battalion being stationed in the castle, and the remainder encamped. While there, Omer Pasha learnt that the rebels were assembling at Kossaritzza, and he sent a proclamation to endeavour to recall them to their duty. The answer was that the Sipahis would never serve in the regular army, nor resign their feudal rights by accepting the *Tanzimat*. Omer Pasha then marched against them to Ivanska,

leaving a battalion in the castle of Bania Luka. Ibrahim Pasha commanded the advanced guard, consisting of one battalion, two squadrons, one thousand Albanians, and four light guns. Dervish Pasha had immediate charge of the centre, although Omer Pasha marched with the three battalions and six guns of large calibre composing it; and Mustapha Pasha brought up the rear, formed of one battalion, two squadrons, and two light guns. They came in sight of the enemy, whose strength was about two thousand, under the command of Hussein Bey, the son of the Mudir of Pridor; who withdrew their outposts, and barricadoed a wide ditch, destroying the bridge over it, which led into the small town of Kossaritza.

When the Albanians approached, with Julecca the former rebel chief of Albania, at their head, the Sipahis commenced firing on them. The Albanians charged them, while the artillery opened a tremendous succession of volleys to intimidate them. The rebels abandoned the ditch and ran into the town, but they did not stop there; but attempted to form on the plain beyond it. Ibrahim Pasha had gone round the town with the cavalry, and attacked them; he completely routed them, and fortunately the hedges and other inclosures prevented the dragoons from pursuing them far, otherwise a great massacre might have taken place. The Albanians, meanwhile, were pillaging the town. The loss was six Albanians killed, and thirteen wounded; two lieutenants,

one corporal, and three privates of the dragoons were wounded ; while twenty-five rebels were killed, principally by the lances of the cavalry ; but the number of their wounded, which must have been considerable, was not ascertained.

When Omer Pasha came up, he found the action over, and only twenty of the one thousand Albanians with their *Bairac*, or standard. He ordered Julecca, their commanding officer, to recall them to their colours ; but the Albanian chief replied that it would be impossible to get them in for some time ; he therefore sent Dervish Pasha with two companies of infantry, to bring them out of the town. The latter found them ransacking the houses, and burning them when they were empty. He brought them to Omer Pasha, driving before them the live stock they had carried off, and transporting, as they best could, all the spoil of every kind which they had taken. Omer Pasha then summoned the whole population to appear before him, and the unfortunate people came in fear and trembling ; they were, however, agreeably surprised when they were told to claim their property.

Three hundred and ninety-five cows, oxen, buffalos, sheep, goats, and swine, were thus restored to their rightful owners ; and all the clothes, caldrons, arms, money, and other articles, which had been seized, were conveyed to the town with shouts of joy. A general order was then read to the Albanians, informing them that

if such conduct should ever recur, the persons robbed would be indemnified out of their pay. Fifteen Greeks were arrested for following the irregular troops, with the view of purchasing their booty. What they had already bought from them was restored to the townspeople; and, after they had each received a severe beating, they were dismissed from the camp with ignominy. Omer Pasha paid 1,500 piastres on the part of the government to each of the proprietors of the cottages which had been burnt by the Albanians; and several of the soldiers, who belonged to these families, obtained leave of absence to assist in rebuilding them, while a larger sum was given to them in order that recruiting might be encouraged.

Deputations of submission arrived from Dubitzza, Novino, and Ottoca. Krupa was summoned to surrender, but its garrison refused to listen to any terms. The messenger who was sent to these places with a proclamation, a certain Cadi Keran of Pridor, was taken by the rebel chief, Hussein Bey, who tore the proclamation in pieces, and ordered twenty of his Sipahis to fire upon him, when he fired himself; and the unfortunate Cadi was killed.

Omer Pasha entered Pridor, which town made no resistance, and found it almost totally deserted by its inhabitants, who had fled to the mountains. He remained there a week, to induce them to return to their dwellings, which they did; and to effect the arrest of some of the chiefs of the rebellion who were in the

neighbourhood, in which he also succeeded in every case, excepting those of the few Sipahi leaders who had taken refuge in Austria. Provisions were collected, but not from the Christian population; which had suffered severely from the rebels having forced them exclusively to supply them. When at Pridor, Omer Pasha inquired for and discovered the family which had offered him hospitality at Bania Luka when he first came to Turkey, and which had subsequently removed to this town. They had been much persecuted by the rebels on account of their friendship for him; and when it was reported that he had been defeated at Jaitza, in the same manner as it had been stated by the foreign newspapers that he had sought an asylum in Austria after the battle of Vutshiak, in the last campaign; the Sipahis insisted that he was concealed in their house. The mother, now an old woman of eighty, was tied to a stake and beaten to make her confess where the pasha was; while they declared that they would crucify him as a Ghiaigi. The private generosity of Omer Pasha amply compensated this family for what they had suffered on his account.

Colonel Skender Bey had been ordered to march his brigade from Livno to Bihatsh through a long defile, which he was not to attempt to pass if he found it defended, but there to wait the arrival of Omer Pasha's army; and the latter received his report at Pridor, in which he stated that he had not met the enemy in the

defile, and was now on his way to take up a position before Bihatsh. Omer Pasha, therefore, left 200 Albanians in the fortress of Pridor, crossed the river Sana by means of large boats, which he had sent for under the pretext of bringing provisions from Gradiska by the Save, and marched on Maden. Thence, he proceeded to Jasenitza; and passing through that small town, came to the division of the two roads, one leading to Bihatsh, and the other to Krupa on the Unna, over which river there was a bridge opposite the fortress. None knew his intention, which he had not communicated even to his highest officers, so important was it that he should deceive the rebels. He led the foremost column himself, and, to the great astonishment of his troops, who thought they were going to attack Bihatsh, he struck off to the right, quickened the pace at which they were marching, and reached Krupa; leaving the greatest force of the rebels on his left in a strong position, which he had thus turned, and which they consequently abandoned.

No suspicion of his projecting an attack on Krupa having been entertained, that fortified town had been evacuated in order the better to oppose his march on Bihatsh by the right bank of the Unna; the Sipahis were thus out-manceuvred, and the Sultan's army took possession of the place, and prepared to cross the river and march on Bihatsh along its left bank, while, on the other hand, they could not cross it to oppose their progress. The rebels had taken the precaution, however, of

destroying the bridge when they left Krupa, and Omer Pasha was obliged to make preparations for the construction of pontoons. While doing so, his purpose seems to have been understood by some intelligent and experienced persons on the opposite side of the river : for small parties of Bosniacs were seen gathering towards one point, and a strong position was taken up by them with great skill, for the purpose of commanding the only possible spot where a passage could be effected.

Reinforcements poured in to that position, from all directions ; and trenches were actively and scientifically dug, batteries raised, redoubts formed, and guns posted to flank the troops on their passage across, if they should attempt it. Omer Pasha resolved on constructing his pontoons, and conveying his army to the other side in the face of the enemy.

One hundred Albanians were thrown into the fort ; 400 were placed in one part of the town, and 300 in another. Two battalions under Ibrahim Pasha were stationed on a height before the town, to support two others under Mustapha Pasha, which were drawn up in a line on its outskirts, in order to keep the inhabitants in check, and prevent their rising to assist the rebels by attacking the troops in the rear. Two companies occupied a high place over a ravine, through which an enemy might harass the right flank of the two battalions near the town ; and a battalion with two guns, under Haireddin Bey, was posted on another height about 2,000 paces

farther up the river; while the four squadrons under Hadji Hussein Bey—Dervish Pasha having been ordered to act as chief of Omer Pasha's staff on this occasion—were formed in the valley between that hill and the one occupied by Ibrahim Pasha. On the opposite side of the river, the enemy's entrenchments, three in number, one supporting the other two, were admirably constructed with parapets and embrasures of wattle-work; and every weak point in the whole course of the river Unna, from Bihatsh to Dubitza, was thus fortified, in the hope of preventing the passage of Omer Pasha's army.

Omer Pasha reconnoitred the entrenchments over against Krupa. He then drew up his park of artillery, consisting of ten guns, on the slopes opposite the enemy's position, and so near, that the question which party would dislodge the other, became dependent on the weight of metal each could discharge, the enemy's strength, in this respect, being as yet hypothetical. As soon as this movement was effected, the rebels were seen to commence opening another trench, which faced to the right, so that it became impossible to flank their position; and others busied themselves in constructing two batteries in a higher position, admirably selected to command Omer Pasha's artillery, while four guns were dragged up the hill to it. Another gun was then placed on a point opposite to the only spot where an experienced military man could apprehend that an attempt might be made to force the passage of the river. Between the enemy's position and a hill, on

which there were some deserted houses, lay a small plain crossed by a ditch running parallel to the river, at a distance of not more than 100 yards; and this ditch, which was not opposite Omer Pasha's position, but in front of the point where he meant to place his pontoons, was occupied by a strong body of Bosniac skirmishers. The whole strength of the enemy seemed to number about 2,000 men, and they were ostensibly commanded by Reditsh; Ali Keditsh, the Seraskier, as the rebels called him, having remained with the force which Omer Pasha had out-manceuvred on the road to Bihatsh.

Omer Pasha commenced his operations by firing on the enemy's batteries in order to ascertain their strength; four heavy guns returned the fire with promptitude and precision. He then made a demonstration to divert their attention from the point where he meant to cross the river, by leading the rebels to suppose that he had abandoned that intention on perceiving how strong they were, and he occupied a height lower down the stream, where two islands seemed to offer facilities for passing it. This was in the evening, and the troops were then allowed to bivouac under arms.

On reconnoitring in the morning, Omer Pasha found that a strong entrenchment had been thrown up during the night opposite the two islands, and it appeared to be well manned. He therefore concluded that his object was attained, and that the first position had been weakened in consequence; but he soon discovered that he was

mistaken, and that numerous reinforcements had arrived to strengthen both positions. Seeing that there was no time to be lost, he set about making preparations for the construction of his pontoons without further attempts to deceive the enemy. He ordered Dervish Pasha to form a battery of wattles for four guns, at a distance of 300 paces from the point of passage, and an entrenchment for a battalion. Ernin Aga directed the works; and when they were completed, they were occupied by a corresponding detachment under Mustapha Pasha. Another trench was opened at the salient angle of the bend in the river, by Ibrahim Pasha, who stationed a battalion in it with four guns, among some trees to protect it.

These preparations were scarcely concluded, and the carts commenced transporting the wood for the pontoons to the point between the two positions, when Ali Keditsh was seen to arrive with 1,000 foot-soldiers and 500 horsemen from Bihatsh, where he had crossed the river on learning that Omer Pasha had turned their position and was at Krupa. Other reinforcements were flocking in, and the signal was therefore given to commence the work.

Forty-five Christian carpenters, who had been hired at enormous wages, began laying the beams in the water; a fire was opened from the enemy's batteries, and they were found to be so admirably situated and the guns so well pointed, that the first shot killed the officer com-

manding the working party, the second took off the arm of a soldier who died soon afterwards, the third killed a corporal, and the fourth mortally wounded a carpenter. When this was reported to Omer Pasha, he ordered all his artillery, heavy and light, to be brought to bear on these batteries; and after a tremendous cannonading, they were silenced. The Bosniac skirmishers then commenced firing from the ditch which they occupied. Mustapha Pasha and Ibrahim Pasha kept up a close fire upon them from the two trenches, in the hope of dislodging them, but they were so well covered that it was not effective.

The construction of the bridge was advancing, meanwhile, although several others of the carpenters had been killed and wounded. When their number was reduced to thirty-eight, they lost courage, and throwing down their tools, took to flight and never looked round until they reached the wood. Nothing could induce them to return to their work, and there was a pause, until a hundred volunteers of Mustapha Pasha's detachment came forward to take their place, and the artillery carpenters having been sent for, the work was carried on briskly, although the fire of the Bosniac skirmishers was becoming more and more harassing, in consequence of their number having been greatly increased by the arrival of the rebels who had been working the guns in the batteries before they were silenced. The fire from the trenches was well kept up, but it did not check that

of the enemy from the ditch, which was most deadly, as the muzzles of their guns were rested, and they took a steady aim, picking off man after man. Omer Pasha, for a moment, felt some doubt of the possibility of success, and he was gazing attentively through his spy-glass at the formidable ditch on the other side of the river, when Halil Aga, an officer of dragoons, rode up to him and entreated him to repair to the cavalry position in the valley ; he did so, and as soon as he pulled up his horse in front of their line, they begged to be allowed to swim the river and clear the ditch of the rebels who had taken such a fatal advantage of it.

Omer Pasha thanked the dragoons for their spirited offer, and said that he could not thus risk their lives. He then went to the workmen, whose danger he shared, to encourage them, and they plied their axes with redoubled ardour. Further reinforcements arrived from Bihatsh, and as they passed down the left bank of the river, the battalions on the opposite height fired upon them. The rebels halted and returned the fire : Ibrahim Pasha seeing this, left his trench and rode up the right bank to take the command of the position engaged. He was fired upon by several hundred men, but was not hit, and it was remarked that he did not put his horse out of a trot. When he reached the position, he pushed two companies on in front, and poured in volley after volley on the rebels. They were obliged to abandon their project of joining the main body of the rebels, and they retreated

by the way they came, as the height on their left was inaccessible.

The battle raged with unabated fury where the bridge was being constructed. Five hours of continual firing had now passed ; and the pontoons were ready to be dropped into their places. As soon as this operation was commenced, and the rebels saw a bridge reaching more than half-way across the river, they made a simultaneous rush from all their positions to the ditch. Ibrahim Pasha, who had returned to his trench, and Mustapha Pasha seized the opportunity, and opened a double fire of grape upon them. They could not stand, and ran back to their positions. Omer Pasha had regained the height whence he could command a view of the whole scene of operations, and he kept Tefik Bey constantly going and coming between him and Dervish Pasha, who had charge of the workmen, to report progress and convey instructions.

Tefik Bey is a fine young lad of seventeen, and nephew to Omer Pasha. He had been educated at Laybach in Austria, and when he expressed a desire to enter the Ottoman army, he was at once appointed a major by the Turkish government as a mark of esteem for his uncle, who kept him on his staff in order that he might complete his military education and learn the Turkish language before joining a regiment, and also in order that his rapid advancement might not appear unjust towards older officers, with whom he would then

come in contact. He displayed great coolness and courage in riding backwards and forwards under a heavy fire.

The pontoons were finished ; but in falling into their places by the force of the current, the bridge was found to be about eight feet too short. A piece of wood-work was soon got ready to complete it, and while it was being added, Tefik Bey brought intelligence from Dervish Pasha that a general attack was about to be made by the rebels, as the Bosnian word, *yuruyush*—attack,—was heard shouted from the ditch to the different positions.

“ So much the better ! ” exclaimed Omer Pasha ;
“ the day will thus be sooner won . ”

He ordered the whole of his artillery to load with grape shot ; 700 Albanians were brought up to try the passage, with a battalion of reserve under Sadik Aga to support them, while the fire of the two trenches was redoubled. The Albanians were on the bridge, when the whole force of the rebels ran to the other end of it ; the former hung back ; Sadik Aga put himself at the head of a company and took their place ; he called to the band to play, and cheering his men, charged the rebels across the bridge. A general discharge of grape fell at the same time on the latter ; the Albanians followed, when the regulars preceded them ; and the remainder of Sadik Aga’s battalion passed with them. The troops were concentrated from their different positions with colours flying and bands playing, while a rapid cannonading was kept up ; and the enemy, after attempting to

stand for a few minutes, took to flight in disorder without trying to rally again. The whole army passed and took up positions on the left bank of the Unna, which had been the last defence of the rebels; and the campaign was thus put an end to by this brilliant achievement. The loss of the troops had been seventeen killed, one being an officer, and thirty-eight wounded; that of the rebels was never ascertained, but it could not have been great, excepting when grape was fired upon them.

As soon as this defeat was known to the rebels at Bihatsh, they surrendered to Skender Bey, who took possession of the Castle, and restored the bridge of Klocot, which had been destroyed. Omer Pasha, after repairing that of Krupa, marched to the fortress of Stiena. There he halted to induce the peasantry to return to their villages which they had forsaken. He formed a camp of observation at Novino, which he placed under the command of Ibrahim Pasha, and then marched back with the remainder of his army to Travnik, which place he reached on the same day that I arrived at Toozla.

CHAPTER XI.

IBRAHIM PASHA—GIPSY BRIGAND—THE RIVER BÖSNA—ZEPSHE—VRANDUK
—TWO BATTLES—ZENITZA—TRAVNIK—ARAB AHMED PASHA.

THE western part of Bosnia seemed indeed to be less quiet than the eastern, and our party was consequently now increased to five, as two mounted soldiers of the Pasha's accompanied us, when we left Toozla on a fine rainy morning. There was no burning sun to bore cruel holes in the crown of our heads, and not a pinch of dust on the roads to fill our eyes and mouths and noses, and make us sneeze again. On the contrary, we were deliciously cool in our cloaks, and our saddles were as soft and soaked as wet sponges. To be sure, there was a fold of my capote which persisted in pouring water into one of my jack-boots, and that was not very agreeable; but on the whole it was just the sort of day for a long ride in a southern summer. We followed the valley of the Sprezza, and, at a couple of miles from the town, we passed the country-house of Mahmud Pasha,

who had taken so active a part in the insurrection. It was well situated, large, and in good repair; the garden, pretty; and the natural plantations round it, varied in the extreme. Shortly afterwards we ascended the line of hills on the left, and for some time we travelled in a southerly direction over a high wooded country, until our pathway wound down into another beautiful valley. Here we stopped at a khan, cold and deserted, and full of goats taking shelter from the rain. No one was there but a miserable old woman, cowering in a corner of the great gloomy stable, with her shrivelled fingers outspread over the dying embers of a decrepit fire. I gave her a gratuity for the hospitality we had not received, and rode on in the hope of finding better cheer at the next halting-place.

Our course was now nearly due west, and we followed the banks of another branch of the river Sprezza, for several miles, the valley widening, and the cultivation becoming more general. Then we commenced a long and steep ascent which led us over the highest range of hills we had as yet encountered in Bosnia. On one of the heights lay a forsaken Turkish cemetery, near the site of a village in ruins. The turbaned stones had mostly fallen, and were strewn about amongst the bushes, which had grown luxuriantly in such soil. The summit of the mountain which we passed, was covered with pine-trees and firs of various kinds, with an underwood of junipers in great abundance. It was very fine, but

the rain was so persevering and the air so cold, that it left but little inclination to enjoy scenery, and I began to think that the hottest day would have been preferable.

On descending in the afternoon into a narrow wooded dell of great beauty, we found another khan which was better peopled than the last, but not offering much more in the way of comfort. I asked for fire to dry my clothes and warm myself: they struck a light, and ignited three or four husks of Indian corn. I sent Osman Aga and Haireddin to forage, and they at last brought a supply of wood which was soon in a state of conflagration. "The devouring element," as newspapers say, threatened to destroy the whole establishment; but that was a trifle: did not Nero burn the Imperial City when his hands were certainly not half so cold as mine were? My dinner consisted of the same clotted preparation of milk and honey which I had already appreciated in Bosnia, and which seems to be a national dainty: it recalled the sweet memory of very early days, when contemporaries of congenial mind and myself, were wont to coax the good old butler after tea to give us the contents of the cream-pot, with a lump or two of sugar in it. As we were mounting to proceed on our journey, a peasant brought a very nice little horse to offer it for sale at the rate of a sum equivalent to about 2*l.* 10*s.* It had eyes full of fire, wide nostrils, and a faultless shape, with the tail set high and splendid hocks, but its head was rather large, which seems to be the only defect of

the Bosnian breed. I was sorry not to be in want of a horse, and I declined to be a purchaser much against my inclination. We then commenced another, and a still higher, ascent, which raised us to so great an elevation that even in the end of May the temperature was such that the rain became snow. We rose above the lower strata of clouds, and were for some time enveloped in a dense fog, which was intensely cold. It passed us, however, or rather we passed it, and then our ride was the most singular one I ever took. We were on the backbone of an enormous mountain, whose precipitous flanks descended on either side at an angle of 45° at most, the level space, along which we proceeded, being scarcely ten feet broad, and here we stalked like phantoms above the clouds for two good hours, not by Shrewsbury clock. To me it appeared a most mysterious affair: now the deep fall to the right and left was bare, and our gigantic pedestal seemed to float on a sea of vapour; and now colossal pine-trees, fit to mast a three-decker, rose above our heads, leaving nothing visible beneath but a gloomy chaos of wood and rocks fallen upon each other in bewildering confusion; in neither case did our narrowed horizon extend fifty paces from where we were, and perfect solitude reigned all around.

The path apparently took a playful pleasure in climbing to the top of every height, always going over and never round, though the distance might be nearly the same; but it was tolerably smooth, and this quality, so

rare in Bosnia, redeemed its caprices. On one of the highest points, which crowned a sort of isolated *mamelon* of great extent, we came upon a number of trees, cut down evidently with the intention of impeding the pathway, and we had some difficulty in passing. Another and a larger such barricade presented itself a few paces further on, and here we remarked numerous musket-balls fired into the trunks of the trees. This point of resemblance between the Bosnian mountains and the streets of Paris, was soon explained by the appearance of twenty or thirty hastily-constructed log-huts, and the remains of great fires in all directions on and around the conical summit which we had reached, for it was here that Ibrahim Pasha had been blockaded by the rebels, a few months previously.

When Omer Pasha reached Toozla, he was astonished not to find Ibrahim Pasha, to whom he had sent an order to meet him there, with two battalions, from Bosna Serai, in order that the whole province might be kept in check by marches in different directions. Some Rayas informed him that the detachment from Serai had been attacked on its way to Toozla, and was blockaded on a lofty mountain at a distance of about sixteen miles, where it had remained nine days without provisions. The field-marshal made this fact known to his soldiers, who were pitching their tents, and preparing to cook their food after the fatigues of a day's march under heavy rain; and he told them it was his intention to proceed immediately to the relief of his major-general,

with as many soldiers as chose to volunteer on this service. The whole brigade volunteered, and cheerfully struck their tents, put out their fires, and marched all night without refreshment or repose of any kind.

Ibrahim Pasha had a force of 1,200 men with him, and four howitzers. He had been ordered to march immediately on the receipt of his instructions, and to keep them secret from every one but the lieutenant-general commanding at Serai, Abdi Pasha. The latter not only detained the expedition for eight days by dilatoriness in procuring baggage-horses, but he was also imprudent enough to disclose the intended march to Mustapha Pasha Babitsh, one of the instigators of the revolt. A guide was provided by the local pasha for the purpose of betraying Ibrahim Pasha into the hands of the rebels: and ample time and opportunities were obtained for preparing an ambush. A council of war was even held by the feudal chiefs at Serai, for the purpose of arranging how to dispose of Ibrahim Pasha's troops; and it was decided that the population of the capital should revolt as soon as he should leave it. Tahmistshi, an agent of Ali Pasha of Mostar, presided at this meeting of conspirators. All this was owing to the indiscretion of Abdi Pasha, who was afterwards removed from his command in consequence. Ibrahim Pasha was therefore attacked on his second day's march, but he succeeded in repulsing the rebels. The town of Kladina received him well, in the hope that he would

remain in it; but he wisely took up a position on the other side. The inhabitants then armed themselves, and assailed his position. He drove them back, set fire to the town to punish their treachery, and arrested the Mudir and the Cadi, two brothers, from whom he learned the whole plot.

When he marched from Kladina, his false guide wished to take him through a defile which was well guarded by the enemy; but Ibrahim Pasha, being aware of his intention, sought a Christian peasant, who guided him by a safe road. The rebels left the defile, and followed him. When they overtook him, they were in sufficient numbers to surround his small force. They charged repeatedly without effect; and the major-general succeeded in gaining the summit of this high hill, on which he was blockaded, without the possibility of proceeding further. There they remained for nine days: their provisions were soon exhausted, and their only food was thenceforward a few ears of Indian corn, which the Turkish soldiers contrived to glean from the fields in the neighbourhood; but not a single case of desertion took place, although many of them might have made their way in safety through the enemy's lines; and such was the state of discipline, that not a murmur was heard amongst the troops in spite of their sufferings. Frequent skirmishes took place, and various attempts were made to find an opening, but all was in vain; and Ibrahim Pasha was invariably obliged to

retreat with loss to the top of the hill. When any of his men were taken prisoners, they were immediately murdered, and their naked corpses were sometimes found by their comrades with crosses cut on their breasts by *yataghans*, to indicate that they were regarded as *Ghiaürs*, or unbelievers. The major-general had at last resolved on cutting his way through the enemy's lines, and selling the lives of his men as dearly as possible, if they could not be saved; this resolution originated in the repeated requests of the soldiers to that effect. At last he heard the report of guns at a distance; Omer Pasha was advancing, and he occasionally halted his artillery, and fired blank cartridge as a signal that help was at hand.

The field-marshal had marched on foot at the head of his brigade the whole way from Toozla, in order to encourage the men, who were weary and foot-sore, to press forwards, and they reached the bottom of the hill before dawn. The force which first drove Ibrahim Pasha to entrench himself on the top of it, was about 6,000 strong. During the blockade, the number of the rebels was greatly increased; and it is said in the neighbourhood that it amounted to at least 25,000. Omer Pasha had only 2,000; but such was the terror of his name, that, as soon as it was known that he had arrived, the blockading force disappeared, and the rebels dispersed in all directions. Ibrahim Pasha had lost about 200 men in all, killed and wounded; and the wreck of his detachment descended from the hill, pale and hag-

gard from want, and scarcely able to carry their firelocks and knapsacks. When Omer Pasha's brigade, which was also much fatigued, saw them thus advancing, they voluntarily formed line, and called to the field-marshal to make them present arms to their comrades, in honour of their enduring courage. This was done, and each soldier was taken as a *musaphir*, or guest, by two of those who had come from Toozla; the provisions were distributed, and not one of the relieving force would satisfy his hunger until Ibrahim Pasha's men were all served with the best of everything. Bonfires were burnt, and festivities were allowed in the evening, after the day had been given up to repose.

They returned together the next morning to Toozla. Deputations arrived from almost every district, declaring the readiness of the population to receive the *Tauzimât*; and ten days later, Omer Pasha marched his troops back to Bosna Serai, after a campaign of unvarying success, with a far smaller force than that of his enemy, ill-provisioned, and surrounded by treacherous friends.

Our descent from the hills was much shorter than our ascent had been, as the country to the west of the great range, which bears the name of Tavornik, is on a greatly higher level than that which we had previously travelled over. We entered the clouds again, and got drenched afresh. We slid on the steep slippery path, got off our horses to lead them, and scrambled down anyhow. When about half way, we saw three horsemen

emerge from the wood at a little distance before us; they were the first human beings we had met on the hills, and there was something unusual in their demeanour which made us halt to reconnoitre them before proceeding. They had also reined in their horses, and stood scrutinizing our appearance and talking earnestly together. One of them, a fine-looking man, was in a superb Greek, or Albanian, costume; the two others were ill-dressed, and had the aspect of Gipsies, and all three were literally bristling with arms, and mounted on excellent horses.

This looked like business, and I suggested that we should get into our saddles, and take advantage of our high ground to bear down upon them before they should move on to attack us. We did so, each getting his respective weapons ready. The enemy first turned to fly, but the leader, having looked round and seen me nearer, pulled up, and laughing, wished us a good evening. He was the Gipsy chief, whom I had already twice met. He said that he had taken us for *Haiduks*, and as we were in number five to three, he would have tried to get out of our way if he had not recognised me. There was something deprecatory and cringing in his manner, and a guilty scowl hung on the dark features of his followers, as they passed us on their way up the hill, and I wondered what mischief they had been after: perhaps stealing the horses they rode, perhaps worse.

When we reached a small isolated khan, at which we meant to sleep, some two hours later, the mystery was revealed by the appearance of a disconsolate Jew pedlar, who sat in speechless grief before the door. We knew him, for he had begged me to take him across the Drina with me to save his passage money, and we had also seen him selling his wares at Bielina and Tootla, as he apparently kept up with us on foot. Osman Aga at the latter place had even invited him to travel with us for the sake of the escort; but he had declined on the plea that he had no money to lose if he were attacked, and we thought at the time that he suspected us of wishing to decoy him for the purpose of robbing him. His head was now bound with a piece of linen, and dark blood was oozing through it. I insisted on seeing the wound, which proved to be a long sabre-cut above the left temple, which had not injured the bone and did not bleed much. He said that it had stunned him at the time, but did not now give him pain,—apparently far less than the loss of a hundred ducats, which, he added, had been taken from him by an Albanian officer of the irregular troops, who had two Gipsies with him, and who had cut him down when he attempted to prevent their rifling him.

The khan was situated in an elevated region of truly Swiss character, like Chamouni, at the foot of a small Mont Blanc, personified by the Tavornik, with low hills covered with wood around it, and high peaks

looking proudly down from behind them. But the khan was closed. Not a human being or habitation was near it. This was no great obstacle to us, however, for Hairedden soon broke it open. Osman Aga lighted a fire, swept the floor, and stretched out the buffalo-hide for me to lie down on. I got off my wet clothes, and so far all was well, but there was nothing to eat, and we were fain to fast. Tired as I was, I should have slept well in spite of this small inconvenience, if the poor Jew had not got delirious in the night between his wound and his grief, and my duties as a good Samaritan had not kept me, of course, in a constant state of activity.

When the day broke we got him on one of our horses, and took him to a village a few miles off, at which we soon arrived; for though we had gone supperless to bed, our ponies had fared better, as a box of barley stood in the stable, and I had helped them largely, leaving a corresponding sum on the lid of the box to the great astonishment of my followers, who evidently thought me a great simpleton. We had no difficulty in finding a medical gentleman to take care of the Jew, in favour of payment in advance, for every village has a barber, and in Bosnia every barber considers himself quite as skilful in the healing art as Sir Benjamin Brodie himself: in fact even the wounded man seemed disposed to cure his own wound on the same conditions; but I would not listen to his hints, and held the whole village responsible for his being properly attended to

by the barber, which threat was effective by dint of assurance on my part. Surgery, it is true, is practised here by barbers, whose only instrument is the razor, with which they shave, bleed, scarify, and amputate; but medicine is the exclusive province of certain old hags, who pass for witches, and one of these, perceiving how freely I bled, immediately began feeling the Jew's pulse, which she declared to be very bad. The medical gentleman proposed a consultation, and it ended by my seeing the witch too.

Hydropathy appears to be of ancient date in Bosnia, as I was told that in cases of dysentery, the prevailing disorder, the principal cure, after the exorcism of the priest, is an interminable number of glasses of cold water. The patient often dies, of course, to the great discomfiture of the priest, whose power over evil spirits is thus impugned; and the frequency of that complaint among children, produces considerable mortality at an early age, those only of vigorous constitutions being generally brought up. Although the ignorance of medical science has certainly the effect of preventing the rapid augmentation of the population, it must undoubtedly tend to produce a finer race of men than is possible, where art saves the lives of feeble and ill-formed children; and the most perfect specimens of the human species could be nowhere more numerous, in proportion to the mass, than they are in Bosnia.

We got some bread at this village, but nothing else;

and we continued our day's journey over hills and through forests, steering due west, and hoping soon to reach some hospitable roof, where exhausted nature, equine as well as human, might be restored, for even our horses were now without food. I suffered, moreover, very much from cold, because I had altogether mistaken the climate, having equipped myself for a summer tour, and finding myself engaged in a winter one with no more baggage than a pair of saddle-bags could contain; and, as it continued to rain without intermission, it became necessary of an evening to hang up my whole wardrobe to dry, and I thought myself fortunate when I was not obliged to put on wet clothes in the morning, as was often the case. A small basket of wild strawberries, which made the fortune of a little boy on the roadside, was all that could be obtained in the way of dinner for us, when we halted to let the horses rest and make their's of grass.

A continual descent for two hours through fine woods, brought us to the bank of the river Bosna, which I had seen at its junction with the Save, and which gives its name to the whole province. We came upon it just below its confluence with the river Krivaja, both of them being very much swollen with the constant rain, and appearing to be of almost equal size. The stream was, therefore, strong, broad, deep, and rapid, and a couple of small canoes, scooped out of single trees, proved the only means of conveyance across it, as the regular ferry-boat had been

destroyed by the rebels to retard the passage of Omer Pasha's army, and had not yet been replaced. One of our horses was put in a canoe, and I got in to hold it ; for my two Turks and my Bosnian soldiers all displayed great diffidence as to the efficiency of their services in a boat. We pushed off, and a man at each end paddled us into the current. I unbuckled my capote to be ready for a swim, as the slightest motion of my horse must inevitably have capsized us ; but he was a docile beast, and, by holding his head low, I succeeded in keeping him quiet, though he snorted with alarm more than once when he heard the rippling of the water all around him.

We were swept down the stream with wonderful velocity. Nothing could be finer than the effect of our tiny skiff at the mercy of the rapids, which rushed in two foaming torrents, from among the thickly overhanging trees, with the lofty peaks, called the Kershna-glava and the Blatnicza, rising behind them, dark with pine forests, and the still higher summit of the Zarugie towering above the whole in its white mantle of snow ; while the Tavornik receded in the distance, wearing, as when I crossed it, a wreath of clouds on its brows. I had but little time to admire the view, however, as we were hurried along, turning and twisting with every eddy, and showing little appearance of progress in the right direction. At last, a friendly counter-current caught us at a fortunate moment, and literally threw us upon the bank whither we were bound. I jumped out

before we touched, hoping that the good pony would follow me; but he was too frightened to make an effort, and the shock rolled him out of the boat on his side, with his legs in the water. He got up and shook himself, and he seemed to feel that all was right again, as soon as he had a firm footing on land, for he began picking the grass on the bank of the river, as if nothing had happened more serious than his having missed his dinner that day. The same process was repeated with equal success for the other horses, and we mounted to proceed on our way.

The ferry-boat had been cut out by a detachment of dragoons in the most gallant manner, when Omer Pasha first wished to cross the Bosna; and, after he altered his intention and marched down the valley, the rebels set fire to it, as they saw it could never be considered safe in their hands. The field-marshal had sent on a subaltern's party to secure the boat until he should come up with his army. When he arrived at the ferry, the lieutenant, saluting him, reported that the boat was ready; and so it was, but the party were diminished by one-half, and strong bodies of rebels were retiring over the hills on the other side. The latter had been beforehand with Omer Pasha, and had taken possession of the boat, which they were prepared to defend on the right bank. The subaltern, perceiving this, swam the river with his party on horseback, attacked the rebels with the sword—though several of his men had been shot in

the river—took the boat, and brought it back to the left bank, under a heavy fire, to wait for Omer Pasha. This was one of those dashing feats which make a name for a man in a European army; but it did not seem to be thought anything wonderful by the Turks, with whom I spoke on the subject.

We followed the valley of the Bosna, which is fine land and well cultivated, the plough being still at work for the spring crops: it was a wheel plough, drawn in general by four or six oxen. At night we came to the small town of Zepshe, composed of wooden houses alone; but the mosque and minaret were handsome, and there was an old castle formed of dry stone walls, with misshapen flanking towers on the river Bosna. It was full of fruit-trees, and it seemed a garden rather than a fortress. The khan was bad, but we could not go further in search of another, as our horses were quite knocked up for the want of their usual midday feed.

My supper was milk and honey. I was beginning to get tired of "*toujours perdrix*," but I was glad to get anything. I could not sleep, and I struck a light to busy myself with my note-book. I had no lamp, as Osman Aga had taken it away when he wished me a good night; but necessity is the mother of invention, and, in reconnoitring my room, by the help of a succession of lucifer matches, I discovered a yellow lump of bees-wax, such as cobblers use. In this I melted a cavity, and stuck a wick made of some cotton extracted from the

wadding of my paletot. I had scarcely established this flickering light, when I heard sighs behind my door, and on going to open it, revolver in hand, I beheld my Jew, who had followed me, but not on foot this time, sitting on the steps, waiting for the day to dawn that he might present himself. He told me that the barber and the hag had been deeply impressed with a declaration on the part of the assembled villagers, the purport of which was that, as they were responsible to the pasha for the recovery of the Jew, they must insist on his medical advisers providing the best of everything for his subsistence. The latter had then calculated that their speculation might not turn out so well after all; and they had offered their patient half the money down if he would go away at once, lending him even a horse to carry him to Zepshe.

As I now found that he was able to travel, I handed him over, in the morning, to the *Mussellim* of the town, who promised to send him safe home, and I heard no more of him. When we rode out of Zepshe, we went nearly a mile among the resting-places of former generations of its inhabitants, showing that it must once have been a populous town, although it now contained only 300 houses, for the whole plain between the river and the hills was covered with turbaned headstones in every possible attitude, from the vertical to the horizontal.

We met a Moslem Falstaff on horseback at the head of a motley band of retainers, whom he evidently felt

proud of marching through Zepshe, whatever he might have done had it been Coventry. We saluted each other in passing, and a short colloquy between our respective followers, let each know who the other was, thus giving us the occasion for another reciprocal *selam*, and the exchange of a few words.

The stout gentleman was the Divan Effendi, of Haireddin Pasha, the Governor-general of Bosnia, and if he writes a book of travels, the reading public may possibly then learn who I was. He was on his way to Constantinople to see his family. I wished him safe there; and I heartily joined in his wish that I were safe there also.

“Inshallah!” said I,—“May it please God!” And, as we parted, with a third *selam*, I added to myself:—“And the sooner it be, the better will it please me, and my friends likewise, I hope;” for I was now longing to bring this tour to a close, and the worst of it was that I was still travelling westward, and turning my back on the place where they were waiting for me. Our road lay for four hours along the left bank of the Bosna. That violent and unruly river—which Haireddin, in his picturesque phraseology, called “a mad water,”—rushed and roared between two parallel lines of hills, feathered with trees from their summits to their bases, which were washed by the stream. There was barely room for the pathway to wind among the overarching boughs, round the bold headlands, or over the rocks, whose feet

plunged deep into the gushing current. Occasionally a bend in its course would form a field of an acre or two of rich alluvial soil, which was invariably tilled with care; and sometimes a cliff would stand out into the water; with no sort of consideration whatever for the difficulty and danger incurred by a traveller in climbing to the top of it, and down the other side, or wading up to his horse's girths to double the cape.

In one of these places Nature had relented, and an immense block had detached itself to open a way behind it, and this narrow defile was the scene of an obstinate fight some nine years ago between Vedjihi Pasha and a band of rebels. He had only a few hundred men, and they were as many thousands, but only a few could be engaged at a time on account of the nature of the ground; and he drove them back, thus defeating their intention of taking Bosna Serai by surprise, and leaving his name to this northern Thermopylæ. A little further on, we passed the field of a late battle, in which the insurgents were also routed by the Sultan's regular troops, under Omer Pasha. A number of large trees were still lying about, as they had been felled to obstruct the passage of artillery; and several fresh tombs showed where some of the combatants slept peacefully side by side.

In the evening we halted at a khan which had been the head-quarters of Toozaali Mahmud Pasha and his rebels. It offered a remarkable contrast to the last two

at which I had stopped, for a very good supper of Turkish dishes was prepared for me. But I solved the problem when I strolled into the courtyard, and saw a separate building there with latticed windows. I heard the merry chattering of soft voices as I approached, and I understood that the *khandji* had his harem, and that my supper had been cooked in it,—for, in Turkey, proficiency in the culinary art is a family accomplishment.

In the morning I sat at my window while our horses were being prepared. Long lines of horses and mules, laden with grain, cotton, and other commodities, were passing, as there is a great deal of traffic on this road. I heard the sound of horses' feet in the court, and pitied the travellers, who must have been out in so rainy a night. My door was suddenly opened, and a young Turkish lady of great beauty made her appearance with her veil removed, and looking at her dress as she entered, which was evidently wet through. Behind her came the *khandji*, carrying a pretty little boy, about two years old, richly dressed, and crying piteously,—from cold, in all probability. I got up immediately, and motioned to the fire, while I moved towards the door. She looked up, blushed deeply when she saw a man, and retreated, covering her face with her veil; leaving me just time enough to remark that her eyes were black, and as fine as her features and complexion. The *khandji* was much disconcerted by her having opened my door by mistake, and hurried her along the passage,

and down a backstair to the harem, while a well-armed servant who followed them showed his teeth, as he looked into my room with the aggravating grin of a lion rampant, because his master's wife had involuntarily shown me her face, forsooth!

What an inconvenient prejudice it must be, for a woman to think herself disgraced by being seen; and how often in the daily course of her life must incidents arise which become, in consequence, the sources of annoyance. It is not modesty—it is not apprehensive virtue; and, if it be marital precaution, it is, at best, unreasonable,—for experience has proved that it wards off no evil from veiled youth, and old age has none to fear. The latter class, moreover, is by far the most particular in this way; perhaps from a wish to enjoy the advantage of a doubt whether the face beneath the *yashmak* be young or old, pretty or ugly.

In passing a herd of cows on the road one day, a woman tending them crouched down, the very image of innocent timidity. I turned suddenly round when I had left her a few yards behind me; and my stratagem succeeded, for she had let her veil fall: she was a wizened old hag. In the lower ranks, this prejudice must be a most irksome burden; as the muffled head and enveloped figure can hardly be a comfortable condition of out-door labour. In Bosnia, however, it is modified in favour of unmarried women, and the veil and loose green *férédjé*, which I often saw in the fields, are worn only by matrons.

When I went out to mount my horse at the door of the khan on the river Bosna, I saw the Turkish lady, on horseback, and completely shrouded from head to foot, coming from the courtyard. When the servant mounted, the child was placed on a small pillow in front of him, and off they set, at a rapid amble.

Our road for a couple of hours was very much the same as on the previous afternoon, being along the bank of the river. A good deal of wood was cut, and prepared for floating down the stream. A number of graves attracted my attention, and, on inquiring of an old peasant, I learnt that one of the three most considerable engagements of the late war had been fought here on the same day as that which was mentioned to me on the previous evening. The slain, both loyal men and rebels, were buried together; and a great many turbaned stones there were, for the struggle in Bosnia was between Mahometans alone. The old boor pointed out to me a hole in the ground among the tombs, which, he said, could not be filled up, however much earth was thrown into it, as blood flowed constantly through it—the conflict being still kept up under the sod. We looked into the hole, but saw no blood.

When Omer Pasha determined on marching from Travnik against the insurgents of Toozla, Karaman Bey, an Albanian chief in charge of a corps of irregular troops, and the same who had been driven out of Bihatsh, in Tahir Pasha's unfortunate expedition, was sent by a forced

march to occupy the castle of Vranduk ; and Mustapha Pasha was ordered to proceed with two battalions, one squadron, and three guns, to Zenitza, a few miles higher on the river Bosna, his foot-soldiers being mounted on peasants' horses to gain time, as the roads were very heavy from the constant rains, and carrying only three days' provisions with them. The march was unaccompanied by any of the preliminaries of preparing halts for the night, occupying flanking positions, and throwing out skirmishers in advance, all of which usual precautions were fulfilled on the road to Hertzegovina, whither no troops were to march from Travnik ; and this stratagem was successful, as the rebels were thus deceived in supposing they would not be attacked.

Mustapha Pasha left a guard on the bridge of Zenitza, which was the only one that crosses the river Bosna, and proceeded to Vranduk. Omér Pasha then marched from Travnik to Zenitza, with two battalions of infantry, one squadron of cavalry, and three guns. The picket on the bridge was relieved by him, and sent on to Mustapha Pasha, whom they found in a strong position before Vranduk. Hourly patrols were established between the two bodies of men at Zenitza and Vranduk, which places are only six miles distant from each other ; and provisions for five days were brought from Travnik by two other squadrons of cavalry. The same night, intelligence arrived that a large force of the enemy had entered the town of Zepshe, which is eighteen miles further down the course of the

Bosna, and Omer Pasha consequently ordered Mustapha Pasha to advance until he should overtake him with his supporting column. The bridge of Zenitza, which was of wood, was then set fire to, as the Sultan's troops were not sufficiently strong to admit of their leaving a detachment to guard it; and Omer Pasha marched on Vranduk. Before he had proceeded half way, he received a report that the rebels had attacked Mustapha's position, which they had come upon without being aware of its existence, and that they had at once charged it. Omer Pasha left the provisions on the plain of Zenitza, under a cavalry escort, with instructions not to enter the defile; and he advanced to support Mustapha Pasha.

The latter had placed a battalion of infantry at about 800 paces from the entrance of the valley, under cover of a mound, on which he had drawn up his three guns. A division of the other battalion had been formed on the right flank, to command the road which runs along the bank of the river; and 120 of the Albanian irregulars were on a rocky height, covered with wood, on the left flank, with the other division of that battalion supporting them; while a squadron of dragoons was kept in reserve, about 300 paces in the rear of the right division. Two thousand of the enemy fell upon the Albanians. The supporting division advanced to reinforce them, and the engagement commenced. Three hundred mounted rebels appeared, and were received by a heavy fire from the Turkish artillery, which drove them back in disorder,

with the exception of about thirty of them, who found cover on the road. These thirty Bosniacs then charged the division on the right wing with the greatest fury; but they were soon repulsed, leaving six of their number on the field. One of them, an old man, turned the flank of the position, attacked and wounded the commanding officer of the division, a negro captain, who killed the veteran with his sword. The enemy's infantry had, meanwhile, been warmly met by the Albanians and their supporting division, and after a *mêlée*, which lasted some time, the former retreated, and the troops pursued them until they were altogether dispersed. The loss of the latter was ten killed and twenty-three wounded, a captain and a lieutenant being among the number of those who received severe cuts from the Bosniac *yata-ghans*, as the rebels had hardly fired a shot, and had seemed desirous of fighting hand to hand. They left nine men dead on the ground, and their wounded escaped, with the exception of six, who were taken. Omer Pasha, who had now reached the spot, offered to send them to his hospital, or, if they preferred it, to their own villages, to be cared for: they begged to be taken home, and they were set free when they arrived there.

A Bosniac peasant crossed the river and informed the field-marshal that the rebels had effected a passage to the right bank, and had disbanded, every man taking the road to his district. This was at first believed, as the peasant had formerly been a soldier of the regular

army ; but the scouts, who had been sent out, brought back intelligence that they had formed again at a little distance on the left bank, about 5,000 strong. When taxed with falsehood, the Bosniac confessed that he had been sent by Toozlali Mahmud Pasha to deceive Omer Pasha. A battalion under the command of Suleyman Bey was then sent forward in light infantry order on a line parallel to the road. Ibrahim Bey marched along with it, at the head of the advanced guard, which was formed of another battalion in close column, with two guns ; and 500 paces behind him followed the main body, composed of two battalions with four guns, two in front and two in the rear, under Mustapha Pasha ; the rear-guard being a squadron of cavalry, and the other three squadrons remaining with the provisions.

After marching thus for nearly an hour, the enemy was seen. Omer Pasha, who was with his staff between the advanced guard and the main body, ordered the former into the wood on their left, in order that they might be under cover if the enemy should open his fire upon them. Mustapha Pasha halted, and bringing his four guns together, unlimbered them in a favourable position to fire on the enemy's flank diagonally, across a bend in the river. The Bosniacs commenced firing, and the artillery returned the attack, but the enemy soon disappeared in the wood. Suleyman Bey's skirmishers were on the same parallel, and the enemy, probably taking them for the main body, and unable

to judge their strength in a thicket, supposed that Omer Pasha had outflanked him, extended to the right, and took up a position on the height, from which a murderous fire was kept up on this forlorn hope of 300 men against 5,000.

Omer Pasha hearing the fire recede, thought the rebels were retreating before the main body of his troops in the wood, and endeavoured in vain to obtain an accurate notion of the state of the contending armies, which were in a manner fighting in the dark, on account of the inequalities of the ground and the density of the wood. The real brunt of the battle was thus borne by Suleyman Bey and his small battalion; unable to hold his ground against such odds, and unwilling to retire, he ceased firing, and ordered his men to charge the enemies' position at the point of the bayonet. They closed, and rushed forward in a compact body; but they were repulsed by a tremendous fire from the Bosniacs, who were astonished to see themselves attacked by so small a number. Again Suleyman Bey ordered a charge, and again they advanced, received volley after volley, strained to reach the summit of the height, staggered, and fell back, leaving the ground strewn with the bodies of their fallen comrades.

Suleyman Bey sprang from his horse, placed himself in front on foot, rallied his men, and cheering made them shout "*Padishah chok yasha!*"* as they returned

* "Long live the Sultan!"

to the charge with him, regardless of the fire from above, and struggling gallantly to gain the rock. Suleyman Bey was the first man at the top, laying about him with his sword. Another shout, and the devoted little band plunged headlong into the overwhelming mass of the enemy. Every blow was a deathblow; not a word was spoken on either side, and for a few minutes it seemed a wrestling match at awful odds; but strange to say, more rebels fell than true men in that onslaught; in spite of their numerical superiority they wavered; a few stragglers disappeared on the other side of the rocks; their ranks were thinning fast by desertion. A shout from Suleyman Bey, a desperate assault of the troops, formed like a wedge, and the rebels threw down their arms, rushed wildly down the other slope of the hill, and did not again attempt to form their ranks, for the artillery, under Abdullah Bey, fired grape and shot upon them as they descended, and the advanced guard charged them in *échelon*, on account of the broken nature of the ground.

Omer Pasha saw that the day was won when the Imperial flag was raised on the enemy's position; but it was not until the battle was over, and the troops had re-united, that he knew with what gallantry and by how few that position had been carried. The Sultan lost one lieutenant and eighteen men killed, and forty-three were wounded, among whom were a captain and two lieutenants, one of them being mortally hurt. The

enemy's loss was forty-three killed, and 140 wounded, twenty of these being taken prisoners, and set free to have their wounds healed in their villages. Omer Pasha, then, carried everything before him, as already related, through skillful strategy, well seconded by that personal bravery on the part of the troops, which the most inveterate detractors of the Turkish nation have never impugned.

We soon arrived at the small town of Vranduk, near which these two battles had recently been fought, as the graves we had seen mournfully attested. Its old castle is perched on the summit of a rocky promontory, about three hundred feet in height, which juts out from the mountain, and forces the Bosna to wind round its base in a most tortuous course. The defensive works are feeble, being merely a wall whose only merit is its thickness, with three towers; but the natural position is amazingly strong, and Vranduk is certainly the key to the long valley in which it stands, and which is an important line of communication between the northern and southern parts of the province. The houses are few and poor, but as usual, the mosque and minaret are good. The town cannot contain above 2,000 inhabitants.

About an hour after passing Vranduk, we parted company with the Bosna, as we climbed the range of hills to the right. From their highest points we obtained a lovely peep into another vale of a totally

different character, wide, undulating, and closely cultivated. In its centre stood the town of Zenitza; but we did not descend to it, as there was a short cut to Travnik by another way, the weather was bad, and there was nothing in it to interest one. We therefore stopped to bait our horses at a khan on the height above it, and after a couple of hours proceeded—still under a heavy fall of rain—across three successive chains of mountains with their valleys to match. There was little wood, and no tillage; the ground was a wet clay knee-deep; and our horses slipped and staggered along, sometimes sliding on all four feet when we descended, and then floundering on their noses, when they lost their footing in scrambling up a steep ascent. There was little to be seen I believe; and we could not have seen it, if there had been anything pretty in the way of scenery, for we were muffled in our cloaks and hoods, and the hills were muffled in their clouds and fogs. I remarked, however, a large Christian burial-ground, which was the first that I had noticed in Bosnia, with stone crosses marking the graves. Beside it was a Mahometan cemetery with its turban-crowned pillars: Rayas and Sipahis, separated even after death.

The populous village of Vutshagora, in the vicinity, is inhabited solely by Roman Catholics, whose church was visible from the road; and a large house, which we saw, was that of the priest. In the ravines which we crossed were generally a few cottages, clustering beneath a tower

on the height—the image of Mahometan feudalism. There was not even a path for ordinary intercourse between them and the Christian community; but the two classes meet half way to be consigned to their mother earth a sone family, still, however, in compartments, indicating the social distinctions which existed during life among its members, rather than their difference of religious faith.

On approaching the town of Travnik, we came first to the cemetery, which was exclusively tenanted by the Moslem dead, for in the chief places of each district there are few Christian inhabitants. This field of tombs, which is very extensive, stretches over so steep a declivity, that terraces have been built to keep the bones of the Bosniacs from being washed down the hill by the heavy rains, and it looks like a large collection of specimens of oriental sculpture arranged in shelves in a gigantic museum, whose walls are mountains. We entered Travnik after nightfall, and therefore saw nothing but long, narrow, and dirty streets, full of soldiers talking, laughing, and singing. It appears to me to be a mistake to call the Turks a silent people; on the contrary, they are most loquacious among themselves, and are fond of telling long stories of what they have seen, which in the army is generally no small amount. But the Turks know when to hold their tongues, and have acquired this fallacious reputation because they have been observed by strangers, chiefly on such occa-

sions. It was my lot to live in their intimacy ; and I must say I found them very different, in other respects than this, from what I expected. We wandered about for nearly two hours, vainly seeking for an empty khan, as they were all full of military officers. The only alternative to sleeping in the street, was an appeal to the governor of the town,—for I had not followed Fehim Pasha's advice of sending on a man to announce my arrival, which appeared to me to be a piece of affectation ; but I now found he was right, and I determined to do so in future. Haireddin returned from this mission with an intimation that I was expected at the residence of some one or other, I did not understand whom ; and I made no difficulty in following him, as my position was somewhat forlorn.

Again we threaded muddy lanes without number, and at last reached a door, which was held open for me to enter. I did so ; went up-stairs, took off my jack-boots, and walked into a room in my stockings. Here I found four persons sitting round something which lay in the middle of the floor, with a wax candle on each side of it. Not a word was uttered, and one of the four gravely motioned to me to be seated. I began looking at the something, which assumed a human form as I examined it more closely, shrouded from head to foot with an embroidered covering. Its rigid immobility, and the melancholy silence of the by-sitters, at once convinced me that I had intruded upon what is called in Ireland a wake ;

and I felt some degree of embarrassment, which was increased by the want of an interpreter, as Osman Aga was looking after the poor tired horses, instead of my poor tired self. At length, however, I thought I saw the body move; and an indistinct sound like that of snoring, which issued from beneath the gaudy pall, threw a new light on the subject. But I was not destined to push my observations further, for a great bustle outside just then attracted my attention. The door was thrown open, an officer appeared with half-a-dozen serjeants carrying lanterns. He saluted me in military fashion, and said, "*Buyurun!*" I understood that "Open sesame," which means, "May it please you," and implies, "Come!" I went after pulling on my jack-boots again. I recommenced my nocturnal perambulation of the streets of Travnik, like a wandering and houseless spirit in search of rest. The ghost was laid at last, as I was taken to a *konak*, where I found Osman Aga and Haireddin. They told me that the military commandant, a major-general of cavalry, having heard that a stranger had arrived, insisted that I should be his guest, and had sent for me from the local governor's, as the latter was absent from Travnik.

On going into the principal room, a negro, considerably above six feet in height, seized me by the hand, and welcomed me with the greatest warmth. This was Arab Ahmed Pasha, and a splendid specimen of the Nubian race he is: manly, intelligent, and cordial. A colonel of

dragoons was there also, a quiet, gentlemanlike-man, by name Suleyman Bey, who was evidently a great favourite with his chief, for he slapped him on the back, and roared to him, in a voice of thunder, that he was his dear comrade, when he made me acquainted with him. In the ceremony of introduction, he asked me to what country I belonged; and the intimation that I was English, was received by him with a Stentorian shout of joy, while he took me by both shoulders and forced me into the seat of honour on the divan. He then proceeded to unbutton my coat and to pull it off; I did not quite understand this, but he made it intelligible when a servant brought a sort of loose dressing-gown, of pale blue cloth, lined with sable fur, which he put on me, as the Turks generally wear this remnant of their ancient costume in the house, and both the Pasha and the Bey threw off their uniforms, to assume a similar undress, while the aide-de-camp of the former, who had conducted me to the *konak*, retained his full regimentals, out of respect for his superior.

Supper was brought and served in the usual manner, and the brass band of the cavalry appeared in the ante-room, to play to us. It was very amusing to see trumpeters and kettle-drummers, in dragoon uniforms, squatting on the floor, wagging their heads to keep time, and playing marches and waltzes, which they executed with great proficiency. Their band-master was a German, and he told me that the Turks learn European music with astonishing facility. He said that one of the prettiest

quick marches they played to us was the composition of Omer Pasha's wife, who is an excellent musician and a good performer on the piano.

Music seemed to exercise an irresistible influence on the nerves of the negro; he hummed each tune most correctly when he wished to call for it in particular. A plaintive Turkish melody, which was exquisitely played, made him almost cry, and a martial strain would drive him well-nigh mad with excitement. When the band struck up one of the latter character, which, he exclaimed, was the same they had played when he brought his brigade of cavalry into action at the last battle, he became quite frantic,—his eyes seemed starting out of their sockets, his right arm rose above his head, his feet twitched to spur his horse, and he shouted like a maniac. He had distinguished himself exceedingly wherever he had been engaged; and though still young he had been raised to a rank equal to major-general in consequence. On the field of battle he is said to be an incarnate fiend; and his sabre, which must have been made on purpose for himself, as it was the most colossal weapon I ever beheld, was hacked like a saw, but not with his own dagger as Falstaff's was. Suleyman Bey, who showed it to me, told me that the pasha will not have it sharpened, as he says it is a weak arm that requires a sharp sword. When he saw me looking at his sabre, he asked me if I were a soldier; and, when I replied that I had served in the army of my country, I

thought he would have killed me on the spot in his delight; for he seized my chin with one great black hand, squeezing it till he almost dislocated both my jaws, and giving me a blow on the shoulder with the other, which nearly broke my collarbone. Until two o'clock in the morning did this scene last; several of his officers having joined the party; and, among others a Turkish surgeon, who spoke German well, and acted as my interpreter. They all seemed to regard the major-general with mingled affection and terror. At length I was left to sleep on the divan, where an excellent bed was made for me, and sound was my sleep after so long and so fatiguing a day.

CHAPTER XII.

OMER PASHA—TRAVNIK—DERVISH—GREEK POLE—THE CAMP—ARAB
 AHMED PASHA—HAIREDDIN PASHA—MUSTAPHA PASHA—HIS CHILDREN—
 YOUNG BOSNIAC BEYS—SULEYMAN BEY AND TURKISH OFFICERS—AUSTRIAN
 SPY—OMER PASHA'S STUD—DJELALUDIN PASHA—ARABIAN COLT—TRIAL
 OF THE REBELS—RECRUITING OF THE CHRISTIANS IN TURKEY.

AT the usual early hour for Turkish visits, which is about eight o'clock in the morning, I waited on Omer Pasha, who was quartered in the largest house of the town; and he received me most courteously. He is a middle-aged man, tall and slight, with a good countenance and mild unaffected manners, and with an exceedingly soldier-like bearing. Our conversation, which was sometimes in German and sometimes in Italian, according as he found his ideas flow more promptly, turned chiefly on the events of the late campaign; and an hour thus passed right pleasantly.

When I was leaving him, he showed me, in the courtyard of the house he occupied, a small brass gun bearing the winged lion of Venice, which he had found in the citadel of Travnik, and which he meant to send to Constantinople as a curiosity,—for it was cast so as to

be loaded at the breach; it was apparently a six-pounder, and was probably at least three centuries old, which proves that invention to be less modern than is generally supposed. I then went to look at the town.

Travnik contains only about 10,000 permanent inhabitants, chiefly Mahometan Bosniacs; but, as it is the most central and advantageous military position in the whole province, there are generally several thousand troops to augment the population. At present 8,000 men of the regular army are stationed here, and they will probably remain, until there shall be no further apprehension of disturbances. A portion of them had just returned with Omer Pasha from Turkish Croatia; they were partly accommodated in the large barracks built, to the west of the town, by the former Governor, general of Bosnia, Tahir Pasha, while the remainder were encamped on a small plain to the north-west. The two palaces of that celebrated Turk were occupied; the one by officers, and the other by the military hospital. The former is an old building of some extent in the principal street of the town; and the latter, which is new, stands on a height commanding it. He did not live to inhabit it; for, after holding with great distinction several of the highest posts in the empire, he came to die at Travnik, in his eightieth year, of a bilious attack, brought on by annoyance at the failure of his expedition against the rebels at Bihatsh. The castle of Travnik is on a high rock rising from the left bank

of the small river Lavtsha, which traverses the town. It is surrounded by a wall with square flanking towers; but the hill behind it so completely overlooks it, that it can be of no use for defence against an army provided with artillery. It is said to have been built by the Hungarians when they possessed Bosnia, before the Turkish conquest, and it is still in good repair though necessarily weak, and the narrow plateau precluding the possibility of extending the works, which are very small. A torrent, foaming and gushing past it in natural cascades of great beauty, forms the ditch on one side, over which a high wooden bridge has been thrown, while rocky precipices protect it on the other sides, excepting where a narrow neck of land, sinking in the centre, unites the position to the steep and lofty mountain on the north.

Only two of the square towers at the salient angles of the principal wall are pierced for guns, though none are mounted; and there is a round tower in the rear which might be used for a pivot-gun of heavy calibre, as it seems to have been of late prepared to receive one. Two or three old houses in the interior accommodate probably not more than a company of soldiers, although a captain, who received me with great politeness, assured me that the castle was garrisoned by a large force.

“*Chok asker;*” he said with suspicion, when I asked him how many men there were in it. And, when I proposed taking a walk on the parapet, more to enjoy the

view of the valley than to inspect the fort, which I had already appreciated at its full military value, he respectfully suggested that a *teskere*, or order, from the pasha, would be necessary to enable me to do so. The poor man did not know me, as I had arrived only on the previous evening, and had now walked out alone. Seeing that I was a stranger, he may have supposed that I was a Slavist spy; and, as he had merely done his duty, I wished him good morning, without taking offence at having been almost turned out of the castle.

It was getting late, and I returned to Ahmed Pasha's *konak*. There I found him seated with Suleyman Bey and two other guests, one of whom was introduced to me as a Popish emigrant, and the other was a negro in the ancient Turkish costume, Hadji Abderrahman by name, and a native of Senaar, who had fled from his country, along with thousands more, during the bloody vengeance wreaked by Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, for the murder of his eldest son, Tossun Pasha, the father of Abbas Pasha, the present Governor-general of Egypt. Some five-and-twenty years ago, the house, in which Tossun Pasha had taken up his quarters, was set on fire, and he was burnt to death; whether or not Hadji Abderrahman was personally concerned in the affair I did not learn; but, when others took to flight before the father's ire, he fled too, and wandered about Turkey as a Dervish, until he settled at Travnik, where he was much countenanced by the great, on account of

his wit and humour, and had ultimately been enriched by their presents. I understood but little of his comic sallies, but they kept Ahmed Pasha in an almost constant state of convulsive laughter. The Turks are fond of buffooneries in the evening, when they sit for an hour or two sipping brandy before supper. The young Polish refugee seemed to claim the sympathy of the hospitable Osmanlis, by virtue of his country's wrongs, and his personal sacrifices and sufferings for its patriotic cause. He dedicated his time and talents, meanwhile, to speculating in contracts for supplying the army, and, having just arrived, had already excited great interest in the good-natured pasha. I, however, suspected, from his appearance, that Greece rather than Poland had had the honour of giving him birth. I therefore addressed him in Greek; he at once declared he could not understand me. I then said—I fear, somewhat maliciously—that if he knew no Greek, I could speak Polish perfectly; although I knew not a word of that language. Upon this the Pole looked disconcerted, and to propitiate me, he stammered in broken Greek, evidently affected, that he was so young when he left his country, that he had quite forgotten his mother tongue, and that he had picked up only a few words of Greek. He had apparently hoped by thus speaking to me that the pasha would not comprehend what had passed, but he was mistaken, and a scene ensued which beggars all description.

“*Sheitan!*” exclaimed the negro. “Satan! you call

yourself a Pole, and you cannot speak Polish? You could not speak Greek, and now you speak it! Take that, *Sheitan!*” And he began beating the poor impostor unmercifully.

As I had been the means of exposing him, I thought I had a right of intervention; and as I feared that the pasha would end by killing him, so heavily fell his great hand on the shoulders of the unfortunate wight, I begged that he might be let off with the severe castigation he had already received. Ahmed Pasha desisted, and the Greek Pole slunk out of the room, and out of the house, quite crest-fallen. I was really sorry for what I had done; but I did not anticipate such complete success for my stratagem, or I would have abstained from making the experiment. The pasha then rolled on the divan in an immoderate fit of laughing, and, when he sat up again, he was still holding his sides, making the most alarming faces, and the tears were rolling down his glistening black cheeks.

Supper was brought, and we fell upon the customary little dishes with our fingers. Hadji Abderrahman began his antics, to the great delight of our host, who teased him by delaying to give the signal of attack, when each mess was put on the low table; and, as the best of the Dervish's jokes seemed to be the practical one of eating voraciously, this was an inexhaustible fund of mirth. The Hadji would appeal to me to commence, that he might follow. The pasha would insist on his telling a

story—which I generally recognised as belonging to the “Arabian Nights”—while we were eating, and send the dish away before he had concluded. The Hadji would pretend not to perceive this, and knock his fingers on the bare table, with inimitable grimaces and well-feigned disappointment; and his last feat was the drinking of a large bowl of cream, after which the pasha made him swallow all the vinegar in the salad-dish, in order to make *yiourt* of the cream, as he said. The Hadji then begged the servants to lift him from the floor where he was sitting, as he feigned to have eaten so much that he could not rise. Pipes were brought for the guests, while the pasha began pulling at a *narghilé*. He put it to my mouth in jest; I pulled at it as lustily as himself, and he requested me to return it to him: this produced an increase of delight.

An Italian doctor attached to one of the major-general's regiments now appeared, and joined in his chief's jocularities, which he told me he was quite accustomed to. He was a humorous fellow, the doctor, as I perceived, when Hadji Abderrahman commenced singing an almost interminable series of verses in Arabic, which, he alleged, were an extempore panegyric on myself. The good pasha, who understood nothing but Turkish, believed him, and was so pleased with the idea that he made him translate them into Turkish verse by verse, in order that the doctor might render them into his native tongue for my behoof.

After a few hours passed in similar pleasantries, the Hadji demurely rose to ask pardon of all the company for any offence his jests might have given, and he took leave with the greatest obsequiousness. But he came back again, like Don Basilio, in the "Barbière di Se viglia," to beg some favour of the pasha, who granted it, and he finally left us, all this being evidently premeditated jocularly. What a singular contrast there was in the respective lives, and relative positions of those two negroes! the one a distinguished general and the other a licensed mountebank and mendicant, each according to the intellect vouchsafed to him, for original distinction there was none; and they were brought together, two thousand miles distant from their common home, the one to fawn, the other to patronise.

On the following morning I prepared for a ride to the camp, as my dusky friend Ahmed Pasha had ordered a horse for me. It was a large and powerful black charger of the Turcoman breed that I mounted at nine o'clock, and not many seconds after nine I was like to dismount in a manner more precipitate than graceful; such kicking, and jumping, and rearing, and plunging I never before witnessed; and a most involuntary short space of time I took to reach the camp, to the utter astonishment of the sentries, who stood with arms presented to receive me. There I found Osman Aga waiting, and I remarked to him that the worthy major-general seemed to have no great consideration for the

bones of his guests, if he always gave them such horses to ride.

“ Oh, no ! ” said Osman Aga. “ He asked me first if it would not be better to send for a quiet horse from some other officer, but of course I would not hear of such an idea.”

It was, therefore, to the *amour propre* of Osman Aga that I owed my lively gallop. The fact is that Arab Ahmed Pasha is said to be one of the most accomplished horsemen in the Turkish army, and that is not saying little. He takes pleasure in riding the most vicious and wicked horses, that no one else dares to approach ; and it was quite an event in the camp when his pet demon of a charger was seen flourishing down the line with a stranger on its back. We were beginning to get accustomed to each other now, and it was all very well ; but I wish I had had a hint of what I might expect when I first put my foot in the stirrup. Black is the pasha's favourite colour ; that is, in horseflesh, for he expressed to me on one occasion his admiration of the Circassian race, which is fairer than the Georgian, though the latter is held in more general estimation.

I found him seated in a *kiosk* which had lately been erected for the accommodation of the generals when they visited the camp, and we went round the lines together. The regiment of dragoons, commanded by Suleyman Bey, was 1,200 strong ; they were lancers,

the two flank troops being carabineers; the former were mounted on bay horses, the latter on greys. The horses were all picketed in front of the tents, and they appeared to be somewhat pulled down by their campaign; but they were strong serviceable horses, though not above fourteen hands high on an average, and they seemed to be full of spirit. The artillery horses had suffered more, which was natural, considering the nature of the country over which they had dragged the guns, and the season in which the campaign had been fought, as well as the fact that they are of a heavier and less enduring breed. Among the cavalry horses were picketed also a great many rough and diminutive ponies, which belonged to the Bosniac prisoners, whom I saw, eight hundred in number, working in chains on the road between the town and the camp; their horses were taken good care of for them, as confiscation of any property whatsoever is now illegal in Turkey.

I remarked with astonishment that so many of the captive rebels were elderly men, some of them having long white beards, and all of them appearing to belong to a high class; but this may be, because Omer Pasha did not keep any prisoners for trial excepting those who had instigated others to revolt, and raised small bodies of fifty or a hundred men.

The gun-carriages were very little injured, indeed much less so than might have been expected; but the *matériel* of the Turkish artillery is so excellent that it

can stand the roughest work. The soldiers tents were most comfortable; there were ten men in each, and, in spite of the constant rain, their health was good, as, out of 8,000 men, only 200 were in hospital, and many of these were wounded. The officers, however, thought this a large number, so careful are they of their soldiers, and there had even been a court of inquiry to ascertain whether the sickness arose from want of comfort. One man in forty would not be a cause of alarm in our hospitals on active service, and I doubt very much if they are ever kept so well as the one I saw at Travnik.

I stayed the whole day at the camp with the officers, who showed me every possible attention in their tents. When the retreat was beat, the whole troops turned out and gave three cheers of "*Padishah chok yasha!*" and I then returned to town. On my way, I met Omer Pasha in a small open carriage, drawn by four very handsome Hungarian horses, with his little daughter Eminé, on his knee, and a brilliant staff following him on horseback; his wife and her mother occupied a chariot and four, and a *calèche* came next with the daughter's French governess, the wife's German ladies'-maid, and two female slaves; and the *cortège* was closed by armed retainers of the pasha, on horseback, and a half-squadron of lancers. They were taking their usual evening exercise "on the slopes." Eminé is a pretty child of nine years old, already betrothed to the son of

a distinguished Turkish statesman. Omer Pasha's wife is young, fair-haired, and good-looking, as far as I could judge through the semi-transparent *yashmak*.

Arab Ahmed Pasha was in a strange humour at supper. One of the servants attending belonged to Suleyman Bey, who was there, and who said that he waited so badly, and was so stupid, that he could not keep him any longer.

"Give him to me," said the pasha.

"With pleasure," replied the bey. "Take him."

The pasha then called the lad to him, and told him perfectly seriously that, as he was too stupid to be a colonel's servant, he should thenceforth be a general's servant, and that he should, moreover, be his head man over all his other servants. The bewildered wight kissed the hem of his new master's garment. The latter sent for his bearskin saddle-cloth, and, saying that a *kiaya*, or steward, always wears a pelisse, he bade him put it on his shoulders, and stand at the end of the room, while he made all his retinue, about fifteen in number, pass before him and perform a *temena*, or obeisance, to him. He next told him to bring pen, ink, and paper, and, when they were brought, he ordered him to go and make out a list of all the cocks, hens, ducks, geese, and turkeys, in his poultry-yard, in order that he might receive them over from his predecessor. The *kiaya* pleaded that he could not write. If he could not write, he must go and take the portrait of every individual of

the feathered tribes in the court. He could not draw. He must try. And off he went, to become an artist, with an air of embarrassment which threw the pasha into fits of laughter.

A sergeant of artillery now appeared; he was an Arab, and had brought an instrument of his country, on which he played well. The pasha had sent for him that I might hear it. In shape it was like a grand pianoforte, and in length about twenty inches; on the sounding-board were seventy-two wires, tuned by threes in unison, so that the whole range was of three octaves; and it was played by striking them with small pieces of tortoise-shell fixed to iron rings on the fingers. The man sat cross-legged on the ground, with this species of lute on his knees, running both hands up and down on the wires. The melody was monotonous and unmeaning, although the tone of the instrument was in itself agreeable, and, if it had been played by a taught musician, good harmony might easily have been produced on it. As it was, the only variety was from striking with both hands on the same wires, and then suddenly shifting one of them to a higher or lower octave, and not always the right one.

The *kiaya* returned with his gallery of miniature likenesses; and uncouth hieroglyphics they were, all standing in a row. The pasha expressed himself satisfied, and said, that since he had acquitted himself so well, he would promote him in his household.

“ You shall be my chief interpreter,” continued he. “ Come here. Stand beside my guest, and speak English to him. Now, begin.”

In vain the poor youth protested that he could speak nothing but Turkish : it was all of no use ; he must speak English. Well, if he could not speak English, he should sing a song. He could not sing. Oh ! he must sing, or his ears would be boxed. Then he did attempt to sing, and with such a rueful countenance that the pasha rolled on the divan in a paroxysm of laughter. But the lad had done his best, and his new master was content. He told him that he would now relieve him of the arduous duties of chief interpreter, and that, in future, he should clean boots and fill pipes. It appeared to be really a relief to the hero of the evening, who was apparently much better pleased with the humbler functions assigned to him, the more so as his terror then ceased, and he received a handful of small pieces of money from the pasha to console him.

Finding that the Governor-general of Bosnia, Haireddin Pasha, had arrived from Bosna Serai on a visit to Omer Pasha, and for the purpose of cooperating with him in respect to the trial of the rebels who had been taken, I went to see him at an early hour in the morning, according to eastern custom. He is a man a little under forty, exceedingly open in manner, and with little of the solemnity characteristic of the old *régime* in Turkey. His bright eye denotes intellect, and, though his

education must be imperfect—as he was not born in a high rank of life, nor did he attain it at an early age—he is evidently endowed with considerable abilities, otherwise he could not have risen so rapidly as he has done. His wife, who was brought up in the imperial harem in the time of Sultan Mahmud, and who enjoys the favour of the Sultana Validé, is said to have contributed greatly towards his promotion to this high office, as the influence of her protectress over her son, the present Sultan Abdul Medjid, is a matter of public notoriety. But Haireddin Pasha must still be possessed of no common order of talent to acquit himself as he does, of such duties. There is a strong opposition, however, against him, and his tenure of office is precarious: I liked his conversation, and that of his son, Mahmud Bey, a handsome youth of seventeen, and I often returned to chat with them during my stay at Travnik.

From the temporary *konak* of Haireddin Pasha, I went to that of Mustapha Pasha, the Major-general of infantry, who commanded at the first battle of Vrauduk. He had paid me a visit on the previous day, when I was not at home, and etiquette required that I should return it as soon as possible. He is a jolly good-natured sort of fellow, and considered an excellent officer. The commencement of his military career was passed in the army of Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, and he was a colonel during the war in Syria, in 1840, when he refused to fight against his sovereign the

Sultan, and quitted the service of the rebellious pasha. He was then received into the regular forces of Turkey, and was subsequently raised to the rank of major-general. After a long confabulation about the war, he sent for his children to let me see them. In came three very pretty boys, with their tutor, and a sweet little girl of six; the boys made the Turkish *temena*, and took their seats on the divan, in the attitude of respect between sitting and kneeling, as practised by Mahometans at prayers; and the girl raised my hand to her lips and forehead, and sat down in the same posture behind her brothers. There was no shyness about them, but great deference of manner, and there they sat as gravely as if they had never known what it was to romp. They were not like each other, two of them having black eyes, another blue, and another grey. I asked their father if they were all born of the same mother, which I thought a natural enough question; but it did not please the pasha, who answered drily that he had only been once married, and that his children were consequently all of the same mother. The youngest, a chubby boy scarcely four years old, was the gravest of them all; but, when his father encouraged him to be familiar, he proved to be a most comical little fellow, the wag of the family. Mustapha Pasha had nicknamed him the *Mushir*, or field-marshal. I asked him where his staff was; the child pointed to his two elder brothers, whom he called the *Miralai*

(colonel) and the *Tshaiish* (sergeant); I inquired why he made so great a difference in their rank, and he answered, with a sly look, that the *Tshaiish* was too ugly to be an officer, while he was in fact by far the handsomest of the three. I left them to go to the real *Mushir*, Omer Pasha, where I found several visitors, and, as I passed a few hours with him every day of the three weeks that I stayed at Travnik, and there was generally a full levée, I became intimately acquainted with all those who had played a prominent part in the late war.

A very good-looking boy of about eleven years of age came there one day; his manner was humble, but he was evidently acute and cunning. This was the grandson and last remaining member of the family of Ali Pasha, who had headed the revolt, and who was killed in his tent by a sentry, as already related. He is apparently gifted, or cursed, with all the Bosniac talent for intrigue, and with no small share of their treacherous disposition, unless his eyes belied him. He smoked his pipe with a bland smile, the little rascal! and kissed the hem of the field-marshal's garment with many expressions of devoted attachment to the Sultan; but there was an occasional flash of the eye, and a quick glance of hatred and scorn, melting suddenly into the caressing look of adulation, that convinced me he would be apt to continue the part his ancestors have played. Omer Pasha told me he meant to send him to the military college at Constantinople, and that the young bey professed the greatest

gratitude for this favour, and anxiety to avail himself of it; but that there was always some plausible reason put forward for delaying his departure.

I also saw at Omer Pasha's the young son of Hassan Bey, of Trebigno. He is remarkably plain and stupid in appearance. His family was the only one among the provincial grandees who was faithful to the Sultan; and, considering the great age of his father, this boy had been sent by him with fifty volunteers, to join the imperial troops. Their conduct was exemplary throughout; but it was prompted rather by the animosity of an ancient feud with the family of Ali Pasha, than by zeal for the cause of reform.

These two boys represent the two great feudal houses of the province: the one will probably be raised to high dignities, and the other exiled.

Hassan Bey's son was accompanied by four cousins, who had charge of him, and in them I recognised the silent personages who had received me so coldly in the first house I entered at Travnik. Their silence was now explained by the fact that, like most of the Bosniac Mahometans, they could not speak a word of Turkish, and were as much strangers in the Governor's house as I was. The short stature of the supposed corpse on that occasion, identified it with the field-marshal's young protégé, who was now dressed in a splendid uniform of the modern fashion, presented to him by Omer Pasha, as an example to the Bosniacs.

The Christian archbishop was one of the visitors : a venerable-looking old man, with a long grey beard. His manner towards the pasha was most servile ; but as they conversed in Croatian, I understood nothing of what passed. Then came two Franciscan monks, who spoke German with the field-marshal ; and I had the pleasure of hearing a most remarkable conversation, in which the latter explained the intentions of the Turkish government towards Bosnia, and gave them most excellent advice with regard to the best mode of using the influence they might possess over their countrymen of Turkish Croatia. They appeared to have the most friendly feeling towards the Porte, and I think there was sincerity in the expression of their concurrence in the expediency of the measures adopted.

The Rabbi of the Jews was one day at Omer Pasha's morning reception. He was going to Bosna Serai, to marry his son to the daughter of a rich Jew there, and he came to recommend his people to the field-marshal during his absence. The latter replied that his instructions were to treat all the Sultan's subjects alike.

A child of five years old once appeared, all alone. It kissed Omer Pasha's hand, and raised it to its little forehead, then presented a petition, with perfect self-possession, having learnt its lesson well, and then withdrew to the outer part of the room. It was the youngest son of Toozlali Mahmud Pasha, who was now in arrest at Constantinople, to be tried for the prominent part he

had taken in the insurrection. Omer Pasha made the little boy sit beside him on the sofa while he read the paper, and then told him he should receive the answer in three days. Coffee was offered him, which he declined with the usual *temena*, consisting in placing the right hand first on the heart and then on the head, which implies, in the poetical style of the East, that the person saluted is valued in the heart as much as is the head of the person saluting. Omer Pasha asked him if he wished to enter the Sultan's army, as it is the policy of the government to send the sons of the disaffected aristocracy to the military schools, where they learn their duty towards their sovereign. The child answered that he wished to go back to Tootla, and the field-marshal repeated that he should have his answer in three days; so I supposed the petition was to that effect. The little boy then took leave after again kissing Omer Pasha's hand and pressing it on his forehead. There were several retainers of his family waiting for him outside.

Amongst the military officers whom I was in the habit of meeting in this way at Travnik, there were several who deserve to be noticed. Suleyman Bey, for instance, who won the second battle of Vranduk, was a fine soldierly looking fellow, who had distinguished himself by his gallantry throughout the whole war, as well as by the excellent order in which he kept his regiment of infantry. Seid Bey, who com-

manded a regiment of foot-guards, was an agreeable man, but he had not been in action on this occasion, as his corps formed part of the reserve. Ibrahim Bey was colonel of another infantry regiment, which he commanded creditably, and he was a man of cultivated mind and polished manners, who had gone through both campaigns with honour. Then there was Colonel Skender Bey, Count Ilinski, who had particularly signalized himself: he had been one of General Bem's aides-de-camp in the Hungarian war, and, having become a Mussulman, was received into the Turkish army. He is a tall handsome man of about thirty-five, and is likely to make himself a name, if the Sultan be destined to wage more serious wars. Mehemet Bey, also a Pole of the family of Lasky, is lieutenant-colonel on the field-marshal's staff, and a distinguished officer, who speaks both French and English perfectly.

Besides these, there were several other Poles and Magyars, who had embraced Mahometanism and entered the Turkish service. They were mostly fine young men, and good officers, but I fear, not much attached to their adopted country. One of them told me that when he asked for the rank of captain of dragoons, which he had held in Hungary, some difficulty was made on account of his extreme youth; he then volunteered to serve as a private, and the Seraskier was so pleased with this that he gave him his rank immediately. Young Tefik Bey, Omer Pasha's nephew, was

always there, as he acted as his uncle's aide-de-camp, and a very fine lad he was.

The story of another of his aides-de-camp, Haireddin Aga, was curious. He was a tall young man, with a military looking figure; yet he had been a Wallachian priest of the Greek Church. It appears that the career of arms had irresistible charms for him, and being unable otherwise to pursue his congenial taste, he became a Mussulman and enlisted; his gallant bearing in the field obtained for him the rank of lieutenant, and Omer Pasha had taken him on his staff. When I heard this I told the field-marshal that, if he thought fit to make him his aide-de-camp, he might at least assign to him other duties than those of the ante-chamber, as some of his visitors might object to be brought into contact with him. He said nothing, but ever after this I was ushered in by another aide-de-camp, being the only one on his staff who was born a Turk. I also saw the medical officers often. They were chiefly Germans, Greeks, Italians, and Frenchmen, though some among them were Osmanlis. None of the European doctors had abandoned their religion, and yet they expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with the Turkish service, as they were in every respect well treated.

Ali Bey, a lieutenant-colonel of engineers, often presented himself with topographical plans and maps, illustrative of the principal marches, manœuvres, and actions

of the late war: They were admirably executed, and I understood enough of what passed in Turkish between him and the field-marshal, to perceive that this branch of the army was in no wise less efficient than the others. Abderrahman Aga and Mehemet Aga, both handsome men of the *Toski* tribe of Albanians, and splendidly dressed in their national costume, were the commanding officers of the two corps of irregular Albanians, who had fought during both campaigns. I saw these fierce partisans march through the town one morning; they were three hundred strong, and marched in single file, with their *Bairactar* carrying the red flag with the Turkish crescent and star, which had a singular effect over the dress, commonly called the Greek costume. None but Mahometans are received in these corps. Their arms were guns of all sizes and forms, over their shoulders, with pistols, *yataghans*, and *handjars*, in their belts.

The Turkish officers at Travnik vied with each other in endeavouring to leave some useful traces of their stay in the town. Seid Bey was making a road across a piece of marshy ground at his own expense; another colonel was building a *kiosk* near a large spring; a major of artillery was having a stone fountain erected for public convenience, in a street where there was running water; and other similar instances of beneficence were proving to the Bosniacs that the Turks can forgive.

I often saw Omer Pasha's little daughter Eminé. She

was sometimes dressed in the costume of Turkish ladies, at other times as a European lady, and occasionally even as a military officer; she was always a most engaging and intelligent child, speaking French and German well, and generally coming with a little purse, to get it filled by her father for a number of pensioners whom she supported. There was an Austrian painter, equipped in Raphaelic garb, taking her likeness, and a beautiful model she was, in her eastern robes. He had come all the way from Vienna to ask Omer Pasha to sit to him for his portrait, which he declined doing, but gave him a better study for an artist.

I had many opportunities of meeting another Austrian at Travnik, who was neither more nor less than a government spy. He arrived there shortly after me; and I was assured, on competent authority, that his especial duty was to watch me and report on all I did or said, and perhaps on a good deal that I did not either do or say. It was a singular fact, however, that although aware of this, I took a great liking to him. He forced his society on me at all hours; he always appeared when I paid a visit, and generally followed every one who called on me; but he was such an amusing companion, and he did his dirty work with so good a grace, that he quite disarmed my indignation. And I think he took a liking to me too, possibly because I saved him the trouble of employing the more elaborate resources of his profession by telling, generally

unasked, all he wished to know. I had nothing to conceal, and I made no secret of my researches after truth in the countries I was visiting. At first he seemed to mistake my frankness for skilful duplicity, on Talleyrand's principle of speaking the truth in order to deceive, as it would not be believed; but he soon understood me, as he was very clever, and then we got on famously, for I dictated the reports that were forwarded about myself, and made the most of an intimacy which I could not avoid. He was present one day at Omer Pasha's, when the latter received a communication from a Bosniac in Turkish Croatia, whom he knew to be an Austrian emissary. He read it to us, and I was astonished to perceive that it was a mere threatening letter, written with the too transparent purpose of intimidating the field-marshal in the execution of his instructions for the quieting of the province; and the dark hints of personal danger, and the mysterious allusions to horrible conspiracies, wanted only the Death's head and bloody-bones at the top of the page, to give them the genuine Hibernian character. Omer Pasha laughed at it, and, turning to my Austrian friend and spy, asked him what he thought of it. The latter showed a good stock of assurance; and a most amusing fencing-match took place, in which skilful thrusts and desperate lunges were made by the Turkish commander, and all the feints and parries of the art were resorted to by the Austrian *employée*, as they sat smoking long

pipes with enormous amber mouth-pieces splendidly ornamented with brilliants. I remarked on their beauty, and Omer Pasha complained bitterly of the inordinate expenses of high office in Turkey.

“Now look at this,” he said, “I am obliged to have such pipes; but if I were minister-at-war, I would break them all on the heads of my field-m Marshals.”

He added, that when he is in full uniform, he must wear a sabre, whose jewelled hilt cost him 1,000*l*.

A letter was brought to him from Ibrahim Pasha, who had remained at Novino in command of the camp of observation. He read it to us, and the following anecdote contained in it evinced the exemplary conduct of the soldiers in the Turkish regular army. Bakers from Austria were in the habit, it seems, of crossing the river Unna to sell white bread in the camp. The troops, having had few opportunities of spending their pay during the war, were well provided with money, and, the quantity of these loaves being always insufficient, there was generally a scramble for them. The bakers, soon finding that every one of the men who had thus obtained a loaf, came forward voluntarily to pay for it, adopted the practice of leaving them to arrange the preference among themselves, and of throwing down the bread to be distributed as they liked.

A woman, however, who had come over for the first time on this errand, took fright when the Turkish soldiers began snatching the loaves, although they did so

with perfect good humour, and she ran away, giving up her bread for lost, and never stopping until she reached her boat, when she recrossed the river. The Turks collected among themselves the whole amount due to her, and took it to the captain of their company, reporting to him what had taken place. He laid the case before Ibrahim Pasha, who sent him across the frontier with the money. It happened to be a market-day in the Austrian town, and the arrival of a Turkish officer created a great sensation; but, when he inquired for the woman and handed to her the price of her bread, the whole affair was understood; the officer was repeatedly cheered by the people in the streets, who shouted, "Long live the Turks!" and he returned to the camp with a great many of them, who accompanied him to express their thanks for the conduct of the troops towards their country-woman.

The discipline of the Nizam was admirable throughout almost the whole of the Bosnian war; the only instance of imperfect obedience was during the pursuit after the battle of Vutshiak. They had then, however, been provoked, by the barbarous treatment which their wounded had experienced at the hands of the rebels, and by the murder of their parliamentaries in cold blood; they were also more immediately exasperated by the massacre of some of their comrades, whose courage had exposed them to be taken prisoners when they advanced in

front of their corps at the commencement of the action. So great indeed was the cruelty of the Sipahi insurgents, that Omer Pasha found it necessary to take the sick and wounded with the troops on the line of march, rather than leave them exposed to it in the towns.

Omer Pasha took me in his little open carriage-and-four to see his stud, which was at grass on the plain below the town. There were a hundred and twenty horses of all breeds, Arab, Turcoman, Barb, Transylvanian, German, and English. Some of them were very beautiful; a chestnut of the desert was the finest animal I ever saw in my life, though he was upwards of twenty years old. Two white Arabian mares had cost 800*l.* each; they had scars on their silky skin, produced by spear wounds received in skirmishes between the Bedouin tribes; and half-a-dozen Turcoman chargers showed their great bones after the fatigues of the campaign. Omer Pasha is exceedingly fond of horses, and he said that his whole fortune was invested in them. His chief groom, or rather the overseer of his stables, was Emin Bey, a sheikh of Jerusalem, who had been exiled to Bosnia, for some political offence; and having once afforded hospitality to the pasha during the Syrian war, the latter had now taken him into his household. He was a fine-looking, though haughty, Arab.

In returning, we visited two or three villages in the neighbourhood of the town. They were exclusively inhabited by Roman Catholics. In one of them I in-

quired for the church, and was shown a sort of wooden booth, not more than ten feet long and six in breadth, in the courtyard of a large house belonging to the priest. Then we entered the pretty glen which leads to Travnik, with its rapid stream gushing below the walls of a Turkish Téké, or monastery of Dervishes, and large trees spreading their branches over the road. In the town we passed the gaudy tomb of Djelaludin Pasha, which closely resembled that of Hussein Pasha at Widin. The former was Governor-general of Bosnia, in the year 1821. The Sipahis had at that time assumed an aggressive attitude towards the Rayas, and they retook by degrees all the *Palankas* and *Sipahiliks*, of which they had been deprived. The Ottoman government, foreseeing a renewal of the long-protracted conflict, determined on acting with energy in favour of the Rayas, and Sultan Mahmud selected Djelaludin Pasha, a man of inflexible resolution, as a fitting person to entrust with the dignity of Vezir of Bosnia. The external piety, ascetic life, and austere justice of this singular man—who belonged to the fraternity of the *Becktashis*, which, though not strictly speaking a monastic order, has the right to live by mendicancy, but prefers to work—produced a salutary effect on the minds of the fanatical Sipahis, who could not accuse him of countenancing any unlawful innovation in Islam. He adopted different disguises to frequent the bazaars, places of public resort, and even the Christian churches, learning thus the

general disposition of all classes, tradesmen, Rayas, and Sipahis, and ascertaining the personal character of the most prominent individuals; he soon matured his plan of operations against feudalism in Bosnia.

The chief supporters of that principle at the time were, Fotshitsh and Ahmed Bairactar, of Bosna Serai, the two Beys of Derbent, Bania Luca, the Kapitani of Mostar, and Trebenitza. Djelaludin Pasha was a man of uncompromising character, and he had a mission to fulfil, with full powers to use any means that he might judge expedient. He therefore determined to strike boldly at the root of the evil; he commenced by gaining the powerful family of Djindjafish at Bosna Serai, he then summarily put the leaders of the Sipahi party to death, the castles of two Kapitani having been taken by storm after a vigorous resistance.

The inhabitants of Bosna Serai, being on the best of terms with the *Odjak*, or corps of the Janissaries at Constantinople, to whom the Bosnian capital furnished more recruits than any other city of the empire, addressed to this body a complaint against the Vezir, which an ancient right entitled them to do when necessary. The *Odjak* impeached him before Sultan Mahmud. The latter, still obliged to display a certain degree of deference for the Janissaries, whom he was not yet prepared to crush, decreed the dismissal of the pasha, but no one was sent to supersede him, and he continued the realization of his energetic projects against the Sipahis. They conse-

quently become more hostile to the Porte; and, when the Greek revolution broke out shortly afterwards, they held back, and offered no assistance to their embarrassed sovereign.

The predatory Montenegrines considered the circumstances favourable for an inroad on the more fertile territory of Bosnia, where the villagers, though poor, were still richer than the inhabitants of the barren Montenegro, and possessed of much that tempted their rapacity. They ravaged the country. Thus pressed by a formidable pasha within, and by a ravenous horde of invaders from without, the Sipahis were doubtful where to turn for help, for they enjoyed no sympathy either with the Osmanlis or Christians. At last they came to an understanding with the Vezir, who willingly accepted their military services for the defence of the province. But the demoralized condition of the Sipahis was unfavourable to the developement of their traditional valour, and their insubordination weakened the efficiency of the force raised. They were defeated in the defiles of the Moratsha, and Djelaludin Pasha was obliged to save his men by a precipitate flight. He felt this disgrace so keenly, that he immediately committed suicide through the medium of poison, an instance most rare in the past history of Turkey, and indeed in the annals of Mahometan society at any period.

Hawking seems to be much practised in this mediæval country, where none of the features of the feudal age appear to be wanting, for I frequently saw these

birds in the courtyards of large houses. On this occasion I noticed two fine hawks being carried about the streets of Travnik, for sale, on the gauntlets of the bearers. Omer Pasha told me that their value was about 5*l.* each. He dropped me at the door of the *hamam*, or Turkish bath, which I found, as usual, severe ordeal to go through, but satisfactory in its conclusion.

On going to Arab Ahmed Pasha's, I was accosted by Osman Aga and Haireddin, each of whom were leading about a nice-looking horse in the courtyard. One of my Wallachian ponies had gone lame, and, being a matter of small importance where horseflesh is so cheap, I had told Osman Aga to sell it, and buy another; and these were two brought for me to choose the best. While I was examining them, my host himself arrived from the camp and on learning that I was buying a horse, he ordered his servants to take them away, whilst he called his head groom. He bade him bring out of his stable a splendid young Arabian of the purest breed, which he had lately received from Aleppo, and was having broken by a rough-rider in his brigade, in order to make him his best charger. He then asked me if I liked that horse better than those he sent away. I said there was no comparison at all between them, as I had rarely seen so fine a colt, and never a finer.

"He is yours," he replied; "I beg you to accept him as a token of my friendship."

I made some objection, on the score of the great value.

the present ; but seeing that this displeased him, accepted it ; and, in expressing my thanks, I said that he had given me a keepsake of his country, I hoped he would not refuse one of my country from me.

“ It is a gift,” he answered, abruptly, “ and not a loan. Now, come to dinner.”

It was not possible to think of putting the Arabian, which was only three years old, into harness ; so I was obliged to keep my lame pony, as it was evident that my Arab friend would not let me buy another, and to have bought for one would have been tantamount to asking for a second present.

We sat down to smoke our pipes after dinner, and the Muezzin's voice rose on the cool evening breeze. Ahmed Pasha quickly apologised, first for leaving me alone, and then for making me wait dinner, and went to say his *namaz*, or prayer, in the next room. This was not the first time that I had heard his deep voice calling, “ Allah, Allah !” at sunset ; and he appeared to be most punctual in his devotions. At dinner I talked to him of Djelaludin Pasha, and he told me that a case of suicide had taken place, quite lately, at Travnik. A young sergeant of one of his regiments had betrothed himself to the pretty daughter of a Bosniac Mussulman ; the sergeant was shot through the head at the battle of Krupa, and the girl blew out her brains with a pistol when she heard how he died.

“ It all comes of not wearing the veil,” said the pasha,

“and of letting affianced couples see each other. If she had always kept her *yashmak* on her face, she might have married another man, for there would have been no great love in the matter.”

He invited me to go with him on the following day to be present at the trial of the rebels, and I was delighted to have this opportunity of forming an opinion of Turkish justice. We rode out to the camp together at an early hour. In a large marquee we found twelve field-officers with the *Mufti*, or doctor of Mahometan law, seated on two lines of divans, at the upper ends of which were the places of the two majors-general, Arab Ahmed Pasha and Mustapha Pasha, and near them, two clerks to record the proceedings.

When we had all sat down, for the officers rose to receive us, pipes, *narghilés*, and coffee were brought, and the day's work commenced, Osman Aga having taken his stand behind me to explain what was going on. The court was commissioned to examine and class the prisoners, with the power of acquitting those it found innocent, but not possessing that of condemning the guilty, who were to be finally judged by Omer Pasha and Haireddin Pasha, with several assessors. Five of the accused had been selected to undergo this investigation of their culpability. The first was a very tall and thin old man, of a cringing and sinister aspect. He had been a schoolmaster, and he was charged with having written the correspondence kept up

between some of the rebel chiefs. He pleaded guilty to having indited the letters, but he denied that he had at the time any knowledge of their real purport. The tenor of them, and his evident acuteness, completely refuted this plea; and he was duly committed for trial by the higher court. The next prisoner was also an old man, with a long white beard, who had been one of the principal instigators and directors of the insurrection in Turkish Croatia, and who was, apparently, a cunning old fox. His name was Abdullah Aga, the servant of God. He asserted that he had not been present at any of the engagements, and he succeeded in substantiating his assertion by calling witnesses from among those arrested, who all deposed in his favour; but there was too strong an appearance of his having been deeply implicated to admit of his acquittal. A good idea suggested itself to Ahmed Pasha; he ordered that the old man should remain in the tent during the trial of the others.

Two young men were then brought in, chained together. The first pleaded an *alibi*, which was weakly enough supported; but the case against him was not strong, and the court decided that his chains should be struck off,—gave him a certificate of dismissal to prevent his being molested by the police, and set him free. The poor man almost lost his wits with joy; he fell on his knees, and kissed the ground at the feet of the two pashas. It was a remarkable fact, and a fact that is most eloquent in favour of the spirit now existing amongst the Turks,

that this man was a Christian, while those I saw committed for trial were Mahometans. The other young man was a handsome youth, probably not more than sixteen or seventeen years of age. He was accused of having led the rebels of his district, 300 in number, and of having fought with great success in several battles. He refused to make any answer to the questions put to him. Ahmed Pasha then addressed the old man whom he had ordered to remain, and who now fell completely into the snare, in spite of all his cunning; for he supposed that he was forgiven, and wished to show his gratitude by zeal for the government. He replied to Ahmed Pasha that the youth was the well-known Hassan Bey, who had contributed more towards the active sustaining of the insurrection than any of the other chiefs. The lad looked astonished at this denunciation; but it made him speak at last, and to the purpose.

“ Yes,” he said, “ I am Hassan Bey; I was a chief; and I did what I could against the government. I am ready to hear my sentence; but not alone. Who made me a chief? You, Abdullah Aga! you came to my house when my father had been killed at Vutshiak, and you persuaded me to take his place. My mother refused to let me go, and you told her that without me the men of the district would disband. I went, but you did not. You sent us young men, who believed your words, and you remained in your house. Pasha, I am guilty!”

“*Tshodjuk!*” said Ahmed Pasha. “Child! our Padishah will, I hope, be merciful to your youth, and we will recommend you for mercy. As for this old traitor, he shall be sent to answer for having misled you and others.”

They were both committed for trial. And, when they were removed together, I observed the look of scorn directed by Hassan Bey to Abdullah Aga, who did not dare to raise his head. Another prisoner was placed at the bar. He was evidently above eighty years of age; but, to my great astonishment, he was arraigned for having fought during the whole of both campaigns at the head of the people of the village. He made a feeble denial, and evidence was adduced of his having taken a most active part in the revolt, and of his having raised his fellow-villagers by assuring them that the Sultan's regular troops are *Ghivärs* and enemies of Islam. His case was taking a bad turn, and he stood shaking his head and muttering to himself, when an orderly officer informed the court that two Bosniacs begged to be admitted to the tent, as they had something to say relative to the trial. Permission was granted, and two fine young men appeared. They said that their mother was the daughter of the prisoner, that she had married in a distant part of Bosnia, which had not revolted, and that, when she had heard her father was to be tried, she had sent them to volunteer their services in the regular army, if the government would pardon their grandfather. This incident created a great sensation in the court.

“*Aferum!* Well done!” exclaimed Arab Ahmed Pasha, with his eyes glistening. After some deliberation, the court decided that it was not in their power to set a prisoner free when he was evidently in a high degree guilty; but they determined on immediately reporting the case for the field-marshal’s favourable consideration. Omer Pasha was in the camp, and Ahmed Pasha bade the grandsons go to him to tell their own story. The answer soon arrived, granting a free pardon to the old man in favour of his great age and of the devotedness of his family, who it was hoped would become faithful subjects of the Sultan. The old man then confessed his guilt, adding that he would allow any one to cut off his head if he ever took up arms again. And this was an octogenarian, with one foot in the grave!

The necessity of encouraging enlistment is a paramount interest, and the saving of an old head was of little comparative importance; for the country will not be secure until military service be made general. Hitherto the regular army has been recruited exclusively from the Mussulman population; and this system may have been regarded as expedient, in so far as the frequent employment of the Sultan’s troops in the suppression of insurrection on the part of Mahometans would have widened the breach between the two religions if a portion of the soldiers had been Christians; which would have given a fanatical character to such wars.

Christians would willingly have fought in the ranks of the imperial army; as these wars have invariably been

for their advantage, and they have always displayed a remarkable degree of readiness to assist them as guides, and by supplying provisions and means of transport; but it may have been as well that they did not. In the course of time, however, it must become necessary to enlist them also; for the Mahometan population of Osmanlis, Albanians, Kurds, Bosniacs, and others, does not exceed three-fifths of the entire number of the Sultan's subjects; and it cannot be expected that the military service of the whole empire should be required only from a portion of its inhabitants; the more so, as this distinction between the two religions is not always constituted by a difference of races: and in Bosnia, for instance, it is not even a division of the duties and privileges of the conquering and conquered classes, for both Christians and Mahometans were equally subjugated.

In the naval service, this distinction was abolished in 1847; Christians served with Turks on board men-of-war, and no bad consequences had ensued. It, therefore, became a subject of consideration, in order to attempt the application of this reform also to the land forces.

Last year the Council of State presented a project for the employment of Christians in the army, and for the abrogation of the law of personal taxation, which was enforced in lieu of service. The Sultan's government approved these measures; but they were not well received by the Christians themselves; who appear not to

be yet sufficiently convinced that their former servitude had virtually ceased, and still to fear too close a contact with the previously oppressive class of the population.

Everything had, however, been done to eradicate these apprehensions, even to the prohibition of the use of the terms *Raya* and *Ghiaür*, which were made punishable offences in the navy, where Christians and Turks were thrown together, and it can now only be the effect of time. The Porte, therefore, suspends the execution of these two innovations until circumstances shall have rendered their effectual introduction expedient; and it is now a question only how soon this may be the case.

CHAPTER XIII.

BATTLE OF VITESZ—VEDJIHI PASHA—BUSSOVACZA—EKSHISU—LIAP ISMAIL PASHA—BOSNA SERAI—MUNICIPAL INSTITUTIONS—MEHEMET BEY—AUSTRIAN CONSUL-GENERAL—ARCHBISHOP—MOKRO—TURKISH LADY—HAIDUKS—KUSHLAR—FORD OF THE JADAR—TVORNIK—OSMAN BEY—ALI VIDAITSH—VALLEY OF THE DRINA.

I TOOK leave of my kind friends at Travnik on a fine afternoon, accompanied by the officers of the staff of Ahmed Pasha, whom he had sent with me, as he was himself obliged to attend the court-martial, and could not see me off in person. At the first bridge on the plain, I thanked the officers for the attention shown me, begged them to give my best regards to their chief, and continued my journey southwards with an escort sent by Haireddin Pasha. Our road lay along the valley of the Lavtsha, until we reached the small town of Vitez, possessing a couple of thousand inhabitants, and a long bazaar, situated in a beautiful position surrounded by wood, and offering the usual characteristics of small Bosnian boroughs. Here Vedjihi Pasha, now governor-general of Bagdad, fought a successful battle against the

rebels, twelve years ago, this province having then been entrusted to his charge; and, at the khan where we stopped for half-an-hour, a rafter was pointed out to me with a concave incision on one side of it, which was said to have been produced by a cannon-ball, which came in at the window on that occasion.

Vedjihi Pasha had commenced his career in Bosnia by announcing that the Christian population would thenceforward be treated as the equals of the Mussulmans, preparing them thus for what took place four years later, when the Hatti Sherif of Gul Hané was promulgated. The Rayas naturally became attached to their new governor-general, who held out to them such brilliant hopes; the Sipahis dreaded the well-known energy of his character, and he soon became absolute master of the country. His first step, after reducing it to submission, was the nomination of civil servants in the room of the military beys and kapitani, whose tenure of office had hitherto been hereditary; the right of succession being thus abrogated in favour of the right of eligibility and efficiency. Bania Luca first accepted this change, and it spread to the principal towns of Turkish Croatia; but it had not yet been applied in the provinces of Bosnia Proper, Posavina, and Hertzegovina, when the death of Sultan Mahmud reanimated the courage of the Sipahis, for that monarch had ever been the enemy of their oppression, and they hoped his young successor might be brought back to the old system. They

even attempted to produce some political movement or demonstration with the view of alarming the advisers of the Sultan Abdul Medjid, and forcing them to restore their privileges, but the resolute Vedjihi Pasha promptly imposed silence on them, and the storm blew over.

The Hatti Sherif of Gul Hané, the famous *Tanzimat*, then appeared to crown the efforts of Vedjihi Pasha in Bosnia. This drove the Sipahis to desperation. Those of Bosna Serai, exasperated by the fiscal arrangements inherent in the new system, ignominiously drove from the town the representative of the Vezir, who resided in the fortress of Travnik. Vedjihi Pasha summoned the beys and Sipahis, who had offered this insult to his authority, to appear before him, and answer for their conduct. They did appear before him, but in arms, and twenty thousand in number. The Vezir, his young Nizam being unable to withstand the shock, was dislodged and obliged to take refuge in the mountainous district to the west of Travnik. But he retired only to prepare for another attack. He collected all the troops who were dispersed over the province, marched against the rebels with four thousand regular soldiers, and fought a pitched battle at this town of Vitez. The Sipahis, attacked five to one in number, retreated after a desperate struggle, in which they left a thousand of their number dead on the field, and fortified themselves in Bosna Serai. The Vezir blockaded it. Being without provisions, the rebels were obliged to capitulate.

Their principal leader was brought a prisoner to the tent of Vedjihi Pasha, who had him beheaded; and ten Voivodes were executed at the gates of the town. The remainder of the beys, terror-stricken, took to flight, some concealing themselves in the forest, others joining the Uscoks of Hertzegovina, and the more wealthy crossing the Austrian frontier to Ragusa. The country was thus pacified for a time, but it never knew peace permanently, and will not, unless the new system be practically established, and feudal privileges be forgotten.

Soon after leaving Vitez, we entered a branch of the valley which narrowed, as we advanced westwards among the wooded hills, until we commenced a regular scramble up them. It was not long, however; and, on descending the other side of this low range, we followed the course of another vale which brought us, at a late hour, to the picturesque little town of Bussovacza. Here we passed the night at the house of the khandji, as his khan was crowded; and a dragoon sent on during the day by Ahmed Pasha to prepare my sleeping-place, had arranged that I should go there. An excellent bed was made for me on the floor, clean and comfortable, and *café au lait* was presented in the morning, which is a rarity in Turkey. The road from Bussovacza to Ekshisu took me five hours; it was good, as Omer Pasha was making the peasantry improve it; and the scenery was quite similar to that through which I had travelled on the previous day: rounded hills, covered with young wood;

green valleys, well cultivated, and with numerous cottages scattered about them ; above all, a great abundance of running water.

At Ekshisu the khan was more than usually cleanly and extensive. This was owing to the vicinity of a mineral spring, which is much sought in summer, and which gives the name of Sour Water to the place ; for such is the translation of its Turkish appellation. I went to see the spring, which bubbles up from the ground on the bank of the river Lavtsha, in a circumference of three or four feet, and runs off to join the stream : in taste it is altogether similar to *Seltzer Wasser*. Near it was another khan on the road, with a *kiosk*, built over the current of a rivulet, and surrounded by large trees, most tempting in such hot weather ; but I had no time to lose, and I continued my way for four hours longer. The country still bore the same character, though it appeared to be more thickly peopled, and cultivation was proportionately more extended. We met Liap Ismail Pasha, the new Governor of Hertzegovina, with a suite of thirty or forty persons, besides an escort, who was going to pay his respects to Omer Pasha on his appointment. He is a native of Jannina, whence his nickname of Liap, which is the distinctive denomination of a tribe of Albanians near that town ; and he was the first Governor-general of the *Eyalet*, or province, of Kharprut (Armenia Minor), where he was accused of peculation. He was called to Constantinople to justify his conduct, and the

results were that a large sum of money was restored by him to the natives, and that he was exiled to Demotica, in Thrace. There he remained sixteen years, and was at length pardoned, and sent to govern the province of Presrin, in Albania; whence, after a year, he has now been removed to Hertzegovina. His long white beard and wrinkled visage would indicate a man between seventy and eighty years of age; but he has lately been married, notwithstanding, to a young lady of fourteen, at Presrin.

We ascended a height amongst a thicket of trees, on which I saw another spring of effervescing water, and I dismounted to taste it. The people of the country are fond of baking bread with these mineral waters, and it is excellent. They also send them in jars to Bosna Serai, and across the Austrian frontier. We passed the small village of Rakovitza,—but, indeed, there were villages all around us, and I got tired of asking their names. After stopping under a fine tree for an hour, we proceeded along a beautiful winding dell, which led us at last on a broad plain surrounded by mountains. Bosna Serai was visible at a distance of ten miles, but the evening was closing, and we were obliged to halt for the night at a roadside khan. It was a large building, but altogether uninhabited excepting in one corner, where the harem of the khandji was lodged. The walls were crumbling to pieces, and every room in the house was open to the weather, on one side, at least. It was not encouraging, and, as I felt little inclined to trust myself

under a roof which might fall upon me with the first gust of wind, Osman Aga proposed to the khandji that I should occupy the harem for the night ; but he rejected the idea with horror, and I was forced to accept as a sleeping apartment the small wooden kiosk which served for people to smoke and drink coffee in. Although it was exposed to the air all round, it might have suited me well enough if its diurnal visitors had not left a lively legacy to its nocturnal ones. Rest was a chimera ; and, after half an hour of vain attempts to prove it a reality, I took to walking about in the moonlight.

My Sancho did not share my Quixotic watch ; for he was snoring through thick and thin, and I bethought me of my Rosinante. I went to the stable, and found my young Arabian also fast asleep on his side. He was dreaming, apparently, of his native desert ; for he twitched his feet as if he were galloping, switched his tail, snorted, and neighed in a low tone, which died away in a faint murmur, like the wail of a suffering child. I sat down on a heap of clean hay beside him, and patted his neck ; he raised his head sleepily and looked at me, as an open window threw a feeble strain of light upon us ; then he slowly lowered it, closing his eyes with a long sigh, expressive, as it were, of his disappointment that it was only me, and not his Bedouin lord, whom he had seen in his dream. I got up, and walked about for another hour or two ; then sat down on a stone to wait for the appearance of Aurora in the east ; then walked again,

and passed the night, long in passing, though in reality short. I awoke those more fortunate than myself in being less keenly alive to the impropriety of promiscuous society; and after the horses were fed, we crossed the plain towards Bosna Serai, the chief town of the province.

The source of the river Bosna lay to the right of the road, rushing forth from the ground in a considerable body of water, which flowed along, fitfully bounding from side to side, turning and winding with an angry frown on its infant brow, indicative of its character in maturity. I had thus seen the Bosna at its birth, where the Mount Ivan, which separates Bosnia from Hertzegovina, brings it forth like a "*ridiculus mus*;" I had looked upon it in the vigour of its strength at the foot of the Tavornik, where it was sowing its wild oats in youth; I had witnessed its marriage with the river Spressa, when it had reached that time of life in which the French say "*qu'il faut faire une fin*;" and I had been present when it was entombed in the broad bed of the Save. Near its source stood a large palace, the property of Fazli Pasha; and at a little distance there was another, somewhat less extensive, which belonged to Mustapha Pasha. Both these grandees being now on their trial for sedition in the late insurrection, and neither of them having much chance of ever again seeing this province, as they will probably spend the remainder of their lives in exile, their residences had been neglected, and they looked desolate and forlorn. When we approached the town, one of my

escort galloped on to announce my arrival, and an officer soon appeared to conduct me to the *konak* of the *Kaimacan*, or lieutenant-governor. Hundreds of people were working on the new road, with a Gipsy band of musicians to give their gratuitous labour the semblance of a festival. There were several well-dressed persons among them to encourage the peasants, and even the Christian archbishop was there with a spade in his hand, which he took up for a moment to show a good example, as well as the *Mufti*, the *Molla*, and one of the principal merchants of the town; for the energetic measures adopted by Omer Pasha met with general support. The work was obligatory on the people, unless they chose to pay a substitute when the different parishes took their turn; and although the Austrian agents and newspapers endeavoured to rouse discontent among them on this subject, their efforts utterly failed, and their assertion that the archbishop had been forced to labour, was fully disproved.

Bosna Serai, or, as it is called by Slavonians, Serajevo, possesses a population of about 60,000. It is situated at the entrance of a narrow valley, through which the river Miliaska flows towards the plain, and there it joins the Bosna. In the town four handsome stone bridges have been thrown across this stream, one of which was built by Fazli Pasha. A vast number of trees among the houses, many of which are large and handsome, give a fresh, garden-like, and smiling character to its general aspect, which is such that it is called the Damascus of

the North ; and no less than a hundred and twenty-two mosques, with their gilded domes and minarets, enliven and orientalize the view enjoyed from the rock, on which still stands the old castle built by the Hungarian general, Cotroman, in the year 1263, at a height of 300 feet over the town. It was partly destroyed by Evrenos Bey in the fourteenth century, and it is now in an almost totally indefensible state.

The towns of Bosnia remind one of the primitive cities of antiquity. Generally built near some point suited for defence, a fortress more or less perfect occupies their centre, in which the Turkish houses are for the most part situated, called by the Greeks the *acropolis*, by the Slavonians the *grad*, and by the Turks the *kalé* ; around it clusters the borough or market town, inhabited by respectable citizens and tradesmen, chiefly Christians or Jews, the Slavonian *Varosh*, the Turkish *Bazaar*, or *Tsharshi*, and the Greek *agora*, being generally enclosed by castellated walls and gates, which are shut at night ; and beyond this the suburb, defended by a ditch and palisades, where the lowest orders of the people, including the Gipsies, live, the *palanka*, the *mahala*, or *proastion*. Such is a complete town like Bosna Serai ; but some of them, instead of three, have two or only one of these divisions, and then they are called by the corresponding name, as Mussa Pasha Palanka, Novigrad, &c. Outside almost every Eastern town, there is a considerable space occupied only by tombs,—the city of the dead,

which separates the abodes of the living from the circumjacent country supporting them.

The Bosnian villages afford an apt illustration of the first practical expression of the municipal principle. They are often formed of a single family governing itself, and treating with the administrative and fiscal authorities only through its head, called in Sclavonian *Stareshin*. This chief is not always its oldest member, but is elected by the community in favour of his prudence and impartiality. The election is a solemn ceremony performed before the images of the family saints, the lares and penates, and the power conferred by it is never impugned.

The functions incumbent on the office of *Stareshin* are,—the direction of the agricultural operations, by which all the labourers of the villages unite to gather the vintage or harvest of each in turn,—the care of the chest, formed by contributions in proportion to the respective incomes, for the purpose of paying the taxes levied collectively,—the distribution of the relative imposts for the support of their religious establishments,—the communication with the local government on any subject whatsoever for the common advantage,—and the decision of petty differences among the peasants. He is assisted in these duties by a council, not of his own selection, but also elected by the community. If his conduct should not be approved by the majority, he is summarily declared to be deposed, and another election takes place.

When several of these patriarchal families, not being sufficiently numerous to possess at least seven hearths, happen to cultivate neighbouring lands, they unite, swear the *zadruga*, or oath of mutual fidelity, and move their wattle huts to a central position, where a hurdle enclosure is raised around them. In Serbia this system does not exist; the authorities of each village are dependent on the government, and for the most part the peasants' cottages are scattered about in the forest instead of being concentrated in hamlets. It appears that the habitual indolence of the Serb, has been instrumental to a certain degree in producing this difference between tribes of the same race, and induces him to build his hovel where his herd of swine is accustomed to feed.

The Serbian administration, ever anxious to model its systems on those of Western Europe, encourages this, while the Turkish government, appreciating the value of the ancient municipal usages, does everything to strengthen them, and sanctions them by all possible means, such as collective taxation and non-interference.

The Bosnian families are so numerous and live so much together, that some of the villages, composed of a single family, number two or three hundred houses, the inhabitants being known to each other only by their Christian names, as they have all the same surname. The family ties are thus the basis of the social contract in Bosnia, and so strong is the attachment of

the peasants to this principle that any one of them, who separates from the community to live alone with his wife and children, labouring for himself and discharging his own assessments, is treated with general contempt as an apostate to foreign customs.

In towns also the same idea is discoverable in the brotherhoods of artisans, or *Bratstva*, as they are called, which very much resemble our corporations of the middle ages, each being governed by special statutes of their own decreeing, and obeying a Starost, or chief, elected by universal suffrage, who is responsible for his fellow-artisans towards the authorities. But this chief is not dynastic, like the Stareshins, and may belong to any family or race, being only entrusted with the mercantile interests of a handicraft and not of a tribe, the members of the brotherhood being generally strangers to one another; and his power, being unsupported by the traditional bond of clanship, is infinitely inferior to that of the heads of agricultural communities in the villages.

Bosna Serai offered the most remarkable instance of these two principles, which also prevailed all over Turkey until lately, when the centralization of power was instituted; for the industrial and agricultural branches of its population acknowledged the authority of their Starosts and Stareshins alone, each independent of the other, and forming a species of United States in one town. Their privileges were so great that they obtained even

a sort of constitution from their patrons, the Janissaries; and one of its most singular conditions was the right of forcing the Vezir of Bosnia never to remain more than three days within their walls; but these immunities have now been merged in the new system of administration, which, however, respects the ancient municipal forms, if it has overthrown those of feudalism. Thus the artisans of Bosna Serai have still their Starosts; and the cultivators of the surrounding plain, who live for the most part in the town, elect their Stareshins, as in the olden time, although the reins of government are virtually in the hands of the Sultan's officers, who freely live here, or not, according as circumstances require.

At present there was a *Kaimacan*, or lieutenant-governor, appointed by Haireddin Pasha. His name was Mehemet Bey. He received me well, and in him I found a quiet elderly man, very much alarmed lest another rebellion should break out, and amazingly delighted with what he had himself done during the last, which was almost nothing. His konak was large and handsome, and he made me perfectly comfortable in it, as I won his heart by dispensing with the proffered dinner-set and plate, which he said he would collect from the principal Christian families for my use. I was now too much accustomed to eating with my fingers to care for a fork.

On the day after my arrival I went to call on the

Austrian Consul-general, who is the only foreign agent in Bosnia. He was a civil, diplomatic sort of man, saying little on important subjects, and seeking to receive rather than to give information. He complained bitterly of his solitude, saying that Prince Metternich had objected to appointing a consul here, because his doing so at Belgrade had been imitated by other powers; but that, although Prince Schwartzenburg had now sent him, he was still anxiously looking out for the arrival of his colleagues. In the afternoon we walked together to the castle on Mount Jagodina, behind the town. It is quite dismantled, the only garrison being an old beggar, whom we found eating black bread and garlic, and who asked alms of us. The view was very fine, and amply repaid the fatigue of the walk up to it. Thence we went to the bazaars; the booths were most numerous, but they seemed to contain articles principally of German manufacture; the only native industry worthy of remark being that of beating brass or gilded copper drinking-cups, basins, and lanterns, into grotesque shapes with considerable ingenuity, and the making of knives of excellent Oriental workmanship.

At dinner I met the Christian archbishop; a Greek, intelligent, but servile to the *Kaimacan*, and, I fear, little worthy of his high position in the church. From his conversation, I learnt that morals at Bosna Serai are depraved in the extreme, amongst both Christians and

Mahometans, which fact he attributed to the neglect of the use of the veil ; but this I suspected to be a piece of flattery addressed to the lieutenant-governor, who was a bigoted Turk. The Bosniacs, he said, even when they wish to marry, seldom contract for their brides, but prefer gaining their affections clandestinely, and marrying them against the will, or at least, without the consent of their families ; and they enjoy still more the excitement of carrying them off violently, which is considered a spirited thing when the person abducted resists, and applies for a divorce after a forced marriage of this kind.

I left Bosna Serai in the afternoon. In consequence of having suffered so much from the heat of the noontide sun on the previous days, and the moon being only one day entered on her third quarter, I calculated on having a more agreeable ride in the evening, and part of the night, than during the day. We passed through the upper part of the town, and commenced the ascent of the rocky mountains rising to the east of it, which we climbed for upwards of two hours. Preserving our level for another hour, we turned and wound about among the heights of this most elevated region, until the sun set, when we were on the pinnacle of the highest summit. It was a glorious sight : nothing but wild declivities all around ; every peak gilded with the rays of the parting orb, whose farewell favours flowed upon us in a flood of yellow light ; and the horizon, which seemed all

on fire, no longer marked the line of separation between earth and sky, for both were blended in the west in one sheet of molten gold. A pale violet colour crept over the whole landscape; that subsided into a dull cold grey with only a few faint streaks of light among the twinkling stars; and I began to look out anxiously for the moon, to help us down from our lofty observatory. A narrow but deep valley sank between it and another great range, that was covered with pine forests excepting on the top which was bare. From behind it the moon was expected to appear, and assist us by ruling our night: but we were already descending by the worst possible path; it was almost quite dark, and an uncertain glimmering on the sky only indicated, as yet, where she meant to rise.

As I looked again and again at the strongly defined outline of the opposite hills, which screened her from us, they seemed gradually to alter their form, and their bald scalp moved upwards, rising higher and higher. I rubbed my eyes, but saw no better, and understood still less, the singular phenomenon, which I had at first tried to explain by supposing that our descent made the horizon appear to rise. At last, however, the edge of the dark mass became ragged and transparent. It was a huge black cloud. It mounted and extended with the most astonishing rapidity, until nearly half the sky was invaded by it, and the night became pitch dark, as the approaching moon no longer sent forward her

rays to announce her arrival. Our path was very dangerous. A bright flash of lightning made both my horse and myself start, and a loud peal of thunder closely followed it. They did not come from the cloudy colossus before us, and I looked round. Then I beheld a twin giant advancing from behind to meet the other champion. The first accepted the challenge by firing a broadside and roaring defiance in his turn. I had heard so much of late from Omer Pasha of bloody battles and desperate fighting, that involuntarily my imagination likened the two clouds to contending hosts. Their infantry passed, from volleys in platoons, to file-firing along both lines, as the lightning rushed from side to side; the cavalry charged and retreated, when the wind drove portions of the breaking clouds about; and far flashed the red artillery, with the deep booming of the thunder. The enemies met, and a general *mêlée* ensued; crash upon crash, and roar after roar. Then came the intervention of a third power to mediate between the belligerent parties and conclude a peace, for the rain commenced pouring down in right earnest. The war was over, but still an occasional shot was fired by the retiring armies; perhaps they were merely drawing charges.

I heard a sudden clatter on the stones behind me, mingled with strange curses in Turkish and Albanian. I turned in my saddle, but I could see nothing until a glare of lightning revealed one of my escort, a soldier of Elbassan, scrambling rapidly or rolling down the bank

on my right, after his horse, which seemed to be falling among the trees, breaking branches, and hurling great stones over the precipice. I pulled up, but Haireddin, who was next before me, called out:—"Come on! It is nothing. He has been thrown, and is gone to catch his horse." We rode on; then waited for him at least half-an-hour, but, as the rain increased, and the khan was not far off, we continued our way in the hope that he would arrive in due time. He never came. The others said that he had a young horse, unfit for such a road, and that he must have gone back to Bosna Serai; but, whether this were really the case, or he had met with a serious accident, I never had an opportunity of learning. Supper was ready when we reached Mokro, where I meant to sleep, as a man had been sent on to order it; and, after doing but meagre justice to it, I looked out in the vain hope of seeing the Albanian arrive. Not a cloud was visible, and the clear blue sky, bespangled with stars, seemed as fresh, as pure, and as innocent of all evil, as it was on the day of its creation; the broad, unmeaning face of the stupid moon was beaming brightly now, when we no longer stood in need of her aid.

At the khan a sort of bed had been prepared for me, but it was in the room which was evidently occupied during the day by smokers and coffee-drinkers. The recollection of my sleepless night before Bosna Serai, induced me most positively to decline trying to sleep

there ; I had had quite enough of that. Haireddin told the khandji to give me another room ; the latter said there was no other :—" I'll find one," replied my trusty Bosniac, and he was proceeding to suit the action to the word, when the old man stopped him, and led the way upstairs with a look of disconcerted resignation. He begged me to wait at a small door which he unlocked ; he went on alone, and I heard him talking with some one, often repeating the words " Inghilis Bey ;" and then he returned to usher me into a very good room, in which there was a door leading into another. My bed was made, and I soon fell asleep.

Early in the morning I was awakened by the opening of the door of communication with the inner room, although it was done with great precaution. Some one peeped in, and, seeing me in bed, hurriedly retreated. I had only time to distinguish a very pretty face without a veil, a pair of large blue eyes, and a pair of loose red trowsers. This explained the old man's reluctance to admit me here, for it was the harem ; but he surely could not have so young a wife, or so well-dressed a daughter. I afterwards saw several good horses, richly caparisoned, in the stable, and I concluded that the blue eyes and red trowsers belonged to some fair traveller. I wished to send some one to look after the lost Albanian, as we were not more than four or five miles from the spot where he fell, but I was deterred, to my great subsequent regret, by the oft-repeated assurance that he had returned

to Bosna Serai. Human life is of little value among these rude mountaineers; a man with them is only worth the shot he fires; which shot, by the way, is rarely fired by them either justly or legitimately.

We mounted and left Mokro, which is but a small village. We ascended the steep hill before us, in pursuance of our eastward course, and for some time we rode almost entirely beneath the feathery boughs of lofty pine-trees. The road passed through a narrow defile on the summit, which was guarded against *Haiduks* by a police-station, and, after stopping there for a few minutes to inquire about those freebooters, and receiving a somewhat ambiguous and oracular answer, we descended on the other side of this long range, which is a continuation of Zarugie mountains, stretching northwards to the valley of the river Bosna. We were all on foot, and leading our horses down the rugged path, we had nearly reached the plain, when a horse was heard to neigh in a clump of trees in front of us. My young Arabian responded loudly to the greeting. Immediately a man emerged to the skirts of the small wood, and, jumping on a strong white horse, he cantered to the top of a hillock commanding the road. There he halted, shaded his eyes from the rising sun with his hand, and carefully inspected our number and arms, which latter were not few. Our appearance did not seem to please him, for he dismounted and quietly led his horse down the other side of the hillock. In a few minutes the road passed

round it, and we saw four men standing with their horses beside them, and their long guns slung over their shoulders. The first, whom we had seen, approached them, flung his bridle to one of them, and sat down while another handed him a *tshibook*. I asked Hai-reddin what sort of people these were.

“They are not any good people,” was the literal translation of his reply. As they all wore a sort of military dress, the chief of the band having an officer’s sabre and waist-belt, I conjectured that they had belonged to the rebel army, and had taken to the hills, to escape retribution, and to do a little business on their own account. It is, therefore, probable that the thunder-storm of the previous evening saved my life; as I would certainly not have stopped at Mokro if it had not rained so hard, and the *Haiduks* might have attacked us during the night, though they did not venture to do so in the daytime; for the expression of the chief’s countenance did not denote any want of courage, but, rather, the cool calculation of chances. He was a very young man, of short stature, and slightly built; his beard was fair and full, and his long, light-coloured hair hung on his shoulders; while he wore on his head a sort of cap, of grey woollen stuff, like that of a dervish.

We had not gone a quarter of a mile further, when we heard a shot on the road behind us. I thought of the blue eyes and red trowsers; and, expressing my apprehensions on their account, proposed to gallop back to the

rescue; but my knight-errantry was quieted by the remark that the *hanum*, or lady, had nine saddle-horses; and, as she had only two old female slaves, she must have six servants, whom the *Haiduks* would not attack, as they had declined trying us, our number being the same. It was, probably, some worse-guarded wayfarer that had been fired at. I suggested that our friends might be sportsmen; but the idea was unanimously rejected, and Haireddin added that their powder was worth more to them than a partridge or a hare. This conversation reminded me that I had seen two small carpets spread at the end of the passage when I left my room in the morning, and I understood that it had only been the old slaves who had given up their room to the "Inghilis Bey."

We reached a khan in about an hour, and there I inquired if there had been any talk of robbers in the neighbourhood. The khandji informed us that there was a gang of *Haiduks* from Montenegro, dressed in uniform, somewhere near this, but he did not know where, as they had attacked travellers in different directions of late. On proceeding, we entered a country of a different aspect from any that I had seen as yet in Bosnia, its features being much larger;—interminable meadows, broken only here and there by pine forests, and the rocky peaks of the mountains which support this elevated plateau; and it also differed from the usual character of Bosnian scenery, inasmuch as it was totally devoid of water, and very thinly peopled,—only a few

wretched wooden huts being visible from time to time. When there were more than half-a-dozen of these together, they were raised to the rank of villages, as it were by brevet ; that is, bearing the title without enjoying any of the relative advantages. Thus, Koslicza and Micsvoda look well on the map, but I had great difficulty in identifying them—so little do they differ in appearance from a mere khan with its dependencies. I had several of the best maps of Bosnia with me, but their inaccuracy was quite surprising.

We rode, next, for an hour in a fine forest of pines, most of which looked as if they begged to be cut down and made use of, before they should fall and rot, like so many others now lying on the ground, in a state of tinder rather than timber. We came to a large khan, built in the middle of the wood by Fazli Pasha for the accommodation of travellers, and bearing his name: he would have done well to keep to bridge and khan-building, poor man. When leaving it, I had the satisfaction of seeing the *hanum* arrive with her suite, safe and sound ; and she took up her quarters where I had not attempted this time to gain admittance. I have no sympathy for those who can wantonly shock the prejudices of others while they think their own immaculate, as too many of our countrymen are, unfortunately, prone to do abroad. She threw me a glance from beneath her *yashmack*, evidently recognizant of the “Inghilis Bey,” as she entered the family apartments, which consisted of a corner of the stable boarded off. At this khan I was

no loser by my forbearance ; and I suspect I was more comfortable on a carpet under a tree, than the poor *hanum* was in that harem. Our road was now paved in the old way, and most abominable it was. We left the forest, passed a small lake, and, after eleven hours in the saddle, were not sorry to find ourselves beside a roaring fire in another khan, where we slept.

At daylight we set off again, in a mountain fog, with two foot-soldiers besides our mounted escort, as we had an ugly pass to go through. Still that odious pavement, which seemed to be constructed on the best principles for obstructing the way ! It was especially obnoxious in a long descent of at least 2,000 feet ; for it effectually prevented our poor horses from keeping on their feet on this occasion. But the country was so lovely on every side, that I could not help forgiving the road that took me through it. The fog had cleared away, and splendid valleys opened out, right and left, partly cultivated, and beautifully wooded. We stopped at a khan in one of them, through which the river Jadar flows, with well-tilled fields around it, to have our escort relieved ; as the small town of Vlassanicza, which is the military station, was at a little distance from the road, and I did not care to increase my day's journey by going to a place of no interest.

Near this khan were a number of large blocks of stone roughly hewn into the form of ancient Greek *sarcophagi*, but they were not hollow. One of the blocks represented a double *catafalque*, having possibly been the sepulchral monument of a married couple who

had died simultaneously. I had seen several such *necropoleis* on the great plateau, which we had taken so many hours to ride across on the previous day, before descending from the mountains, but this was the first I had time to examine. They were time-worn, and they bore evidence of great antiquity, probably dating long before the Mahometan conquest.

A turf seat had been formed over a spring, for the Turks love the trickling sound of running water, when they give themselves up to the silent enjoyment of the *tshibook*, and I took possession of the green sofa, in preference to the doubtful carpet and cushions prepared for me in the khan. A peasant was standing at the door of his cottage opposite me, and his young wife came running out with two jars to fill at the fountain. When she saw me, she ran back, being unveiled, and seemed to ask permission from her husband to be seen by a stranger; the man consented, I presume, for she returned to the spring and filled her jars; but she never once looked at me, and having kept her eyes fixed on her husband all the time, she took to flight, with the water she had sought, as if a pack of hounds were at her heels. The husband must have been very thirsty.

Our dragoons did not make their appearance, and, as the foot-soldiers could not keep up with us on a level road, we started alone; but we had not gone far when the former came galloping after us, and complained bitterly of our having exposed them to the risk of punish-

ment if anything had happened to us ; our own possible sufferings in such a contingency not being in any way taken into account. The road was good as we followed the valley of the Jadar, and we soon rode six miles to the small town of Yeni Casaba, nestling between two lines of hills richly clothed with wood, and cultivated in patches of barley in the ear, and Indian corn now about a foot high.

This *new town*, as its name implies, has the appearance of a very old town. It possesses a large mosque, or rather the mosque possesses it ; for the whole valley, town and all, is *Vakuf*, or church property, more correctly speaking, an endowment for purposes of public instruction and charity, as there is no real ecclesiastical establishment in Mahometanism. My horse was held before the khan-door by a sturdy boy of some eight or nine years of age ; he was delighted with having the best animal placed under his charge, and he strutted about, grinning from ear to ear whenever he caught my eye as I sat at the window, and uttering strange inarticulate sounds. I was told that he was deaf and dumb, and when I mounted to continue my journey, I bade Osman Aga give him a special gratuity in favour of his infirmity. The expression of gratitude depicted on his lively countenance would have been a rare study for a painter, and the warm tone of its dirty and sun-burnt colouring would have suited Giorgione to a nicety.

Here we crossed the Jadar, which had now become a

considerable stream. The bridge, of a single bold arch, required a bold rider to cross it, for more than half its breadth had fallen into the water, leaving a path of scarcely three feet broad, and at least thirty feet above the river, and the stones were worn and slippery. I had not perceived its state on going up one side of its Gothic stride, and when I discovered that it narrowed from the apex downwards, it was too late to dismount, as there were no parapets, and there was not space for both my horse and myself to stand on it; but he neither swerved, nor stumbled, nor slipped, and I got over in safety, in time to warn the others, who led their horses across. The valley now widened, making room for several good fields, and then it suddenly closed in a gorge, somewhat resembling the Kazan on the Danube. We climbed one of the steep hills, which seem well nigh to meet over the river, whose rushing and roaring amongst the rocks, was almost lost to the ear as well as to the eye. The height we attained could not be less than 1,000 feet. At the other end of this defile, where another wooded dell conveys the river Kladina to unite its waters with those of the Jadar, rises a perpendicular and isolated rock, on which stands the small hamlet of Kushlar, or the Birds, in Turkish, and queer old birds indeed the inhabitants must have been to select such a peak for their eyry.

I dismounted, and descended to the narrow neck of land, uniting the abode of those stylite hermits to the

rest of the world, and serving as the only approach to it. A few of the villagers who were on the isthmus ran away from me, scrambling up the rock, without stopping until they had closed their gate, as if determined to stand a siege; the arrival of a troop of well-armed Turks, having perhaps suggested the idea that another insurrection had broken out, and that a detachment had been sent to occupy their rock, which commands the defile. However this may be, the whole population of birds clustered on the top of the cliff, peering over at me as I sat on the stone admiring their singular and romantic nest. The effect of the red and grey streaks, like the fluting of a column, standing out from the dark woods all around, with the few cottages and the mosque on their summit to represent the capital, was grand in the extreme; and it was not until Osman Aga had shouted to me, more than once, that we had no time to lose, that I left off gazing at it, and reascended to the road.

It now wound round the side of the mountain, from which a steep descent brought us down again to the bank of the Jadar, increased by the tribute of the Kladina, and much swollen by the recent rains. There was a ford to pass, but it looked threatening. We halted, and held a consultation. One of our escort proposed trying it, and another advised a deviation of a few miles, to cross the river by a ferry-boat at a place lower down. The former made an experiment to prove his opinion, and, as the water did not seem to be more than four

feet deep, I followed him, and the others came after us. My boots were soon full of water; our horses lost their footing from time to time when they came to a hole; the current was very rapid, and we were all carried about fifty paces down the stream. My Arab seemed at last to think the joke was carried rather too far; he got upon a large flat stone, little more than half-way across, which raised his knees out of the water, and there he stood immovable, for neither whip nor spur could induce him to go on. The remainder of the party passed me, and reached the other side in safety. I patted my horse on the neck, and tried to coax him into good humour, but it was all of no avail. He neighed, snorted, and pawed the water angrily with his fore feet, as it rushed past him.

What made my position the more aggravating, was that the villains opposite were laughing at me. To be sure, it was rather an unusual site for the erection of an equestrian statue. I called to them to go on and leave me, in the hope that the young horse would go after his companions, the Wallachian ponies, and the stratagem succeeded. He got exceedingly impatient as they disappeared, one by one, in the wood, and neighed aloud: he seemed to have made up his mind to go, but he would evidently have preferred going alone, and he tried hard to leave me on that stone, a strange *manège* for rough-riding. At last, he plunged off our pedestal, and literally galloped to the bank, splashing the water about

him in a manner that frightened him still more ; and we had gone at least a hundred yards at full speed on dry land before I could pull him up and pacify him.

We followed the left bank of the river for a few miles further, and then entered the valley of my old friend the Drina, into which the Jadar flows. The hills on the other side were Serbian, as this is the boundary between the two provinces, and we were obliged to go northwards in search of a place to cross it, for the Serbs do not let the Bosniacs enter their country at more than one or two points. We passed the villages of Ludmer and Cossirevo.

The valley was well cultivated both where it formed a small plain, and where it was so narrow that the fields stretched up the hills ; that on the left being the continuation of the great Tavornik range, which I had crossed between Toozla and the river Bosna, and which was the scene of Ibrahim Pasha's Lenten blockade. We arrived at the gate of Svornik at a late hour in the evening, and were conducted through the fort to the Mudir's residence in the town, by an officer whom he had sent to receive us.

Osman Bey, the Mudir of Svornik, was a young man of five-and-twenty, and a capital fellow, taking his wine freely ; telling good stories, not long ones, and allowing his guest to do as he liked, without oppressing him with over-civility. He was the son of a rich grandee of Trebisonde, who, being an affiliated Janissary, shared the fate of his fraternity. Under Sultan Mahmud the pro-

perty of the children was confiscated to the amount of 170,000*l.*, but under Sultan Abdul Medjid they were all placed in the way of rising, another brother being the Mudir of Bielina.

The *konak* of Svornik is large and handsome, and it is well situated on the river. In fact, there is hardly a house in the town which is not thus situated, as the strip of land on which it is built is so narrow, that the high and steep hill on which the fortress stands seems to push the whole place into the Drina. The population is between five and six thousand, one tenth part of whom are Christians, under the pastoral charge of the metropolitan bishop of Toozla, whose archdeacon resides here, and came to call on me,—a cunning, servile Greek, as usual. An old Bosniac gentleman, the contemporary and friend of the hero of Svornik, Ali Vidaitsh, also came to see me, because he said I was the first Englishman who had ever visited this town; and he gave me some curious details of the life of his old comrade.

After the last war between the Sultan and the Czar, in 1829, Ali Vidaitsh had been deprived of his hereditary command; but in consequence of the disordered state of the country, he had found means of eluding the sentence passed on him, and he still occupied his castle of Svornik. The Vezir now offered him the neighbouring government of Srebernitza, which he accepted, in the hope of thus entering into favour again, and he went

to take possession of it. He found the fortress occupied by Memish Aga, who had assembled a numerous garrison to dispute the appointment of governor, and he therefore returned to Svornik ; but there also the gates were closed against him. Mahmud, one of his own relations, and a friend of Memish Aga, with whom he had concerted this stratagem, occupied the castle of their common ancestors. Ali Vidaitsh still had adherents in the town, however, and they contrived to smuggle him into it. With them he fought his way from street to street, and seemed likely to overcome his enemy, when Hussein Aga, the Kapitan of Gradashatz, appeared with reinforcements. Attacked in the front and in the rear, the small band of Vidaitsh were obliged to take refuge in his *konak* or palace, which they defended desperately, until Mahmud and Hussein forced them to surrender by setting fire to it.

The result of this local feud was very different from what might have been expected, for Hussein, after taking Ali prisoner, evinced the greatest admiration of his gallantry, and swore the oath of *pobratim*, or brotherhood. Hussein was the son of the Kapitan Osman, whose valour and wisdom is celebrated in several of the Bosnian *piesmas*, or national songs, and was himself a young chief who enjoyed great popularity. When united with Ali Vidaitsh his party became all-powerful over the Sipahis, and under their joint direction a new insurrection against the Porte was prepared ; but it was

ultimately suppressed, and they were both exiled for life to Trebisond.

The fortifications of Svornik consist of a castle on a high hill, commanding the river Drina, and some feeble works on its left bank, with a long wall flanked by towers, uniting each end of the latter with the former. There are two gates in the receding ramparts of the lower fort, protected by gate-towers, ditches, and draw-bridges, but the only strength of the place is in the castle; and as the probable point of attack would be from the west, it might make an efficient defence, while the fort on the river could not stand an hour if an assailing force could once get at it. There are extensive vaulted magazines in it, and several old houses, with a large mosque, grass-grown, out of repair, and apparently deserted. An open space intervenes between the fort and the town, and the latter is merely a long row of houses, some of them being large and surrounded by gardens, quite unguarded towards the north, excepting by the difficulties which an army would encounter on the road to it; for the rocks are in some places so steep, that only a narrow path is scooped out, overhanging the river. Svornik may one day become an important military position, as a small body of men might prevent the passage of a large army on the Drina, or along either of its banks, and the mountainous nature of the country is such, that a very long *détour* would be necessary, to move troops between the northern and southern

parts of eastern Bosnia by any other way. Svornik took no part, however, in the late war, although its principal proprietor, Mahmud Pasha, was one of the instigators of the insurrection. The rapid and triumphant march of Omer Pasha from Travnik to Toozla, overawed the malcontents, among the Sipahis of this part of the country, before they could rise, and they sent him a deputation of submission.

I had observed in Mr. Paton's account of Serbia, that he had failed in obtaining admission to the remarkable fortress of Sokol, and I was, therefore, desirous of filling up the *hiatus* in his description of that province. I had requested Omer Pasha to assist me; he said that he knew nothing of the chief of that Mahometan community, but that he would try the influence of his name; and he addressed a letter to him, stating that he might safely admit me into his castle. I now prepared for going there from Svornik, but I found that there was a quarantine to perform,—and a strange thing it is, that it should be allowed permanently to subsist between two provinces of the same empire, without any sanitary motive being extant. I learnt, moreover, that a Serbian regulation prohibited any one entering the principality from Bosnia, excepting at Racsa, on account of the recent disturbances. I would not give up my project, however, and I suggested that the Mudir should represent the case to the nearest Serbian authority. This he did by despatching a messenger in the night to Losnitza, which is thirty miles distant; and in the after-

noon of the next day a favourable answer arrived, with the intimation, moreover, that four officials were sent to the frontier to receive me. I attributed this unexpected civility to the weight of Omer Pasha's name, for he had also spontaneously provided me with a *buyrultu*, or general order to all the authorities in European Turkey to meet my wishes in every way; and I had made use of it on this occasion. Although I had asked that an exception should be made in my favour, merely as an English traveller, a title not over popular in Serbia, where there is a greater partiality to Russia and Austria than to Great Britain, the *buyrultu*, which is a distinction rarely conferred, was effective even with the Serbs.

In the forenoon, I had taken a walk round Svornik with Haireddin. We passed a fountain a little way beyond the town, at which three children were filling jars with water. I told Haireddin to ask for one of the jars that I might drink from it. The eldest child, a young chatterbox about five years old, gave me his, and I bade Haireddin give to each of them a small piece of money.

"Is water so scarce with you," said the boy, "that you are obliged to pay for it?"

I explained, through my Bosnian interpreter, that I did not mean to pay for the water, but merely to procure them a pleasure.

"That is different," answered the child, "and we thank you."

The other two stood gazing on their treasure in their

dirty little hands, with the mute transport of unwonted good fortune, and then they looked up to smile their gratitude. I asked what they would do with the money.

“Buy bread,” said the spokesman.

“Does your father not give you bread?”

“Oh, yes, but that is yellow bread, and we’ll go to the bazaar ourselves, to buy nice black loaves.

This meant that their accustomed food was made of Indian corn, and that the anticipated delicacy was baked of wheat flour; they were thus made happy by the prospect of a feast, consisting of coarse black bread.

I was accompanied on this walk by one of the Mudir’s armed retainers, whom, though clothed almost in rags, I heard Haireddin addressing as “Ali Bey.” I asked why he called him bey. He replied that he was a bey, and that his father, grandfather, and ancestors, from time immemorial, had all been beys; and he explained that this was the representative of one of the ancient feudal families, reduced to poverty by the abolition of their privileges. The indigence of the children gave me pain; that of the bey consoled me.

On the ensuing morning I set off for Sokol, taking only Haireddin and a couple of mounted soldiers with me, and sending Osman Aga to Shabacz to bring my carriage to Belgrade. For nine miles we followed the same road that had brought us to Svornik, until we reached the river Jadar, which we crossed in a ferry-boat.

Then we rode along the left bank of the Drina for fifteen miles, and a most agreeable ride it was, the path being smooth and level, the day neither hot nor cold, and the valley beautiful, both on the Bosnian and on the Serbian side of the river. We passed the villages of Dubravicza and Krasanovitsh, whose whole population, men, women, and children, seemed to be in the fields, hoeing and weeding the Indian corn. Infants in cradles, constructed of a single piece of bark, were either sleeping under trees, or slung on their mothers' backs, as the latter moved about at their work; and little boys and girls, of two and three years old, were tending cattle, sheep, and goats. There was just enough of wood to constitute the picturesque without falling into the monotony of forest scenery, of which I had had a surfeit; and the Drina glided majestically along, now with unruffled serenity, at least 100 yards in breadth, and now fretting and foaming amongst the rocks that narrowed its channel. It is a noble river, and it flows through a lovely country.

When we reached Liebovia, we found a large boat waiting for us. Our horses were embarked, and we pushed off from Bosnia.

CHAPTER XIV.

LIEBOVIA—SOKOL—THE IMAM—THE MUSSELLIM—VALLIEVO—HUB—PALESH
—BELGRADE—GROZKA—SEMENDRA—GIPSY BRIGAND—THE CONVENTS OF
MANASSIA AND RAVANITZA—THE BATTLE OF KOSSOVA—KIUPRI—PARAKIN
—GIPSY BRIGAND AGAIN—RASHNIA—THE CASTLE OF STALACZ—ALEX-
INCZE—SERBIAN FRONTIER.

THE captain of the district received me with great civility. The passport process was disposed of most summarily; the quarantine question was pooh-poohed; and the importation of horses was treated with utter contempt. So much for administration towards travellers well recommended. The representatives of the three plagues of Serbia,—police, quarantine, and custom-house, were in attendance; and there was also a herd of swine, equally characteristic of the country. We mounted our horses, and, escorted by the captain and three of his equestrian acolytes, besides our Svornik guards, we proceeded on our way, thus protected both by Christians and by Mussulmans. After returning northwards for three miles along the right bank of the Drina, we struck off at a right-angle, and entered a narrow ravine with a brook running hurriedly down it to join the river.

Here commenced the territory of the Mahometan community. It was well cultivated, and partially wooded. We ascended the gorge for five miles, often crossing the small stream, and rising higher and higher on the flanks of the enclosing mountains as we advanced. They became rugged and abrupt, and the valley opened out. The wood disappeared, and great white rocks stood forth in bold relief from the dark circle of heights which formed an amphitheatre before us. A sudden turn of the path brought us face to face with a perpendicular cliff, at least 600 feet in height, and on the summit of this pillar of rock, standing out from the mountain, was perched the castle of Sokol. On winding through a gullet formed by another similar, though less fantastic, caprice of nature, and from which fell a noble cascade, we perceived that the principal mass of grey limestone was attached to the hill behind it up to about two-thirds of its stature; and on the connecting neck of land clustered the town which was also fortified by a wall.

We climbed a long zigzag, and reached the gate, where I was welcomed by a young Mahometan Serb, handsome, but of cold and repulsive aspect. He said that a messenger had arrived to announce my visit; that the *Musselim* was absent, and that I must be satisfied with his hospitality in the meantime. However ungracious was the manner in which this offer was made, I could not do otherwise than accept it; and he led the way to his house. Pipes and coffee of course; but tendered

with a distant and disrespectful air, which was new to me on the part of a Mussulman; and the customary salutations were rendered on the part, of my host, who seemed to think himself degraded by his office. When the sun set, he looked at his watch, and suddenly left the room. I inquired of Haireddin what this meant, and he replied that it was time to go to the *Djami*, or mosque. I asked why he did not say his prayers at home, as I had seen many other Turks do.

“He is the Imam of the town,” said Haireddin, “and he must go to the *Djami*.”

This explained the distaste of the fanatic for the unbeliever; and the constant struggle, which I perceived between his prejudices and his deference for the friend of a great pasha, was most remarkable in his looks and demeanour. The *Mussellim* arrived; a blunt jolly old Turk, telling me at once that he was right glad to see me, and displaying the best his house could afford to do me honour. I dined well, and slept soundly; rose at an early hour, and proceeded with the *Mussellim* to the castle. The Serbian captain begged me to take him with me, as he was ambitious of being the first Serb to enter it since the Turks obtained possession of it in the year 1440, when the wife of the despot, George, said that the hawk had flown from her hand, the word *sokol*, meaning hawk in Slavonic; but I refused to take so unfair an advantage of the *Mussellim*'s courtesy. He followed us, however; the guard let him in at the gate, and then

closing it, told him, with a laugh, that he was a prisoner and must pay a ransom, which he was compelled to do before recovering his liberty.

The fort is built on the pinnacle of the rock, with batteries defending a spiral ascent which twists round it; the first of these mounts ten long 18-pounders; the second, four; another, three; and several single guns of different calibres are posted at commanding points. The gates were all of iron, and so low that even a very short man is obliged to stoop when entering. The magazines contain a large quantity of powder, 200 stand of old-fashioned arms, piles of paper to make cartridges, ropes and tools, all in perfect order, biscuit enough to support the population of the town for two years, and—two strange articles to be cited as military stores,—innumerable sacks and bales of coffee and tobacco. There are granaries full of Indian corn, and cisterns overflowing with water. In short, everything is ready to stand a siege, and many of the older inhabitants of the town are in the habit of entering the fort every night, lest they should find it beleagured in the morning. From without, the works appear to possess little more strength than that of the natural position; they consist in battlemented walls and round towers, and there is no ditch towards the town.

The Serbs never succeeded in taking the castle, but they often blockaded it, the remains of two redoubts raised in their last war being still visible on the summit

of the neighbouring heights. It is commanded by them, but it would not be easy to get a battering train up to them, and, in a country where provisions are so scarce, and where it must be so difficult to transport baggage, ammunition, and artillery, the means of defence are certainly greater than those of attack. The fort is at present garrisoned merely by a dozen of the townsmen in turn, a small annuity being allowed them by the Sultan in recompense of this service. The inhabitants of the town, who number about 2,000, are exceedingly poor, and a single street with a few shops, half-ruined houses, and a mosque, form the principal features of the place.

On leaving Sokol, we crossed the high range of hills called the Medvedniak, or Bear Mountain, which separates the territory of its little community on the east, from the remainder of Serbia; and we descended on a tract of meadow land with occasional forests, which we traversed during the whole day without rest or food, for the only khan we saw was closed and tenantless. In the evening we entered the neat little town of Vallievo, with its new street of handsome houses, and its German inn, in which I supped at a table, and with a fork, for the first time in two months. Half-a-dozen Austrian *employés* of the government were my boon companions; as great a change as might be within twelve hours after leaving Sokol. The population of Vallievo is about 1,500, and they had been sorely tried

of late by an inundation of the river Kolubara, which I had seen at Palesh, for houses had been thrown down, and the bridge across it, uniting the two halves of the town, had been carried off entirely.

A ride of eighteen miles, on the following morning, brought me to Hub, possessing 1,000 inhabitants and the usual features of Serbian towns. One imitation of Europe which I saw here, was new to me as yet : mounted postilions had been of late introduced for the conveyance of letters, and, as their dress was a copy of that of Austrian post-boys, they had a horn, which they seemed to think it was a part of their duty to keep constantly blowing,—it could not be called playing,—in the forest and in the meadow, up hill and down hill, whether or not there was any one to listen to them except their horses. Twenty miles through an oak-forest brought me again to Palesh, and there I found Osman Aga with my carriage and Wallachian ponies, for which I willingly exchanged my saddle. The next day we arrived at Belgrade, where I stayed a week with the agreeable companions, whose society I had already enjoyed on my previous visit, and then I took my departure for Constantinople.

The first night I slept at Grotzka, in the same corn-bin which I had formerly taken refuge in ; and on the following day I dined at Semendra, and took a new road thence leading me due south along the valley of the Morava. The plain was well cultivated with maize

wherever it was not covered with enormous timber ; and I remarked on the road side a most luxuriant growth of wild sainfoin, attesting the great fertility of the soil.

At the large village of Salaortsa, I was mobbed by Gipsies, whose camp was in the neighbourhood, and I thought I could recognise among them the spoiler of the Jew in Bosnia ; but I was not sure, and he did not claim my acquaintance as heretofore. If it was the same, he affected incognito also as regarded his costume. Two of the young Gipsy girls were most uncommonly handsome.

We crossed the Morava by a ferry-boat at Markovacz, and proceeded to Sulianitza and Medvedya ; being in all fifty-seven English miles that my ponies had trotted since the morning ; but the road was macadamised, and they did it cheerfully. My supper was black bread, and eggs poached in rancid butter,—a mess worthy of the name of the village, which means “honey-eater,” or *bear*. At daylight we left the good road, and approached the hills towards the east, as I wished to see two remarkable convents, which Prince Alexander had recommended me to visit on my way to Constantinople.

After driving six miles up and down on low hills covered with grass and occasional woods, we came to Manassia, a fortified monastery built in a rocky gullet, by the despot Stephan Lazarevitsh, 375 years ago. The outer wall is surrounded by a dry ditch, and flanked by several high square towers. Within, the church is large and handsome, built of hewn stone in the Byzan-

tine style, but plastered over according to the Vandal taste of the modern Serbs. Opposite the church stand the crumbling walls of a palace, which was frequently occupied by Stephan; and it has considerable claims to architectural beauty, especially as a ruin. Beside it, a small and insignificant building has accommodated the four monks resident here since the convent was taken over from the Turks twenty-two years ago. Its revenue is about 300*l.* per annum, derived principally from a gunpowder-mill, which I visited. The powder was good, though coarse, and the process of composition was most primitive. I drove nine miles across the hills to the twin monastery of Ravanitza, situated somewhat similarly in another narrow and wooded dell, at the entrance to which stands the village of Senié, which contains about one hundred houses. This establishment is more ancient than that of Manassia, as it was founded by the Knez Lazar, the father of Stephan. The church is small, and is in an excellent state of preservation, but the other ancient buildings are in ruins. They consisted of the castellated residence of Lazar, the fresco paintings on the walls of his oratory being still visible; and opposite it stand the remains of a great audience-chamber, in which the raised seat of the prince can still be traced on a quadrangular platform of stone. Between these two ruins are those of a square tower, which was occupied by his son-in-law, Milosh Obilovitsh, who assassinated Sultan Murad at the great battle of Kossova. This was a curious episode of Serbian history.

When the invading army of the Turks appeared on the plain of Kossova, where the Serbs and Bosniacs had pitched their camp, the latter considered their victory as certain. A feast was given in the evening by Lazar to his nobles. "Drink to my health," he said, handing his stravitza, or cup, to one of them, by name Milosh Obilovitsh,—“drink with me although you be suspected of betraying our cause.” “I accept the stravitza with thanks,” replied Milosh; “and to-morrow’s dawn shall give you the proof of my fidelity.” This incident is recorded by John Ducas, the most trustworthy of the Byzantine historians; and Engel, in his *Geschichte von Servien*, relates that Vukashava and Mara, two of the daughters of the Knez Lazar, were married, the first to Milosh Obilovitsh, and the second to his political rival, Vuk Brankovitsh. The two princesses, he alleges without quoting his authority, disputed one day about the courage of their respective husbands, and in their excitement, Vukashava struck Mara; the latter complained to Brankovitsh, who immediately demanded personal satisfaction from Obilovitsh, and Lazar, their common father-in-law and prince, having permitted them to settle their quarrel in single combat, Obilovitsh unhorsed Brankovitsh; and the vanquished champion sought to revenge himself by accusing his conqueror of being a traitor, and of having come to a secret understanding with the Turks. On whatever foundation this story may rest, it is perfectly consistent with the occurrence mentioned by

Ducas as having taken place at Lazar's feast on the plain of Kossova, and with the subsequent conduct of Obilovitsh.

A council of war was held in the Turkish camp. Some of the generals proposed that the camels should be placed in front of the army, in order that the horses of the enemy might be frightened by them. Bayezid objected to this plan, because the honour of their race required that they should meet every foe face to face; and after such signal successes as they had hitherto achieved, it would show an unworthy want of confidence in the blessing of God, were they to trust to any other resource than that of their own victorious arms. The Grand Vezir supported these sentiments by relating, that during the preceding night he had consulted the Koran, by opening it and reading the first verse that appeared, which was:—"Oh, Prophet! combat the infidels and hypocrites;" and the second was:—"Indeed, a numerous force is often vanquished by a less numerous." This latter application corroborates the testimony of Neshri as to the numerical inferiority of the Turks. The Beyler Bey, Timurtash Pasha, remarked that the camels would more probably take fright on seeing the armour of the enemy's cavalry, than create confusion by frightening their horses, and that they might fall back upon their own ranks and cause disorder.

Night fell without any decision having been adopted, and a strong wind arose, which drove clouds of dust against the Turks. The Slavonians wished to avail

themselves of this favourable circumstance, in order to attack the Turks before daylight, when their advance would be covered by darkness, and their onslaught more sure of success, on account of the disadvantage under which the latter were labouring in consequence of the weather; but George Castriot, one of their chiefs, dissuaded them from adopting this plan, by arguing that the darkness of night would enable the Turks to escape after they should be defeated, whereas during the day they would be completely annihilated. The Turkish historian, Seadeddin, records that the Sultan Murad passed the night in prayer, imploring the protection of Heaven, and beseeching God to vouchsafe that he might die for the Mussulman faith,—the only death conferring on a martyr eternal felicity.

At dawn it rained, and the wind fell. The rain ceased, and both armies prepared for battle. The Knez Lazar commanded the centre of the Christian army his nephew and son-in-law, Vuk Brankovitsh, the right wing; and Twartko, King of Bosnia, the left. Sultan Murad took his accustomed post in the centre of his troops, with his eldest son Bayezid at the head of their right wing, and his other son Yacub, leading their left wing; the first of these two princes being supported by Evrenos Bey and Kurd Aga, while the second was assisted in his command by Ainé Bey and Saridji Pasha, the chief of the pioneers. Haider Pasha had charge of the artillery, placed at regular distances in the ranks of

the Janissaries ; and the baggage was kept in the rear. The Sultan gave the signal of attack, and his army advanced. Lazar ordered the Bosnian General Vladco Vukovitsh, the nephew of Twartko, King of Bosnia, to endeavour to check his progress with 20,000 men. The hostile forces met, and the first shock was most violent, as both armies were animated by impetuous fury. The Ottoman troops were repulsed, but, when Vladco was preparing to follow up his first success by renewing the attack before the Turks could form again, a false report was spread amongst the Bosniacs that Tragos Provish, a Serbian general, had betrayed his master, and gone over to the enemy with his division of the Christian army. From whence this mis-statement originated is uncertain ; but, if intentional, it was a successful stratagem, for Vladco drew off his men, and left the Knez Lazar to his fate. The Sultan rushed forward with his ranks closed. A general *mêlée* ensued. The Serbs still fought desperately, and for a moment the left wing of the Turks was seen to stagger, but Bayezid came to its support, clearing his way through the enemy's lines with his war-club, at the head of a few devoted followers. The bright "blades shining like diamonds," says Seadeddin, "were changed by the blood they had shed, to purple-coloured swords. Already the steel points of the javelins glittered like rubies, and the field of battle, covered with turbans of a thousand shades, became an enormous bed of tulips. Of a sudden,

a Serbian noble, Milosh Obilovitsh, opens a way amongst the combatants and the dead. He calls out to the Sultan's guards that he has an important secret to reveal, and Murad orders them to let him approach. The Serb then prostrates himself, as if to kiss the Sultan's feet, and quickly rising, plunges his dagger into his breast. The guards fell upon the assassin, who being a man of prodigious strength and activity, killed several of them, and succeeded, after almost incredible efforts, in escaping three times from the host of his assailants. At last, however, being unable to reach his horse, which he had left on the banks of the river, he was overpowered by numbers, and was massacred."

Although mortally wounded, Murad had still sufficient presence of mind to give directions which secured the victory. The Knez Lazar was taken prisoner and was brought to the Sultan's tent. There he learnt how Milosh Obilovitsh had determined on proving his fidelity. "Great God!" he exclaimed, clasping his hands, as related by Ducas; "now mayest Thou take me to Thee, for Thou hast permitted me to see my enemy dying in my presence, by the hand of a faithful warrior!"

Murad I. expired when in the act of passing sentence of death on the Knez and his nobles, who had been made prisoners with him, and they were all immediately beheaded. These incidents are represented by the Greek and Serbian historians, as having taken place in a somewhat different manner from that related by the Turkish authors; for the former state that Milosh Obilovitsh had

repaired to the Turkish camp before the engagement commenced, professing to be a deserter, and assassinated the Sultan in his tent. Some of the Turkish writers also relate the death of Murad I. differently from Seadeddin, and aver that the Sultan was surveying the field of battle after his victory, and was killed by Obilovitsh, who was lying wounded, among the dying and the dead. But however this may be, the results of all the versions of the story are the same. Turkey lost a great monarch, and the Serbs were conquered. The remains of their army fled to the rocky fastnesses above the gulf of Cattaro, where they settled and became the ancestors of the present tribe of Montenegrins.

The armour of Milosh Obilovitsh, and that worn by his horse at the battle of Kossova, are still preserved in the arsenal of the Seraglio at Constantinople; and a practice existed at the court of the Sultans until lately, said to have been introduced in consequence of the death of Murad I., and which consisted in holding by the arms those who were presented. Three small *tumuli* may be seen on the plain of Kossova, at a distance of about fifty yards from each other: they indicate the three places where Obilovitsh successively escaped from the Janissaries in that extraordinary struggle of one man single-handed, against a whole guard. And a small mosque points out the spot then occupied by the Sultan's tent, in which he breathed his last. It is not his tomb, as his remains were conveyed to Brussa for interment.

A large new building has lately been erected at

Ravanitza, and the superior told me it had been constructed principally at the expense of Russia. When Peter the Great undertook his disastrous campaign on the Pruth, two monks of his monastery went to Moldavia to do homage to him, and he, with his usual foresight, endowed their establishment to the amount of thirty-six silver roubles per annum, then worth thirty francs each, though now not realizing five. For the last twenty-six years this grant had been in abeyance; and having now been claimed for the purpose of building, the arrears were at once paid up, and the continuation of the subsidy was promised. The portraits of the Emperor Nicholas and his family were conspicuous in the Abbot's apartments, and the fresco paintings in the church are even made to express an illegitimate allegiance in the same manner. But the Czar would be but little flattered if he saw the face they have given him, for the art of painting is merely mechanical in these countries. The Eastern Christian church, as well as Islamism, proscribes sculpture; but painting, which is the only lawful mode of decorating their temples and their palaces, has not profited by the preference, and is still in a state of the most rude imperfection.

The tomb of Tsinsar Janco, one of Kara George's comrades, was close to the church of Ravanitza. He had died here in 1833, as the red marble slab, placed over him, recorded in a Slavonic inscription. From Ravanitza to the town of Kiupri took us an hour at a fast trot.

This place derives its name from a bridge, *keupri* in Turkish, which, though partly ruined, still stands over the Morava here. Ancient field fortifications surround the town, which is small, but contains some good houses.

We got on the macadamised road again, and glided rapidly along towards Parakin, a smaller town of poor appearance. On pulling up at the khan, we found Haireddin, whom the good Vasif Pasha had insisted on sending with me, and to whom I had confided my Arabian, which he was bringing on by easy stages, having quitted Belgrade a few days before us. We left them to follow at their leisure, and drove twelve miles further to a khan, where we slept. On the way, we suddenly heard a shot in a wood through which we were passing. I pulled my holsters from below the seat of the carriage, but their contents were not required, for we soon saw two horsemen, well armed, making off as fast they could in an opposite direction. Three more then came out of the wood, with two men on foot and pinioned. We recognised the former to be *gens d'armes*, as well as three others who followed leading a good horse, and one of the prisoners was my friend the Gipsy chief, who smiled as we passed him. He had perhaps been waiting for us at this convenient spot, and had been tracked by the police force, who had at last taken him after some resistance, for one of the constables had his left arm tied to his side, while the brigand's two followers had escaped. My friend had thought us an easy prey in our carriage,

and without a guard, as even Haireddin was no longer with us; and my coachman had a conscious look about him, as if he had acted the part of the decoy-duck for his kinsman. Osman Aga took his revenge in the evening, however, by giving him an unmerciful thrashing with his own whip, the pretext being that he had stolen a bottle of brandy from the khandji.

At an early hour we continued our way to the small town of Rashnia, whose neat church was the only feature worthy of remark about the place. It was surrounded by vineyards producing a good wine, which I tasted here. The best wine of Serbia is that of Semendra, and it is yielded by vines that are said to be lineally descended from those planted there by the Emperor Probus. The wine is kept in long and narrow barrels, or in tarred skins, both recipients being generally conveyed from place to place on horseback. The vines in Serbia are not supported by stakes, and their tendrils creep along the ground. Each vineyard has its *vigla*, or vidette situated on a rock or in the branches of a lofty tree, whence the armed sentinel guards it from trespass, either by man or beast; and the same practice is followed in the maize-fields. After the vintage or harvest is concluded, the proprietor always gives a feast.

We now left the plain of the Morava, and for some time crossed low hills, over which there was no made road, for I was again deviating from the usual course in

search of objects of historical interest. We passed through young woods on the heights, and found good cultivation in the hollows. The soil is in general inferior to that of Bosnia, but the Serbs have decidedly the advantage in the extent and perfection of tillage. It is always the case that husbandry languishes in proportion as fertility is enjoyed, and the poorer the land is, the more active and skilful is its cultivation.

Again we reached the valley of the Morava, whose course here forms a right angle, which we had cut off by describing its hypotenuse in an imaginary triangle. The whole plain was one vast meadow, on which haymaking was busily going on. I found what I sought, at the confluence of the two Moravas,—the castle of Stalacz. The river is here divided into two branches, the one flowing from the western hills, the other from the south, and both bearing the same name. The castle is on a height over the stream. It does not appear to have been extensive, and there are now only a few fragments of thick walls remaining. It is celebrated, however, in Serbian history, for it gallantly held out against the Turks after the death of Knez Lazar. The *Voivode*, Theodore, defended it, and when the besieging force effected an entrance by a subterraneous passage, he flung his sword into the Morava, and sprung from the rampart with his wife in his arms. Their death forms the subject of one of the national epic ballads, which also describes the manner in which its hero carried off his bride on horseback.

Turning eastward, we followed the course of the river to the straggling little town of Bulovan and thence to that of Alexincze, which stands at the extremity of the plain, where lofty mountains bound the prospect, and also the province, for here is the frontier of Bulgaria. There were numerous long lines of four-wheeled waggons, drawn by oxen, on the road which we had now regained; those going northwards being generally laden with sheepskins, and those travelling into the interior, with bales and cases of German goods.

At Alexincze I stopped at a khan, where I dropped, as from the clouds, into the middle of a circle of some fifteen or twenty Serbian peasants, listening to the long stories of a grave old man, whose every word convulsed them with laughter. I understood nothing of what he said, but I detected myself laughing with the rest, so comical was the effect of his serious and almost melancholy face, when he was evidently saying all sorts of funny things. When a man laughs at his own jokes, there is no call on others to do so. Two Turks were sitting over a light and elegant collation of black-bread and unripe cherries. "*Buyurun!*" they said, with as much dignity as if they were inviting me to partake of a feast. I tasted their unpleasant food, thanked them, and moved on to the next group. One of them accosted me in English; he was a Tatar, or courier, who had been many years employed, by the Queen's messengers, on the road between Belgrade and Constantinople, and

who had sunk all his hard-earned profits in the building of a good house for their accommodation. He pressed me so much to be his guest for the night, that I left the khan, and went with him to enjoy a sound sleep on an excellent English bed, which his buxom wife prepared for me.

I sent Osman Aga in the morning to claim the drawback I was entitled to on my horses and carriage; and I did this more as an experiment than anything else, for it was, after all, but a trifle. Not only did the custom-house officers refuse to refund it, but they even made me pay an export duty on my Arab horse, which had not been three weeks in the province, and which, it was evident, could not be classed as home-bred or native produce.

This proved that there was at least as much foresight as deference, in their having abstained from charging import duty on the Drina. I might then have asked for reimbursement here, which, however, they would never have agreed to, so it did not much matter. The Serbs are not so imperfect as I thought them in their fiscal practice, for they realize at least as much as they can by it.

There is also another silly specimen of the Serbian quarantine affectation at Alexincze. This feature of would-be civilization, in assuming towards a sister province the airs which belong only to foreign states—and not over friendly ones either—is really too bad; for

it is to be remarked, that no consideration for the public health can have anything to do with it, as plague is now unknown in every part of Turkey.

As there was nothing to detain me in this place, which has few attractions (though the population is said to be rapidly increasing, being now about 3,000, in favour of the small trade of the frontier), I prepared to leave it. When I bade farewell to the kind Tataress, she put into my hand a piece of cotton stuff, curiously woven, with coloured borders. I turned to the Tatar for an explanation of this act, as his wife spoke nothing but Serbian.

“A towel, sir,” he said; “the wife give him to you, sir.”

A towel was a singular keepsake; but I understood the offering when I saw, through an open door, the handloom on which she had manufactured it herself, and I accepted it with the best thanks I could express.

The Tatar accompanied us on horseback out of the town, and we took our departure towards Bulgaria. At the frontier we found a *porte cochère* across the road, with a Serbian Cerberus sitting by it. He asked for our passports without rising from his seat, and made many cavilling remarks on them, before he would permit us to leave his precious province by opening the ugly old door. I had not yet taken breakfast; and as there were several cottages around us, I wished to turn the delay to advantage; but their inmates did not carry their notions of

hospitality so far as to induce them to give anything to eat to a hungry traveller. A cow there was, and fowls of all kinds ; but the existence of either milk or eggs was pertinaciously denied by the peasants, and it must have been here, I presume, that the amusing author of "Eothen" found the cow still unmarried, and all the hens old maids.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BULGARIANS—NISSA—KHURSHID PASHA—TOWER OF THE SKULLS—
 MUSTAPHA PASHA PALANKA—THE RAMAZAN—SHEHERKIENI—MUSTAPHA
 AGA—THE CASTLE—THE BATTLE OF SHEHERKIENI—SOPHIA—IHTIMAN—
 THE BALKAN—PHILIPPOLI—ADRIANOPLE—CONSTANTINOPLE.

ON entering Bulgaria, we passed a guard-house, an old building on a height overlooking the road, with a *façade* representing a curtain and two bastions. The guard took no further notice of us than by rising from the ground, on which they were sitting, to salute us with respect. It is impossible not to be sensible of the contrasts offered by those provinces of Turkey which have been allowed a certain degree of self-administration, and the remainder that are under the immediate control of the central authorities.

We had now left the Serbian valley of the Morava, and were travelling along that of its Bulgarian tributary, the Nissava. Buffalos took the place of oxen in the landscape, and sheep were seen everywhere instead of swine; waggons were of a somewhat ruder construction; roads, no better than nature could make them, in

opposition to Macadam, marked another change;—but any possible falling off in this respect, was more than compensated by the total absence of Jack-in-office vexations, and of that general insolence, or rather rudeness of manner, which is sometimes miscalled a spirit of national independence and political freedom, as in Greece, for instance.

In costume, the Bulgarians differ little from the Serbs, excepting with regard to their head-dress, which is composed of a black instead of a white sheep-skin; but in personal appearance they do not indicate that absolute identity of race, which has been erroneously ascribed to them. The fact is, that the Bulgarians are not, strictly speaking, Slavonians, but Tatars Slavonized. They are of cognate origin with the Turks, and only lost their own language in the tenth century, when their conversion to Christianity introduced that of the neighbouring Christian tribes; and they are neither so tall nor so fair as the Serbs and Bosniacs. About one-half of them are now Mahometans, each religion numbering nearly 2,000,000. They occupy a vast territory, consisting of the southern portion of the Danubian plain, stretching from the great river to the Balkan, and the broad plateau bounded on the east by the Sea of Marmora, on the south by the Ægean, and on the west by the Despoti Mountains, formerly Mount Rhodope, which separates Thrace from Macedonia.

Extensive crops of wheat, maize, and cotton, cover the

rich alluvial soil on the low grounds, and vineyards clothe the slopes of the hills, whose higher levels are thickly wooded. Rice is also grown to the south of the Balkan, and numerous gardens and orchards attest the improvement of husbandry by the industrious inhabitants on both sides of the mountain-range ; for the hoe and plough form the delight of the Bulgarian, who differs as much in this respect from the Serb and Bosniac, as he does in his pacific, and somewhat stolid intellect.

The Bulgarians were ruled by kings for several centuries, after their first settlement on the right bank of the Danube ; but they did not leave behind them the memory of so brilliant a career as that of the Serbian kings, to save them from obscurity and oblivion. Their brightest era was from the period of their settlement, down to the year of our Lord 1000, when the princes of Serbia were their vassals, and when they possessed a great portion of Macedonia. From Ochrida, in Upper Albania, which was a residence of the Bulgarian kings in the eighth century, one of them, Michael Bogoris by name, extended his dominion even to Upper Mœsia ; his successor, Simeon Sismanides, subjugated the provinces lying to the east of the river Theiss, in Hungary ; and John Vladislaus reduced the whole of Serbia to complete submission.

The natural frontiers of the state so constituted were far from being strong, however ; it could not hold

together for any length of time ; and, between the years 904 and 907, the left bank of the Theiss, with all their territory in Hungary, was successively wrested from the Bulgarians. The great Russian warrior, Svatoslav, routed them repeatedly ; and they were finally driven back to the centre of their country. John Tzimiskes, one of their kings, reconquered all that had been lost ; and after his death in 976, King Samuel pushed his conquests even to the shores of the Adriatic.

The Greek Emperors sustained a war against the Bulgarians for thirty years, during which Ochrida was taken by them in 1015 ; the king, John Vladislaus, was killed at the siege of Durazzo, the ancient Dyrrachium, in 1017, and the kingdom fell gradually to the position of a province of the Lower Empire in the time of the Emperor Basil. In 1025, Bela III., king of Hungary, invaded Bulgaria, and conquered it as far as the town of Nissa (Naissos), and the rapid decline of the country was still more accelerated by incursions of Sclavonian and Tatar tribes from the north-east.

Two Wallachians, Asau and Peter, usurped supreme authority over the fallen Bulgarians in 1186 ; they became subject to King Stephan of Hungary in 1264 ; the Tatar invaders were their masters from 1285 to 1295 ; and the Serbian Kral, Milutin, then made their Prince Sisman his vassal, which condition was maintained until Stephan Dushan was crowned Emperor of Serbia, Greece, and Bulgaria, in 1340. A few years later, the Turkish

conquest took place, and the Bulgarians became subjects of the Sultan.

A few hours' drive on a level and open plain brought us to the town of Nissa, called Nish by the Turks. It contains about 10,000 inhabitants, of whom 4,000 are Mahometans, and 6,000 Christians. The defensive works, on the right bank of the Nissava, consist of well-built ramparts of great extent, with wattled parapets and a dry ditch. They mount a considerable number of guns of large calibre, which are in good order. The bazaar, which is on the opposite side of the river, is surrounded by a trench and palisades; and the Christian quarter beyond it, is open to the plain.

In this part of the town, which is much the largest of the three, I was received in the house of the principal merchant of the place, whither I was conducted by an officer, sent to the gate by the pasha for that purpose. The merchant's wife and daughter-in-law insisted on kissing my hand when they brought me coffee and sweetmeats, and on my objecting to this part of the ceremony, I was told that it was the custom of the country, and that, as a guest of the pasha's, I should give offence by refusing their respectful homage. This was all very well, but I did not understand why the pasha did not receive me in his own *konak*, and I lost no time in going thither to ascertain the motive of this, to me, unusual style of hospitality.

I found Khurshid Pasha in a great palace occupying

the centre of the fort. He is a gentlemanlike and most intelligent man, a little under forty, tall and handsome. His manners were perfect, and he showed the greatest wish to be agreeable to me; but all my hints, which I intended to lead to an explanation of his having sent me to the merchant's house, passed unheeded. We conversed on Bosnia, Serbia, and Bulgaria, for nearly an hour, and then I took leave in great astonishment at this singular contradiction, for he had been most polite, though perhaps a little cold.

I repaired to my merchant. I had not been there an hour, before Khurshid Pasha appeared with his suite to return my visit. We had another long conversation, and he went away without having said a word that could enlighten me on the subject so obscure to me. In a little while I was told that a horse had been sent by him in case I should feel disposed to ride, and that a voluminous dinner was also on its way from the *konak*. I could not help exclaiming that these two pieces of civility were inconsistent with each other, for if I should dine at home, I could not ride, and if I should ride out, I might go to dine with him. The pasha's servant spoke Greek, and he answered that his master had expressed the hope that I might offer to dine with him. I therefore went, and soon learnt the meaning of it all.

A Russian of distinction had lately passed through Nissa, and had declined the pasha's hospitality, but had claimed that of the Christian population, who had

accordingly made much of him during his stay; the pasha feared that I might be actuated by similar feelings, and had abstained from offering to receive me in the house of a Mussulman.

I expressed my conviction that this could have arisen only from the Russian policy of conciliating the Christians of European Turkey, and of appearing to side with them; but as no such idea could harbour in the mind of an Englishman, I had always hitherto been the guest of the Ottoman authorities. He seemed much pleased, and he immediately gave orders that my baggage should be brought to the *konak*, where I remained. The pasha had just returned from an expedition all over the neighbouring mountains, with a battalion of the regular army, in search of brigands, of whom he had taken upwards of a hundred, and he gave me some interesting particulars of his excursion, which had lasted a month. I slept under a coverlid of cloth of gold, with my head on a pillow of cambric embroidered with coloured silks.

On the following morning, I took a ride through the town, after calling on Osman Bey, the colonel of the regiment in garrison at Belgrade, who had two of his battalions here, with six field-pieces, and had come to inspect them. Naissos was the birthplace of Constantine the Great; but nothing remains to bear witness of its ancient glory; for the town is modern, and by no means remarkable for its beauty. My curiosity was therefore soon satisfied, and I prepared to leave it.

Four of the mounted *zaptié*, or local police, accompanied us; they were dressed in the becoming costume of the army before a uniform was adopted, and they were armed with long guns slung over their backs, and with pistols and *yataghans* stuck in their belts. Besides this guard, we had one of Khurshid Pasha's retainers to escort us on a post-horse, with his postilion on another, as his instructions were to go with us to the boundary of the Pashalik, while the *zaptié* were to be relieved at each station on the road, or rather on the way, for road there was none, although I was still in my coach-and-four. Haireddin also figured in our party, with the Arabian colt, as he had overtaken us at Nissa; and he now led it, for the pasha had most kindly insisted on his riding one of his horses, in order to save the colt, and enable him to keep up with us. In this order, and at a slapping pace, we crossed the fertile plain of the Nissava.

At a couple of miles from the town I stopped to see the tower of skulls, which had been built with the heads of the Serbs killed in the battle that was fought by the Turks on this spot, when they were marching on Kossova. I was much disappointed with this relic, which appeared to me to fall very far short of the high-coloured descriptions I have read of it; for it is not constructed exclusively of skulls, but principally of stone and lime, a number of heads having been merely imbedded in rows in the plaster. There are now only rows of round holes, for the Christian peasants have

removed almost all the skulls for the purpose of interment, and very few of them remain. One, from which a segment had been amputated, probably by the deadly blow of a Turkish scimitar, served as a bird's-nest, and sparrow's eggs were being hatched in the brainless pericranium of an ancient Serbian patriot;—there are worse things hatched in those of the modern Serbs. The tower is not more than fifteen feet high and ten feet square, and it is covered with a most prosaic red-tiled roof, while it is not surrounded by any accessories of scenery to give it a picturesque effect, or make it worthy of the smallest possible sketch. There is neither door nor window in it, but the policeman said that it had often been climbed into through the roof, and that it contained nothing but snakes and lizards.

We came to the end of the rich and well-tilled valley, as the Nissava emerged upon it from a narrow pass, which is impracticable for travellers, and the beaten track entered another ravine, which it ascended for some miles. We passed a police-station, a quaint old building with castellated walls and pepper-box turrets, where our *zaptié* were relieved. Still rising, we at length reached the summit of the hill, and descended again into a deep hollow after passing some queer places for wheels, and avoiding an upset more than once by jumping out and holding up the carriage. The scenery was very fine; lofty wooded hills curtailed our horizon on all sides, and green vales swept down to unite and convey their

assembled brawlers to the Nissava, which would pass them on to the Morava, and with it to the Danube, in whose majestic companionship they would wander full five hundred miles to the Black Sea. A second time our guard was changed, and we drove on rapidly among fields of maize to Mustapha Pasha Palanka, a curious old fortress with walls, not ramparts, towers instead of bastions, and a great iron door with enormous bolts, inclosing a small town. We then undertook a long ascent, which brought us to a high and barren country without wood or water, and rocky in the extreme. The road was very bad, of course. In the evening we came to a lonely police-station, where there was a fountain of clear water.

When our escort was being relieved, one of those who had come with me asked me, with the greatest earnestness, if it were not yet twelve o'clock, which means sunset among the Turks. The sun had set behind the hills, but still it wanted ten minutes to complete the diurnal revolution; and on my telling him so, he turned away, with a long sigh of disappointment. I inquired what was the matter, and he replied that his mouth had been parched with thirst for several hours on the road, but that he could not assuage it until nightfall, as this was the first day of Ramazan. Is the Lenten season so kept by Christians, be they what they may? A policeman who had just arrived from the neighbouring town of Sheherkieni, said that the Ramazan had not commenced there when he left it in the afternoon.

I asked him how that could be, as it had begun here?

“ We had not received notice yet,” answered he.

“ Whence does notice come?” I inquired.

“ From the moon,” was the strange reply.

The fact is, that it is necessary to have two depositions on oath made before the Cadi, in order to prove that the new moon had actually been seen; the accomplished fact, as it would be called in diplomatic jargon, is then recorded in a regular *procès verbal*, and guns are fired to announce that Lent has opened; but no one had deposed before the Cadi of Sheherkieni when the policeman left it.

Was Mahomet's idea hygienic or disciplinary? And did he mean it to preserve health in the heat of summer by spare diet, and by turning day into night and night into day, or did he impose it as a task of self-denial to be practised from sunrise to sunset, as a moral exercise? Probably the latter, as the pipe is likewise prohibited; and, while this is one of the most irksome of privations to a Turk, the effect of abstaining from it, when accustomed to it, is rather injurious to the health than beneficial; for the nervous system undergoes a state of constant excitement when the habitual narcotic ceases to act on it. If so, the Turkish Lent has the merit of being infinitely more spiritual than that of the Roman Catholic and Eastern Christian churches; in which the quality, more than the quantity of food,

is restricted. However this may be, it is certain that few Christian nations keep their fasts as rigorously and conscientiously as the Mahometans do ; and indeed, in all respects, they show us an example of strict observance of religious rites, which is but little followed by Christians in the East, our faith being thus exposed in these countries to a disadvantageous contrast.

As we moved on, I saw a shepherd clothed entirely with skins of sheep and goats, including cap and sandals : he only wanted the classical umbrella to enable him to sit for his portrait as Robinson Crusoe. It soon became quite dark, and we were still jolting along, sometimes jumping out on one side, to keep the carriage on its wheels, and sometimes on the other. We passed a khan, at which Osman Aga tried to persuade me to pass a night ; but I would not be persuaded, and I recommended myself to the Gipsy, who began flogging more fiercely than ever. This was a greater degree of zeal than I required of him, and we renewed our old quarrel on the subject, which I had kept up with him for the last few days ; but he only lashed the poor ponies the more unmercifully for my prohibition. I got tired of scolding him about it, and every time I heard the whip fall on the tired beasts, I gave him a dig in the back with the end of my umbrella, as it was now raining heavily, and I was holding it over the open carriage. The Gipsy would groan aloud and desist for a while ; then he would resume his cruel whip-exercise ; get poked again, and

groan still louder. Thus we passed a couple of hours, without a word being spoken by any one, as Osman Aga had fallen asleep.

A sudden convulsion of the whole equipage threw the horses on their sides, the carriage down a steep bank, dragging two of them after it, and leaving the others with their traces broken, and myself full-length on the cold, wet grass, I neither knew where nor how; but I recollect that I still held my umbrella over my head, and that I looked instinctively round for the Gipsy, to apply its point viciously to his ribs. He was sitting at a distance, sobbing and crying like a great baby; although he admitted that he was not hurt, but anticipating, perhaps, a beating from Osman Aga, who was getting the horses on their legs again; while the *zaptié*, who had been riding on in front, returned in great trepidation for our safety, as we had been confided to them. It was soon ascertained that no damage had been incurred in any way. The little carriage was easily raised on its wheels, and pulled up to the road again; the broken traces were quickly spliced, and we proceeded on our way without caring to investigate into the causes of the accident, which remained a secret between the Gipsy and his conscience—if he had one in any part of his promiscuous composition. Lights appeared; but they were singularly high, and, above all, they were very far off. The *zaptié* announced that they were the minarets of the town of Sheherkieni, illuminated for the *Ramazan*. At

last we reached them, crossed a bridge, passed round a curious old castle, the outline of whose irregular towers cut the dark sky, and then we entered a long and ill-paved street.

An open gateway received us into a spacious courtyard, surrounded by buildings, and lighted up by torches in the hands of numerous attendants. This was the residence of Mustapha Aga, the principal proprietor of Sheherkieni, and a man so noted for his hospitality, that Khurshid Pasha said he would have affronted him if he had sent me to any other house, were it even that of the Mudir. This is not a solitary instance in Bulgaria, as there are many such Turkish houses in which rooms are kept on purpose to receive guests,—dinner is always ready, lest some one should arrive, and no questions are asked,—in which the Christian is as welcome as the Mussulman, and each may stay a year, if he likes. It may, therefore, be supposed that I was not ill-cared for at Sheherkieni; though this was the first Turk unconnected in any way with the government, whose guest I had been. The old gentleman himself was most attentive, and everything about his house was in excellent style, his income being 1,000*l.* per annum—a large amount for this small place. Among his unbidden boon companions were a Serb and a Greek, both petty traders. The arrogance characteristic of their nations, was somewhat tempered; for it generally plunges into abject servility where power is displayed, or interest requires it; and this feature of their

deportment is as incongruous, as is their wonted rudeness, with the mild dignity or decorous respect of the Turk, who always sustains his precise position without effort or affectation. Whether dignified towards an inferior, or respectful to a superior, the Osmanli is ever polished and refined—avoiding equally the exciting of resentment and the incurring of contempt. The Greek and the Serb did neither, as far as I was concerned, for I was both enraged against them, and I despised them, in proportion as the good Aga lavished his kindness indiscriminately on all who claimed it, however undeserving they might be. When I made a remark to him on his hospitality, he said with perfect simplicity, that to him life would be utterly valueless, if he had not the means of serving others. I asked him if the absolutely indigent also shared his bounty.

“We have no indigence,” he replied; “at harvest-time, the poorer families apply, as it were, by right, to those more favoured by fortune, for a share of their crops, and they never apply in vain.”

With us a poor-law is required: amongst the Turks it is a traditional *custom*, voluntary and sacred. My slumbers were light in this good man's house, and I got up early to see the town. Its population is about 4,000, one-third of whom are Christians, and the greater part of the inhabitants are engaged in carpet-making; young girls were squatting before their looms at every cottage-door, and even in the street, long rows of them sat thus

working under the overhanging roofs of the houses ; but their profits are scanty ; for, although they ply their web of many-coloured wool from dawn to sunset, they do not earn above four shillings per month. The castle is small, but strong, and it is in good repair. A few of the local artillery corps was stationed in it, and the garrison of the town was composed of two squadrons of regular cavalry, belonging to the brigade of my friend Arab Ahmed Pasha. The major commanding them called to see me, as well as the Mudir, who was from Stambul, and evidently looked very much down upon the provincials ; but he was a gentlemanlike young man withal. They each expressed their regret at not being my host, but they said they could not help waving any rights they might have had, in favour of Mustapha Aga.

The castle was rebuilt in the end of the 14th century, as it had been destroyed on the memorable march to Kossova. Two expeditions were then undertaken ; the first against Lazar, Knez of Serbia, and the second against Sisman, Kral of Bulgaria. Sultan Murad marched upon Nissa, one of the four principal fortresses of the country, and the key to the military communications between Thrace, Bulgaria Proper, and Serbia, and he beseiged it for twenty-five days, at the expiration of which Yakhshi Bey, the son of Timurtash Pasha, led an assault which was crowned with success. On hearing that Nissa had fallen, Lazar sued for peace, and obtained it in con-

sideration of his pledging himself to furnish annually to the Sultan a thousand horsemen and a thousand pounds of silver. A treaty was also concluded at the same time between Sultan Murad I. and Sisman, who gave him his daughter in marriage in lieu of paying a tribute.

The important town of Koniah (Iconium) in Asia Minor, was attacked by the same Sultan a few years after the peace thus granted to the Sclavonians, and the contingent of horsemen, then stipulated by Serbia, had joined his army. A rigorous order was issued against plundering the inhabitants of the surrounding districts, and some of the Serbs, having disobeyed it, were instantly put to death. This extreme measure had the effect of gaining the sympathy of the natives in favour of the Ottoman troops, and a regular supply of provisions was thus secured; but it excited a virulent hatred on the part of the Serbian soldiery in the Sultan's camp. They returned to their country after a capitulation had been offered by the Prince of Caramania; and their account of the wholesale execution which had taken place before Koniah, roused the population to take up arms against the Turks. Attempts were made to induce the Bulgarians and Bosniacs to embrace their cause, and Sisman, Kral of Bulgaria, although the father-in-law and professed friend of Sultan Murad, contracted a secret offensive and defensive alliance with the Serbian Knez, Lazar, while the Bosniacs openly fell upon a force of

20,000 Turks, who were on the confines of their country, under the command of Lalashahin, and unprepared for battle. Scarcely 5,000 of their number escaped the carnage.

The Sultan, indignant at this attack, and having learnt the intentions of Lazar and Sisman, undertook another war against the Sclavonian tribes, and sent Ali Pasha with 30,000 men to assail them. They marched on Shumna, took Pravadi by storm, and besieged Tirnova, the stronghold of Sisman. The Kral, unable to resist, retreated to Nicopolis on the Danube, whither Ali Pasha followed him with his army. The Bulgarians lost courage and sued for peace, which they obtained by the payment of a tribute. A division of the Turkish troops, under Tughan Bey, was then despatched in advance towards Serbia. The Knez Lazar, having heard of the fall of his ally Sisman, determined on making a vigorous resistance, and he ordered his general, Demetrius, to take the field with all his disposable forces. In the hope of intercepting the march of Tughan Bey, Demetrius threw a garrison into the fort of Sheherkieni, to strengthen the frontier of Bulgaria; but it was soon driven out of its position by 10,000 Turks under Yakhshi Bey, and, after the ramparts were razed with the ground, this corps was ordered to join the main army of the Sultan. The whole Ottoman force then met the Sclavonians on the plain of Kossova, and completely routed them, as already related, extending thus

their career of conquest to the boundaries of Austria and Hungary.

On leaving Sheherkieni, we crossed a considerable tract of level country, in which the harvest had commenced; the corn being sheaved and arranged in rows of ten stacks in order that the tithe collector might choose one in each row. We then entered a defile, long, narrow, and winding, rocky and without wood. Indeed the scenery from Sheherkieni southwards, had entirely altered its character: mountains there were, but they had become tame and bleak; and valleys were not wanting, though they were now altogether bereft of beauty. The villages, too, were more wretched, for I had not yet seen anything so miserable as their mud huts covered with loose hay. Khalkali was the largest of them, and the crowd of hovels forming it, offered a sad picture of discomfort, quite unaccountable in a province so fertile, inhabited by a people so laborious. The want of roads is probably the cause; whatever quantity of grain a peasant may grow, he cannot avail himself of more than his family consumes, the expense of transport being greater than the value of grain at a shipping port, and no home market of any activity being possible, where almost every one grows his own corn. There have even been instances of fine crops being set on fire in the fields of Bulgaria, to clear the ground for sowing, as the practice of storing wheat in holes dug for the purpose, which is prevalent here,

offers no species of security. In the evening we reached the town of Sophia, which is forty-eight English miles from Sheherkieni—not a bad trot for my ponies.

I had sent on one of the escort with a letter which Vasif Pasha had given me for the Governor of Sophia; and Khurshid Pasha had also ordered his servant, who attended me, to hurry on before me to prepare my reception there, Sophia being in his Pashalik. I therefore expected to be well received, as is usual with the kind and hospitable Turks. But when we arrived at the gate of the town, I was thunderstruck by the answer brought me by Khurshid Pasha's man, which was that I might go to the *khan*. This was the first time that a Turk had been wanting towards me in the common civilities of society; but, as I learnt that he was only an acting governor, the functionary himself being absent, I attributed his conduct to some mistake, and thought no more about it. But I soon had a more positive grievance than being obliged to sit in my carriage in the street all night, (for no one with any sort of sensitiveness on the subject of cleanliness, could encounter the horrors of that *khan*, which was swarming with Jews, Gipsies, and manifold abominations;) this was nothing in comparison with what followed, which amounted to a conspiracy against my life,—an attempt to starve me out; for I was dying of hunger, and I could get nothing to eat but sour black bread, and the most unmistakeable garlic.

It is extraordinary what a distaste one acquires for

animal food after having abstained from it for some time, and on my journey I had rarely ate meat. Sometimes it was offered to me in the form of *dolmas*, or forced-meat balls, and I rarely accepted the offering, as they always look as if they had been cooked a month at least; at other times, innocents were massacred on my arrival, like the fatted calf of old; but, to devour the corpses of lambs and fowls put to death almost in my presence, was more than I could endure. All this was strongly impressed on me, and I was generally satisfied with a dinner of milk and honey, or strawberries and cream; but I don't know how it was, at Sophia I longed for a beef-steak, and when I found that I could get nothing but odious bread and garlic, certain cannibal feelings came over me, and I would willingly have eaten the Acting Governor himself.

The Austrian government had just established a consulate here, on what pretext it is as difficult to comprehend, as it is easy to divine its real purpose; and I began to think that this was the *coup d'essai* of the new consulate. But I was determined not to be reduced otherwise than by storm; and such an attack was hardly probable, for the enemy had abstained from violence, even when I furnished them with a legal motive on my last visit to Semlin; while deputed violence had respected my revolver on the Bosnian mountains, if all stories be true, for a rough-looking customer once asked me to show it to him in a *khan*; and when I led him to suppose that I could

go on firing for ever, without having occasion to load, prime, or cock, he seemed to think there was magic in it, and was heard to whisper in the ear of a person, in the European dress, that he could not undertake the job.

With such reflections, tired and hungry, I beat to quarters in my carriage, hoped my Gipsy would be goose enough to save my little Capitol from a surprise, and drawing my capote around me, I went to sleep in the open street, despite the closed arms of the inhospitable Sophia, —like Achilles, when he retired to his tent in a pet about poor Briseis. I walked out of it in the morning amidst a mob which had surrounded this strange and novel sight, and I found my coachman in great distress and weeping dismally. The luckless wight had been beaten on the previous evening by Osman Aga for drinking two bottles of brandy, and he had made no complaint, for he knew that his punishment was deserved; and he had even made little objection to my sharp umbrella-practice, two days before, which was also most fully merited, as I never saw a man so cruel to horses as he was; but this time his lamentations were vociferous and lachrymose in the extreme. The fact was that he had been soundly castigated by three of the bystanders, and with his own whip too, before I awoke.

They had been examining the construction of the carriage, which probably appeared to them vastly inferior to that of their own massive Bulgarian waggons, and the Gipsy warned them off his premises. They laughed at

him, and he showed fight; but being overcome by numbers, he suffered a severe application of his whip to his shoulders, which they took from him, and thus unwittingly revenged the ponies. They finally carried it off, and had just left him on the field of battle to deplore his loss and rub his smarting skin, when I was attracted to the spot by the noise.

Under other circumstances, I might have taken notice of this incident, but, considering the churlishness of the Acting Governor, I thought it little likely that justice would be obtained at Sophia, which unfriendly town I was likewise anxious to quit as soon as possible. I therefore comforted the unfortunate Gipsy by making him a congenial present of my trusty jack-boots, which he had for some time seemed egregiously to covet, as he had more than once asked if I meant to wear them again. He dried his eyes and skipped away, grinning from ear to ear, and looking as if he were quite ready to encounter any other three Bulgarians who might have a wish to beat him on similar conditions. He began grooming his horses with the greatest alacrity, casting an amorous glance from time to time at the jack-boots, which he had installed on his dicky-seat. I then went to look at the town.

Sophia is situated on an extensive plain, bounded by high mountains, and watered by the river Isca. Its population is 10,000, the Christians comprising the larger proportion. The streets are tortuous, narrow, dirty, and

lined by high mud walls, within which there were some good houses, as an occasional open door indicated; and the mosques and minarets are, as usual, in considerable number and excellent repair. The bazaar is large and much frequented; it is celebrated for knitted stockings, amongst other commodities, and the consumption of them seemed to be greater than the size of the town could explain, for there were crowds of women around the shops buying stockings. Turkish *khanums*, not very strictly veiled, those of the Eastern Church most becomingly coiffured with a many-coloured or white embroidered kerchief, and Jewesses, of whom I saw a great many, and prettier than I had ever seen elsewhere, wearing a machine shaped like a bishop's mitre on their heads, which was composed of white cotton, with blue and red ribbons,—all these were buying stockings. Soldiers were also to be seen, lounging about; they belonged to a regiment of dragoons, which formed the garrison.

I went to see a hot spring that has been used for the purpose of supplying a public bath in the centre of the town. The water pours into a vast marble hall in a pure stream of about two inches in diameter; and a great number of half-naked men and boys were reclining on the seat around it, or bathing in the reservoir. Outside the building is a fountain fed by a portion of the spring, and girls were washing clothes at it. In the way of antiquities, there is nothing to see at Sophia—the ancient Sardica—but the ruins of the Church of Justinian;

and they might be anything else, to judge from their appearance, for very little remains of them.

The habit of passing the whole day, in rapidly going over hills and dales, makes one feel quite cooped up in a town, and my impatience to get into the open air, far from noise and bustle, made me hasten our departure from Sophia. I was anxious to reach Constantinople, and my route was now no longer possessed of the charm of novelty, for it has been described over and over again, from the classical letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, a century and a half ago, down to last year's equally matrimonial effusion, called "The Bridal and the Bridle." For me, there was no honeymoon at Sophia; and I was glad to order my horses.

I sent to the Acting Governor for an escort, which I did not now ask as a favour, but claimed it as a right by displaying my general order to all the authorities of European Turkey. The chief of the police came himself with the *zaptié*, and begged me to believe that he had no share in the strange conduct of his superior. Thus ended my connexion with the northern provinces of the Ottoman Empire.

We drove to the small town of Ihtiman, the Helice of Seneca, and then commenced the ascent of the Balkan by the Sulu Pass, now crossed for the first time by a carriage. I did not follow the well-known defile by Trajan's Gate, but tried the Sulu, in order to take the

same line which Sultan Murad had selected with his army. We got over its rocky acclivities almost as well as he did, though we were three times upset; and after satisfying myself that there are no great difficulties, even for heavy artillery, and that Hannibal's march over the Alps was still unrivalled, while the scenery also appeared scarcely worthy of notice, we descended on the great Thracian plain.

Tatar Bazardjik, the ancient Bissapara, and Philippoli, a most beautiful town, where the kind old Ismael Pasha vindicated the Turkish reputation for courteous hospitality, were the halting-places on the way, besides two *khans* on the road between the latter and Adrianople; and I thus arrived at the most ancient capital of European Turkey without delay. The mosque of Sultan Selim, the bazaar of Ali Pasha, and the kindness of the present Governor, Hafiz Pasha, the unsuccessful leader of Sultan Mahmud's army against the Egyptian rebels in 1839, detained me a day, and then I started for Constantinople.

A change came over the spirit of my ponies: they had not forgotten the Balkan, which was all on the collar first, and on the pole-strap next, and the Gipsy had procured another whip. Fifty English miles a-day was a high average on such roads, and at last they came to a stand-still, utterly unable to proceed. A post-horse was soon forthcoming, and it was not long before I was

on its back. Four changes, and twenty-six hours in the saddle, brought me to the gate of Stambul. Night had fallen, and I wandered about for two hours at least in the great metropolis with my serrudji, who brought me at last to the Golden Horn. The bridge of boats was interrupted by the passage of ships, and I was obliged to get into a caïque.

On landing at Galata, all alone, in the middle of the night, and having never been at Constantinople before, I felt somewhat forlorn. I accosted the first person I saw, who was apparently a more than usually estimable Greek, and proposed that he should conduct me to the hotel at Pera for a consideration, which he agreed to do ; but I unfortunately gave him my cloak to carry, and he accordingly disappeared down a lane, leaving me again alone, and cloakless, for I never heard more of it. I walked on and on, steering by the stars, and trying to recollect a plan of the town which I had once seen. I went up a long ascent like a flight of steps, and then followed an interminable straight line. I was beginning to think I must be near the Black Sea, and that I had gone right through the great capital of Turkey, when the dim light of a lantern showed me the words *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, on a sign.

This was the very place. I knocked the people up, and mentioned my name ; but I was treated as an impostor, and told to go about my business. My arrival

from a long journey, on foot, without luggage, and in the night, was considered suspicious, and although the person bearing the name I mentioned was expected, I was refused admittance until I insisted that my party would recognise in me the hoped-for traveller. Then the experiment was made, but with the evident conviction that it would fail. I was claimed, however, and all was right.

My travels over for the present, I must now dispose of my principal *dramatis personæ*. The Gipsy took to drinking brandy more than ever, and after a sharp attack of *delirium tremens*, I sent him back to Bucharest. Osman Aga returned to his own master; and Haireddin is still waiting for the commencement of another journey, which my readers may possibly hear more of in time, if they have not got as tired of this one as I did.

This was not the first time that I had obtained some insight into Turkish affairs, and the result of my previous observations having been far from favourable, no one could have undertaken the study of their actual state with a stronger presentiment that little good would be found on this occasion to record; but I cannot draw a fair and impartial comparison between the conduct of the three Emperors, the Kaiser, the Czar, and the Sultan, with regard to the Danubian provinces and the Slavonian populations, without admitting that I found more to praise in that of the last than I had expected.

The field of my feeble observations is now extended, and in the capital I have the additional satisfaction and pride as a Briton, of being able to appreciate the noble part, in the great cause of rational progress, sustained by my country in the person of our distinguished ambassador, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

THE END.

62

7







JUN 20 1941

153

