CHAPTER XII.

TOWN OF ARTA — DEPARTURE FOR AND ARRIVAL AT JANINA — STATE OF THE COUNTRY — FEMALE COSTUME AND BEAUTY — DOMESTIC INDUSTRY — DISTRIBUTION OF THE TROOPS — SUDDEN PANIC, AND PREPARATIONS FOR AN EXPEDITION.

The river of Arta, opening from the hills, is met by a prolonged sandstone ridge, running north and south. The river bends back, and encircles its northern extremity, skirts it on the western side, then runs southward to the Gulf. On the low point of this ridge, to the north, stands the castle, a long and narrow structure, with lofty towers, of all forms and dimensions, over them; and over the wall the ivy rambles, fills up the embrasures, and even clusters round the muzzles of the few harmless guns. Storks, the only visible occupants, stand sentry on the towers, or solemnly pace the battlements, undisturbed by the flocks of crows, with gray crops and bright green plumage, that croak and flutter around them. This structure is rendered quite Eastern and allegorical, by a ruined tower, that rises above the others, bearing aloft a date-tree, which waves "the banner of the clime," beside a tall dark cypress, the dismal telegraph of the times. Behind the castle, but still on the low

ground, are spread the ruins rather than the town, remarkable for the number of the arcades, arches, and built columns, still standing amongst them. The ancient circumference of the walls embrace four times the extent of the present town: they are of old Hellenic construction, but, on the eastern side, the structure is perfectly unique. The stones are joined with the greatest precision, the surface hewn perfectly smooth, the layers exactly parallel, but the stones not always rectangular. The first layer is of five feet, and the stones are some of them six, seven, and nine feet in length, and four in width: we found one eight feet by ten and a half, and four in thickness.

The church of Parygoritza is a large square building of brick and mortar, with well-turned arches and good masonry. It contains marble and granite columns, taken from Nicopolis. Its external appearance is strange and curious, and, as we approached Arta, it looked like a palace. At Barletta, and in other parts of Apulia, there are similar churches, which are erroneously termed Gothic, or Lombard. The Albanians had been bivouacking in the church, and defacing the little that remained. We found the inscription, so magniloquently announced by Pouqueville: we could scarcely make out three letters together; but this we could satisfactorily ascertain, that there was scarcely a single letter in his copy corresponding with the original. We were not the less

provoked for having made out ΑΠΟΛΛ ΗΡΑΚ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΟΣ.

Close to the castle is a kind of open mosque, where the first day of Bairam is celebrated. Close to the raised steps for the Imaum, a cypress grows out of the trunk of another tree, the name of which, both in Greek and Albanian, I have forgotten; but it is the emblematic tree of Albania; has a small, oval, serrated, and glossy leaf, hard wood, and I was told it bore a small berry, which they eat in winter.

On the 23d we left Arta, recrossed the bridge, then, turning to the right, soon reached the low limestone hills, which are a continuation of that above Arta. For an hour we skirted their base, having on our left a marsh, and, beyond, the plain. Ali Pasha's road runs on the rocky base of the hills, or on a causeway, over and through the marsh. Under, and sometimes over, this causeway, clear and abundant streams of water gush from the perpendicular fissures of the limestone. This marsh had been drained in a scientific manner, under Ali Pasha. A deep canal collected the waters at their source, and, carrying them first northward, then, turning to the west, crossed the plain, and discharged them into the river of Rogous. Ali Pasha was in the habit of ascending this canal in his boat. At an hour and a half from Arta we came to the first guard-house, on a projecting rock between the hill and the marsh. After an-

other hour, through a low valley, where the heat was suffocating, we arrived at a ruined Khan.

The scenery had the worst characters of limestone country: the hills were lofty, without grandeur or variety; they were rude, without boldness; or tame, without richness or beauty. The precipices and asperities are rounded and obliterated; but the wildness thus lost is replaced neither by forests nor verdure, fountains nor shade. But I speak as a prejudiced person, for I candidly confess I dislike limestone rocks; and was once moved to most sudden and sympathetic friendship for a Turkish proprietor, who told me he liked to pay dear for the carriage of his lime.

In an hour and a half more, we came to the third guard, where a fat, jocose, old, and dirty captain, seated on a ragged sofa, in a tottering hovel, did us the honours, with coffee, milk, cheese, and butter-milk, and begged us to excuse him, as he was in the wilderness, and could treat us neither as we deserved, nor as he desired. He told us that his men had stumbled on a ruin in the mountains hard by; but we were not now in Acarnania, and could not think of venturing off the road. We had already been often enough chid by our guards, who declared they would not be responsible for us, unless we kept the place and pace they prescribed. Two hours and a half brought us to Pente-pigadia, which is a castle, or a Khan, enclosed with high walls, overtopped by a

Martello tower, and placed in a gorge at the highest part of the chain looking towards the north. A rapid descent brought us to a little plain, whence we again had to ascend the hills. The rocks are limestone (which slits almost like slate), aluminous schist, and sandstone. The country now suddenly opened to the left, and descended in successive levels to the deep bed of the river of Rogous, which was hidden from our view. We could trace, however, its course, till met by the barrier of the mountains of Pentepigadia, through which it disappears by a subterraneous channel. The hills of the theatre around (no longer limestone), presented a scaffolding of terraces, with vines, fields, and villages; and above them rose the bleak gray peaks of the Metzekali. Descending from this last elevation, we entered a narrow plain, which, winding and extending as we advanced, spread an undulating surface around us, without a tree, a house, or even a ruin, to recall the richness of this same scenery ten years ago. The only striking feature in the landscape was a wall-like chain of lofty mountains diagonally crossing the direction of our road, and which we knew to rise behind the long-looked-for lake of Janina. At length, we reached the summit of the last undulation, and, at last, looked down on the lake, the island, the ruined fortresses, and prostrate city!

Here is the centre of all the associations con-

nected with the events of this country, with the history of the various populations of Souli, Acarnania, Epirus, Illyria, and even Thessaly and the Morea. This is the Manchester and Paris of Roumeli. It was the capital of the ephemeral empire of Ali Pasha; it was the arena of his last protracted and desperate struggle. To him, and to that epoch, it was that our thoughts incessantly reverted as we looked upon it now, and we anxiously inquired where the beleaguring hosts had encamped, where the flotilla had lain, and listened with untired curiosity and renewed gratification, to each soldier's and peasant's description of events which, in their time, have excited, even in Europe, such dramatic interest.

The place is now a scene of complete devastation; the only distinction is between the wrecks of nine years and the catastrophe of yesterday. During that long period of unceasing destruction, faction, and anarchy, the accumulation of ruin, and the flow of tears and blood, may have won for Janina a name in the annals of misery, equal to that of Carthage or Syracuse. But here no mutilated statues, no fractured columns, no prostrate temples nor pillared precipices, woo the pilgrim of taste to the shrine of desolation. Massive dungeons, tottering battlements, gaudy shreds of barbarian splendour, alone encumber the banks of the Acheron, and leave the stranger to marvel how a race, known only for its genius for de-

struction, could have afforded aught for others to destroy, or had the merit to awaken foreign sympathy by its ruin.

On arriving at Janina, we went straight to the conak of Veli Bey, from whom we met with a most cordial reception. His appearance and train were in the first style of Skipetar magnificence; his manners prepossessing, and air dignified. His house, he said, should have been ours, but he feared that there we might be disturbed, and he had therefore given directions for our reception at the only new and good house in the place: the Dragoman of the Grand Vizir should be our host.

We were exceedingly pleased with this arrangement, and had every reason to be so. We intended making Janina our head-quarters for some time; and it was no small matter to be so established. Alexis, the Dragoman, we understood, was a man highly respected by the Turks, and as he had been constantly attached to the Grand Vizir for the last five or six years, and had accompanied him during the wars in Greece, we promised to ourselves no little instruction from his society. During the month that we were his guests, the unceasing attentions, not only of our host and hostess, but of every branch of their family, would have rendered it difficult to quit a less interesting place than Janina. His wife was of one of the first, if not the first, family of Janina. Under Ali Pasha, their house had generally been the abode of Eng-

lish travellers; and I think both Dr. Holland and Mr. Hughes speak highly of the venerable and excellent old man, Dimitri Athanasiou, uncle to our hostess; who, though not, strictly speaking, a beauty, was a pretty lady-like person, and with all the style and manners of a leader of *ton* in the centre of Greek and Albanian fashion. Notwithstanding all her amiable qualities, I fear that, in London, she would not have escaped the damning character of a blue. She presumed to admire Sophocles as well as Alfieri. Her dress was in the style called Chami, or lower Albanian; which, when arranged by the *artistes* of Janina, is, for composition and colour, the most perfect thing in the way of costume I ever saw; and is indebted for effect neither to pearls and precious stones, nor to the false glare of gold and silver lace, or of gaudy and contrasted colours. The inner garments are of silk, or silk and cotton, closely striped, or of chali of delicate tints. The outer garment, which gives the costume its characteristic beauty, is of cloth of a light but not a lively colour, such as fawn, drab, or stone, and beautifully embroidered with small round silk braid, generally of the same tint, but a shade lighter or darker than the cloth. Now that Turkish embroidery is so much the fashion, this hint will not, I hope, be thrown away, for nothing can be more un-Turkish than the mixture of all discords of colour, that one sees, as our neighbours say, "swearing at each other," under

ladies' fingers. This outer garment has no sleeves, fits like a cuirass to the form, especially round the *ceinture* behind, and then spreads into flowing skirts. On the back, and on the waist at either side, the embroidery is most elaborate.

Art assists nature less than with us, in setting off the *contour* of Eastern *belles*. Their costume can neither conceal nor disguise faults and imperfections. Many circumstances tend, in the East, to give a great variety to character, physiognomy, and, consequently, to beauty. Races are kept distinct from each other; populations are fixed to localities; and great changes of atmosphere, variations of climate, and exposure, act upon physical constitutions, which seem more delicate and more susceptible of these influences than the inhabitants of northern regions, which, by their geographical structure, are exposed less to atmospheric change. In the fair sex these variations must be more sensible than in the firmer constitutions of the men; and beauty, in some parts of the country, is as rife as it is rare in others. We may be, very naturally, inclined to overrate Eastern beauty; the difficulty of approach, the sanctity of the harem, envelope with new charms the goddess that delights in mystery. The female form is never seen, save in deep shade, shrouded by veils, or screened by lattices. It is never vulgarised by robust exercise, never tinted by exposure to the sun. The distinguishing

charms of the East are a most beautiful skin and clear complexion, large, full, vivid, and intellectual eyes, and a marble forehead.

> "Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes;
> Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies,"

may be said of all women, and is said of every mistress, and would be repeated with equal fervour by a wooer of New York, or a swain of Abydos. But the exquisitely striking, the contrasting character of Eastern beauty, is the eye; it can only be described, and that description cannot be surpassed, by the comparison of the Persian, who must have felt its nearer inspiration when he likens his Eastern mistress's eye to a "starry heaven, bright and dark." *

The fortress of Janina offers an irregular outline of dismantled battlements, crowned by the shapeless remains of the ruined Serai: behind it, some of the loftier points of the Coulia and Litharitzi appear, overtopping the enormous cairns of

* It may be doubtful whether Byron's

> "Like the light of a dark eye in woman"

be a plagiarism or not; but, at all events, the celebrated lines on Kirke White—

> "Lo! the struck eagle stretched upon the plain," &c.

are almost a verbal translation from the Persian, and are far from equalling the original.

their own wreck. The Coulia was a fortress of five stories, with a palace of two stories on the top of it. The thick masses of masonry, the solid pilasters and arches of hewn stone, that, rising one above the other, support the structure, or, rather, keep the space open, and appear like caves in a mountain, had internally suffered but little from either fire or shot. The palace above had disappeared, and, in wandering over the Egyptian-like pile, we found Albanians at work, wrenching out the stones to extract the cramps and bars of iron that secured the lower works. The Coulia communicated with the lake by a little canal. Ali Pasha used to enter with his boat, then step into a small carriage, drawn by mules, which, rolling up an inclined plane, round a large staircase, landed him, a hundred feet above, at the door of his Serai. There is but the interval of a few yards between this building and the Litharitzi, the first fortress he constructed. Its upper part alone has been destroyed during the siege. So important, in Turkish warfare, is the advantage of ground, that this place, defended by 150 men, was stormed in vain by 18,000, who are said to have left an incredible number at its base. The true secret of the defence, perhaps, is, that the chiefs of the besiegers were as little inclined as the defenders, that the treasures within should be placed at the mercy of the storming horde.

The day after our arrival, we went to pay

our visit, and present our letters and firman, to Emin Pasha Sadrazem Zadé, that is, son of the Grand Vizir. We were left waiting for some time without: the haughty Odjacks, with their sweeping trains, were passing in and out; and the stare of retainers, strangers, and attendants, became so annoying, that, at length, we left the place in disgust; but, in getting home, we lost our way, and found messengers already arrived from the palace. We felt very little inclined to return; but the messengers protested, that their heads or backs would answer for our appearance, and put us in good humour by the mode they took to prove to us the Pasha's regard, who, they said, was so anxious to see us, that, unless we came voluntarily, he would have us carried by force. On our way back, we met messenger after messenger; and we were reconducted with an ovation, which made up for the scowl the menials had cast upon us in our retreat. We were led through the divan, from which the Pasha had retired; then through a labyrinth of rooms, passages, and stairs, and hedges of capidgis and guards, to a small remote apartment, where the young Pasha, attired in a most splendid Albanian costume, received us in a very courteous, and, as it was intended, friendly and unceremonious manner.

The Sadrazem Zadé is a handsome and elegant youth of nineteen, very inquisitive about Europe: he occupies a still, habitable portion of the palace

of Ali Pasha, whose Tourbè or tomb, in a cage of iron filigree-work, stands in a corner of the court, or square, before it. His head alone is buried at Constantinople.

Before the gates of the fortress, a coffee-house was pointed out to us, where Ali Pasha had taken his stand, when, on the approach of the Sultan's forces, the Albanians within the fortress closed the gates against their master, with a sudden resolution, but without preconcerted plan, of making their own peace with the Porte. Ali Pasha, who had been reconnoitring, found, to his amazement, the gates closed on his return: he entered this coffee-house, which was close to the ditch, and a parley soon ensued betwixt him and the Albanians on the walls; and, after cajoling them with assurances that his peace was made with the Porte, and that the march of Ismael Pasha was only a feint, their resolution wavered, and some of them unbarred the gates. No sooner was he within than his repressed fury broke forth; the most faithful of his men were rewarded, and the doubtful attached by the immediate plunder of the city, which, when only half plundered, was fired; and, when fire was not sufficiently destructive, shot and shell levelled to the ground every thing within their range. A population of thirty thousand souls were thus scattered in the most perfect state of destitution; the plain to the north of the city was filled with fugitives, of all stations and ages — mothers

carrying their children, others endeavouring to save some wrecks of their property — many perished from want, and the rest were scattered far and near from Corfu to Constantinople.

Janina is the centre both of art and of fashion, and fits all the beaux of Roumeli. The silk braid and gold lace, so universally used in Eastern costume, are most extensively prepared by its Jews. The Morocco leather of Janina is in highest repute, and also extensively manufactured. The savat, or blackening of silver, their mode of ornamenting guns, drinking cups, cartridge boxes, and the buckles that they wear, and which ornament their trapping, is an art almost exclusively exercised by a settlement of Vlachi at Calarites. In their vicinity grow the herbs they use for dying, which is here a domestic art. Every house has its looms, where the women, as in the patriarchal ages, employ their leisure in weaving, according to their wealth, coarse or fine cotton stuffs, and that beautiful and delicate texture of silk and cotton gauze, or of silk alone, which they use for shirting. They are no less celebrated for their skill in confectionary; and the preserves of Janina are as much distinguished as those of Scotland. Elsewhere women may be as laborious, or as industrious; but I never saw so much activity combined with so much elegance as at Janina, or housewifery assume such important functions. To the most sedulous attention to all the business of domestic economy

were added the rearing of the silk-worms, the winding of silk, the preparing of cotton, the dying and the weaving of these materials, and the preparation from them of every article of wearing apparel or household furniture.

Their tailors are no less characterised by taste and dexterity; and the costumes of the men by the elegance of the cut, the arrangement of colours, and excellence of workmanship. What a contrast the artizans of this clear sky present with ours! Sudden disasters may fall upon them; but no industry falsely bolstered up leaves them a prey to incessant fluctuations. Money may, at times, be extorted from them by violence; but they have not the irritating example before their eyes of injustice of taxation, which spares the rich and oppresses the poor.* They tend their silk-worms, prepare their dyes, weave their delicate tissues and rich laces, and embroider their fermelis and zuluchia, not by smoky firesides, but under shady vines; and instead of becoming callous and indifferent under the unfortunate insecurity of the times, they exert themselves the more to avert

* No hatred can be there conceived between master and workman, no combination, no strikes: taxes fall in a mass on the district; therefore, each individual constantly feels that he is interested in every neighbour's prosperity. The excellence of the principle prevents all difference of political opinion; the working of the system unites all classes, and maintains sympathy and good-will between man and man.

or to meet danger and oppression. This appears most unaccountable to Europeans, who are acquainted with oppression and its effects only by examples of systematic despotism; but the difference between the tyranny of man and the tyranny of law is one of the most instructive lessons the East has to teach. The one is uncertain, and leaves to the oppressed chances and hopes of escaping it; it varies with the individual; and those who suffer, if not benefited, are, at least, consoled by the vengeance that, sooner or later, overtakes the guilty. The tyranny of law is a dead and immovable weight, that compresses at once the activity of the limb and the energy of the mind; leaves no hope of redress, no chance of escape; is liable to no responsibility for its acts, or vengeance for its crimes. For fifty years, in Turkey, convulsion has followed convulsion as wave rolls after wave; and Europe, judging by its own cumbersomeness of machinery, and consequent difficulty of readjustment, has looked on each succeeding disaster as a prelude to the fall of the Ottoman empire. Turkey's political state may be compared to its climate: an unexpected hurricane in a moment wastes fields and forests, covers the heavens with blackness, and the sea with foam. Scarcely is the devastation completed, when nature revives, the air is all mildness, and the heavens all sunshine. As destructively and as suddenly do political storms and military gather-

ings overwhelm the provinces; and no sooner are they past, than industry is busy preparing her toil, and security is scattering seed, or wreathing flowers.

Emin Pasha had placed at our disposal his boat, the only one saved from the flotillas of Ali Pasha, and of his adversaries; there are, however, a great many monoxyla on the lake. There is abundance and variety of water-fowl; and one of our friends, a great sportsman, was anxious to shew us how they manage these matters at Janina, but the disturbed state of affairs prevented us from seeing a regular duck-hunt. It is conducted in this manner: thirty or forty monoxyla, with a sportsman in each, and covered with boughs that hang into the water, form an extensive circle, which, gradually narrowing, drives the fowl to a centre. As the monoxyla approach them, they dive, or rise; the sportsman who raises a bird fires, or the opposite line fires if it attempt to pass; but the alarm is not general; they do not rise all together, as the circle is not drawn very close: thus the sport continues long, and generally there is great havoc made.

The first object of our curiosity was, of course, the island, and its little monastery, where was concluded the tragedy of Ali Pasha's life. With no little interest did we visit the mean chamber in which he expired; the dirty little kitchen, which was Vasiliki's harem; the grotto, where his remaining

wealth was concealed. We examined the bullet-holes through the floor, and listened, in the midst of the undisturbed witnesses of his death, to the details of the destruction of a tyrant, whose memory has been consecrated by the crimes of his successors. Courchid Pasha, bringing his pretended pardon, landed close to the monastery, and entered by a small passage under the chamber occupied by Ali Pasha; a ladder conducted to a small corridor, into which the chamber opened. The court within, and the rocks overlooking the court, opposite the entrance, were occupied by Ali Pasha's adherents. Courchid Pasha's train followed him to the foot of the ladder, and filled the passage below the chamber, and the lane without, to the landing-place. The Pasha ascended to the corridor, and Ali Pasha came to the room-door to meet him. While in the act of embracing, Courchid Pasha fired a pistol, which was concealed by his long sleeve, at Ali's body, and wounded him in the arm; he fell back into the room, shutting the door. The Albanians on the rocks feared to fire, lest they should hit their own people. A *chami*,* named Flim, celebrated for his unflinching devotedness to his master, was lying in the corridor, with a fit of the ague; he was for a moment alone with Courchid Pasha, and, starting up, he aimed at him a sabre-cut, but his erring blow was arrested

* Inhabitant of Chamouria.

by a beam, which still bears its mark. The moment Ali Pasha was wounded, he called out to his remaining attendant within to shoot Vasiliki; but before the order could be obeyed, a discharge from the passage below passed through the flooring, and a ball entered his bowels. His death once known, his adherents had nothing more to contend for, they instantly submitted to Courchid Pasha, whom their guns had, the moment before, only spared for the sake of their sick comrade, Flim. Courchid Pasha arrived, effected his mission, and retired in less time than it has taken the reader to peruse the relation of the event.

Well may this lake and its streams claim the gloomiest names of ancient fable. Cocytus, Styx, and Avernus, have no imaged horrors to vie with the real atrocities which have left their traces and their memory fresh on the scenes around us. Each rock, each stream, each patch of earth, has its distinctive tale of blood and crime.. As we sailed under a rocky projection of the island,—"Here," said the captain of the boat, "were thrown, pinioned, into the lake, the Cardikiots, confined in the castle on the night of the destruction of Cardiki." This captain had been twenty-five years in the service of Ali Pasha: he commanded his brig on the lake, and was present at the destruction of Cardiki, which Pouqueville has dramatised. The facts were thus:—After some ineffectual resistance

the Cardikiots were brought down to the Khan, in the plain where Ali Pasha sat in his carriage; a portion of the population, after being stripped of their property, had been sent off to Prevesa; the remainder were brought before him. A secretary took down the name and family of each, and the place where his treasures were concealed. Those who were not of the race of his former enemies were suffered to depart; the remainder, under 100 men, were sent into the court of the Khan. Masons were in attendance, and the door was immediately walled up, while the devoted victims stood like statues, awaiting their fate in silence, but not in suspense. The Mirdites and Ghegs were ordered to the rising ground that overlooked the Khan to fire on them,—they refused. Athanasi Vaïa, devoted to execration by Pouqueville, for his officious services when Ali Pasha was on the point of pardoning the Cardikiotes, was not even present; he was collecting their property in one of the villages, the name of which I have forgotten; but Zongas, the companion and successor of Catch-Antoni, was called upon by Ali Pasha to shew his new fidelity by destroying the Cardikiotes. He collected eighty of his vlacks, who commenced the work of destruction very reluctantly, but it was soon completed by other tribes of Christians and Turks that joined them. The revolting details of the horrors perpetrated by his sister on the Mus-

sulman women of Cardiki are but too true; as also that she used to sleep on a mattrass made of their hair.

During the siege the lake must have presented a most magnificent spectacle. Ali Pasha had a flotilla and a brig; the Sultan's party had a flotilla of twenty-two gun-boats; the heights were lined with tents — the plains covered with cavalry, and tribes of all races, from the Caucasus to the Adriatic; breaching batteries and mortars encircled the wide extent of the city. The besiegers plied their guns with more assiduity than effect, while Ali answered fast and well by 250 mouths from the island, the castle, the Koulia, and Litharitza. Sixteen months was the siege prolonged, the besiegers often in want of ammunition and provisions, and blockaded in their turn by the Christians, whose hopes had been excited, but with whom faith had not been kept. Meanwhile, Ali Pasha, with well-stored magazines and coffers, and commanding his little sea, had fresh provisions from the mountains, and fresh fish from the lake. How grand must have been the scenes at times presented, when the day was clouded, and the night illumined, by the crossing fire, on such a theatre, of so many points of resistance and attack.

During our stay the place was pretty tranquil; the troops had been principally sent out of the town, and were encamped, to the number of 7000,

at two and three hours' distance. Selictar Poda remained quiet; but the country, to the north, was every day assuming a more hostile and determined attitude. The troops of Veli Bey dared not penetrate above twenty miles among the mountains north of the city. We could gain no information whatever as to the ulterior objects of either party, but were exceedingly anxious to see Selictar Poda, and then to visit, if possible, Argyro Castro, Tepedelene, Berat, and Monastir. Having arrived at Janina without the slightest risk, after being assured in Acarnania, by those who seemed best acquainted with the state of the country, that such a journey would be attended with the greatest difficulties and danger; having passed unmolested through Acarnania, after being assured in the Morea that we should certainly have our throats cut if we ventured into that distracted province, we were now at first inclined to disregard the warnings we received, against attempting to penetrate further into Albania. We were not long in discovering that however certain we were of the best protection the chiefs of either party could afford, still it was next to impossible for us to pass from one party to another, nor could we venture even outside the town without a considerable guard. In this dilemma we asked counsel from Veli Bey: we told him how anxious we were to penetrate into Upper Albania; and even frankly confessed that we were desirous of seeing Selictar

Poda; thinking, that by telling him what our intentions were, we should save ourselves from the possibility of being suspected, and prevent him from secretly thwarting our plans, by giving him an opportunity of objecting to them directly. He urged us to abandon our proposed journey, adding, that if we persisted in it, he could have us safely conducted as far as the first passes occupied by Selictar Poda; but, said he, "I cannot allow you to start without an escort of 200 men." At such a moment as this, when men could only with difficulty be obtained for the most necessary services, the mention of such an escort was tantamount to a positive refusal. There was clearly nothing now to be done but to remain quietly at Janina, or to return to Prevesa.

While we were debating which of these two alternatives we should adopt, news were brought that Arslan Bey was approaching Janina, and was now posted on the heights to the north of Mezzovo, with the intention of cutting off the communication by Mezzovo with Thessaly; and placing himself between Monastir and Janina, he hemmed in the plain country on every side, and could annoy, blockade, or attack Veli Bey at his own convenience. The fortresses of Janina were not provisioned; the population and the soldiers depended on the corn that was daily arriving from Thessaly by Mezzovo; so that the occupation of this important position would have probably led to dis-

turbance among the troops of Veli Bey, and to the loss of the city. It was therefore suddenly determined that Veli Bey should anticipate him, if possible, in occupying the mountains at Milies, or, at all events, should be ready to support Mezzovo in case of his making an attack upon that place. This resolution we learned accidentally, and immediately hurried to the palace of the Pasha in the castle, where troops and chiefs were crowding, and where every thing seemed in the greatest disorder, and every indication was visible of a sudden decision, as well as of an unexpected movement. Our object was to obtain permission to accompany the expedition.

Veli Bey was too busily engaged to give us an opportunity of conversing with him; we therefore desired the Dragoman to repeat to him our request, and to bring us his answer. He soon returned, and told us that Veli Bey had other things to think of, and that he was much surprised at amateurs thrusting themselves in where they could be of no use, and might give a great deal of trouble. This was a dreadful disappointment; we little expected language so severe from Veli Bey; we thought it strange, but, nevertheless, could not say it was unjust. We were now deprived, at the very moment when the door seemed thus opened, of every chance of realising our long and ardent hopes of mixing in the events of this land, or even of looking further upon its mountains and its

plains. We had no further chance of seeing Veli Bey, or of hoping to soften him; still we lingered, vexed and disappointed, about the spacious court, watching the movements, and admiring the accoutrements, of the various chiefs and their tails, which never had the same interest for us before, and gazing upon the preparatives for an expedition which had lost all its perils, and preserved only its attractions from the moment we found ourselves debarred from accompanying it. While in this mood, a young Albanian lad, a relative of Veli Bey, came to us and asked us if we should not like to accompany the expedition? we answered, that nothing would delight us so much, and asked if he would undertake to be our advocate with Veli Bey. The request was no sooner made than granted, and the young Albanian ran off to catch his relative as he was passing from one chamber to another. We waited for some time, but with very little hope of a favourable result; yet, congratulating ourselves upon our dexterity in not having cooled the ardour of our new advocate by informing him of the unfavourable decision to which his chief had already come. When he returned, he told us that Veli Bey was very much surprised with the request, and would not believe that we were in earnest, and that he would speak to us himself upon the subject. We went to him; we expressed to him, concisely, but earnestly, the anxiety we had to become acquainted with Al-

bania, which had induced us to come so far—the pain he would give us if he refused—the gratification we would derive from his permission—the chances of benefit from Europeans becoming acquainted with their country—the tendency of the Turkish Government, which could not render intercourse with us disadvantageous to him, and might have the contrary effect.

After thinking some time, he said, "Well, if you will go, the risk must be on your own heads, for I cannot answer for my own; and if you do go, you must be ready to start to-night." "In ten minutes," was our reply. His eye suddenly brightened, and he looked all round, leisurely, on the Beys seated on three sides of the room, and seemed to say, "Look at the confidence that strangers place in my fortunes and in me." We recollected the characters, but did not gather the sense at the time.

But what will be said of the interpreter who brought us the first pretended message? It being one of the first opportunities I had had of understanding that race, I was very much puzzled to account for his conduct. He could have no motive in deceiving us; he had hitherto shewn us the utmost kindness and hospitality, and it, probably, originated in a purely kindly feeling, because, had he been unfriendly, he would have been glad to have got rid of us; but here broke out, not the man, but the Dragoman, in their habitual control

over the minds and bodies of those between whom they are intermediaries.

We followed Veli Bey into the divan, to take leave of the young Pasha. We had seen him half an hour before, playing at the djereed, an exercise in which he displayed the greatest ardour and dexterity. He had now relapsed into the sombre and stately Osmanli, and, wrapped in the ample folds of Benishes and Harvanis, reclined in the centre of the spacious divan that once was Ali Pasha's. He was exceedingly surprised at our determination of accompanying Veli Bey, and charged him to take the greatest care of us. The Bey answered, "On my head!"

That night the town was all in movement, but the Bey's departure was postponed till next morning; and, after obtaining his promise that we should be duly warned of the hour at which he was to set out, we retired to our quarters, to complete our own preparatives. Next morning we were ready to start before the dawn, and waited anxiously for a summons to join the Bey. Our impatience increasing as the day advanced, we despatched messenger after messenger, but could learn neither when he intended to start, what road he intended to take, nor even where he actually was; whether or not he intended to go, or was already gone. The intelligence received, and the operations about to commence, were alike a mystery to us. The most contradictory and

alarming reports were in circulation: at one time the rumour was that Arslan Bey had gained a complete victory, had occupied the mountains to the north, and even that he had interrupted the communications with Triccala; immediately afterwards we heard that he had been completely beaten, that he was a fugitive, and ready to submit. We remarked that the Albanians spread the rumours of his success, the Greeks those of his discomfiture, which, if they were of little value as news, were of importance to us, as confirming, in our minds, the identity of interest between the Sultan's party and the Greeks; a novel combination, as we, coming from Europe and from Greece, naturally imagined. The chiefs we knew and could fall in with, either knew no more than ourselves, or were too busy with their own affairs to attend to our questions. In this uncertainty we remained, until *ikindee*, or three o'clock, when we positively ascertained that the Bey *had* started two hours before, and had already reached the south-eastern extremity of the lake, on his road to Mezzovo. We immediately determined on following him; our friends joined to urge upon us arguments and entreaties, but, in spite of these, in spite of fresh difficulties about our horses, and the impossibility of obtaining guards, or even guides, we found ourselves, at sunset, just beyond the skirts of the city. Our travelling establishment had been gradually reduced, and now consisted of but a single attend-

ant, who had previously been dignified with the title of Dragoman, but now had to perform the offices of Dragoman, valet, Tartar, and cook. Our Surrigee, who was attached to us for the expedition, was a savage-looking Ghegue, who could speak nothing but his own barbarous tongue, and devoured, on the first evening of our march, the whole of the provisions we had taken for two days.

CHAPTER XIII.

SKIPETAR EXPEDITION TO THE PINDUS.

The sun, as we have said, was but "one fathom" above the western horizon, when, unheeded amid the prevailing bustle and confusion, we issued from the gate of Janina, secretly rejoicing at the discovery that we could pass unobserved. But, no sooner were we in the open plain, than we felt all our helplessness. Up to this time we had worn European clothes—short jackets and straw hats—upon which the natural effects of wear and tear had done their worst. Our now single attendant wore the same costume, and, amid such a movement and such excitement, without escort or protection, ignorant alike of the language and manners of the people, our forebodings were gloomy enough, and the figure we cut was rather of the scarecrow kind. Our baggage, hastily packed, was constantly tumbling off; our wild Ghegue of a postilion, in the absence of any civilised means of intercourse, exhibited the state of his mind by an almost uninterrupted flow of imprecation, now directed against the baggage, now against the horses, and some-

times against ourselves. Our interpreter consoled us, on every tumble of our baggage, by assuring us that the breakage of our coffee service, telescope, pistols, &c. was of no moment at all, as "our throats would certainly be cut before morning."

An hour after sunset, we, however, arrived at a Khan, called Baldouna, four miles from Janina, at the eastern extremity of the lake. We were there rejoiced to behold a face we knew, Abbas Bey, a relative of Veli Bey. We thought our troubles and our dangers now over; but gratification at the rencontre did not seem reciprocal. We soon perceived that, while anxious to appear kind, he was much embarrassed at being seen by his countrymen with two such questionable looking figures seated beside him. He left us abruptly, and we presently learned that he had removed with his people elsewhere. This circumstance deeply affected us. There is a sense of loneliness in the world, a coldness that comes over the heart, when you feel yourself despised and avoided, that curdles the feelings, and jars upon the nerves; then do dangers and sufferings, in their worst forms, seem enviable, if blessed with the companionship of our fellow men.

Our friends at Janina had prepared a well-appointed wallet. We thought the time had arrived when such appliances might give a little distraction to our thoughts, and vigour to our philosophy. But, alas! while we had been discussing

public affairs, our single Ghegue had devoured the whole of our provisions! Supperless, exhausted, and not venturing even to ask for water, for fear of betraying our helplessness, and of meeting with a refusal, we retired to a rising ground, and being unable to keep watch, we set up a figure, with a turban, having the end of a gun resting on its shoulder. Thus, gaining confidence, and satisfied with our device, we laid ourselves down, and fell asleep, after having relieved ourselves from our fears, rage, and irritation, by giving them vent.

That evening, what were the contrasts we drew between the scenes we had witnessed on the Makronoros and that now around us; between the enthusiastic greeting and splendid hospitality of the Greek bands, and the contemptuous scowl, and the savage air, of the Skipetar hordes! Yet here we were entirely at the mercy of any one of these bandits, without any means of protection, or the slightest chance of retribution to arrest violence. These reflections, placed in every possible light, led us to no other conclusion than a sincere wish to find ourselves, once more, in our comfortable quarters at Janina. But we had maturely resolved on making this attempt; we had been strengthened in our resolution by the dissuasion of our friends, and we could never have brooked the commendations we were sure to have heaped upon us if we had re-appeared at Janina.

We ascertained, the next morning, that Veli

Bey was to remain the whole of the day at a Khan, twenty-four miles distant. With the dawn, we were in motion. Troops had been arriving and departing continually during the night. Between two and three thousand men might have passed; but the bustle and confusion would have led one to suppose that there had been three times that number. There was no order of any kind; they were grouped around chiefs of great or little repute, and the minor chiefs again clustering round the greater. These bodies had each their independent views and modes of action. The men looked but to their immediate leaders. The relationship or intercourse between these depended on, or was modified by, a thousand influences, but all wore (as every thing in the East does, in consequence of the absence of political and party differences) a personal character; the very antithesis of our notions of military discipline and political combination.

We managed to start by ourselves, and a little before a Bey with a large retinue, so as to appear to belong to his party. After ascending a low chain of sandstone hills, we reached, by a rapid descent, the vale, or rather the channel, of the river of Arta, which opened out straight before us, and seemed to penetrate to the very roots of Pindus. Through this channel we journeyed, incessantly crossing the stream, and, at each turn, stopping to admire the magnificent peaks that towered

up before and around us, in grandeur and in beauty.

At mid-day, without more adventures, and almost without having seen a single Albanian, did we arrive at the Khan of Roses, where, to our infinite joy and relief, we were told that Veli Bey really was. We were conducted by a ladder to an upper loft, rather than a room, where, with a couple of men in strange costumes, Veli Bey was seated on the floor. Miserable as the hovel was, the group was a picture; and the chief we had sought with so much anxiety, reclining on his white capote, magnificent in figure, and no less classic* than splendid in attire, was a subject for a Lysippus, and the personification of a monarch.

Veli Bey stood up on our entrance. This single act shewed us at once our position, and his intentions, and relieved us from all doubts as to his disposition or his power of making his good-will effective. It established our character and

* Veli Bey wore the white Arab benish over the golden Albanian fermeli, which, with the fustanel and leggings, embroidered in gold, to represent metal grieves, gave him the air of a Roman statue, and was the most magnificent costume I have ever beheld. It was made for the masters of the world. In Titian's wood-cuts to the work on costumes, published at Venice, in 1598, the "Ambassador" and the "General" of Venice are represented as wearing that remarkable cloak. It may be recognised by the three tufts on one shoulder—that is, when the arm is drawn through the hood. The tufts come to the throat when the benish is drawn over the head.

position, not alone among his retainers, but also in the camp, and, I may say, in Albania. A western, accustomed to the broad shadows of social equality, can have no conception of the effects and combinations of manner in the East. From the moment that manner becomes a means of action, not a movement or a sign can be matter of indifference. It is a conventional mode of intercourse, like speech, and thus they have two languages to our one. But this was the first time, after an intercourse with easterns, which I then thought both long and instructive, that a Mussulman had got up to receive me. I thought such a thing alike repugnant to their faith and their habits.* The fact opened a new, but still indistinct field of inquiry: however, it served, at least, to excite curiosity, encourage observation, strengthen resolution, and, above all, filled us with self-satisfaction at having undertaken this expedition, and at not having turned back to Janina the night before.

At the very moment that we entered, dinner was preparing to be served; no words passed, no invitation was given, and scarcely had we time to look about us, when the round leather tray was unfolded

* At the time, I was not aware, nor do I conceive Europeans in Turkey generally are, that in Turkey alone do Mussulmans decline to pay this mark of respect to the professors of other faiths. Further on, I shall endeavour to explain the cause of this peculiarity, which has grown out of the hostile feelings of Europe.

on the floor in the middle of the party, and the long napkin, whirled by a dexterous hand, fell at once over the knees of the Bey, the two Turkish strangers, and ourselves. An admirably roasted lamb, dressed whole, but served cut up, with excellent wheaten cakes, composed our fare. During our repast, not a word was exchanged, and we had too much to think of, and to do, to make the meal appear long or the silence irksome. The Bey seemed to have forgotten that we were present, and we felt that all we could expect was to be suffered to be there, and that, from untimely questions, we should neither fare the better nor know the more. Perhaps, accustomed to that laconic, but expressive manner which we then first began to feel, he thought that our reception told us all that it was necessary for us then to know,—namely, that he was not displeased with our coming, and would give us a share of his carpet and his lamb. The reserve thus imposed upon us, and the dependence of our position, brought us to that happy state—attentive and humble observation—a benefit which, perhaps, few western travellers have enjoyed. Instead of speaking, criticising, and deciding, we watched, examined, waited, and held our tongues, and felt, for the first time, not only the elegance of eastern style, and the dignity of Turkish manner, but its real power.

Fearful of being in the way, we retired immediately, and wandered to a grove above the Khan, to converse at liberty on all we had seen. The

Bey was taking his siesta, and the few attendants had followed his example. In about an hour and a half, several horsemen arrived in haste: we had placed ourselves so as to observe the Khan and the road, determined not to be again left behind. We returned to the Khan, where now all was astir, and the Bey, whom we found alone, gave us a frank and hearty welcome; he expressed his astonishment at our following him, and confessed he had intentionally omitted to send to us before his departure, as he feared that even if no misfortune happened, the poor entertainment he could give would send us away to England with a bad opinion of Albania. Peace was soon made, and we assured him that we felt the propriety of his disinclination to take with him in such an expedition a couple of useless and, as he might suppose, inquisitive and intractable Franks; but that we should give him no trouble, ask him no questions, and never be seen by him except at his own desire.

Having come to this satisfactory understanding, he told us that we must now prepare for the mountains — that he was to encamp that night at ten miles distance, in a vale on the summit of the Pindus.

On leaving the Khan, we turned off to the left from the Janina road, and commenced the ascent of the lofty chain that separates Thessaly from Albania. We were at that time in possession but of scanty and uncertain light respecting the

strength and object of the expedition, or the positive force, intentions, and character, of the insurgents; however, we perceived that the peasantry were in the greatest alarm, and that the hearts of the Albanians, even those of our own party, were with Arslan Bey, who, they asserted, had fifteen or twenty thousand men. We were astonished not to see any troops with ourselves, and Veli Bey starting with a retinue of not more than twenty horsemen. Without obtruding ourselves on his presence or attention, we endeavoured to read his countenance. He rode along by himself, his chin almost resting on his breast, quite lost to things around him. His pipe-bearer from time to time rode up with a fresh lit pipe, which he took and put to his lips mechanically. What might be supposed to occupy his thoughts? On one side, Arslan Bey, master of Mezzovo, the rations cut off, Janina fallen—Selictar Poda there again, and in possession of the person of Emin Pasha—Veli Bey sunk for ever, a fugitive in Greece, or his head on the Seraglio gate. On the other, Arslan Bey beaten back—Janina saved—Emin Pasha retained—Selictar Poda humbled—Albania organised—the Albanians disciplined—Veli Bey general of brigade—Veli Bey farmer of the fish preserves—Veli Bey governor of Prevesa—of Arta—of Janina—Veli—*Pasha!* Ay, and who could tell? perhaps Vizier! The day even might come when Veli Jacchio might be Zadrazem! Such may have been the

waking visions which the Father of the Gods and men had mingled for him, from either vase which contains the dreams of ambitious mortals. But not less anxious must have been the cares imposed upon him by his actual state, immediate danger, and necessities. Subordination to maintain without money—an enemy to meet without troops—a master to obey whose success was destruction—an antagonist to resist in self-defence, whose discomfiture was fatal—and implements to use which could neither be trusted nor neglected. Lost in the mists of destiny which a breath might call down in iron rain, or dispel in brightness and in sunshine, well might he refuse to add a traveller's questions to his cares, drop his chin upon his breast, and smoke his empty pipe as if it had been full.

The mountain we were climbing was, as I have already said, the central range of the Pindus, runing north and south through continental Greece, separating Thessaly from Epirus—long, lofty, and narrow—rising like a wall from the dead levels of Thessaly on one side, and the plains of Arta and Janina on the other. We were crossing it near the central group from which flow the five largest rivers of Ancient Greece, running eastward and westward, and also north and south. On our right, detached from the more continuous ridges, arose this group, high above the rest, with its breaker-like peaks. Masses of earth and rock, rather than mountains, were piled up and scattered all around. The cliffs

were naked, and as if fresh broken off; the earth seemed just to have slipped down, and the landscape looked like a scene in a crater, or the morrow of the Deluge, idealised by the magnificent sensation of silence, which is half the poetry of desolation.

In this eternal amphitheatre of nature, what were the human atoms that might be discovered creeping along its cornices and domes? Their passions disturbed not its sublimity; their shouts of victory or cries of agony could scarcely break in upon its repose! If the sight of masses of the earth towering to the clouds—aspiring to and shutting out the heavens from our eyes—turns us back at all times to our fellow creatures, inclined to pity, but more inclined to wonder;—if

> "All that refines the spirit, yet appals,
> Gather around these summits"—

how much the more must their grandeur strike with awe when seen in such company; how must their mass and their eternity impose when standing beside, measuring with the mind and eye the petty mortal of a fathom and a day, that calls himself their lord and master!

We had started with a slender escort, and wondered what had become of the numerous bands which we had seen scattered over the plain of Janina, and which had passed us during the night. As we ascended, the Pindus appeared a perfect solitude, but our escort imperceptibly increased;

we could not comprehend whence came the accessions to our numbers; we turned round to admire the view, and to see if any bodies were overtaking us. When we resumed our march, the whole mountain above us was suddenly covered with men. This had been the place of rendezvous and refreshment; and, in taking their siesta, the troops had composed themselves to sleep with a Skipetar's instinct of concealment. Soldiers now started up from under every bush and tree, and from behind every rock—and what a place for this sudden apparition! The road ascended by divers zig-zags over five or six successive summits. It was instantaneously thronged with Spahis and lance-bearing Chaldupes; Beys on gallant chargers, and long lines of the kirtled Skipetar, in all the gorgeousness of glancing armour, and of shining colours, and in every variety of martial and picturesque costume. These files, set quickly in motion, produced an effect which no words can convey;—now seeming to cross each other with the turns of the zig-zag path—now lost in the foliage, now appearing in bold relief on the rocks—now drawn out in straight and lengthened lines on the face of the dark mountain—now suddenly breaking from the regular path, and clambering like goats to the road above; thus diminishing on the receding distances and ascending heights till we could trace them only by the white line of their snowy capotes and fustanels, and by the glittering of silver and of steel.

As if nature had resolved on adorning the prospect with all the charms her fancy could suggest, and with all the power her elements could bestow—mountains of snow-white clouds rose into the deep blue sky; and, during twenty minutes, a thousand changes of light and shade were cast over the heavens and the earth. Then the storm approached, darkened, descended; and long, distant, and melodious chords of music, worthy of the scene, pealed among the halls of Pindus. Large drops of rain began to fall, glittering through the not yet excluded sunshine; but the dense and heavy masses came on, enveloping us in darkness and drenching us in rain; stunning peals burst like explosions from the earth, or fell like blows dealt by the unseen genius of the storm, shattering the rocks, while the flashes shot from cloud to cloud, and the thunders were sent around from cliff to cliff. The road became a torrent; the rain was succeeded by hail, driven by tremendous gusts of wind, which now dashed the torn clouds against us, and now swept them past. As we took shelter under a rock, a break in the driving clouds opened, for a moment, a glimpse of the world far below: there lay the vale we had traversed in the morning, in silence and in beauty, gazing upwards, as Love is figured watching Madness. There no shred of the tempest had fallen; not a rain-drop had broken the mirror of its fountains, nor a breath stirred the leaves of its bowers. The stream meandering below sent up to our region

of strife and darkness the reflected rays of the declining sun, and gliding through meadows of velvet green, shone like a silver chain cast on an embroidered cushion.

These summer storms are rare, and scarcely ever fall on the plains; but where they do fall their fury is uncontrolled. Sheds, houses, and trees, are torn up, and cattle and sheep are blown over the precipices; but their ravages do not extend far, nor does their fury endure long. When they sweep the sea of this ship-strewn shore, their destructiveness is not less felt, though not so much sung, as of yore. Still, every man who has been a schoolboy exclaims, as he sails along the coast, resplendent in the sun and fragrant in the breeze—"Infames scopuli Acroceraunia!" I had before seen such a storm from the Makronoros, and have described the effect it had from a distance. The plain below was tranquil; so seemed the cliffs above; but midway a chaos of black and leaden clouds seemed writhing in agony, and casting their zig-zag lightning against the mountain, or on the plain. An object full of grandeur to behold, but not a very pleasant experiment to repeat.

After the storm was over, it was indeed a sight to view the gay Palicars, wringing their drenched fustanels, and with their dripping embroidery draggling in the mud. But what with the soaking, the chill of the atmosphere by the storm, and, at this elevation, the great change of temperature from the

hot plains below, no one was disposed to make himself merry at the expense of others.

About sunset we reached the Khan of Placa, at the summit of the pass, where Veli Bey was to spend the night. The troops moved on to a little plain, where an encampment had already been formed, and where a thousand men had been for some time stationed, to command or support the various passes. There preparations had been made for the reception of this fresh body, which, we now understood, mustered five thousand muskets. Looking from the heights of the Pindus, we at once comprehended the state of parties and things, and we had the additional satisfaction of finding that we owed our perceptions to the first cause of all knowledge, and the parent of all science—geography. What is there, like a bird's-eye view of a country, for the comprehension of all its human interests; and how pleasing it is to arrive at knowledge through the observation of things, and not through men's tongues!

The Khan of Placa is an old, ill-adjusted, and spacious building—a court in the centre is surrounded by galleries, corridors, and some dingy, deal-separated apartments. The wall without, and the lower part within, are in masonry; the rest is crazy and creaking timber. The crowds of soldiers and attendants, rendered weightier still by their wet capotes, made the whole edifice shake and rock. The court was filled with baggage-

horses, and just in the busiest moment of unlading, a second burst of hail and thunder rendered the animals quite ungovernable, and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. In a short time, however, things were shaken down into something like order, the lucky ones got into dry clothes, and we were of the number; a general forage was made in search of firewood, some ran to the surrounding forests, some collected dryer materials elsewhere, and the timbers of the old Khan were found to burn like tinder. A dozen fires within and without the court soon sent up volumes of flame and smoke, and, as if by magic, half a dozen sheep, at full length, were spitted, and laid down before them, on long poles, resting on a fork, stuck in the ground, with a crotchet at one end, which was slowly turned round by the hand.

We ascended a little eminence that overlooked the Khan. What a contrast with the brilliant scene of the forenoon! what an antithesis to the storm that followed it! Now, not a breath was stirring; that darkness reigned around which follows the last expiring rays of twilight, and which was deepened, almost to blackness, by the glare of the fires, except where their light was reflected from the tall columns of smoke above, and from the rocks and trees around. A sensation the most delicious was produced by the fragrance of the atmosphere after the storm; and, standing on the edge of a cliff, at the height of between four and

five thousand feet, we inhaled the air, rising up warm and soft, and charged with the odours of the blossoms and the plants it had caressed as it rose, from lowly flowers to myrtle groves, and to mountain heather. Our companions revelled in the balmy air, they bared their arms and breasts, and stood, like sea-gulls on rocks, stretching their necks to catch the breezes, and expressing their delight by short cries, and by the flutter of their extended wings.*

But an odour not less rich and savoury soon wooed our thoughts, and attracted our steps elsewhere. A rich brown had succeeded to the milky hue of the prostrate mutton, as we again approached the fires; the escaping steam, and strengthening odour, the increased activity of the arms of the turnspits, and the perspiration pouring from their heated faces, announced the approaching termination of their labours.

* While revising this sheet, I find the following characteristic sketch, in a little old book, by one Mr. Robert Withers, published in 1650, and entitled "A Description of the Grand Signor's Seraglio."

"Nor, indeed, doth a Turke at any time shew himself to be so truly pleased and satisfied in his senses, as he doth in the summer time, when he is in a pleasant garden. For he is no sooner come into it (if it be his own, or where he thinks he may be bold), than he puts off his upper coat, and laies it aside, and on that his *Turbant;* then turns up his sleeves, and unbuttoneth himself, turning his breast to the winde, if there be any, if not, he fans himself, or his servant doth it for him. Again, sometimes, standing upon a high bank, to take the fresh air, holding

But with all the contentment which such a prospect might afford, we had not the comfortable feeling of being "at home." Two fires blazed in the middle of the court; between them it was just possible to pass without being suffocated or scorched, and there we determined to promenade, where we could certainly neither fail to be seen nor observed in connexion with supper. First, one sheep was lifted up, the long pole shouldered by a Palicar, and away he ran with the smoking trophy, but no announcement followed that supper was ready. Another went, and then another, and they all went, but no censal proclaimed, "*Monsieur est servi.*"

We had roasted ourselves to no purpose; our scheme but betrayed our ignorance, and insulted Turkish hospitality. A laconic "*buiurn*" dispelled our doubts, and we found the Bey in a small room, or rather box, most comfortably lined with shaggy

his arms abroad (as a cormorant, sitting on a rock, doth his wings, in sunshine, after a storm), courting the weather and sweet air, calling it his soul, his life, and his delight; ever and anon shewing some visible signs of contentment. Nor shall the garden, during his pleasant distraction, be termed otherwise than *Paradise;* with whose flowers he stuffes his bosom and decketh his turbant, shaking his head at their sweet savour. Sometimes he singeth a song to some pretty flower, by whose name his mistress is called; and uttering words of as great joy as if, at that instant, she herself were there present. And one bit of meat in a garden shall do him more good than the best fare that may be, elsewhere."

capotes, large enough to hold us and give us elbow-room, with a whole sheep, divided into manageable morsels, piled on the leather tray in the middle of the floor, for us three to pick and choose the tit-bits, or devour *in toto*, if so disposed.

After the drenching, and the ride, the Bey indulged in a few extra glasses of *rakki*, and of wine; and truth, the proverbial attendant of the juice of the grape, suddenly increased his confidence. He burst forth in a violent philippic against the allied powers, and, wonderful to relate, as it was startling for us to hear, fell upon the poor reprobated Protocol with no less acrimony, and, apparently, no less justice, than the peasants of Acarnania, or the Hellenes of Makronoros. We looked at each other with surprise:—Good God! thought we, is it possible that these sage diplomatists, and these cabinets, which we at that time considered oracles, have equally succeeded in exasperating Greeks, Turks, and Albanians? And what a strange coincidence is it, that here, again, all the blame should be laid upon the shoulders of England? "I care not," said Veli Bey, with an incoherence that evinced the depth of his feelings, "what the French have done, what the Russians have done—they could have done nothing without England; but that England should so have treated us, is incomprehensible and unbearable. England," he repeated, with measured pathos, "which we

placed above our heads," raising his hands as if to give effect to his faltering words; but at that moment the strength of his feelings quite overcame him, he fell on his cushion, and his pipe dropped from his hand; we started up for cold water and burnt feathers, but a loud snore apprised us that he had found temporary relief from the sense of political degradation, to which he was so painfully alive.

CHAPTER XIV.

MEETING OF THE CAMPS — CONFERENCE BETWEEN THE CHIEFS — FRESH ALARMS.

The next morning we set forward to the place of encampment, which was in a beautiful little cleared plain. The hills here are covered with forests of magnificent beech; there is no underwood amongst the trees, and no brushwood between the forest and the cleared land, and, consequently, the scenery presents that character which we designate "parklike." Wherever you ascended from the level ground, you came upon the round, straight, columnlike trunks of the beech, giving access to the deep shadows as if of pillared temples; and here again was the Skipetar gathering almost invisible. On extending our observations, we perceived numerous and diversified preparations for bivouacking; sheds, made of green boughs, were erected on the ground; pallets were reared on stakes, or suspended from the branches; and the white busy figures were seen every where glancing through the trees. In the open ground, troops of horses were grazing, and the place re-

sounded with the rattling of the Turkish curry-comb. After wandering about for some time we again sought the Bey, and found him established on the summit of a little knoll, just within the edge of the forest, shaded by its foliage, and commanding through the trunks a prospect all around. We were invited to a place on his own carpet; the Beys and Agas were seated around in a large circle two or three deep; and behind these, stood some hundred soldiers. For a couple of hours did we sit, spectators of this assemblage, without understanding a word of the language, or having any idea of what was going on. A decision at length was taken. The standards had been planted in the plain below, and the standard-bearers formed part of the circle. An order to them from the Bey sent them rushing down, with a hundred of their fellows at their heels, to pluck two of the four standards from the ground; and the savage war-whoop that was sent up at the same moment, and the tinkling larum of the tambourgi, made the plain and the hills resemble a disturbed ant-hill. The chiefs, surrounded by the principal persons, followed at a slow and dignified pace, while the horsemen galloped forward, and wheeled around them, whirling their *tufenks* and long *misdrachi* (lances). Those who had to use their own legs seemed scarcely less active; they commenced, by discharging their *tufenks*, singing, shouting, scampering over the hills, and running races, till,

finally, a general rush and race took place towards the gorge through which the Bey had to pass. We had remained on the eminence where the Bey had been, and saw all this passing beneath us, and we now ascertained that about one-half of the men only accompanied the Bey. We determined to follow the moving body, although it was no very pleasant thing to follow in the rear, and without a chance of reaching, in these narrow defiles, the chief party. It was not, however, to be overlooked, that this position gave us immense advantages in case of a retreat. We therefore set forward, as heretofore, three ridiculous figures, in shabby, tattered, *jéjune*, frank habiliments, which, in their trimmest style, and newest fashion, would have been miserable compared even with the meanest costume around us. At this moment suddenly appeared Abbas Bey, our friend of the Khan of Baldouna. We at first determined to cut him dead, but, in two minutes after, we were proceeding along in friendly converse together, he having declared that henceforward he took us under his own special protection, that he should every where see to our being comfortably housed, and would keep us informed of every thing he knew. He spoke Greek fluently. These were, of course, offers not to be rejected. He explained his leaving us at the Khan, by saying, that he did not know whether the chief approved of our coming, and he did not know whether we might not be Russian

spies; he had heard at Janina that we were English, but he did not know whether we were true English; "but now, since we see how the Bey treats you, it is quite another thing."

We learned from our new friend that Veli Bey was proceeding to meet Arslan Bey, in a little valley called Milies, where a conference was to be held between the two parties, and whither each was to repair attended by the chief men. We remarked, that Veli Bey's suite appeared in that case somewhat too numerous. "Oh," answered Abbas Bey, "you may be sure that Arslan Bey will come with *at least* as many!" Our informant severely reprehended the excesses of which Arslan Bey and his party had been guilty; "but," said he, with a shake of the head, "he is the *only* man for Albania; and I, for my part, was always of opinion that Veli Bey should have remained at Janina, because, if this expedition is cut off, as there is every chance it will be, there is not a man remaining who has sufficient authority to collect troops; and then, you know, what will become of the poor Greeks, whom we are toiling thus, and risking our lives, to protect?"

After crossing some low sandstone hills we arrived at a rapid descent. The rock is serpentine, of shining and glassy lustre, of all shades of blue, green, and brown. Here the Bey had halted, and, conducted by our new guardian and friend, we found him seated at a distance on the rock, with a

single person, whom we understood was an emissary from his antagonist. When he returned to the road he told us, smiling, that Arslan Bey thought of submitting instead of fighting; and gave us to understand that he was reduced to very desperate circumstances. But still, instead of waiting to receive the suppliant, we found we were to proceed to meet him. After descending the rugged hill, an hour, through a narrow valley, brought us to the plain of Milies. At the gorge, a troop of Arslan Bey's horse was drawn up. They made their obeisance in the most lowly guise as the Bey approached, and, when he had passed, joined the throng behind him. The ground was confused, and there was now a general rush from behind forward; the men on foot had been gradually expelled from the centre by the pressing of the horses, and we entered the meadow at full gallop. The press, the confusion, the dust, was such that we could distinguish neither where we were going, nor the ground we were passing over; and I am sure that, if a hundred muskets had been discharged at us, a general scamper and rout must have taken place, and we should have upset each other, attacked our friends, or have fled from them. It is a very singular thing to see warfare conducted between enemies wearing the same costume, speaking the same language, and without any distinctive signs, marks, or watchwords. Here soldiers are instruments, but not machines; the most powerful assemblages of troops may be

melted away in a moment, and gatherings may as suddenly assemble, fit to change the fate of provinces and of empires, through agency of a moral character, which it is most painful for a stranger to trace with accuracy, but which still is one of the most interesting features, and one of the deepest inquiries, presented by the East.

Between the European and the Eastern commander there is this most remarkable difference, that the intercourse of the first with his men ceases with the duty of the field; he is known to them only through the discipline he enforces, and the services he commands, and makes no appeals to their affections in social life. The Eastern commander, on the contrary, is the Patriarch of his followers;—he is the arbitrator of their differences — the chief of their community—knows each, and the affairs of each—and such is the equalising effect of those manners which appear to us to place so immeasurable a distance between man and man, that the humblest soldier may, under certain circumstances, be admitted to break bread with his general. The characters which there ensure fidelity and raise to power, are ability indicated by success; and the disposition to repay loyalty by protection, indicated by generosity. And if I were to place in order the qualifications which lead to greatness, I should say: justice first, then generosity; and only after these, military skill and personal valour.

In the middle of the little plain, and close to a

clear fresh stream, stood a splendid weeping willow: this was the spot chosen for meeting, and here Veli Bey dismounted; he was soon seated on his carpet, and a circle of Beys and men formed around him. It appeared to us extraordinary that Arslan Bey was not already here, and the more so, as the higher ground all around was occupied by his men. Many suspicions crossed our minds, and we retired up the side of the hill to make our observations, and to escape the effects of the first discharges, which we had now no doubt would, at some preconcerted signal, be poured on the crowd in the plain. There, thought I, are those men with the eye-ball of destruction glaring upon them, sitting with the same infatuation that year after year lures to destruction the chiefs and the rebels of Turkey! There scarcely is an example of a revolt that has not been subdued, or of a struggle between rival chieftains which has not been concluded by an act of treachery, in which the party deceived has been led into the noose with a facility which appears to us both childish and incomprehensible: the reason of this I at that time was just beginning to see. These movements, not being connected with general principles, can be annihilated only in the person of their conductors; and that apparent confidence by which so unaccountably those appear to be betrayed, is the result of the daring and decision upon which alone their authority depends.

In the midst of these reflections a cloud of dust

arose at the opposite extremity of the meadow, and shouts of "He comes! he comes!" arose on all sides. An alley of two hundred paces was opened from the willow-tree, lined on both sides by the troops of Veli Bey. At the extremity were planted in the ground the two standards of our chief,—the one pure white, the other white and green, bearing a double-bladed sword, and blood-red hand, and some masonic diagrams. A troop of about two hundred horse dashed up in most gallant style, and with a greater air of regularity than I had ever witnessed before. When they reached the standards they pulled sharp up, trotted on to the willow-tree, filling up the whole breadth of the alley, and then wheeling right and left, ranged themselves behind the lines of Veli Bey's foot-soldiers. At this moment Arslan Bey himself reached the standards—he there dismounted; at the same moment Veli Bey stood up under the willow-tree; this was a signal for a general discharge of the whole muskets of both parties; and when the smoke cleared away we saw the two chiefs embracing each other in the centre of the alley, to which, with equal steps, they had advanced from either extremity. Each then embraced the principal adherents of his antagonists:—this was the signal for the respective troops to follow their example; and all around nothing was to be seen but figures bending down and rising up with such a motion as a field of battle presents when men are struggling hand to hand, and closing in the embrace

of hate. This was a strange meeting of the rival hordes of a *Firmanli* and his commissioned executioner; and whoever had looked upon the fervour and simplicity of that meeting — "where they fell and wept on each other's necks," — might have deemed it that of Lot and Abraham with their households. In embracing, they bend down as they meet each other, kiss the mouth, then press cheek to cheek on either side, while they either formally extend their arms, or more or less closely press each other. But the lowness to which they stoop, whether or not the kiss on the lips is given, or one or both cheeks are pressed, or the embrace is formal or close, constitute an endless series of shades and distinctions, indicating degrees of acquaintance, friendship, affection, relationship, station, relative rank, authority, and command.

Broken and abrupt ground rising on either side, over which fell in little cascades the water that turned several mills; well-wooded hills beyond, in which the fir predominated, and above these, the lofty and precipitous cliffs of the Pindus, displayed to the best advantage the troops bristling along each summit, or crowded in the valley. Beneath the willow was assembled the principal group; — five thousand men were scattered in parties, above, below, and around us; — congratulations, embracings, and loud laughs, activity, bustle, and ever-varying and pleasing confusion, the different expressions of their countenances, their elaborate

compliments, the variety and beauty of their costume, richness of accoutrement, strangeness of arms, brilliancy and contrast of colours, fatigued the curiosity they could not cloy. While we congratulated ourselves at being present at so extraordinary a scene, every novel effect and striking character made us deplore the absence of such a graphic pen as that which had rendered Ashby-de-la-Zouch classic ground.

The public conference lasted about a quarter of an hour; a general movement then informed us that the chieftains were about to retire to a Khan near at hand for private discussion. We pressed forward to obtain a closer view of Arslan Bey. The two walked on, half embraced, when Veli Bey, perceiving us, stopped, and patting Arslan Bey on the breast, cried out—"Here is the Turk! You see we have caught the Klepht you were so anxious to fight with." Taking this for an Albanian mode of presentation, we bowed low, whilst the young "Lion," drawing himself to his height, scanned us from head to foot; but, strange as our figures were, his thoughts were evidently not with his eyes. They moved on and entered the Khan; the doors were closed upon them, and a black attendant of either chief defended them against the throngs of Palicars that pressed, like swarms of bees around their queens.

The scene which presented so much agitation gradually sank into repose. The Palicars, in social

groups, nestled themselves in the bushes; nothing was to be seen but groups of grazing horses. After an hour's ramble, exhausted by the mid-day heat, we turned towards the Khan. From every bush, as we passed, we heard the words repeated, "Signor θα γραψετε τουτο ?" — Will you write this? meaning —Will you print it? The constant, and not friendly stare of the Albanians of the other party almost determined us on retiring to the first encampment, when Abas Bey again came to our assistance, and proposed our entering the chamber, as the conference was drawing to a close, and we could not interrupt it, not understanding the Skipt. The passage was consequently cleared, and we had the satisfaction of being present at a conference on which such immense results depended.

The two chiefs were seated on a mat under a small window, which gave the only light to the room, which fell with full power and with deep shadows on the group: a white cloak, hung up on the opposite side, increased the effect, by throwing back a pale glare over their countenances. The remainder of the dungeon-like apartment was dark. In a remote corner, from time to time groaned a sick man, who had been removed out of hearing from a pallet on which we were seated. A bowl of raki, a bottle of Samian wine, and a plate of salt-fish, stood between the Beys. We sat for three hours, during which their conference was still prolonged, sometimes gravely animated, sometimes in

scarcely audible whispers, whilst they leaned forward and seemed to look into each other's soul. Several times drops of large perspiration started from Arslan Bey's brow, and once Veli Bey impressed a kiss on his forehead.

Our anticipations had been excited by the praises we had constantly heard lavished on Arslan Bey; nor were we disappointed. His person was good, though below the middle size; his features fine, with a mild expression, but a fierce eye; a dark handkerchief bound the small red cap over his high and well-turned forehead; his dress was plain and soldierlike, and youth gave additional interest to the ideal character which we always suppose, and to the natural powers of mind and body that must always be combined in a leader who struggles with constituted authority. They told us he was only twenty-two, but I should say he was twenty-five. At an early age, Arslan Bey found himself at the head of one of the first families of Albania, one of the richest men, and endeared to the soldiery by his personal courage and conviviality: his connexion by marriage with Selictar Poda, increased his influence, while his accession to the party of the Selictar, rendered that party predominant. Two years before he had been named Mousselim and Dervend Aga of Triccala; subsequently he was sent, with five or six thousand men, to open a passage for the Turkish regulars, that were blocked up by the Greeks in Negropont and Attica. After

this service he was made Governor of Zeitouni, in Thessaly: the pay of his men was not remitted to him, or it was not punctually paid by him; the men became outrageous — on one occasion even seized him by the throat; and excesses of every kind were committed. At this moment the Sadrazem sent him orders to resign his command. His party, from the reasons I have before stated, apprehending the designs of the Sadrazem, thought this a most favourable moment, by exciting the exasperation of Arslan Bey, to strike a blow, before the Grand Vizier could bring his forces to bear against themselves; perhaps, too, the Selictar was desirous, before declaring himself, to see how things would turn; for, after exciting Arslan Bey to revolt, he remained an indifferent spectator of the contest. Arslan Bey then plundered Codgana, a wealthy Greek township, and a great deal of booty had been collected; this he intended sharing among his men, according to their rate of pay and length of service. But this act had given cause to *his* being declared *Firmanli;* whether successful or not, the sword hung over his individual head, and there was scarcely more subordination amongst his men, than union amongst his party. Already betrayed by the last, the first, on any advantage or check, might equally abandon him. He held the destinies of Albania in his hands; his will or caprice was actually the ruling power, and a word from him might let the thunderbolt fall upon it.

If he let it fall, what benefit could he expect? If he restrained the storm, what assurance of recompense, what guarantee of pardon, could he obtain? These arguments we imagined we could trace in the imposing tones and manner of Veli Bey, and in the deep reflectiveness of his antagonist, who, although he had his rival in his hands, suffered him to assume so decided a superiority. Veli Bey's cares were not less anxious, or his breast more quiet, whatever was the serenity that sate on his brow; but all that I then knew of his inward thoughts, and of his actual circumstances, I have already detailed.

We remained silent and motionless in our corner, catching at every word, tone, or gesture, to which we could attach a meaning, and marking the expression with which were uttered the words, Sadrazem, Cagana, Lufé, Padechah, &c. Veli Bey had, from time to time, been handing us over raki, and giving vent to his satisfaction in rallying Arslan Bey, and asking us how we liked the Klepht; but he could not induce the fixed features of the young rebel to relax into a smile. At length, Veli Bey called for dinner, and some of the principal officers, who thronged the passage without, in the most anxious expectation, burst into the apartment. We ourselves were perfectly ignorant of the result, nor could we exclude the idea that the conference might terminate in blood; and each unexpected movement, in either chief, instantly

riveted our attention. When the Beys entered the room, Veli Bey exclaimed, "Brothers, it is peace!" Those of his party again embraced Arslan Bey, but more fervently than before; they then attempted to tear from his forehead the kerchief that bound it; he struggled for a moment, but they tore it from him, and stamped upon it. Veli Bey seemed delighted, laughed, and pointed out to us the new Tactico (Nizzam). During dinner, the conversation was principally in Albanian, in which Arslan Bey, with remarkable versatility of powers and character, took the lead; peals of laughter followed every word he uttered. When we had eaten, washed, and drank a cup of coffee, the room was again cleared. The chief adherents of Arslan Bey were then called back by name, and collected by Veli Bey in a circle around him: he addressed them in a long discourse. Often as I have had to lament the ignorance of language, never did I deplore that ignorance as on this occasion. The continuity, the oratorical sweep of his periods, the variety of intonation, action, and expression — the scorn, reproach, and, finally, pity, of which the men before him were evidently themselves the objects, exhibited powers no less extraordinary than judgment, and not less courage than rhetoric; and we learned that day a lesson, with respect to the characters of the Eastern mind, that neither, probably, will soon forget. When he had completely mastered his hearers, his manner changed

entirely, and their reconciliation was sealed in a formal manner. One was placed opposite to Veli Bey, two others on either side; they rose together, leaned forward, and, each stretching out his arms, the four stood locked in one embrace. Veli Bey kissed each separately, repeating, "We have peace."

The conference, after eight hours of painful anxiety, being thus happily concluded, Veli Bey and Arslan Bey left the Khan as they had entered, half embracing each other. The men started up, thronging around them; the Tambourgi's alarum sounded, and we again ascended the hill, to see the separating squadrons reiterating adieus, galloping round their leaders, whirling their spears and muskets, and running races up the hills or through the valley.

We returned to the encampment, and had our tent pitched in it. Veli Bey took up his quarters with us. He had previously few thoughts or words to spare; but now, in the exultation of success, he opened to us his own prospects, and his hopes for Albania, and spent the greater part of each day in giving us the history of the Grand Vizier, of the Greek war, of his feud with Selictar Poda, and of every thing he thought might be interesting or instructive. The organisation of Albania was the subject he dwelt on with the greatest satisfaction; and his own appointment to the command of 12,000 men, which was the immediate

recompense held out for his reducing this insurrection. He seemed to take delight in speaking to us, in the midst of his men, of the plans that had been formed for organising Albania, as if to sound their feelings, and to gain support from the approbation of Europeans. On the other hand, the men said to us, "Tell our Bey to leave us our fustanels, and we will become any thing he pleases." With equal earnestness, Veli Bey entered into the commercial interests and prospects of his country, the ameliorations that might be introduced; above all, the necessity of establishing friendly feelings between his own people and Europe, through which foreign capital would pour in, and, by facilitating the means of conveyance, greatly increase the wealth of the country and the value of land. He anxiously inquired into every improvement and discovery in agriculture or machinery, with the view of turning his triumph, as he said, to the advantage of their children; so that, when an old man, he might bring his grandsons to see the valley in the Pindus, where the projects were conceived. His natural reserve, and the *representation* in which they commonly live, had worn off by the close contact in which we were placed, apparently to the gratification of both parties. We were delighted with having so excellent an opportunity of examining their character and ideas, while he seemed equally pleased at being able to express, unconstrainedly, his opinions of his own

people, of the Turks, and of European policy, which, I need not say, he did not spare, and his admiration of our military organisation and scientific inventions. "Perhaps," said he, smiling, "you may one day pay dear for the lessons you have been at such pains to teach us." The steam-gun and carriage were the chief lions. It was his great delight, after each conversation, to repeat these wonders to his people; and then, with a shake of his head, he would add, "Ay, these are men." He expressed his determination, as soon as the Sadrazem arrived, and he had three or four months free, to go to England. He made every inquiry as to his journey, stay, and the manner in which he would be received; and I am sure we did not exaggerate the sensation he would have created in London, if he went attended, as he proposed, by twenty of his finest men.

While we remained in the camp, our tent, the only one, was pitched in the little plain, and in it he slept. At daylight, pipes and coffee were brought; we remained chatting, washing, and dressing, till the sun was well risen: Veli Bey then walked up into the wood, where his carpet was spread on the spot already described. As soon as he was perceived to be in motion, the officers assembled from their different positions, and the Beys, Odjacks, and Agas of Upper Albania, Epirus, and Thessaly, were gathered in divan around him. Here they conversed and smoked, and here busi-

ness was transacted. Rayas came to make complaints, primates to make their obeisance, and bring presents — letters were read and written. During the morning they would take two or three walks, of a few hundred paces, and then suddenly sit down again, but always so as to have a point of view before them; indeed, whether on the Bosphorus or the Peneus, on the Caucasus or the Pindus, I have seldom heard a Turk expatiate on the picturesque, but I have never seen one turn his back on a fine view. We were constantly beset with such questions as these — "What is it you see so attractive in our mountains; have you no mountains or trees of your own?" The only motive they could understand was, that our country was so cultivated, that we could no where enjoy the simple and wild beauties of nature.

Our time was spent between the chief, the officers, and the common men. We were now become great favourites with all classes. Many of the Beys were young men, unassuming, frank, and anxious to acquire information.

But the common soldiers interested us infinitely more than their leaders; whenever we rambled about their bivouacks, we were treated with every mark of respect, we were invited to partake of their fare, spent many an amusing hour, and reckoned several stanch friends amongst them. What a contrast with the first night at the Khan of Baldouna; and what a subject for reflection, on

the causes by which events are determined, and on the cords, insignificant or invisible, by which men are led!

As mid-day approached, we usually joined Veli Bey in the tent; a dish was placed on the carpet, containing slices of onion, salt fish, or salt cheese, prunes, or something else, by way of provocative; a small cup was placed before each, and an attendant stood behind, with a bottle of raki; we used to remain a full hour earning an appetite, by the constant succession of a little of the zest, a few whiffs of tobacco, and a sip of raki. Then was brought in a round piece of leather, laced up like a reticule; it was spread in the middle, and, as it opened, displayed a smoking lamb, cut or torn in morsels, with pieces of an excellent flour cake, thin and pliable, with which you might delicately take hold of the meat, which, from the mode of cooking, falls away from the bone with ease. A dish of sauce, white as milk, is placed in the centre, to dip the first pieces of bread in, as an additional appetiser. This sauce is composed of garlic and salt cheese, rubbed down in oil and vinegar, and slices of onions swimming in it. The lamb was followed by a large round pasty of cabbage, or of cream, at least three feet in diameter, and three or four stews, all excellent, so that we wondered how, in such a place, where a human being did not seem to be domiciliated, such fare could be procured. The wine, strong and generous, circulated during

dinner as freely as the raki before; nor ceased, till the pipe had fallen from the Bey's mouth, and he dropped over asleep on the spot where he sate, and, as he lay taking his rest, an attendant drew his cloak around him. The afternoon was an exact repetition of the former; in fact, out of one day they make two little days,—a plan well adapted to the climate, and to their habits, passing from indolence to great activity. When not aroused to exertion, they force their inclinations to obtain a plethoric repose; they excite a fictitious appetite that they may eat, and eat beyond their appetite that they may sleep. I was one day complaining of the quantity of salt put in every thing, and was answered by the proverb,—"If you do not eat salt, how can you drink; and if you do not drink, how can you eat; and if you do not eat, how can you sleep?" But this is a traveller's remark, and I do not give it as worth more.

One evening, when at supper in our tent, a Tartar arrived from the Grand Vizier, bearing despatches for Veli Bey, and announcing the confirmation for life of the monopoly of honours and dignities that had been heaped upon him.

Soon after our return from Milies, a personage of greater consideration than the rest appeared in the camp; this was Gench Aga, Tufenkji Bashi of the Sadrazem, and governor of Triccala and Mezzovo, and who, as I learned, a year and a half afterwards, from himself at Scodra, was the chief

agent in this plot, in which Veli Bey and Arslan Bey were alike the puppets.

The result of the conference at Milies was, that the plunder of Codgana, &c. should be restored; the arrears of Arslan Bey's men liquidated; that he himself should be absolved, received into favour, and that he should accompany Veli Bey to Janina. But Arslan Bey had to consult his supporters, and, though the principal officers, as far as we could judge by the dumb show we had seen, seemed perfectly satisfied with these conditions, he had still to return to his camp to confer with the Skipetar. No answer having yet been returned when Gench Aga arrived at the camp, he, accompanied by our young friend, Abbas Bey, went on to the head quarters of Arslan Bey; three or four days passed, and yet they did not make their appearance. We joked Veli Bey on their being caught by the Klepht: at first he affected to laugh heartily at this supposition, but their delay soon ceased to be a subject of merriment. They did, however, return, and, after a private conference with Veli Bey, Gench Aga sent for us, and told us, in that decided way, that left us no doubt that he had good reasons for what he said, and, with that kindness of manner which relieved us from all doubts as to his motives, that we must allow ourselves to be guided by him in our future plans; that he would make himself responsible for our safety, and could afford us an opportunity of

extending our journey, but we must not remain where we were. We expressed our readiness to be guided by him: "In that case," he said, "you must start with me immediately for Mezzovo. As soon as this affair is settled, I will have to send a body of horse to Triccala, and thus you will be conveyed in safety beyond the sphere of the present struggle." There are some few people in this world who have an irresistible way with them; whose ideas are so like reason; whose words are so well chosen; whose manner is so well calculated for producing on the given person the desired effect, that there is no objecting, even with a disinclination to agree; so it was with Gench Aga, and never was I more surprised than in finding myself, after ten minutes or less conversation with a perfect stranger, busily occupied in making preparatives for departure from a camp which I had had such infinite difficulty to reach, and from a country in which, ten minutes before, I had thought my rambles only commenced.

CHAPTER XV.

IMPRESSIONS PRODUCED BY THE SKIPETAR CAMP — PAST STATE AND FUTURE PROSPECTS OF ALBANIA — COMPARISON OF THE CHARACTERS OF INSURRECTION IN TURKEY AND IN EUROPE.

Before bidding adieu to the Skipetar camp, I must put together what I gathered from them during this short but intimate intercourse, respecting the dissipation of the powerful armies that, for six successive years, have been poured into Greece, without any other result than devastation of the continental provinces, loss of life, and exhaustion of the Sultan's treasury.

The domination of Ali Pasha had tended to increase the warlike character of the Albanians, for, besides the constant activity in which they were kept during his reign, he dispossessed a great number of landed proprietors, who found an equivalent in military service throughout the whole country, from Berat to the Euripus, and beyond the Isthmus. On the breaking up of Ali Pasha's power, commenced the yearly campaign against

Greece, affording pay and an employment agreeable to their inclinations, to this large mass of irregular and independent warriors.

They frustrated, with Albanian subtlety, every measure of the Porte to put an end to the Greek war. Missolonghi might, on several occasions, have been taken with the greatest ease; but the speculation was too profitable, and they termed it their *saraf*, or banker. They managed to cross every plan of the Sadrazem; and, finally, after receiving three months' pay in advance, 8000 of them abandoned Jusuff Pasha at Loutraki, after having attempted to rob the military chest. It was on this conjuncture that the Porte reluctantly called in the assistance of Mehemet Ali Pasha.

A calculation of the number of men, their pay, and the expenses of the commissariat, may give us a distant approximation to the sum expended by the Sultan in Albania on account of the Greek war. Five expeditions were made: the average number of men may be 20,000; they received, one with another, fifty piastres per month, from the 1st of March O. S., to St. Demitri, the 8th of November. Eight months and eight days (the regular Turkish campaign), at the above rate, besides extra pay if they remained longer in the field, will give a sum of 46,250,000 piastres. The commissariat department is generally allowed to expend a sum equal to the allowance for pay; so that these five expeditions must have cost the

Porte above 90,000,000 piastres. Besides these armies, there were 10,000 men in constant activity as guards of the passes, garrisons of fortresses, body-guards of Pashas, &c., whose pay, and other expenses, during the same period, may be estimated at 60,000,000 piastres.*

We have allowed in the commissariat expenses for the waste and abuse of rations, but we have not allowed for the extravagance and malversation practised in contracts connected with the commissariat dealings and accounts, in which foreign merchants, brokers, bankers, shared the spoil, with official purveyors and military commanders. It was not till the fourth year of the war, and at the suggestion of the present Sadrazem, then created Roumeli Valessi, that the Porte communicated to the ambassadors a proclamation, by which she warned the foreign merchants, that she would no longer be answerable for engagements entered into with the Pashas. But so well aware was the Sultan of this system of peculation, that he appointed the most influential of the Janissaries to the commissariat department in Albania, as the only bait that could decoy them from their body; certain that their detection in some flagrant delinquency would soon give him the right to degrade or to banish them, or even to punish them capitally.

* Ali Pasha's 40,000 men cost him as much as 80,000 French soldiers. The troops under Capo d'Istrias were calculated, I believe, at three times the cost of English troops.

This sum of 150,000,000 paid in Machmondies, value 25 piastres, or 3 dollars, at the commencement of the war, would in 1830 represent a value at Constantinople of 270,000,000; and at Janina, of 360,000,000, equal to 3,000,000*l.*

Albania, during the war, thus received at least 2,500,000*l.* sterling of the Sultan's money, while it paid no revenue. The loss of revenue in the Peloponnesus, Continental Greece,* during the whole war, and in Roumeli, during the first three years of the revolution, could scarcely be less than 4,000,000*l.* The destruction of *materiel* and ships of war (the cost of which is only in part defrayed from the public treasury), if capable of calculation in money, would probably not fall far short of the sum just stated. I think I may therefore set down the cost of the Greek revolution at 10,000,000*l.* as positive expense, to a government which receives but the surplus after the local budgets are defrayed; so that the provinces always bear more than one-half of the expenses of war. To estimate the real value of these ciphers, it must be borne in mind, that in Turkey a peasant's family can be maintained for 5*l.*; so that an

* Greece was supposed to contribute yearly the sum of 250,000*l.*, as surplus revenue, after paying its civil expenses, as tithe applied to support a militia force, and as rent to Osmanli proprietors. This alone would give, during the ten years of the revolution, 2,500,000*l.*; but I conceive this estimate, perhaps, too high, and I am estimating only the loss to the treasury.

expenditure of 20,000,000*l.* is equal to the yearly support of 20,000,000 of souls. If we take into account the difference of habits and price, we shall find that the Greek war has cost Turkey a sum nearly equivalent to the debt of 120,000,000*l.* bequeathed to us by the war with America. Turkey has, at all events, the satisfaction of having incurred no debt.

However desirous the Sultan might be to quell the insurrection in Greece, he would not have had recourse to Albania, the only part of his empire where war was a positive drain on the treasury, had he not expected, in subduing Greece, to weaken Albania; and, after these enormous sacrifices, it must be most exasperating to see the people, which he sought to reduce, become independent, and the other, which he wishes to weaken, rendered more refractory, by the very means which he had used against them.

Since the *loufé* (pay) of the Sultan has ceased, the Albanians have been reduced to the greatest straits. The infuriated soldiery held meetings, proposed to elect chiefs, and discussed plans, one of which was, to seize the whole of the Greeks, and sell them for slaves. At that moment the Russian war exasperated them against the Greeks. The menacing attitude of the Greek regular troops detained them from the scene of action on the Danube, while the Turkish government, appearing on the point of dissolution, could neither interpose

its authority, nor awe them by the dread of consequences. Yet, their better feelings being appealed to by an able chief, the storm did not then burst, and it still hangs suspended; it is actually reposing on the summit of Pindus.

There is a remarkable similarity between the Albanian and the Scotch Highlander. The chieftains, like the Celtic chiefs of old, move about with their tails; pistol in belt, sword by the side, and musket over the shoulder. Though not precisely divided by name into clans, their cousinships count as far, and they shew equal devotion to the chief whose "bread" or "salt" they eat. Henchmen in the field, torch-bearers at their meals, endurance of fatigue and privation; a life passed in constant warfare; their name and costume, particularly the *fustanel,* or kilt; and, though last, not least, the minstrels, called by them *bardi,* are features which almost identify them with the sons of Albyn. The comparison was always an interesting subject of conversation; and, though their respect for England was mixed with a certain portion of dread and aversion, they seemed proud of the likeness. That shrewdness, which a mixture, rather than an acquaintance with mankind, produces, is remarkably developed in both people; as also that love of adventure and speculation, which scatters these two scanty populations, East, West, and South, over the face of the earth: with equal love of home, both come

back again "to the North" to spend the evening of their days, and enjoy the savings of their frugality, and the fruits of their industry.

The more immediate cause of the growth of the Scotch mind, was the rich nourishment it received from the literature of England, and the powerful implement it possessed in the English language. The Albanians equal the Scotch of two centuries ago in numbers and enterprise, but surpass what they were in regard to the first mental steps which a people makes, that is, — a knowledge of geography; but they have no literature: their own language is an unwritten language. The Turkish is the only vehicle of instruction, and Turkish literature, the only means of civilisation open to the Albanian, as to so many Mussulman tribes scattered over Africa and Asia. That language, so rich in its tones, so philosophical in its structure, has been, however, unfortunately rendered most cumbersome in use, by the imitation of Arabic and Persian, and under the action of the policy and opinion of Europe, Turkish literature has disdained to borrow from us.

The future growth of civilisation and well-being in Albania, as in Bokhara, Tartary, Circassia, Kurdistan, &c., must depend on the tranquillity of the East by the consolidation of the Ottoman empire, and on the character of the ideas, which, from Constantinople, that centre of the Eastern world, may be spread both far and near;

when the "Penny Magazine," or some such work, published in vulgar Turkish, will form packages on the camel backs of the Khiva caravans, and load the Tartars to Janina and Scodra.

I quitted these wild people with a feeling of regret, and cannot help looking back to them with more than interest. From almost every one with whom I had come in contact, I had experienced kindness, to many I was indebted for hospitality. I had derived much instruction from them respecting those things of which I had made it my business to inquire; and many of my then most cherished opinions had been suggested by my intercourse with them. The East, after this excursion, seemed less a chaos than it had appeared before.

The drama which I have related, and the sanguinary conclusion, of which I have yet to relate, might be taken for proof of a reckless spirit of adventure, that no art could tame, and power alone could moderate. However, I do not take such to be the case. These combinations affect the chiefs, not the mass of the nation; and it is precisely the subordination of the men to their immediate chiefs, that gives to them the means of playing the important parts which we have seen. These chiefs are easily to be managed, if handled with dexterity: the events of that, as other Eastern lands, resemble a game of chess, where skill and science do not consist in the direction of force,

out where ability resides in the intimate knowledge of the inherent qualities of the instruments, success depending on the relative positions in which these are placed.

Let us contrast, for a moment, the civil war in Spain with the war in Albania. In the former country, you have a party attacking the government, because their notions of right and wrong are in opposition to those of another party of their fellow citizens; and that opposition is so deep and reckless, that all that men hold dear is staked on the struggle to which it gives rise. What deep feelings of animosity between man and man are here evinced! How, as compared with the East, must be weakened in the national mind those feelings of respect for moral right and legitimate authority, which are the only real guarantees of private integrity or of political union! As a natural consequence of a struggle springing from such sources, you have unpitying bloodthirstiness in the victor, and reckless contempt of life in the vanquished. The captured Royalist expects no favour at the hand of a successful antagonist; and, consequently, bares his breast with indifference to his fate, exulting at the vengeance which his comrades will take.

In the Albanian struggle, who ever heard of the execution of a vanquished foe? A foe vanquished, and in the power of the victor, not being an object of hatred and dread in consequence of

principles which he entertains, is neither attainted as a traitor, nor executed as a rebel; and you never see the vengeance of the government fall, except upon those whom its power cannot directly reach. The most notorious rebels, after being deprived, by defeat, of the influence they possessed, have been spared by the arm of the law; and the government, so far from dreading the effects of its moderation, proclaimed throughout the empire the words of the Sultan to the rebel Pasha of Bagdad, —"Pardon is the tithe of victory!"*

But a European will exclaim — if Easterns do not contend for political principles, it is because they are not yet civilised — what is it that divides Spain? The Biscayans resist the suppression of the self election of the municipal authorities; the government enforces it: the Biscayans resist the suppression, by custom-houses, of the freedom of their markets; the government insists on its suppression: the Biscayans demand the enjoyment of rights established by capitulation and proscription; the government takes these rights away; and, these differences existing, the pretext for the struggle is the succession of the crown.

If the Biscayans had been subjects of Turkey, no revolt could have taken place; for each of those principles, maintained by the Biscayans, is adopted by the Ottoman government. The Otto-

* Meaning the share of the spoil which belonged to the state.

man constitution places the supreme authority in a lofty position; but has circumscribed its power, and debars it from interfering with customs. These checks, which we have not well comprehended, have maintained that authority, during six centuries, as an unvarying point of union, and as an object of universal veneration. Turkey entertains no project hostile to a foreign state; grants freedom of commerce and jurisdiction in its territory to foreign nations. Such a government ought, doubtless, to be considered an excellent neighbour. This people has, however, been the victim of false opinion, which has excited against it wars, combinations, and hatred. Each, by turns, of all the populations submitted to its sway, has been excited to sedition by dark processes and powerful means. Wounded, weakened, disheartened, and exasperated, by a combination, so unchristian, of all Christendom, it has still lived on, where ten European governments must have been irretrievably lost. The sources of this existence, where are they to be found? From Friar Bacon * to Count Sebastiani, the churchmen and the statesmen of Europe have pronounced the political empire of Islamism extinguished. The reason is,

* Friar Bacon read the prophetic number 666 as applying to Islamism, and announced its immediate downfal. That prophetic writer, Mr. Forster, thinks he was not *very* far wrong, for, about that period, the Turk, Alp Arslan, overthrew the Caliphate!

that the characters of its life are different from those of our political existence, and have not been inquired into or understood by us.

The Porte has had no standing army; it has possessed none of those institutions, and but a small portion of the power through which our Western systems exist; and, having only self-government, Turkey is supposed, year after year, to be on the very point of dissolution. But that which leads us into error is the very reason why the cry of liberty is not there a sound of terror; why the voice of faction and the whisper of principle are alike unheard; why religious differences do not lead to religious struggle; and why the defence, even by arms, of local habits and interests, is not insurrection.

CHAPTER XVI.

DEPARTURE FROM THE CAMP — ADVENTURE ON THE PINDUS — HOISTED INTO A MONASTERY — THE METEORA — DISCOVERY OF STRANGE INTRIGUES — RADICAL GOVERNOR OF TRICCALA — ARRIVAL AT LARISSA.

After very tender adieus from Veli Bey, and the Albanian chiefs and soldiers, we proceeded southward, and upwards through the mountain glen; and, after an hour's ride, suddenly came upon Mezzovo, a town of 1000 houses, hung on the steep side of a mountain, separated from mounts Zygos and Prosillion by two deep ravines, whence the river of Arta takes its source. On the road, we were let into the secret of Veli Bey's excellent kitchen. It was near noon, and we met two troops of women, who, from their black clothing, and still more sombre aspect, seemed funereal convoys. The defunct was a ready roasted sheep, fixed upon a stake, which two of them bore upon their shoulders: others followed with divers dishes, pasties, and pans; behind, a greater number tottered under 4000 okes of bread, exacted daily from the town for rations.

We took Gench Aga for an ultra and an uncompromising Turk; but his sedulous attention to every thing that regarded our safety and comfort, soon placed his character in its true light, however little credit we were, at the time, inclined to give his countrymen for civility or humanity. But, accustomed as we had now become to a different sort of treatment in the Albanian camp, we felt quite shocked and indignant at falling down again to the level of Franks.

Notwithstanding the approaching accommodation, we perceived the Aga was in a state of the greatest anxiety. All the cattle having been concealed in the mountains, he could procure no horses to transport provisions to the castle, and the troops at Janina. While we were with him, a couple of secretaries were constantly employed in reading and writing letters and buyourdis; and we now more than ever perceived the extent of the danger that menaced the whole country.

Mezzovo, one of the most important, perhaps the most important, pass of all Roumeli, situated amidst such natural defences, having so large a population of armed Greeks, with little landed possessions, had been hitherto singularly respected and peculiarly favoured. We now found it in a state of the utmost panic and alarm; every door not occupied by troops was barricaded, and apprehension was deeply imprinted on every countenance; the sheep, cattle, and horses, were dispersed and hidden

among the rocks. The town was occupied by the troops of a Turkish Binbashi, by those of Gench Aga, and by those belonging to the municipality. On the road to Milies, to the north, were the troops of Arslan Bey; to the west, those of Veli Bey; to the east, those of the Greek captains, Gogo and Liacatas, were engaged in a separate war, contending for the Capitanato of Radovich.

We looked down on the springs of the Aracthus, flowing into the Gulf of Arta, separated by a single ridge from the urn of the Achelöus, which empties itself into the Ionian Sea. Another ridge separated this vale from the fountains of the Aöus, which, winding to the north, falls into the Adriatic. On the eastern side of the same mountain, the Peneus takes its rise: and the streamlet which we followed from Veli Bey's camp falls into the Haliacmon, flowing east and north into the Gulf of Salonica.

We could obtain but little information, in answer to our inquiries from a population absorbed in complications no less alarming than bewildering; yet, strange to say, at such a moment as this they were occupied with repairing one of their schools. It is incredible how ardent and universal among the Greeks is the desire of instruction; and how, in the wildest spots that man has chosen for a habitation or a refuge, we have constantly found tokens of an intellectual existence and descent, aspirations after an ideal state—a sort of political millennium—which they personify

with all the fertility of their imagination, and worship with all the timorousness of their servility.

No answer arriving from Arslan Bey, we determined on setting forward immediately, without waiting for the detachment. Ten men and a captain, the most savage-like travelling companions it had as yet been my lot to fall in with, were given us as an escort: before we had been half an hour on the road, the captain began to treat us with the utmost insolence; and, receiving a rebuke unaccustomed from a Giaour, he stopped with his men; but after appearing to remain some time in consultation, they followed us. We pushed on to overtake some Greeks belonging to Gogo. We had scarcely reached them, when they quitted the road and took to the hills; their appearance and manner were, however, not much more inviting than that of the party we had hoped to leave. We were now winding up the steep ridge of the highest chain of the Pindus, the most dangerous part of the road. The place was full of broken rocks, from behind which sure aim could be taken; and we were surrounded by banditti that knew no chief, and were fighting among themselves, who wanted neither opportunity, inclination, nor a sense of impunity.

It being impossible either to halt or to return, we trusted to Kismet and went on. Presently we perceived a captain, with some mounted men, following us. Taking them to be of a higher caste, we slackened our pace till they came up, and, after

the customary salutations, we proceeded together. In scrambling up the rock, his horse passed that of our servant, who seemed by no means disposed to allow himself to be thus shoved out of the narrow path: the captain turned round upon him, calling him *pezeveng* and *kerata,* and was answered in the same complimentary style. One man was close to the captain. One of us returned to support the servant; and in a moment formed the most interesting *partie carrée* imaginable, each with a cocked pistol in one hand, and a knife or a dagger in the other. The captain's men, a little higher up; and our men, who were now close to us below, on the first movement, unslung their guns, dropped down behind the stones, and lay with their pieces levelled on the group in the centre; which stood up to their full height, watching each other's eyes. Seeing the pause, the chief of our guard, from whom we were endeavouring to escape, rushed forward and interposed; the weapons were gradually lowered, then put up, and we marched on as if nothing had happened, passed over the sharp ridge, and descended to the Khan close to it on the other side. It was only there that we began to think how romantic a fate had been ours, had our funereal lotion been fresh poured from the urn of Peneus, and our turf decked by the Dryads of Pindus.

There was something very business-like in the sudden drop of the men behind the stones: fami-

liar practice was marked in the first alertness, and the subsequent indifference. This incident illustrated the advantage, in this world, of having foes. Our escort, from whom we were endeavouring to escape, and who entertained towards us, while we had no need of their aid, no more friendly feelings than we to them, now instantly proposed to risk their lives in our defence, and to send their bullets through their countrymen's hearts for our sakes.

At the Khan we found ourselves in a most beautiful situation; the summits were covered by lofty beech, straight as arrows, dropped, like plummet lines, on the inclined sward. This was the finest timber of its kind I ever saw; in the lower part there is nothing to be compared to it. These lofty trees shut out the view of the plains to the east, and left our confined *échappées* embellished but by the trees themselves, glaring lights and deep shade, cool breezes and crystal springs, amid glassy rocks of every hue. The Klefts, collected round the Khan, chiefly deserters from Gench Aga, might have delighted the spirit of a Salvator Rosa; but we at the time paid but little attention to the picturesque of the landscape, or to the romance of the figures in the foreground. We looked at the cover they had at every point; we marked every inquisitive glance cast on our baggage, our arms, and our persons. We, too, were Tartars in our way, and might have passed for cousins of Ro-

binson Crusoe, our clothes torn by thorns and thickets, with a pistol, a dagger, or a knife, appearing from each pocket-hole. We were deliberating whether we should advance, or barricade ourselves within the Khan for the night, when a detachment of the cavalry of Gench Aga galloped up, inquiring loudly for us. Subsequently to our departure, learning the state of the road, he had sent on these, in all haste, to accompany us to Triccala.

In two hours we accomplished our descent to the Khan of Malacassi. This place, an agglomeration of dilapidated houses, was on the side of the hill beyond the Peneus. The Khan, like all those of Albania, was a filthy, dark, ruined building in the style of Ali Pasha, the small door bolted, barred, and barricaded; the little grated window secured the cage of the prisoner within, who, on receiving his paras, dealt out garlic, salt, cheese, olives, and sometimes resinous wine and raki. The wind blew fresh, and the dust and sun compelled us to beg admission of the Khanji, a favour readily granted to the στενὰ, "tight" or Frank dress. Some black barley bread, hot from the ashes, garnished a dirty board; the *sofra* was placed before us, with a broken platter of coarse brown ware in the centre, like the saucer of a flower-pot, on which slices of onions and black olives swam in oil and vinegar. I know not whether the art of the Thessalian equalled that of the Mantuan Thyestes; but

that day, and the next, often did I exclaim, "O dura alvanitorum ilia!"

We had still seven hours to the monasteries, called Meteora, and we were obliged to hurry on. The road was now flat, through or on either side of the stony and large bed of the Peneus; we left the rampart-like Pindus behind; the hills to the right and left lowered and opened as we proceeded. On the higher parts the red earth appeared through a sprinkling of dark shrubs, the lower and level parts of the valley shewed but the pallid yellow of the withered grass; and, eager as I was to catch and improve every charm, I must confess it, "minor fama:" still along the stream, wherever the platanus had been spared to gather around it freshness and beauty, spots did appear, shewing the paradise this country might become. Across the opening of the hills we saw rising before us a broken line of cliffs; on these are seated the monasteries of the Meteora. These cliffs, at first, seemed as one united rock; but, when the declining sun shone along it, throwing the light behind those columnar masses, and their shadows against the adjoining pinnacles, the strange group appeared, in bold relief, like a gigantic bunch of prismatic crystals.

At two hours' distance from the Meteora, we were astonished to see what seemed an entire population in the open fields: men and women,

infirm and aged, with infants and children, were lying or sitting on heaps of baggage; asses, mules, a few sheep, dogs, and even cats, were wandering through and around them. Being pressed for time, we hurried by; but, on inquiring afterwards, we learnt that they were the inhabitants of Clinovo, one of the most flourishing burghs of the Pindus, which had been pillaged the day before by Liacatas, the Greek captain, in revenge of his expulsion from Radovich; and, after pillaging it, he had set it on fire, over the heads of the wretched inhabitants.

We seemed close to the monasteries, but it was night before we reached their base, round which we had to wind and clamber amid the colossal ruins of rocks; — now in the gloom of caverns and overhanging precipices, now seeing the stars glitter through the openings of what appeared continuous cliffs. Never have I seen a spot so calculated to inspire superstitious awe; — even ascetics and cenobites savour too much of earth for such an abode, fit only for a Sibyl's trances, or the orgies of a Thessalian saga. The traveller who wishes to enjoy their effect, should visit them by night: for this purpose, instead of turning off to the right to Calabaka, we pushed on to the cliffs, though at the risk of spending a supperless night on the bare rocks.

On arriving below a monastery, we strained

our lungs, and exerted our eloquence in prayers to be hoisted up, but breath and tropes were alike unavailing: a basket, however, with a light and some homely fare, came whirling down. Next morning a net was let down; it was spread on the ground, and we were placed on it on a capote, our legs, arms, and heads, properly stowed away, the net gathered round us, and hitched on to a massive hook. "All's right," was shouted out from below; the monks began to heave round with the capstan bars above, and gusts of wind made us spin round, and thump against the rock in a majestically slow ascent of 150 feet. When arrived at the top, we were hauled in like a bale of goods in a Liverpool warehouse; and, the net being let go, we found ourselves loose on the floor, and were immediately picked up by the monks.

The monastery and monks resembled all other Greek monasteries and monks; the first filthy and straggling, the second ignorant and timorous. I recollect but one object that particularly struck me;—the chambers of the Turkish state prisoners; for Ali Pasha, reviving the tyranny of old, had converted these recluses into jailors, and their retreat into a dungeon, as under the Greek emperors. They have a small library, containing, with some Fathers and rituals, classics and translations of modern authors, Rollin, for instance. I searched for MSS. and found a few, but they were all polemical.

The monks confessed themselves ignorant and barbarous, but they spurned the idea of having made use of their MSS. to heat their oven.

We were again slung in the net, and lowered amongst mortals. This was the monastery of Barlam.* We crossed over some rocks, and found ourselves below the principal monastery, called Meteoron. A basket was sent down, and in it we deposited our teskere from Gench Aga, which was hoisted up, inspected, and permission granted for our ascent. We were, as before, stowed in a net, and the monks going briskly to work, we were hauled chuck up against the block, and then let down by the run, in the midst of an expectant circle of warriors and priests. It was fête day, and several of the captains from the neighbouring mountains had repaired to the monastery, with the threefold purpose of performing their devotions, making a good dinner, and discussing the Protocol, of which we were become both sick and tired, and to which, on leaving the Albanian camp, we thought we had bidden a final adieu. Words cannot tell the delight of our new acquaintances, as they unslung us from the hook, and opened us out of the package, at this unexpected importation from Europe. Two reams of foolscap, or two bales of parchment, filled with Protocols, could scarcely have delighted more their eyes· and hardly had we got upon our legs

* Founded by the Russian Patriarch of that name.

when we were subjected to a strict examination as to the contents, character, and date of the expected budget, as if they had been custom-house-officer harpies, overhauling a ship's manifest, or a traveller's carpet bag. Immense was their dissatisfaction when we informed them, that we contained no new Protocol, and that we were not come to the Meteora to plant there the demarcation posts. We, on our side, were perfectly bewildered at the consequences and effects of a document drawn up in Downing Street, and were infinitely flattered by this indication of the power our country possessed. We dined, and spent the greater part of the day with these people; and left Meteoron perfectly surprised at all we had heard on a subject which we believed quite foreign to the country we had entered.

The Greeks, throughout this part of the country, were perfectly convinced that the limits were to be at the berdar, that is to say, at Salonica; and that the condition upon which the Allied Powers were to grant them this frontier was, that they were not to interfere in any way, either by connecting themselves with the movements in Greece, or by assisting the Turks against the Albanians. When we told them that that was all nonsense, they broke out into violent recrimination, pointed out the facility with which, during the Russian war, the limits of Greece might have been extended as far as the Meteoron; and, at the present period, the advantages which the Greeks might obtain by join-

ing the Grand Vizir against the Albanians, and the necessity of their doing so for self-preservation; that they had sacrificed all to the will, and by the orders, of the Alliance; and they now had a right to the fulfilment of the conditions promised on its part. We were, for a while, very much amazed at all this; we assured them we had never heard of any thing of the kind, and that the limits positively were to be at the Aspropotamos, that the Acarnanians even were excluded, and that the Greek troops daily expected to be ordered to abandon the Makronoros. We then inquired what the source had been of such an opinion, — a question which produced considerable confusion; they looked at each other without answering; but, after some further discussion, and the repetition of circumstances which could leave no doubt as to the truth of our assertions, a scene of mutual and violent recrimination took place between the captains and the priests, and we discovered that agents had spread throughout this country the conviction that the Alliance would make the Verdar the limits of Greece, if the Greeks of those countries desisted from supporting the Porte against the Albanians. The priests had been made the channels through which these views were disseminated, and the monastery in which we were, probably, had been the focus of these intrigues. But while the captains reproached the priests for having deceived them, and recalled all the suspicions they had expressed

of the Corfiote Capodistrias, and the objections which they had then urged, the priests asserted that they had been made innocent victims, which is probably true; but they also asserted what was more doubtful, namely, that Capodistrias must have been deceived, and made a tool of by the Alliance. They soon became, however, more bitter than the captains, and one of them declared, that not only should he consider it a holy deed to rid their country of such a traitor, but that he himself, if he were certain that Capodistrias had not been himself deceived, would kill him with his own hand. Here it was, that the full connexion of this intricate and confused question flashed across us, that we understood the game of Capodistrias, and the authorship of the Protocol.

The earliest recorded establishment of these monasteries is by Youssuf, a Bulgarian despot of Thessaly, who abdicated on the approach of Turkhan Bey. Thomas of Epirus had also exchanged his ducal coronet for an abbot's mitre; and on the establishment of the Turkish sway, the Greeks of the provinces, as of the capital, transferred to their spiritual pastors the pompous designations of their temporal rulers: thus the bishops of the Greek church are now called Despots.

This singular group of rocky pinnacles on which the Meteora are seated is formed of a conglomerate of crystalline rocks. Instead of being perishable,

and the monasteries being menaced with destruction by their fall, these pinnacles must have remained nearly in the state in which the Deluge left them.* As we retired from these meteoric altars and abodes, we turned constantly round to wonder at, and admire, the strange exhibition of pinnacles, precipices, clefts, and caverns, surrounding us on all sides, and changing, in their combinations and effects, like the scenes in a theatre. On their summits, the various monasteries displayed their grotesque forms: a mass of rock had slipped down from one of the cliffs and carried away a monastery; but a portion of the painted cupola of a chapel still hung attached to the precipice. In the higher part of a lofty cavern (a state prison under the Greek emperors,) scaffoldings are fixed, one above the other, at some eighty or a hundred feet from the ground, inhabited by refugees from the plain. Holes and large horizontal caves, that appeared on the perpendicular faces of the rocks, were tenanted in the same manner: some looked like handsome houses, with regular landing-places, windows, and projecting balconies; the smaller and meaner ones were shut in with basket-work, with a hole to enter by: these are reached by curious ladders formed of pieces of wood, of two feet

* Pieces have been split off by frost, and lie all around. A monastery or two has thus fallen, but the character of the whole is unchanged.

in length, bolted into each other by the transverse steps. In the lower caves, these ladders, which hang like chains, are pulled entirely up; where the ascent is longer (some of them are two hundred feet), a rope is made fast to the bottom of the ladder, which they pull up fifteen or twenty feet from the ground; and, when they are pulling up or letting down several of these ladders at once, they make a strange clattering noise. The caves, in one place, are arranged in stories, one communication ladder being made to serve for several habitations.

Winding round the tallest of these pinnacles, which may be 1000 feet in height, and the summit of which looks like a crouching lion, we came in sight of the plain of Triccala. On our right was the Peneus; on our left, the village of Calabaka, overshadowed by the reverse of the rocks of the Meteora, which on this side assumed a hilly and rounded aspect. Around us were extensive plantations of mulberry-trees; and before us, at a distance in the plain, appeared the towers of Triccala. On the left, a line of low naked hills stretched from Calabaka towards Triccala; and on the right, the Pindus rose abruptly from the plain, and, stretching to the south-east, was lost in the distance and the mistiness of excessive heat.

As we approached Triccala we were much pleased with the appearance of activity, comfort, and prosperity, that reigned around — with the

peaceable, civilised, and, if I may say, burgher-like demeanour of every individual we met. What a contrast with our late friends! We were, above all things, rejoiced to see the tracks of wheels — a gratification somewhat diminished by the sight of the unwieldy machines by which they had been produced. A no less rare sight were stacks of straw, under some splendid trees, near the entrance of the town, which, scattered amid groves and gardens, looked smiling, like every thing else, with the exception of the assemblage of ruined and diversified towers, once a castle of some importance, which frown from a hillock in the centre of the place.

We were met by three women, who stopped us, questioned us, and welcomed us to their town: one was a negress, one a Turkish, and one a Greek woman. "It is long," said the latter, "since our eyes have looked upon a Frank, and since then we have seen nothing but misery and fear; but now we shall see good times again since you are come amongst us."

We dismounted at the residence of Gench Aga, and were most courteously received by his nephew and Vekil, who had even sent men to meet us at the Meteora. He treated us (to preserve the epithets which I then used) with all the observances of European politeness, and the sedulousness of European urbanity. He refused to look at our Firmans, remarking, that it would be his greatest

pleasure, and not as a duty, that he would serve us in every thing we pleased to command. The governor's residence was composed of two large Seraïs, occupying two opposite sides of a quadrangle; along one of the remaining sides, horses were stalled; ammunition and baggage wagons were arranged in the other; in the centre, artillerymen were going through their exercises with a couple of field-pieces; wheelwrights, armourers, and blacksmiths, were at work in various directions; and every where there was an air of bustle and activity, which seemed by no means Turkish. In these martial preparations, we could distinguish the finger of our veteran friend; but, in the respectful attitude and demeanour of the lowest menial towards us, we thought we could trace the radical principles of his polished nephew.

We staid a few days at Triccala, to make the acquaintance of the principal Turks. Gradually the habits of the country were growing over us: things became more easy and less strange, we therefore felt more at home, and became less industrious in taking notes. The only record of our sojourn at Triccala, which I find in my journal, is as follows: "The collector of the Charatch told us, that a few years ago there were in this district twelve thousand Charatch Papers, and that now there were only five thousand. We inquired what had become of the others. He answered, 'Oh, they are

a wicked race, and prefer ranging the hills, with a loaded pistol in their belt, and empty tobacco pouches, to industrious labour.' The opinions of the principal Turks, with regard to all matters of public interest, were much the same as elsewhere; and here there is no difference of opinion, in consequence of difference of grades. At Triccala there were no Janissaries; and the remainder of the population, whether pasha or porter, have the same feelings, and may change places, without violation of propriety or custom."

We were not disappointed, on further acquaintance with Skender Effendi (the nephew of Gench Aga). With the enthusiasm of a young man, and the zeal of a political neophyte, he was full of the magnificent results of the new system; and though a stranger's eye is little fitted to seize changes and ameliorations, amid the scenes of so many tragic events, still the confidence which seemed restored to all those with whom we conversed, and the hopes which animated them, were proofs, and, I may almost say, were portions of an improvement neither doubtful nor unimportant. On taking leave of Skender Effendi, he said, "Spare us in your Journal; forget what you have seen amiss; and, if you speak of Triccala, say that we are anxious to perform as much of our duty as we have yet learnt."

From Triccala to Larissa is twelve hours. There being nothing of interest on the road across

the plain, and the heat excessive, we determined on travelling during the night; but my companion being indisposed, was knocked up, and we were obliged to stop at Zarco, a village in ruins halfway. We passed abundant sources of water, springing from the foot of the marble rocks. From near this place an irregular, but apparently continuous chain, appearing like islets (and the plain like a lake become solid), runs across to the neighbourhood of Thaumaco, and separates the plain of Triccala from those of Larissa and Pharsalia. Here we rested for the remainder of the night. In the morning we procured a wagon, with buffaloes, for my companion to follow at a stately pace, while I proceeded with the menzil. The road, to within three miles of Larissa, rises and falls; the country is neither plain nor mountain; the Salembria (Peneus) accompanies the road in a tortuous bed, with steep sandy banks; it is not more than twelve or fifteen yards across, sluggish, muddy, and overhung with bushes; and sometimes the prettiest parts might be compared to the Charwell, though I must assert the superiority of the academic over the classic stream. I crossed it in a punt near a deserted village. Farther on, a rising ground was covered with Turkish tombstones, pieces of columns, and other Hellenic remains. This was the site of Old Larissa. Soon afterwards I came in sight of the long-looked-for "Larissæ campus opimæ," extending to the base

of Olympus and Ossa. The numerous minarets of Yenicher rose and glittered above an oasis of trees and verdure in the midst of a plain of sand; for the stubble and withered grass gave that appearance to these fertile but naked fields, under a mid-day and scorching sun, without a breath of air or a cloud to relieve the brightness or the heat, except those heaped on Olympus, and veiling its sacred head.

The brother of Sarif Aga, Charatch collector, had given us a letter of introduction to him, and directed us to go straight to his house, and put up there. We met him, however, unfortunately, on his way to Triccala, in a lumbering vehicle they call a cotci, drawn by four horses, with two outriders. A very poor Konak was assigned us. We went to call upon the Archbishop, a worthy and intelligent old man, who regretted that he could not ask us to his house, but said that if we complained with sufficient energy of that we had got, they might send us to him. On making our complaint, several others were found for us, and to each as they were offered, we had an objection ready; at last, much apparently against their will, they sent to the Archbishop, begging he would excuse them if they requested him to admit the English Bey-Zadés. He affected to appear rather disconcerted, but since it was the order of the Kehaya Bey, he could but obey: when the cavash was gone he gave us a hearty welcome.

CHAPTER XVII.

THESSALY.

THERE is something wonderfully ideal in the aspect of Thessaly. In its naked plains there are no details to intercept the vision. Amid the repose and silence that reign around, the tones of the past come back upon the ear more thrilling and distinct than on any other theatre, of great, remote, and diversified events. With the exception of Attica, there is no region, of similar extent, so rich in historic and poetic interest; but Thessaly has not been vulgarised by frequentation and by familiar events. The dust from the footsteps of ages lies there undisturbed; and, as I reached its silent plains from the lofty regions of the Pindus, filled with agitation and strife, I seemed to have descended to a valley of tombs, recently opened up to human eyes, where the mind is brought into immediate contact with the men whose ashes they contain, and the great whose deeds they record.

All around the horizon range mountain chains, the names of which are dear to the muses, — the Pindus, Œta, Pelion, Ossa, and Olympus. On the

heights to the south were the primeval abodes of the Pelasgi; on the plains below arose the earliest battlements of Hellas. Thessaly gave birth to navigation and horsemanship: here the first coins were struck; here was the art of healing first worshipped; and here repose the ashes of Hippocrates. The land where rises the throne of Jupiter — where is spread the vale of the muses — where the battle of the Giants and the Gods was fought, must be the cradle of mythology, and the birthplace of poetry. Here were naturalised the earliest legends of the East in the fable of Deucalion and Pyrrha; and hence departed Achilles and his Dolopes to feed the vulture on the Trojan plain, and to bequeath to future times the grand realities of the Homeric verse.

But what names succeed to these! Xerxes, Leonidas, Philip, Alexander, Philip III., Flaminius, Cæsar and Pompey, Brutus and Octavius. Of how many, remote and mighty people, have the destinies been decided on these ensanguined plains! But for 2000 years Thessaly seems to have lived only in the recollection of the past. During this long period, the proverbial richness of her soil has lain dormant in her breast; no cities have arisen in splendour, nor have hamlets reposed in peace: no warrior has started forth to affix the emblems of her power on stranger lands; no bard has appeared to paint her beauty or to sing her triumphs. Two thousand years ago learned an-

tiquaries disputed the site of her ancient cities, and the names of her ruins;* since then, no structures have arisen to perplex, with more recent vestiges, the traveller who seeks to discover where Hellas, Pheræ, or Demetrias, stood.

The more immediate cause of the desolation of Thessaly, from the period that the Roman empire began to lose its energy, was the vicinity, on the north and west, of mountains filled with a wild and armed population; which, when the Roman legions were withdrawn, and the proconsular fasces ceased to inspire respect, spread themselves over the champaign country, and retired with their booty to their inaccessible mountains, before succour could be sent, or vengeance taken. These mountaineers to the west were the Albanians, and the description I have given of the race of the present times may be equally applicable to that period. But a more powerful and formidable population subsequently occupied the mountains to the north; and after nearly 800 years of continual collision with the Eastern Empire, finally rendered it an easy prey to the Turkish conqueror. These were the Sclavonians, or Russians, the principal tribes of which have remained to the present day under the name of Bosnians, Servians, Bulgarians, and Croatians. The establishment

* Strabo is not quite certain whether Hellas was a city or a province.

of these northern hordes in such strong positions, and in the very centre of the Eastern Empire, broke its power, and rendered it incapable of protecting its subjects. Thessaly was the first to suffer from this weakness, because immediately exposed, without the defence of distance, or the protection of mountains, to their incursions. The plains of Thessaly were thus kept, during a space of 1200 years, close cropped; its unwarlike and spiritless population dreading the very appearance of prosperity and well-being, so likely to call down ruin upon their heads.

When the Turkish conqueror appeared in Europe, the state of things was changed. The Ottomans were a nomad and warlike, not a polished, population; but they were possessed of simplicity and integrity; they were subordinate to one authority, and acted upon one regular and uniform system. Their position in Europe, from the fewness of their numbers, could only depend upon the conciliation of adverse interests: and even before the capture of Constantinople, the organisation of Greek Armatoles, or military colonists, from Olympus to the Pindus, from the Pindus to Acarnania, is an indication of a comprehensiveness of system, and of at once an energetic resolution of controlling the wilder population on the west and north, and of protecting Thessaly from their ravages. How much this policy served to smooth the way to the conquest of Constantinople, by

conciliating the affections of the Greeks, may become an interesting illustration of the history of the Ottomans, when they find an historian who combines a profound acquaintance with the institutions and the feelings of the East, with the analytical spirit and the method of the West.

But this establishment of Greek Armatoles not proving sufficient against the north, a colony of Turks was transplanted from Iconium, and settled along the northern edge of the plain, and at the passes at Mount Olympus, so as to form a second line in the rear of the Greek Armatoles.

Thessaly now again revived. Mosques, medressés, churches, bridges, and khans, arose in twenty new and important cities. Larissa again became a proverb for wealth. To Tournovo was transplanted from Asia Minor the arts of dyeing, printing, weaving, &c.; and from that city was subsequently transplanted to Montpelier the improved methods of dyeing, which have now become common in Europe.

These arts and this industry and prosperity subsequently passed from the Turkish settlement to the Greek cities of Rapsan and Ambelikia, the wealth and commercial enterprise of which have appeared next to fabulous; while in the southern extremity of Thessaly, the province of Magnesia was covered with a population of wealthy and industrious Greeks, the rapidity of whose progress is almost without a parallel.

But, in the decay of the Ottoman, as of the Greek power, these prospects have been overcast; the incursions of the Sclavonic populations had destroyed the authority of the one; the progress of Russian diplomacy has broken the cohesion of the other. The consequent exasperation of national and religious feelings has corrupted what has not been destroyed, and has perpetuated in the bosom of repose and of peace the worst effects of war — doubt, insecurity, and alarm. The connexion between its subjects, professing the Eastern dogma, and Russia, has made the Porte look upon the Armatoles, or militia of Roumeli, as enemies, and has thus converted them into oppressors of their own co-religionists: wide-spread convulsion and deep-rooted hatred have been the result. The wealth of Larissa is departed; the industry of Tournovo is annihilated; the palaces of Ambelikia are untenanted; the independent, prosperous, and happy district of Magnesia, excited by the ministers of its altars, and by the pretended patrons of its race, raised the banner of revolt, and has fallen a prey to the cimeter and the flames.

The flood-gates of anarchy have thus, for ten years, been opened; and while the Turks have been fighting with the Allied Powers in the harbour of Navarin and on the Danube, Thessaly has been left a prey to Albanian bandits, to Greek Armatoles, and to the errors of the Turkish authorities,

blinded by hostility, and exasperated no less by misrepresentation than by wrongs.

The very moment of our entrance into Thessaly seemed the commencement of a new epoch. Turkey appeared delivered from Russian occupation, and from English Protocols. The Greek war was concluded, and a practical separation established between the parties; and the authority of the Porte was now universally believed about to be re-established throughout Roumeli, by the triumph of the Grand Vizir over the Albanians.

But, at the moment of which I am writing, the Armatoles, who occupied the whole country from the Eastern Sea to Mezzovo, were become little better than Klephts, and were almost considered by the Turkish authorities as such; so that this militia, instead of protecting the passes of the mountains into Upper Macedonia, closed them, except to the passage of large bodies. Thus, Thessaly not only found itself insulated from the whole of the surrounding districts, but had its communication with the capital almost entirely cut off. It was true that the Armatoles had not united for any common enterprise, nor had the duties of their station been altogether overlooked; but confidence and security had been shaken: the apprehension that they would sack and plunder the towns of the plains was universal. The Greek inhabitants of the plain dreaded the last contingency; the

Turkish authorities feared the first, and, by their doubts, confirmed the hostility of the Armatoles,* and disgusted the loyalty of the Greek peasantry and urban population. What a chaos must have followed any signal reverse which would have caused the Grand Vizir to retire to the eastward!

It was naturally with great difficulty that we could see our way through this state of things: the prejudices and animosity of each class for the others was quite perplexing, and the distortion of events and the falsification of news not less so.

Two points were, however, perfectly clear: that the fate of European Turkey, and, consequently, of the empire, was involved in the success of the Grand Vizir; and that the dispositions of the Greek Armatoles would decide whether the government or the Albanians should triumph. I cannot help thinking that our journey may have, in some degree, influenced the result; because our decided, and, under the circumstances, authoritative, denegation of the views disseminated by the agents of Capodistrias produced a deep sensation on those with whom we came in contact; and from these, clearer views of their position

* As the Armatoles were acted upon to prevent their co-operation in the suppression of the Albanian insurrection; so, no doubt, were the Turks acted upon to inspire them with distrust of the Armatoles.

must have spread to the whole mass. At a subsequent period I learned, as I shall have to relate in a future place, that the Greeks and the Armatoles did ultimately support the Grand Vizir, who, himself, admitted that, without their co-operation, he must have failed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RECEPTION OF THE ALBANIAN BEYS AT MONASTIR.

We had heard, some time after our arrival at Larissa, that the Albanian affairs had been entirely settled, and that the Beys had left Janina for Monastir, accompanied by all their adherents. We were excessively disappointed at not being present at such an assemblage, and now began sincerely to regret having followed the advice of our worthy friend, Gench Aga; but we had only to submit with patience, and to console ourselves with the reflection, that, if we had missed being where events presented the greatest dramatic interest, still, with regard to the knowledge of the country and people, our time had been more usefully spent in Thessaly than if we had been all the while following the Albanian camp.

To bring together as much as possible the events connected with the Albanian insurrection, I shall now pass on to a scene which occurred six weeks after our first arrival at Larissa. As we were sitting in a barber's shop (on our return in the middle of August from Tempe to Larissa) to get

our heads shaved, a Tartar came in just off a journey; we asked whence he had come, and what news he had brought? "From Monastir," he replied, "with news fit to load a three-decker!" "And what are the Beys about?" "The Beys!" he said, with a laugh, "are on their way to Constantinople; the whole of them in the *hibé* (saddle-bags) of a single Tartar." We understood him to mean their scalps. This intelligence, so suddenly communicated, and in so scoffing a manner, was really sickening, and we were quite exasperated at the triumph and exultation exhibited by both Turks and Greeks at the announcement of this treacherous destruction of men in whom we were so deeply interested.

The mode of the catastrophe was as follows:— On the arrival of the Beys at Monastir, the Sadrazem received them with the greatest affability and kindness, gave them free access to his person, and soothed them with promises and caresses. A few days afterwards, he proposed giving to them, and all their followers, a grand *Ziafet* (fête), when they should meet and make friends with the Nizzam. This was to take place at a Kiosk built by the former Roumeli Valessi without the town, and which now was the head-quarters of the regular troops. On the day appointed, towards evening, they proceeded to the place of rendezvous, accompanied by nearly four hundred partisans and attendants, amongst whom were included almost

all the Beys and Officers we had known in either camp. As they approached the Kiosk, which is concealed from the road until you come near to it, they suddenly opened upon a clear space before it, and there perceived a thousand regulars drawn up on two sides of a square, the one along the direction they were to take, the other facing them. Arslan Bey was mounted on a large and splendid charger, and was on the left of Veli Bey, and on the side which, on approaching the Kiosk, would be next to the troops. Veli Bey was mounted upon a small animal of high blood and mettle, which he generally rode. At the sight of the troops so drawn up, Arslan Bey seized Veli Bey's bridle, exclaiming, "We have eaten dirt!" Veli Bey smiled, and said, "This is the *regular* way of doing honour. You don't mean to disgrace yourself and me for ever by flinching now?" "At all events," said Arslan Bey, "let us change horses, and let me get on the other side." This being quickly done, and Arslan Bey being screened by the stately person and lofty charger of Veli Bey, they rode into the vacant space, where no superior officer stood to receive them; and they had proceeded along the Turkish line, and nearly to its centre, when the word of command was given from the window of the Kiosk to make ready and present arms, and the next moment the muzzles were levelled—a fatal volley poured amongst the thunderstruck Arnaouts, followed by a charge with the

bayonet. Veli Bey and his horse instantly fell, pierced by nineteen balls, but Arslan Bey escaped unscathed. He, with those who had not suffered from the fire of the first line, wheeled off to the right, when the volley and the charge of the second Turkish line took them again in flank. Arslan Bey alone cut his way through, and had soon left the field of carnage behind him. His flight was observed from the Kiosk. Chior Ibrahim Pasha, who had surrendered at Lepanto, quickly mounted one of the fleetest steeds, and pursued the fugitive. After a chase of three miles he gained upon him, and Arslan Bey now perceiving but one pursuer better mounted than himself, turned sharply round. Ibrahim Pasha came on with his lance in rest; Arslan Bey's first pistol did not take effect, his second brought down the horse of his antagonist, who, as he fell, ran Arslan Bey through and through.*

Veli Bey's decapitated body was left for dogs and vultures to prey upon! It was now evident that each had been made the means of counteracting the influence and decoying the person of the other. With Veli Bey, and his troops in possession of Janina and its castle, and the person of Emin Pasha, the Sadrazem could not have ventured his own person there, nor would Veli Bey

* I give the details as they were subsequently related to me at Monastir by one of the survivors, who was close to the Beys.

have placed himself in the power of the Sadrazem unless he had been made the confidant of the scheme against Arslan Bey, and unless he had felt the necessity of getting rid of so dangerous a rival in the affections of the Albanians; while Arslan Bey would never have placed himself in the power of the Sadrazem, unless in the company of Veli Bey, whom he must have felt to have run a common danger with himself. To have cut off the one without the other, would have served but to exasperate the Albanians, and to strengthen the survivor. The scheme, therefore, as a combination, was a masterpiece.

But this blow must have been combined with Selictar Poda. Has not the Sadrazem said to him, "You are the chief and ablest man of Albania: you never injured me. We have been enemies on account of Veli Bey, who has used me for his own ends, insulted me, and abused my confidence. If you would be my friend, I will sacrifice Veli Bey, but you must sacrifice Arslan Bey?" This appears the more probable, from Arslan Bey's having been excited to revolt by the Selictar, and subsequently abandoned by him at the moment things wore the most favourable aspect. This rupture led to the meeting between the two Beys at Milies, and their common deception. If it is so, we will hear of a simultaneous attack upon Janina by the party of Selictar Poda. To him there remains behind this a double game.

The Selictar will have fathomed the plan of the Sadrazem, and will further it, so far as to render himself sole head of Albania; while the Sadrazem will use his co-operation so far as to prevent a coalition against himself; and when this is effected, the struggle will commence between these two.

The above was written the morning the news arrived at Larissa. Two days later we received intelligence that, on the day of the massacre of the Beys at Monastir, Selictar Poda's party at Janina, strengthened by small parties clandestinely introduced into the town, and in concert with Emin Pasha in the castle, attacked the party of Veli Bey; and, after a six hours' contest in the street, in which half of the town was again reduced to ashes, effectually subdued it, and sent to Monastir the head of Mousseli Bey, Veli Bey's brother, whom he had left at Arta.

Thus have we been walking on mined ground, which has exploded both before and behind us. We now understood the motives of Gench Aga in removing us from the Albanian camp, and felt grateful for the care he had taken of us at the risk of placing himself in an embarrassing situation, or even of betraying his master's counsels, had we neglected his advice and communicated to Veli Bey the apprehensions he entertained of our safety from remaining in his company.

CHAPTER XIX.

EXCURSIONS IN THESSALY — POLITICAL POSITION OF ENGLAND —ADVENTURES AT THERMOPYLÆ—FIELD OF PHARSALIA—CONSTITUTION AND PROSPERITY OF THE TOWNSHIPS OF MAGNESIA—TOURNOVO—IMPORTATION OF THE ARTS FROM ASIA MINOR—HISTORY OF TURKHAN BEY.

The six weeks I remained at Larissa, I employed in making rapid trips to almost every portion of Thessaly; sometimes attended by a Cavash, but, in the more dangerous parts, entirely alone. Wherever I went—whatever class of the community—whatever race I visited—every where did the phantom Protocol rise upon my steps; but, of course, in the south, and in the neighbourhood of the new frontier, its aspect was the most hideous, and its voice most threatening. At Zeitouni, where the Turks are menaced with expulsion, as the Greeks are in Acarnania, it was introduced even before pipes and coffee!

Zeitouni, the ancient Lamia, is an interesting spot. In an equally lonely and illustrious region, it stands on a hill that overlooks the plain of the Sperchius, bounded by the lofty rampart of Mount Œta. The Sperchius flows into the Euripus, or the channel which separates Eubœa from the main.

Every evening, during my stay at Zeitouni, I used to repair to a Kiosk, by the ruins of the fortress, to smoke and talk politics with the elders, and to enjoy the magnificent scene, of which the bluff rocks of Thermopylæ were at once the chief embellishment and attraction. I was a guest at the splendid, though now half-dismantled, palace of Tefic Bey; a youth of nineteen, with the most perfectly classical features I ever saw in flesh and blood; and which were set off to advantage by the taste and elegance of the most picturesque of costumes. He became very desirous of visiting England; but his mother, a grandaughter of Ali Pasha, would not hear of his going amongst the unwashed and immoral Franks. On my departure, however, he told me, with a very resolute air, though not venturing to speak in tones above a whisper, that he was "determined to go to England." His uncle, a respectable old man, with an enormously large white turban and beard, used to persecute me with the Protocol. "Ach! — ach! — ach!" he would say, holding up his hands, "may Allah make you our enemies, and not our friends!" Every where I found the Turks ready to declare that they believed England acted honestly; — that the English, like themselves, "coveted no man's land, and knew little of what was doing in other countries."

I have often been astonished at the degree of consideration in which England is held, because it

would appear natural for the Turks to estimate so much higher the military power of France, of Russia, or even of Austria. England, however, is the country to which the Turk looks — which he names first (no unimportant matter in the East) — in whose integrity he confides, despite of appearances and facts, and whom not unfrequently he invokes as protector, to escape from this endless complication of foreign wars and protocols, and domestic insurrection. I endeavoured to account for this high estimation of England in various ways; — similarity of character; similarity of political institutions, at least as contrasted with the other governments of Europe — a nearer approach in religious dogma. But these considerations, although worthy of having weight, can have none, while, as at present, no intercourse exists between the two people. I then thought of the expedition to Egypt, when, on expelling the French, we restored that province to the Porte. I thought of the efforts of Sultan Selim (the sole crowned protester against the partition of Poland) to prevent the aggression of the Mussulman States in India against England, lest her consideration should thereby be weakened in Europe, and a necessary element in the balance of European power withdrawn.* Such views, however, could not be sup-

* See, in Despatches of Lord Wellesley, a letter from Sultan Selim to Tippoo Sultaun.

posed to influence the mass of the Turkish people. The reply this old Turk made to me seemed to be the real explanation of the respect in which England is held, despite of her policy. "England covets no man's land." This is the point — this the great secret — which every nation feels, and which has been the basis of our European position. Nor does it say little for the strong sense of the Turk, who lays his finger at once on that character of England, which entitles her to his confidence where she stands alone, but which, under actual circumstances, places her power and influence at the disposal of his enemy. "She covets no man's land," therefore do we place implicit confidence in her integrity, but "she knows little of what is doing in other lands;" and therefore is she easily betrayed into furthering the aggressions which formerly it was her boast and her glory to prevent. How often have I heard both Turk and Greek exclaim, "*If we could but enlighten England* as to our true position, we should be safe!"

England, since the period of her aggressive wars in France, has assumed an importance in Europe, wholly disproportioned to her power, in consequence of her national justice. She has never been the aggressor; — she has never sought extension of her limits, or (in Europe) acquisition of territory; consequently, no feeling of nationality has been aroused against her in particular states,

nor has the common sentiment of public justice been outraged by her views and acts in policy or in arms. She has interposed between contending nations, to re-establish peace without subjugation. Her neutral position has alone maintained the repose which has intervened between four great wars, which her arms and intervention have prevented from combining continental Europe into a single despotism.

England limited the power of aggressive Spain, maintained the long doubtful equilibrium between Spain and the empire. She then preserved the balance between Austria and France, by opposing the first while it preponderated, and by co-operating to restrain, and, finally, to reduce, the overwhelming power subsequently developed by the latter. "England," says Vattel, "without alarming any state on the score of its liberty, because that nation seems cured of the rage of conquest; England, I say, has the glory of holding the political balance; she is attentive to preserve it in equilibrium!"

But, during the last century a mist seems to have arisen over the earth, which has obscured the political vision of European statesmen and nations. All western governments have become, day by day, more involved in regulations, subdivided into departments, and buried under details; confusion of mind has led to error in action: thence that separation of a nation into distinct and reciprocally hating

classes and interests. The gradual centralization of power has paralysed the executive, and effaced the political sense of nations, by extinguishing self-government, and, with it, the clear perception of details and comprehensive views of the whole. Nations have ceased to act and to feel as moral unities; they have become parties and factions; words have been substituted for things; and national interests have been replaced by party principle. Then commenced an era of national violence; the fanaticism of religious intolerance was transferred to politics, and nations rushed to bloody encounter, because of differences in the fashion of their social edifices. I should date this system, in its silent operation on mind, from the middle of the 17th century, when the hitherto universal basis of taxation was abandoned; but the first public and international error committed by England, under its influence, does not ascend higher than forty years. The first step in this fatal career was the secret treaty between England and Russia, which was the prelude to the wars of the Revolution. It is true, England entered into that treaty for the professed purpose of maintaining the balance of power, the only object for which, up to that period, England had engaged in a foreign contest. Why was this compact secret? Secrecy was treason to the objects of the alliance. "Why was the treaty secret?" was the cry of the opposition in the

House of Commons. The minister did not, could not, reply: the reason simply was, that Russia saw the moment come when Europe could be convulsed by political principle; and by this treaty, which her superiority in men enabled her to induce us to keep secret, she obtained also a secret subsidy, acted in her own name, and stamped the character of political partisanship on the war thus commenced. A proclamation to this effect was published to Europe, announcing that Russia "flew to the assistance of endangered thrones." Thus commenced the first war of principle through England herself—through the use then made, for the first time, of her money, her name, and her influence, for purposes which she did not comprehend, and for objects which all her power must have been exerted to prevent, had she understood them. England then ceased to be the England of Vattel, and has latterly assumed a character the very reverse of that by which she gained glory without the sacrifice of justice, and acquired power without losing respect. Now, alas! she appears only as the friend of the powerful, and as the ally of the aggressor. If she herself nurtured aggressive views, her power would become harmless by sinking into insignificance; but, convinced as men are of her integrity of purpose, and giving her credit still for some degree of knowledge and capacity, they revere her so, that her alliance is invaluable as a cloak to violence and aggression.

Mankind is thus cursed through England by integrity without capacity, and by power without knowledge.

Being so near to Thermopylæ, I determined to pay a visit to this celebrated Spa, which will, no doubt, soon become a fashionable watering-place. Tefic Bey would not suffer me to go alone; my Turkish cavash did not dare to accompany me, as the Greek troops were in occupation, and the intervening lands infested by robbers from Greece. I was therefore attended by two Bosnian horsemen of the Bey's guard.

We crossed the rich plain of the Sperchius, and saw but a single patch of cultivation. After crossing the river, I spurred on impatiently to the arena of Thermopylæ, leaving my Bosnian companions behind, thinking myself more usefully accompanied by Herodotus in one pocket, and Pausanias in the other.

The ground has lost much of the distinctness of its ancient form, from the growing deposits of the hot springs, which have increased the margin between the mountain and the sea. I pushed forward, in expectation of meeting with the narrow gorge, until I found I had passed it, by perceiving the country of Phocis to open and display the ruins of Boudounitza, on the solitary rock that once was the patrimony of Patroclus. I then turned back, and after satisfying myself as to the general positions of the place, I began to get

alarmed respecting my companions, and suspected that, being themselves not quite satisfied as to the reception they might meet with from the Greeks, they had seized the pretext of my absence to turn back to Zeitouni. I had ridden forward six or seven miles from the spot where I had left them; I had now returned half that distance, and saw nothing of them. The burning sun of a long June day was verging to the horizon. I was overcome with the heat; my mule was completely knocked up; not a creature had I met; and, in the absence of every sound and hum of men, the whole air shook with the buzzing of myriads of insects. I dismounted, and allowed my mule to graze close to a canal that conveys to the sea the principal body of the hot spring. I undressed and took a bath, and wandered up the current in the narrow channel. On returning to the spot whence I started, my clothes were nowhere to be seen. I leave it to those who have always esteemed their clothing a portion of their necessary existence, to judge of the reflections to which such a state of things gave rise. After turning the matter over in my mind for some time, I attempted to lie down. Then it was that the whole bearing of the subject came upon me; and I perceived that, where there is neither sand nor greensward, it is utterly impossible to repose in the state of nature. And how was I to pass the night? how appear in Zeitouni the next day, in the costume of the Lady of Coventry? I looked

around me in the hope of having some useful idea suggested to my mind. I could not perceive even a single fig-tree! In sober earnest, this was one of the most embarrassing situations in which a human being could be placed, and one calculated to suggest many philosophical reflections respecting the origin of society. At length, I was startled with a distant hallooing in the direction of Zeitouni. I answered with all my might, for whoever the intruders might be —

"Vacuus cantabit coram latronem viator."

My voice was answered; and soon, on the opposite side of the broad white band of the incrustations of the fountain, appeared the red dresses of my Bosniacs. A Greek passing by had seen my clothes, and carried them off, and was proceeding in triumph with his booty, when he came suddenly on the two Bosniacs, who were sitting waiting for me where the path branched off to the right, and ascended the mountain towards the Greek encampment. They recognized my clothes, and suspected that he had murdered me. On his insisting that he had found the clothes close to the hot stream, they respited him from execution till he should conduct them to the spot. Words cannot express the delight I experienced on getting back my clothes. The Greek received free pardon, as he had got a fright, and blows enough to cure him for ever of

the propensity of stealing the wardrobes of bathing gentlemen.

It was now too late to think of attempting to reach the Greek encampment, so we prepared to turn our horses out to graze for four or five hours, and to commence the ascent of Œta, when the moon rose. As for ourselves, we had to be content with the thoughts of the breakfast we should make next morning, and with drawing our belts a little tighter.

Our new companion said, that the country was full of deer; the mountain behind being inaccessible, they could not break away in that direction; and, even without dogs, we might run the chance of getting a shot and a supper. We were, in all, five. The Greek, one of my guards, and their attendant, ascended the two opposite sides of a little glen lying against the precipitous face of the rock; the other Bosnian and I concealed ourselves in two bushes at its lowest extremity. Our companions, who had ascended, soon commenced shouting on both sides, and beating the bushes; but no deer came bounding down. Just as all chance of success seemed over, a boar made a sudden rush, and I perceived it, straight-on-end, coming right for the bush in which I was. I fired, but missed: he turned aside, and approached the cover of the Bosniac, who, with surer aim, hit him in the shoulder, and he went whirling for fifty yards down the hill. Our party was soon gathered, and a

couple of shots more despatched him. But here a new dilemma arose: the wild boar was pork, a flesh forbidden to all true Mussulmans; the day was Friday, upon which the flesh of all hot-blooded animals is forbidden to orthodox Greeks; my companions therefore evinced no alacrity in rendering our game available for supper. A fire, however, was made, and a well-garnished ramrod was finally presented to me. The while I supped, my companions looked on with wistful eyes, and inquired, with watery mouths, if the boar was well cooked? At length the Greek asked me, "If it were possible for one man to bear the sins of another?" I answered with the caution requisite when one does not see to what the admission of a postulate may lead. He explained as follows:— "I want to know whether, as you have eaten meat on your own account on Friday, you might not also take upon yourself the additional sin of my following your example." To this I agreed; and another ramrod was soon in requisition, and festooned with "the beauteous white and red" of the grisly boar. One of the Mussulmans now observed, that, having taken the sins of the Greek upon my shoulders, it would add little to my burden if I were to take theirs also; and very soon the whole ramrods of the party were laid over a clear bed of hot embers, raked out of the fire.

Next morning, following the path taken by

Mardonius when he fell on the Spartans, we reached betimes the Greek encampment. On the side of the hill I came upon ruins not yet described; and which I made out, to my own entire satisfaction, to have been the half-yearly seat of the Amphyctionic Council. But I have no intention of carrying my reader back to Greece, or of entertaining him with archæological disquisitions. Besides, these journeys through Thessaly were performed so rapidly, that I have scarcely any records of them made at the time; and I travelled without a tent, servants, or any of those accompaniments which I had hitherto considered indispensable, not only to the enjoyment, but to the supporting, of such a journey.

On returning to Zeitouni, I found that Tefic Bey had started the same morning for Larissa, with a retinue of fifty or sixty horsemen; and that he was to sleep that night at Thaumaco. I determined on making the journey, about seventy miles, in one day, so next morning I was *en route* two hours before the dawn, and overtook the Bey as he was quitting Pharsalia.

That name may for a moment arrest my pen. Pharsalia stands on the side of a gentle elevation, looking to the north, and before it stretches the field of death that bears that undying name. On entering the place, we stopped at a fountain which gushes from a rock. The idea of an urn for the source of a river must have originated in Thessaly.

The plains are level; marble cliffs rise abruptly from them; and at the base of these, rivers, rather than fountains, gush forth from fissures in the rock. Here, under a wide and lofty canopy of plane-trees, the water, pouring from twenty mouths, spreads all around into a pond, which is studded with little grass knolls, and from which spring the rounded and smooth trunks of the trees. Greek women, the descendants of the ancient Pelasgi, were washing under the rock; and in the deep shade, children playing, and a herd of goats sporting in the water. On the bank, a troop of gipsies, descendants of the Hindoos, were blowing, with skins, their little furnaces; and I, a descendant of the Northern Gauls, accompanied by a Sclavonian follower, of the faith of Mecca, stopped in the midst of this strange assemblage, to request from another stranger from the plains of Tartary, a draught from the water of the fountain of Pharsalia.

And here I looked around on the selfsame prospect, upon which gazed the hostile arrays of the divided world, on the morning of that memorable day, when the parliamentary principle of Rome sunk beneath her military genius. All that consecrates the Plains of Thrasymene, Cannæ, or of Marathon, lives and breathes in the solitude of Pharsalia. But here it is only at long intervals that the spirit of the living holds converse with the dead; here the solemnity of the shrine of antiquity

is undisturbed by schoolboy quotations—undesecrated by tourist sentiment; and here no officious vocabulary of a cicerone, restores, by the evocation of words, the dominion of commonplace.

I made another excursion from Larissa to the ruins of Pheræ, Volo, and that remarkable district Magnesia, which is formed by Mount Pelion, and a promontory running out from it to the south, and which then turns to the west, so as to encircle the Gulf of Volo.

The road through the plains of Larissa and Pharsalia, had been fatiguing alike to the body and the eye, from the want of shade and of trees, except in the vicinity of Pharsalia, and presented nothing but the dirty yellow of the stubble and of parched grass; but on arriving on the limits of the plain, which is considerably elevated above the level of the sea, and after passing a little gorge, with a round conical hillock called Pilafpteé, you suddenly look down on the small town of Volo, lying in the midst of verdure and shade, girt by a belt of towers, and surmounted by a single minaret. Before it stretched the bay, with some small craft; beyond the bay and the town rose abruptly the fore-foot of Pelion, with three or four towns, rather than villages, clustering almost to its summit; the white dwellings inviting the steps and eyes, from their deep and varied bowers of cypress, fir, crania, oak, mulberry, and cherry trees.

The geographer Miletius was a native of this district, and has given, in his work, an excellent and minute account of it as it was thirty years ago. The revolutionary movement of Greece spread to this then happy district, and it was consequently ravaged by a Turkish army. I therefore expected to find it in ruins; but great was my surprise at the aspect which it presented, and which I shall endeavour succinctly to describe.

The very summits of Pelion are bare gneiss; then comes a covering of beech; below these forests of chestnuts; lower down, apple, pear, plum, walnut, and cherry trees; lower down, almond, quince, fig, lemon, orange, jejubier; and every where abundance of vines and mulberries. The sides are every where abrupt, and sometimes rugged; rocks and foliage are mingled throughout; and water gushes from ten thousand springs. Nestled in these rocks, and overshadowed by this foliage, are the twenty-four townships of Magnesia. They are divided into two classes, termed Vacouf and Chasia; there being fourteen of the former, and ten of the latter. Makrinizza, the chief borough of the Evkaf, is the seat of the governing council, as also of the Bostanji from Constantinople; and all the neighbouring villages have long stories to tell of its domineering spirit.

The happiness, prosperity, and independence of this Christian population (an independence for which, with the exception perhaps, though in a

minor degree, of the Basque Provinces, there is now no parallel in Europe) is owing, not only to the protection of the Mussulman faith against the abuses of the Turkish Government, but to the system of administration which Islamism has always carried along with it, and maintained, when it has had the political power to do so.

The other class of these communities, the Chasia, are relics of the Zygokephalia established by Justinian, and preserved by the Turkish administration. Though they are not collected into one body as the Vacouf villages, they are protected by them, and in almost every respect assimilated with them.

In each village the primates have a Turk, who acts as a Huisser: they pay according to an assessment in lieu of the Kharatch. As to their political administration, their only law is custom, and they require nothing more, as their primates ought to be, and generally are, freely elected. Where there is local administration, law is superfluous, because the administrators are at once controlled and strengthened by public opinion; and public opinion, under such principles of Government, *is always one.*

As to their civil affairs, they are decided, in cases of regular litigation, by the Code of Justinian. There is no difficulty arising out of judicial procedure, because the primates are the judges;—there is no difficulty arising out of opposition of

general laws and local custom, because the Turkish Government gives the force of law to whatever custom is universally followed or demanded by the community, and because it renders legal the decision of a third party, who is voluntarily chosen as arbitrator between two litigants. It will be observed, that the authority of the government, in all these cases, never appears as initiative, or as *reglémentaire:* it appears merely when called upon to interfere, having much more the character of a judge than that of an administrative authority.* I felt this to be a glimpse at the action, *in vacuo,* of the principles of the Turkish Government.

The district of Magnesia has certainly not yet recovered from the effects of the catastrophe that had fallen upon it seven years before ; — ruins and uninhabited houses were to be seen. Nevertheless, there was all around an air of well-being, gaiety, and ease ; the handsome stone-built houses looked so wealthy and comfortable, after the lath-and-plaster edifices of the plain ; the inhabitants were all well dressed, and seemed a fine and healthy race. Makrinizza had several fauxbourgs, and counts 1300 houses ; Volo (not the Castle) at the base of the hill, has 700 fires ; Portaria, the principal of

* This greatest of all truths once flashed across the mind of Burke : " One of the greatest problems," said he, " is to discover where authority should cease, and administration commence."

the Chasia, and only three miles from Makrinizza, has 600. The principal remaining villages are — Drachia, 600; St. Laurentius, 400; Melia, 300; Argalasti, 400; Vrancharoda, 400; and on the last summit of the bare chain that encloses the Gulf, Trickeri, 550.

The chief exports are oil, silk, dried fruits, excellent cherries, and fine flavoured honey. Of almost every other produce, they have abundance for themselves. From the succession of heights, they have fruits and vegetables earlier, later, and longer than, perhaps, any other district. Cherries they consider eatable from the 12th of March, O. S., and they do not go out till the middle of July, when the first grapes are ripe. Their principal export is of manufactured articles, capotes, or shaggy cloaks, belts, silk cord, lace, and blue cotton handkerchiefs. Black for woollens, blue for cotton, and crimson for silk, are their most successful colours. Of dyed and wrought silk, they export yearly 30,000 okes, and they produce 500 mule-loads of run silk. These are the produce of that portion of Magnesia which is formed by the mountain of Pelion itself; but, further to the south, Argalasti produces butter, cheese, and cattle; and here a Turkish population, in no ways distinct or distinguished from the Greeks, cultivates the scanty fields, and tends the flocks and cattle. The shores of the gulf

supply abundance of fish; and the hills are stocked with every species of deer, wild goats, wild fowl, and game. Trickeri is celebrated for its mercantile energy, and sends its fishermen to dive for sponge all over the Levant. It possesses several schooners and tricanderis, which carry on, principally, the cabotage of these parts, but also venture as far as Alexandria and Constantinople. They did not recollect having sent vessels to Soujouk-Kaleh, and therefore it was needless to ask them about the Argo, or to tell them that their ancestors, thirty-five centuries before, had discovered Circassia, in a vessel, the timbers of which had descended from their mountains. In this narrow circuit of hills, enclosing the gulf, a great portion of which, too, is perfectly bare and completely barren, exists a population of 50,000 souls, amongst whom arts so varied flourish, and who, for centuries, have enjoyed freedom and abundance. Men have seemed to spring, in this favoured region, from the fructifying look of the rocks, still bearing the names of Deucalion and of Pyrrha. They have been protected, by their geographical position, from the savage tribes that, for so many centuries, oppressed their neighbours of the plain, and they have been shielded by the Church from the abuses of the Government. This district exhibits what the soil can produce, and what happiness man can attain to when relieved from the intrusion

of laws.* Their only drawback was the traditional διχονια (jealousies), the domineering spirit of ancient Greece, and one might almost fancy Makrinizza a buffo representation of Athens, lording it over her allies.

"This delightful spot (Magnesia) exhibits," says Mr. Dodwell, "in all their rich mixtures of foliage and diversity of form, the luxuriantly spreading plantanus, the majestically robust chestnut, the aspiring cypress, which are happily intermingled with the vine, pomegranate, almond, and fig. Here the weary may repose, and those who hunger or thirst may be satisfied. Nor is the ear left without its portion of delight; the nightingale, and other birds, are heard even in the most frequented streets; and plenty, security, and content, are every where diffused.

"Pelion is adorned with about twenty-four large and wealthy villages, some of which merit rather the appellation of cities, inhabited by Greeks, of strong and athletic forms, who are sufficiently brave and numerous to despise their neighbours, the Turks.† The streets are irrigated by incessant

* St. Augustin says, "Powerful men do evil, and then make laws to justify themselves."

† Here their prosperity is explained by the ideas that would suggest themselves to a European. Subsequently to Mr. Dodwell's visit, they did trust to "numbers and to bravery," and were reduced to subjection and misery. Under any western government, after such provocation, their prosperity and their liberty would have been extinguished, never to revive.

rills and the clearest fountains, and shaded by plane-trees, entwined with ample ramifications of vines of prodigious dimensions, and clustering with an exuberance of grapes."

Speaking of the southern parts of Thessaly, he says, "almost every step or turn of the road presented some characteristic diversity of view, which, in multiplicity of picturesque charms, and in copiousness of enchanting landscape, far surpassed any thing in Italy, or, perhaps, any other country of the world. The beauty of the limes was equalled by the clear and vivid freshness of the tints. No Italian mist dimmed the interesting distances, which are sharp, distinct, and definite, without harshness."

My next trip was to Tournovo, about ten miles to the north of Larissa. My companion was sufficiently recovered to resume his labours; and our worthy host, the Archbishop, having a house at Tournovo, proposed to be there, also, our entertainer. We started in a couple of cotcis, or Turkish carriages, in which there is no place for the legs, and one has to fold them under, in lieu of a cushion.

The following notices respecting this place, I took down at the time from the mouth of the Kaimakam, a descendant of the original Turkish founder, and ruler of Thessaly, a memoir of whose life is contained in an Arabic manuscript in the public library of the burgh.

About thirty years before the capture of Constantinople, the inhabitants of Larissa, who had been reduced to so weak a condition by the devastations of their Bulgarian neighbours, and the weakness of the empire, that they were obliged to admit a Bulgarian Prince within their walls, called to their deliverance one of the companions of Murad II., named Turkhan Bey, who, appearing before the city with 5000 Turks, was immediately put in possession. The Bulgarians escaping, and the Prince betaking himself to the monasteries of the Meteora, one of which he had founded,* Triccala, and the remaining portions of Larissa, immediately submitted to Turkhan Bey; but, surrounded on every side by fierce mountaineers, the authority he had so suddenly acquired, he found himself without the material means of supporting and defending. It was then, and, most probably, according to the suggestions of this extraordinary man, that the extensive system of the Greek mountain militia was established, and that Murad II.

* The humble Greeks had even then imposed some respect upon their Sclavonic oppressors, by imparting to them their faith; and that faith, in these latter times, has been turned by the Russians, into an instrument for their destruction. If the Turkish Empire is overthrown, it will be by the use that Russia is allowed to make in the East of the Greek doctrine, and in the West of the word Christian. And when the Turkish Empire is overthrown, the independence and the existence of Greece at once cease.

came to be recognised sovereign of Thessaly in so quiet and tranquil a manner, that the precise date of the event is unrecorded.

Turkhan Bey sent emissaries to Iconium, at that period in a state of hostility with the Ottoman dynasty, and succeeded in inducing five or six thousand families to emigrate to Thessaly, to whom, being at once of a warlike and an industrious character, he gave lands on the north of the plain of Thessaly; and thus, while interesting them in the defence of the soil they inhabited, placed them as a rampart between the unwarlike Greeks and the Bulgarian mountaineers. He constructed for them twelve intrenched villages: Tatar, Kasaklar,* Tchaier, Missalar, Deleer, Kufala, Karadjoglan, Ligara, Radgoon, Karedemilli, Derili, Balamout. The number of villages is now much greater, and I think only three or four of these names coincide with names of existing villages. In the rear of this military colony, Turkhan Bey established Tournovo, for which he obtained extensive immunities from Sultan Murad. These immunities granted by the Ottoman Porte, were placed under the sanction of the faith and the superintendence of the Sherif of Mecca. Tournovo was made a city of refuge; strangers, during ten years, were exempted from all contribution; it was made Vacouf, and therefore emancipated

* Turkish plural for Cossack.

from the control of the local governor; no Turkish Pasha could enter it—no Turkish troops pass through it; there was never to be in it *Corvée*, or forced labour; the Kharatch and the tenths were the only revenue that could be raised, and these were to belong to Turkhan Bey and his successors, as the reward of his integrity and success in a long life of labour and of difficulty: he had also the right of succession to property left without natural heirs.* For thirty-five years, Turkhan Bey fostered the prosperity of this district; and the property having been made Vacouf, he left to his posterity only the superintendence of the administration of the revenues, and their application to the various pious and useful foundations which he had made, not only in every portion of Thessaly, but even in the Morea. Their administration was again controlled by the Kislar Aga, as superintendent of the Evkaf of Mecca, who had the power of displacing the Kaimakaim of Tournovo, and the Metevellis of the various Evkaf, in case of complaint of the inhabitants against them, though their successors had always to be chosen from the kindred of Turkhan Bey.

One of the objects to which his attention was principally directed, and in which he has conferred

* A man is considered without natural heirs who has no relative nearer than cousins of the fourth degree; who has no adopted children, and has left no will.

the most important and lasting benefit upon Thessaly, was the introduction of the art of dyeing, and, as a consequence of that, the other arts connected with the manufacture of silk, cottons, and of woollens. His care in this respect, was not circumscribed by the limits of his own favourite township; a large reservoir at Makrinizza, in Magnesia, which to the present day is used for washing the dyed stuffs, has an inscription recording its construction by Turkhan Bey. Madder, yellow berries, and the kali plant, from which their potash is made, were then introduced at Tournovo, and have now become common throughout all Roumeli and many parts of Europe.

The following are the various foundations made by him out of Tournovo :—A mosque on the spot where he first dismounted in Larissa, supported internally by six columns, to represent his horse's four legs and his own two. Two other mosques; a handsome stone bridge over the Peneus, and the Bezistein, which has lately been almost destroyed by fire. Three medreséss, or colleges, and three baths.

At Triccala, he built two mosques, two medressés, two baths, and several mills. He built seven or eight Khans in various parts of Thessaly; and when, in his old age, he was invited by the Greeks of the Morea, to protect them against the incursions of the Albanians, as formerly related,

and after driving the Albanians to their mountains, and taking possession of Arta, he constructed there the fish preserves.

The cultivation of the mulberry, for the production of silk, seems to have been common at Tournovo before it was known at Salonica, Broussa, or Adrianople; and though, during the last thirty or forty years, Thessaly has been politically in a more unfortunate position than any of the surrounding provinces, still the mulberry is extensively spread over these regions, the quality of the trees preferred, and the skill of the inhabitants esteemed above that of any other district of European or Asiatic Turkey. The spinning of cotton yarn had also here made extraordinary progress; and, at the close of the last century, the exportation of dyed yarn, principally the Turkish red, was enormous, not only to every portion of the Levant, but to Europe. This prosperity and industry have been sacrificed by the strangely combined effects of Russian policy and of English industry; the first having convulsed their political state, the second having supplanted their manufactures, not only in every foreign market, but in their own.

So important a place had Tournovo become in the middle of the seventeenth century, that the Sultan for a while established his court here in so formal a manner, that he was attended by various representatives of the Christian powers. The

same year, 1669, an English traveller visited Tournovo, and has left a short but valuable account of his residence in Thessaly. He tells us "that Tournovo was a large and pleasant city, with eighteen churches and three mosques." This latter fact is of some importance, as it shews that this place, of exclusively Turkish creation, and the institutions of which were, according to our notions, far more religious than political, was composed of six times as many Christians as Mussulmans, indicating a most remarkable feature in Islamism, and which I was no less astonished at first to observe, than I am confident at present in asserting — the protection which, in its religious government, it affords to other faiths and their professors.

CHAPTER XIX.

A RETROSPECT — MOHAMMED IV. AND HIS TIMES — DIPLOMATIC INTERCOURSE — INTERNATIONAL WRONGS — DRAGOMANS IN THE EAST — COMMERCIAL RESTRICTIONS IN THE WEST.

The selection of Tournovo for the imperial residence, by the monarch whose reign was the very cumulation of the tide of Ottoman conquest, and the commencement of its ebb, has associated with this place many of the events that belong to the public history of Europe.

The long reign of Mohammed IV. was the intermediate epoch between the triumphs of the hero, the codes of the legislator, and the pompous nullity of the caged puppets of the seraglio; and while the Ottoman standard was planting on "Troy's rival, Candia," the now unwarlike, but still spirited, Lord of Constantinople, and successor of the Urcans, Mohammeds, Selims, Murads, and Soleymans, was chasing the wild deer of Pelion and Olympus, and displaying his sylvan pomp at Larissa and Tournovo.

This prince ascended the throne, which he occupied for nearly half a century, at the tender

age of seven. His taste was formed, and his inclination bent, by the dexterity of the octogenarian Mohammed Kiupreli, to passions and pursuits which, during the whole period of his long reign, left the sceptre and the sword, which they wielded so well, to the family of the Kiupreli.

To the remote scene of the Sultan's recreations, Pashas, Generals, Vizirs, and Embassies, were seen hastening; and the splendour of the seraglio, with its ceremonial, was transferred to mountain-wastes and deserts; amid untrodden forests arose halls of western tapestry, and of Indian texture, rivalling in grandeur, and surpassing in richness, the regal palaces of the Bosphorus.

Brussa, the Asiatic Olympus, the field of Troy, the sides of Ida, the banks of the Mæander, the plains of Sardis, were the favourite resorts of this equal lover of the chase and of nature. But the places more particularly honoured by his preference, were Yamboli, in the Balkan, about fifty miles to the north of Adrianople, and Tournovo. Whenever he arrived or departed, the inhabitants of fifteen districts turned out to assist him in his sport; these festivities were rendered attractive to the people by exhibitions and processions somewhat in the spirit of ancient Greece, as well as in that of Tartary,* where all the esnafs or trades, displayed

* Formerly there were similar exhibitions every fourth year at Vevais.

in procession the wonders of their art, or the symbols of their calling, and in which exhibitions of rare objects and grotesque figures were combined with theatric pantomime.

During the sojourn of Sultan Mohammed at Tournovo, this now insignificant village became the residence of the representatives of the powers of Europe. There were then assembled, with all the gay, picturesque, and diversified trappings and liveries of their various countries, and of that dress-loving age, the numerous retinues that followed the Imperial, the French, the Spanish, and the English Envoys. Russians, Dutchmen, Poles, Swedes, Ragusans, Transylvanians, in their national costumes, and in numbers sufficient to preserve the distinctive tone and habits of their native lands, might there be seen loitering before the gateways of the various residences, lounging about the public places, or retailing the news of their respective homes in the coffee-houses, which then began to compete with the barbers' shops * for the resort of the fashionables of the day.

* "During the hot season," says Brown, in 1669, "we went often to the barber, who would handsomely perform his work, much to our refreshment, trimming each man according to the fashion of his country. The Greeks preserve a ring of hair on the centre of their heads, and shave the rest. The Croatian has one side of his head shaved, and the other grows as it will. The Hungarian shaves his whole head, except his fore-top. The Polander has his hair cut short. The Turk shaves his whole head, save a lock. The Franks wear their

It scarcely seems possible that such should have been the scene presented by Tournovo only a hundred and sixty years ago, and yet these are but the appendages. The court of the Sultan, with a whole army of officers, attendants, huntsmen, and falconers, with all the interesting accompaniments of the chase, displaying a variety of costume, which, for splendour, richness, and diversity, must have exceeded that of any former period of the Ottoman Empire, and the dignity of which had not then degenerated, as it afterwards did, into an excess, cumbersome in use, and burlesque in effect.

The plain around was adorned with vast tents, of light green, with gilded balls; but tents that resembled palaces rather than marquees; some of them with twenty and thirty poles, and many of the poles twenty-five feet in height, divided into various apartments, with windows opening through their cloth separations; Persian carpets, spread below rich divans, reigning round; curtains, lined with brocade, velvet, and Cachmere shawls, drawn open in front, or cast up and stretched forward

hair long only for the more amiable converse; and, that nothing about them might be offensive to those they live amongst, they often tuck it up under their caps. The party to be shaved sits low, so that the barber has the better advantage. There is a vessel of water, with a cock, hanging over their hands, which the barber opens as he pleases, and lets fall the water on them. The Thessalians," he observes, "wear hats with brims like Frenchmen."

on other poles, so as to afford an extensive shade; the sides, the separations, the cushions, and the slips that are passed over the cords, most beautifully embroidered in needlework.*

It was at this time, and more particularly at Tournovo, that commenced that system of haughty and ignominious treatment† which, up to a very recent period, has disgraced Turkey and incensed Europe. Then commenced, too, the perfidious system of Dragomans, which confided to a few Latin adventurers, from the islands of the Archipelago, the counsels of every European state, and rendered these adventurers the intermediaries, or, to speak more truly, the representatives of those states at the Porte.‡

Then, too, commenced the more direct and systematic interference of the Greeks in the affairs of the Ottoman Empire; and from Tournovo is dated the Berat that appointed the first Greek a Dragoman of the Porte. From Tournovo departed

* Some of the same tents may still be seen in the repositories of the Sultan, and in those of the grandees.

† "This was a time," says Von Hammer, "sufficiently hazardous for foreign diplomatists, when the French Ambassador was struck in the face, and beaten with a chair; that of Russia kicked out of the audience chamber; the minister of Poland almost killed, because he had not bent low enough; and the Imperial Interpreter, and that of the Porte, several times stretched on the ground, and bastinadoed."

‡ The Imperial Court (which had at first exhibited so stubborn an attachment for the German, that three interpreters and

the Turkish Embassy to Paris, that excited the laughter of Europe by the ridiculous pretensions of the Turks; and while this ambassador was actively employed in introducing into the saloons at Paris, coffee, which has created a revolution in our domestic tastes, a French cargo of false coin, smuggled into Constantinople, led to insurrection in the principal cities of the empire.

The general feelings at that time, of Christendom towards Turkey, are indicated in the character and the conduct of the Knights of Malta. The motive assumed for plundering ships, interrupting commerce, and enslaving men, was—the Christian religion. The organization was supported by revenues drawn from every state of Europe; it was composed of the flower of European chivalry and nobility; it was the field of distinction and the career of honour: the consequence could only be reciprocal hatred and wrong.*

four languages were reported to have been used at a single interview) had alone, at this time, regular Dragomans; but, by its constant intercourse and proximity, it subsequently found it necessary to abandon the system, and at present a competent knowledge of the Turkish language is a qualification required in a minister of Austria.

Perhaps, also, while Austria had hostile projects, the Dragoman system might prove useful; and it has been abandoned, since her object has been conservation and peace.

* "I am not the apologist," says a Western diplomatist, "of Turkish prejudice, but it cannot be denied that the barbarous invasion and excesses of the mad Crusaders; the persecutions

Such were the circumstances which led to the insults which the Turks inflicted on the representatives of Christendom, and which these representatives tamely bore. Then it was that a Turkish Minister first disdained to rise to receive a foreign ambassador; and this point once yielded was irrecoverably lost, and all consideration and influence went with it, exemplifying the Russian proverb,—"There is but one step from the top of the stair to the bottom." The consequence was the humiliation of the foreign representatives by a treatment to which they had the meanness to submit, and which their courts had either not the spirit or the power to resent. Though, no doubt, the increased importance which the interpreters then obtained, and the prospects of emolument and influence held out to them in the degradation of the titular representatives of the Foreign Powers, must have induced this class of men to frustrate in every way the good dispositions of either party, and to fan the flame of discord between functionaries ignorant of each other's language and manners.

"However, in the midst of these circum-

and final expulsion of the Mahometans from Spain; the uniform language of all Christian writers, as well as the uniform conduct of all Christian states towards the Ottomans, have combined to furnish no slight justification of their feelings towards the nations of Europe."— *Constantinople and its Environs, by an American*, vol. ii. p. 317.

stances," adds the author above quoted, "the Imperial resident who had followed the camp, and sojourned at Tournovo, in the vicinity of Larissa, was so fortunate as to obtain three Berats in favour of commerce: the first for Tuscany, the second for Kaschan, the third for the Levant Company." What increases the strange contrast between the rudeness of the manners and the friendliness of the acts of the Turks is, that while the foreign representatives were treated in this uncivil style, they received an allowance of thirty, fifty, and, on one occasion, of a hundred and fifty dollars per diem, for their sustenance, being considered as guests.

During the reign of Mohammed IV., and especially under his father Ibrahim, the envoys of foreign states had occasionally been subject to violence and outrage. But there seems to have been no idea of systematically treating them as inferiors, because of the faith they professed. The animosity of a religious character proceeded, I fear, from the animosities and the acts of Europe: witness the depredations of the Knights of Malta—the scarcely less honourable enterprises of Genoa and Venice—the intermeddling of Russia in the affairs of the Greek Church—the hostile breath that constantly issued from the Vatican—the zeal of Spain, Austria, and particularly of France, in spreading all over the East, Jesuits, Franciscans, and Capuchins mixed up in political machinations.

In ascending to an earlier period, we find the reception of an ambassador divested of the forms which, though of Greek origin, did not reappear with their full ceremonial until the age of Mohammed IV., and the accurate details which have been preserved of the various Austrian embassies to Sulejman the Great, exhibit the opinions of the Turks respecting the character of an ambassador, whom they consider as the agent, and by no means as the representative, of his sovereign; and whom they respect rather as their guest, than as his master's envoy.

Ibrahim, the Vizir of Soliman, on the introduction of the envoys of Ferdinand, did not get up to meet them;—it was a long time before he even desired them to sit down (the conference lasted seven hours), but this was not through the recently supposed dogma of the unlawfulness of rising before a Christian; for when the letter of Charles V. was presented, the Grand Vizir not only stood up to receive it, but remained standing as long as the conversation respecting Charles continued. His manner to the ambassadors arose from Ferdinand having called himself the brother of Ibrahim, and being called so by him in return. This brought the question of ceremony within the pale of Turkish ideas, and Ibrahim could not have thought of getting up to receive the agents of his younger brother.

Ferdinand had sent, before the one I allude to,

six embassies to negotiate for peace, without relinquishing his title to Hungary. The seventh would probably have had no better success, but for the device resorted to by his "brother," and which is another illustration of those differences of ideas between the east and the west, which each has got into the unfortunate habit of designating in the other—prejudice. The following address to the Sultan, was suggested by the Grand Vizir to the Ambassadors, and by means of it peace was concluded.

"The King Ferdinand, thy son, looks upon all thou possessest as his; and all that is his, thou being his father, belongs to thee. He did not know that it was thy desire to retain for thyself the kingdom of Hungary, otherwise he would not have made war against thee. But since thou, his father, desirest to have it, he augurs thee fortune and health, not doubting that thou, as his parent, will assist him in the acquisition of this kingdom, and of many others."

M. De Lahaye was the first ambassador whose ignominious treatment was taken as a precedent; a secret intercourse was discovered between him and the Venetians, then at war with the Porte.* He was sent for from Constantinople; his son came in his place; he was beaten and con-

* The King of France had enrolled himself as a volunteer in one expedition against his ally the Sultan, and had borne the expenses of a second!

fined because he refused to read an intercepted letter written in cipher, and addressed to his father. M. De Lahaye himself then came; he declared himself ignorant of the cipher, and was imprisoned also. Louis XIV. sent another ambassador, M. Blondel, to demand satisfaction; he was the first who was placed on a stool. M. De Lahaye and his son were liberated from their prison; but at the moment of their departure, a French vessel having carried off some Turkish merchandise, he was again locked up till a ransom should be paid for him.

Some time afterwards, France sent back M. De Lahaye again as ambassador to the Sublime Porte. "He expected," says M. Von Hammer, "to be received as the minister of England and Austria, and refused the guard of only ten chaoushes sent him by the Grand Vizir. The following day he proceeded, without any state, to the French palace.

"The Grand Vizir, incensed against France by the succour she had sent to Hungary, received him in a haughty manner, without getting up, and reproached him with the connexion of his country with the enemies of the Porte. M. De Lahaye withdrew, and sent to the Grand Vizir to say that if again he did not rise on his entrance, he would restore the capitulations, and return to France. In a second interview, he was received in the same manner, and without the salute, on which M. De Lahaye threw the capitulations at the Grand Vizir's feet. The Grand Vizir called him a

Jew. The Grand Chamberlain pushed him from the chair, and struck him with it. The ambassador attempted to draw his sword, but a chaoush gave him a blow in the face, and he was kept three days shut up at the Grand Vizir's, who, after consulting with the Mufti Vani Effendi, and the Capitan Pasha, resolved on giving him another audience, which should be regarded as the first. He met* the ambassador with a friendly salute, and said with a sardonic smile, "What is passed, is passed; henceforward, let us be good friends." Thus an end was put to his stripes and blows, which, probably, the ambassador never communicated to his court, or which was intentionally omitted by the historian of French diplomacy."

Subsequently to this period, Turkish ministers did not rise to receive European diplomatists, until new feelings were awakened in favour of one European power by the restitution of Egypt by English arms, when General Abercromby was styled "father" and "Pasha"† by the Turkish

* The expression "*met the ambasssador,*" would lead one to suspect that the result of the conference of these great functionaries was the compromise since practised of entering the audience chamber at the same moment. A subterfuge which proves and marks the change of style *as well* as the ignorance of the Europeans of Eastern etiquette; which, indeed, must have been the principal cause of these broils, as it now is the sole but effectual barrier to all intercourse.

† Yet this did not lead to any improvement of our position at Constantinople. There we were in the hands of the Dra-

commanders, and treated accordingly. Our contemptible policy in the expedition of 1807 against Egypt and against Constantinople, deprived us, it is true, of all the Eastern fruits of the policy of 1800.

France, however, succeeded in gaining extensive prerogatives for the Jesuits and other Catholic fraternities; indeed, during more than two centuries the whole influence and energy of France seemed to be directed by a conclave of inquisitors.* Attempts to convert the Greeks; to unite the Greek Church to that of Rome; squabbles about monasteries and churches throughout the whole of the Levant; pretensions on the holy places of Jerusalem; intrigues and insurrectionary

gomans, whose interest, as a body, whether English, French, Russian, &c. is directly hostile to whatever leads to free intercourse of friendly feeling between the Turks and European diplomatists. It is true we then negotiated to obtain a better position, and on *the plea* of the reception of Lady Mary Wortley Montague! We should have thought of the *means* adopted by Lady M. W. Montague.

* I refer not to the enlightened views, on more than one occasion, of the Cabinet of Versailles, but to the general tone and character of the agents of France in the East. The Turks could not easily reconcile the decided support of France, on more than one critical occasion, with the unceasing support given by her agents to the avowed enemies of the Ottoman faith, and the incessant disturbers of the public peace. "Murad IV.," says Sir Thomas Roe, "expressed his amazement that the friendship of the King of France could only be obtained by the tolerance and protection of traitors" (the Monks).

measures directed by the Jesuits, which threatened the public peace, and brought on reactions which endangered the whole European population,*— seemed to have been the principal occupation of the French mission.

England disclaimed, in her character of Protestant, all community with a policy based on religious motives; and marked to the Turks her religious separation from Catholic Europe. She consequently acquired, in Turkey, a consideration and an influence infinitely greater than her power or political position could otherwise have secured to her.

"Elizabeth, by the Grace of God, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, powerful and invincible defender of the true faith *against the idolaters* that falsely profess the name of Christ."

Such is the superscription of the letter of Elizabeth to the Caliph of the Mussulmans. It explains how and why the influence of England stood so high. Here is an indication of the ideas and the policy of England in the times of the Cecils, the Raleighs, the Bacons, and the Sidneys. And to

* On two occasions, the whole European population assembled in the churches of Pera and Galata, without any expectation of a reprieve from the doom of extermination that hung over them. The frenzy or madness that excited such fearful retribution can, in the present age, only be conceived by those who have witnessed in the Levant the effects of the fanatic hatred, against each other, of the various Christian sects.

the list of monarchs and statesmen who have felt the importance of Turkey to the political balance and system of Europe, — to the names of Gustavus III., Frederick II., Hertzberg, Napoleon, Chatham, Pitt, Talleyrand, and Metternich,—may, perhaps, also be added that of our "Virgin Queen."

The spirit of Austrian diplomacy is displayed in the Imperial Embassy of 1616, which, on entering Constantinople, exhibited a flag, bearing, on one side, the Austrian eagle, and on the other, Christ on the cross. A general commotion was the result. The Greeks, the Jesuits, and the European powers were, all and each, suspected of having planned some daring conspiracy against the Sultan, the city, or the state. The Sultan patrolled the streets in person during the night; the Jesuits were confined to the Seven Towers; and the Austrian historian and diplomatist exults in recording the fulfilment of the prophecy of the *commencement* of the decline of the Ottoman Empire, which, however, he had already announced in the middle of the previous century! and which even before that he had fixed as having commenced in the reigns of Bajazet II. and Selim I.

The dissolution of that empire has been, of late years, universally established throughout Europe, with the exception of the Russian Cabinet, as one of those axioms regarding which, neither doubt could arise, nor difference exist. It created some surprise when a recent publication pointed out that

doctrine as spread by the emissaries of Peter the First; but the Austrian historian mentions it nearly half a century before Peter, as the bond of union of Greeks, monks, interpreters, and Hospodars. But what will be said to the fact, that a century previous even to this period, and when Suleyman the Great was taking Rhodes and menacing Vienna, that the Muscovite Prince Vassili was impressing on the Emperor Maximilian the decline of the Turkish power, and the facility with which he could expel them from Europe! In consequence of the abesnce of a common language, and of the means of direct intercourse, there has been an uninterrupted series of false conclusions, drawn from facts ill appreciated, of everyday occurrence. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at if these conclusions have wholly prevailed since the Ottoman power has ceased to make itself feared, since similar conclusions were admitted even while the whole of Europe trembled at its name.

Under Mohammed IV. was first developed the influence of the Greek Church as an instrument in the hands of Russia against the Ottomans.

The conqueror of Constantinople had seen with gratification, and fostered with encouragement, the connexion between the Sclavonic people and the Patriarch of Constantinople, as a means of extending the power of the Porte towards the north; but the Turks were not crafty enough, as men, to follow out such a scheme, and too power-

ful, as a nation, to adopt indirect means. In two centuries afterwards, that is, under Mohammed IV., we find the Porte startled by the revelation of a political union being organised, by means of the Church, between the Czar of Muscovy and the Greek inhabitants of the Ottoman Empire. A Patriarch, put to death in consequence of this discovery,* tended but to increase the dangers that were thus revealed; and we subsequently find, at the same moment, an embassy from Poland, sent to warn the Sultan of a design, on the part of the Czar, to revolutionise the Greeks, and the Patriarch of Constantinople invited to Moscow to organise the Church.

Thus was the game of the present times rehearsed nearly two centuries ago; the same intensity of purpose evinced, and precisely the same means employed. The problem is, therefore, of difficult solution, how Russia, having become apparently so strong, and Turkey apparently so weak, the unremitting use of such powerful means of disorganisation has not long ago effected, and is

* In an intercepted letter to the Prince of Wallachia from this Patriarch, created in 1657, there is this expression:— "Islamism approaches to its end; the universal dominion of the Christian (Greek) faith is at hand; and the Lords of the Cross and the Bell will soon be, also, Lords of the Empire." The letter was one of thanks for 100,000 ducats, sent by the Prince to the "Lords of the Bell," the Monks of Mount Athos.

not sufficient yet to effect, the total subversion of the Ottoman power?

This period, so memorable, of Mohammed IV., by the introduction into Turkey, or the establishment there, of a system hostile to itself as of feelings inimical to Europe, coincides with the introduction into Europe of principles as injurious to the progress of man as to the friendly intercourse of nations. At this period it was that Colbert introduced into France the ideas of supporting national industry by fictitious protection, and of rendering those protections subservient to the revenues of the state.

This fatal notion has spread to all nations, with the exception of Turkey, fortunately, perhaps, for future generations, protected from this infection by its natural hatred to every thing coming from the West. Wherever this so termed "protection system" has been introduced, animosity has sprung up between the various interests and classes of a nation, disguised under the name of principle, and a cankerous evil has been spread over the relations of human intercourse, under the title of laws. To this cause has been referred, even by European writers, every revolution and every war in Europe since 1667.*

* For instance, Brougham (Colonial Policy); Parnell (Commercial Treaty with France); Storck (Cours d'Economie Politique).

Nearly of the same date as the *Ordonnances* of Colbert was the Navigation Act of England, which at the time was but a record of a state of things, but which indirectly involved England in foreign difficulties and dangers, from its adoption by other nations, and its application by them to herself. This (a sister fallacy to that of Colbert) contributed its share to the public convulsions of Europe, and assisted in repressing those energies, and retarding that progress, to which the splendid and rapid discoveries in science and mechanics had given so vast an extension, and so unparalleled an impulse.

These fundamental errors now produce doubt and schism on all social and political questions in the minds of Europeans, so powerful in disquisition, so stored with information. But the eastern statesmen may well inquire why their finances are involved in the midst of unparalleled production? Why a large portion of their population is plunged in misery and crime, while wealth regorges, and philanthropy abounds? Why nations, desiring harmony and professing peace, make war on each other's commerce, as if it were an infectious disease?

The ancient frame of government still preserved in Turkey may yet, however, through the new ideas and the larger views to which, by extending the field of inquiry, it may give birth,

contribute to sounder opinions on financial questions; and the system of free trade, not overthrown in that empire, may be taken advantage of by England to establish an alliance of nations, based on freedom of commerce, which may counteract the restrictions that are gradually pressing upon her energies, and which threaten, at no remote period, to exclude her political influence, as well as her manufactures, from the continent of Europe.

CHAPTER XX.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE WITH THE TURKS.

At Larissa, as there is no Frank population, and no Consuls, we found it practicable to gain admission into Turkish society; and we saw at the Archbishop's, or were taken by him to visit, the principal citizens of the town, and the Beys and proprietors of the neighbourhood. We were, on our side, an object of some curiosity to them, for the arrival of Europeans, at such a moment, was a strange and interesting event.

But, after the friendly terms on which we had lived with the Albanian Mussulmans, it was no easy thing to descend to the grade which a Christian occupies in Turkey, and which is quite sufficient to justify the animosity which residents and travellers, not ascending to its source, have entertained against the Turks. This ignominious treatment of Europeans I conceive, in a great measure, to have been the cause of the absence of inquiry into the mind and institutions of Turkey,

on the part of those who have visited it. The door to social intercourse was not only shut against them, but flung back in their face. All sympathy and interest was thus at once cut short; and, without a considerable share of both, no man will apply himself to laborious investigation.

If you question a Turk as to the reason why he will not get up to receive a European? Why he will not lay his hand on his breast, when he bids him welcome? Why he will not give him the salutation of peace? Why the meanest Turk would conceive himself disgraced by serving a European, and the poorest would spurn the bread bought by such service?* The Turk will answer, "My religion forbids me."

No wonder, then, that the stranger, taking this assertion to be true, and not understanding the influence and power of manners, attributes this state of intercourse to religion, and sets down Islamism as a morose and anti-social creed, and that there his investigations cease.

The Archbishop, while he acted the part of a chaperon, which he did admirably, was sure to

* There are instances of Europeans having Turks as gardeners or as grooms, but these servants will not be resident in the establishment; and, though they will do their duty to their master, they will not shew him any sign of respect. They will treat him, in manner and in the choice of epithets, as an inferior, which the European may not understand, but to which, should he understand it, he is obliged to submit.

keep us informed, to the full extent, of every disrespect, in manner or in terms, applied to us; a service which, at the time, we were little disposed to estimate at its full and real value. For instance, the news of the death of George IV. arrived. We were not left in ignorance that the intelligence was conveyed from mouth to mouth amongst the Turks, by the words (they all speak Greek) Ψόθισε ὁ Κρὰλ τῆς Αγγλίας, "the Kral of England has burst," an expression applied to animals when they die.

We were one evening invited to supper at a Turkish Bey's, a circumstance at that time wholly new to us. The table of the Turk, as his door, is open to every comer, whatever his faith or station; but an invitation in a formal manner, together with the kindness and attention that were shewn us (subject always to the nonobservances above indicated), was a mark of interest quite novel and unexpected; we, therefore, returned home delighted and exulting. But, the next day, the Archbishop, fearful that we should be run away with, informed us, that, no sooner had we departed, than a general hilarity had been produced by observations on our style and manners, and on the errors of etiquette of which we had been guilty; and that, when we were spoken of, if any one designated us by the title of the English Bey Zadehs, he immediately added, μὲ συγγῶρεσιν, "with your pardon," an expression which they use after the mention of a pig, an ass, or the like.

However, we daily found our position altering; a general change of tone and manner on their part, and probably on ours, ensued: and, with one or two men of superior minds, the first steps were then made of a long and lasting friendship.

A European doctor, a miserable quack, proved of considerable service to us. We went nowhere without him; and, at first, he was quite an authority with us; but the progress we had made was brought sensibly before us, when we came to feel the necessity of getting rid of this noxious appendage. We now began to perceive that the treatment of Europeans by Turks proceeded from the natural contempt they entertained for that hat-and-breeches-wearing population which infests every part of Turkey, in the character of Charlatans in medicine and other arts, of Dragomans, vagabonds, and the drivers of still less honourable speculations. Thence are their opinions drawn respecting all those who wear hats and tight clothes; while the forms thus established between the two faiths, or rather the two costumes, render it perfectly impossible for any man of education, or of generous feelings, to enter their service, or to be attached to their persons.

So essentially are all the details of external life bound up with the opinions and the feelings of a Turk, that it is next to impossible for him to separate, from things or ideas, the external signs by which he has been accustomed as representing

them. A European, possessing perfectly their language and their literature, having that character of mind which is fitted to gain an influence over them, will yet remain, however he may be really respected, distinct from their society; and it would be unfair in him towards his friends to exact those observances which, nevertheless, are absolutely essential to the possession of influence, or even to the enjoyment of social intercourse; let him change, however, his costume, and his position is immediately changed. But the costume alone is of little, if of any use, until a man is capable of acting his part as those who wear it.

A Frenchman, who had been travelling in the eastern parts of Turkey, meeting me one day in a Turkish costume, expressed his astonishment at my resigning myself to the hardships attendant on the wearer of such a dress. I was rather puzzled at his observation, and supposed he alluded to the difficulties attendant on supporting the character; so I answered, that I had at times found it to be so, stating the reasons why. Nothing could exceed the amazement of the French traveller at my explanation; and he informed me, that having started on a botanical excursion of three years, some one, for his sins, had recommended to him to put on the costume of the Faithful; that he, in consequence, had run the greatest risks; he had been every where insulted, several times beaten, and on more occasions than one had with difficulty escaped

with his life. I saw at once that there must have been some glaring deviation from manners or costume; and, after putting a few questions to him, I discovered that, with a gay Osmanli turban, he had worn a beard, which was not pricked away from the corner of the ear downwards, so that whoever glanced at him could not fail to set him down for a Jew, passing himself off for a Mussulman. When I explained to him the cause of his mishaps, after musing for a while, he declared that I must be wrong; because, although it was true that every body used to call him "Jew," yet that his Tartar always denied that he was a Jew, and would have told him how to trim his beard, if that really had been the cause of his troubles. I replied, that probably his Tartar thought him a Jew, but that he endeavoured to protect him from the application of the word "Chifoot," while he might see no harm in their applying to him the term "Yahoody," both equally signifying Jew, but the first being a term of reproach.

He admitted that he recollected those two words. "But," said he, "what made the thing more strange was, that I was travelling with a companion, and every night we used to dispute which of us was most like to a Jew. My friend had a black beard, and I had a red one. I used to call him 'Jew,' and he used to retort by calling me Judas Iscariot. At length I shaved my beard; but we were not a bit the better off: my friend's

black beard then went; but still, wherever we went, 'Chifoot, Chifoot,' was hallooed out." "How high," I inquired, "did you shave your beard?" "How high?" answered he with amazement, "I never thought of that." "Then," I replied, "you have shaved your beard and whiskers *not quite* to the line of the turban; so that a lock of hair has appeared close to your ear, which is the distinctive sign of Jews who shave their beards!" "What a pity," he said, "that I did not hear this before, instead of after, my journey." I thought that the pity was that a man should travel in a country before studying its manners, and reason on it before understanding its feelings.

Among a class of young men in the capital, chiefly belonging to the regular troops, there is an affectation of every thing European. Among them it is no extraordinary thing for a European to find himself treated, as he supposes, with every external mark of courtesy; but a position which is only to be gained by a change that remains to be effected, and cannot be so without difficulty and without danger, and the sphere of which is limited and insignificant, is scarcely worthy of observation. To establish the fact that a European may place himself within the pale of the national feeling, is, I conceive, of the deepest importance, either as throwing light on the Turkish character, or as affording a new means of action on the Turkish nation.

I make these observations after two years intercourse with Mussulmans, on the footing of the most entire and perfect equality. It is true that many of my friends, for a long time, severally believed that they alone were in the habit of treating me in such a manner; that such conduct was in violation of the precepts of their religion, and was only justified in my case from a supposed difference with other Europeans. It is perhaps superfluous to add, that in the faith of Islamism there is not the slightest ground for this supposition. Had it been so, Constantinople never could have been theirs. As a notable instance of the reverse, the Conqueror of Constantinople not only got up to receive the Greek Patriarch, his subject and a Christian, but accompanied him to the door of his palace, and sent all his ministers on foot to conduct him home.*

But, whatever have been the wrongs, feelings, or habits of the past, a reaction has now taken place in Turkey in favour of Europe. The change of dress, in imitation of those nations whose policy has been so injurious to them, exhibits great docility

* What a contrast with the Western feelings regarding religious toleration is exhibited in the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks and by the Latins. When Dandolo planted the banner of St. Mark on the dome of St. Sophia, the Christian invaders placed in mockery, on the patriarchal throne, a prostitute, wearing on her brows the mitre, and holding in her hand the pastoral crook which Constantine had bestowed.

of mind, and proves that there has existed, unobserved by us, or, at all events, that there now exists among them, a spirit of imitativeness, which, in a nation (if well directed) contains the element of progress and amelioration. And, as if to render this proof the more conclusive, that which they have imitated has neither inherent merit nor external attractions. Now a new duty devolves upon us, — that of directing their docility, and assisting their selection.

If undirected, their imitation will be of external things, which can bring no good, but may do much evil, by destroying *habits*, which are the signs of thought, the expression of feelings, and the test of duties. At present, I have no hesitation in saying that the Turks have no individual possessed of a thorough knowledge of Europe; and yet no man, not perfectly and equally conversant with the ideas, instruction, and institutions of the East and of the West, can reason to a satisfactory conclusion respecting what they ought, or ought not, to imitate. Amongst us there is no one sufficiently acquainted with their institutions and character to be able to become their guide. However beneficial, therefore, this change of disposition might be, were we in knowledge equal to the position offered us, it is to me a subject, under actual circumstances, involving much anxiety and serious apprehension. They have raised the anchor in a tide-way before maturely considering whether there was a necessity

of shifting their ground. They are losing their hold before the sails have drawn. That is passed; now the moorings of custom are cast off; the vessel *is* moving; and those who have a stake on board, ought not to rely on chance for his getting into port.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHARACTERS OF AN EASTERN AND AN ANCIENT ROOM — PRESENTATION OF A EUROPEAN IN EASTERN SOCIETY.

To understand the effect produced on an Eastern by the manners and address of a European, we must be conversant with their feelings, and ignorant of our own.

The first is a matter of some difficulty; the second requires an effort of mental abstraction, of rather an unwonted kind. When a stranger enters a new country, he will be struck only with those points of its manners which he does not comprehend; and the native, understanding all points equally well, is, by his knowledge of himself, prevented from comprehending the effect which he himself produces on the stranger. I will now, therefore, previously to bringing the Frank traveller before him, request the reader to forget, for a moment, that he is cased in stiff-collar coat and boots, and fancy himself enveloped in flowing robes, or clad in richly embroidered vestments, reposing, but not with negligence, on the broad and

cushioned sofa of an eastern room; but that word is not to be so easily disposed of. The word *"oda"* we must translate *room;* but there is no word in our language that can express the idea of "oda," because we have not the thing. The habits of social intercourse in the East could not subsist a day in such lodgings as our western habitations afford; it is, therefore, requisite to commence with describing the form and attributes of an eastern ROOM.

We build our houses with reference not to the inside, but to the out. It is the aspect of the exterior, not the comfort of the apartment, that engages our attention. We follow the rules of architecture strictly in the details and decorations of the stones of which it is built, and positively have not, at this day, any fixed rules or principles for the construction of the portion we are ourselves to occupy, nor have we any idea of the existence of such rules in any other country, or in any former age.

The consequence is, that our rooms are of all shapes, and have no settled character. *They have no parts.* There is a commingling of doors and windows, neither of these being rendered available for determining the top, bottom, and sides. The position of the seats is equally undefined, so that, in regard to parts, character, proportion, access, light, and accommodation, our apartments are regulated by no intelligible principles, and cannot be

rendered subservient to the social purposes of a people between whom laws have not established broad lines of demarcation, and who, therefore, in the adjustment of the grades of society, preserve the natural inequality of men. Forms of etiquette, in their infinite variety, become the expression of public opinion in determining rank and station. Thus, a room in the East is not a box, shut in from the weather, and converted into an apartment solely by the value of the materials employed to construct or adorn it; it is a whole, composed of determined parts, and capable of logical definition by its parts; it is a structure regulated by fixed and invariable principles; it is a court like a college hall, where each individual's grade may be known by the place he occupies; and, while thus constituted, it serves equally as our rooms for all the purposes of domestic life. There distinctive characters become a portion of domestic life and duties, and are associated with the public character of the state. Thus, to the stranger, a knowledge of the attributes, if I may so say, of the "Room," is the first step to acquaintance with the East. The reader may have seen, at Pompeii, the prototypes of the rooms I refer to, or he may have heard or read of the Greek and Roman triclinium; but I may, I think, safely assert, that the measurement and examination of these apartments would lead no man to imagine that social habits,

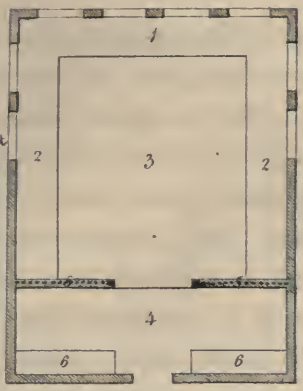
ideas, and principles, different from ours, are indicated by these forms and proportions. But, if it can be shewn that certain social characters are connected with, and have given rise to, the structure of the apartment now used by the Turks, and if it is true that their domestic architecture ought to be understood by whoever seeks to become acquainted with their ideas and manners, then must we admit that, in the East of this day, those social details, those moral feelings, and living habits, are to be seen, which coincided with a similar domestic architecture 2000 years ago. I therefore dwell on the form of the room as illustrative no less of antiquity than of Turkey.

In Turkey, the room is the principle of all architecture; it is the unit, of which the house is the aggregate. No one cares for the external form of a building. Its proportions, its elegance, or effect, are never considered. The architect, as the proprietor, thinks only of the apartments, and there no deviation from fixed principles is tolerated. Money and space are equally sacrificed to give to each chamber its fixed form, light, and facility of access, without having to traverse a passage or another apartment to reach it.

Every room is composed of a square, to which is added a rectangle, so that it forms an oblong.*

* See wood-cut.

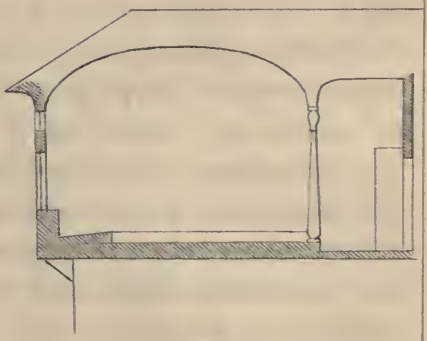
1. *Sadr, (Arabic)* Breast
2. *Jemb, (Dº)* Side
3. Open Floor



4. Depressed Floor
5. Balustrades.
6, Cupboards.

GROUND PLAN

Exterior Aspect of a Room.



SECTION

PLAN OF A HOUSE

PLAN OF A KIOSK.

R. Martin & Co lith. 26, Long Acre

There must be no thoroughfare through it. It must be unbroken in its continuity on three sides. The door or doors must be on one side only, which, then, is the "bottom;" the windows at another and the opposite side, which, then, is "the top." The usual number of the windows at the top is four, standing contiguous to each other. There may be, also, windows at the "sides," but then they are close to the windows at the top, and they ought to be in pairs, one on each side; and, in a perfect room, there ought to be twelve windows, four on each of the three sides of the square; but, as this condition cannot always be realised, the room in each house, so constructed, is generally called "the kiosk," as kiosks, or detached rooms, are always so constructed.

Below the square, is an oblong space, generally depressed a step; sometimes, in large apartments, separated by a balustrade, and sometimes by columns. This is the space allotted to the servants, who constantly attend,* in a Turkish establishment, and regularly relieve each other. The

* Men of the very lowest rank often enter the apartment of the Turkish grandee. Elders, old men, tradesmen, &c. are always asked to sit down, which this form of apartment permits of, without infringement of respect or etiquette. Even those who are not invited to sit down come and stand below the balustrade, and thus every class in Turkey becomes acquainted with the other; and the idea of animosity between different grades or classes of society, is what never entered any man's head.

bottom of the room is lined with wooden work. Cupboards, for the stowage of bedding; open spaces, like pigeon-holes, for vases, with water, sherbet, or flowers; marble slabs and basins, for a fountain, with painted landscapes as a back-ground. In these casements are the doors. At the sides, in the angles, or in the centre, of this lower portion, and over the doors, curtains are hung, which are held up by attendants as you enter.

It is this form of apartment which gives to their houses and kiosks so irregular, yet so picturesque an air. The rooms are jutted out, and the outline deeply cut in, to obtain the light requisite for each room. A large space is consequently left vacant in the centre, from which all the apartments enter; this central hall, termed "*Divan Hané*," gives great dignity to an Eastern mansion.

The square portion of the room is occupied on the three sides by a broad sofa, with cushions all round, leaning against the wall, and rising to the sill of the windows, so that, as you lean on them, you command the view all round. The effect of this arrangement of the seats and windows is, that you have always your back to the light, and your face to the door. The continuity of the windows, without intervening wall or object, gives a perfect command of the scene without; and your position in sitting makes you feel, though in a room, con-

stantly in the presence of external nature. The light falls also in a single mass, and from above, affording pictorial effects dear to the artist. The windows are seldom higher than six feet. Above the windows, a cornice runs all round the room, and from it hang festoons of drapery. Above this, up to the ceiling, the wall is painted with arabesque flowers, fruit, and arms. Here there is a second row of windows, with double panes of stained glass. There are curtains on the lower windows, but not on the upper ones. If necessary or desirable, the light below may be excluded;* but it is admitted from above, mellowed and subdued by stained glass. The roof is highly painted and ornamented. It is divided into two parts. The one which is over the square portion of the room occupied by the triclinium, is also square, and sometimes vaulted; the other is an oblong portion over the lower part of the room close to the door; this is generally lower and flat.

The sofa, which runs round three sides of the square, is raised about fourteen inches. A deep fringe, or festoons of puckered cloth, hang down to the floor.† The sofa is a little higher before than behind; and is about four feet in width. The

* In the harems the lower windows are latticed.

† On the floor there are seldom carpets. Fine mats are used in summer, felt in winter, and over that, cloth the same as on the sofas, which has an effect, in the simplicity and unity of

angles are the seats of honour;* though there is no idea of putting two persons on the same footing by placing one in one corner, and another in the other. The right corner is the chief place; then the sofa along the top, and general proximity to the right corner. But even here the Eastern's respect for man above circumstances is shewn. The relative value of the positions all round the room are changed, should the person of the highest rank accidentally occupy another place. These combinations are intricate, but they are uniform.

So far the room is ancient Greek. The only thing Turkish is a thin square cushion or shilteh, which is laid on the floor in the angle formed by the divan, and is the representative of the sheepskin of the Turcoman's tent. It is by far the most comfortable place; and here, not unfrequently, the Grandees, when not in ceremony, place themselves, and then their guests sit upon the floor around, personifying a group of their nomade ancestors.

In the change of customs effected during the last few years, nothing has been more injurious, and more to be deplored, than the degradation of taste, and loss of comfort, in the style of their apartments.

colour, which is most remarkable. In the actual breaking up of habits, one of the first things that went was taste in colour. The modern houses present the most shocking and vulgar contrasts.

* So also among the ancient Greeks.

The attempt at imitating what they did not understand, has produced a confusion inconvenient in practice and ridiculous in effect. The high narrow sofa which you now see stuck at one end of the room, like a long chest with a padded cover, and chairs round the others, is neither Oriental nor European; and the doors ornamented with chintz curtains, festooned and drawn to either side, and tucked up to lackered copper-work, would make a stranger think that all around he sees the ends of tent-beds. The construction of palaces for the Sultan, in imitation of Europe, with straight and regular lines, has entirely sacrificed that form of apartments which was not only so elegant, convenient, and classical; but which was intimately associated with their habits, and therefore with principles and with duties.

In the modern buildings, the walls are painted of one colour, and the roofs of another; and style and taste, comfort and originality, have disappeared from their buildings as completely as from their dress: but these aberrations of the day must be kept out of sight till we have formed to ourselves a clear idea of the original type, when alone we can be able to judge of the value of what exists, and of the effect of alterations.

This form of apartment, the happy selection of position, the rigid uniformity of structure, the total absence of these ornamental details which make our rooms look like storeshops, must have

been the abode of a people sober in mind and dignified in manner, while the ample means of accommodation for guests, indicated a hospitable character and a convivial spirit. The undeviating form of the apartment leaves no ambiguity as to the relative position which each individual is entitled to occupy, while the necessity of that arrangement is itself the effect of a freer intercourse between various ranks, than would be practicable with our manners and apartments. Position in a room becomes therefore a question of gravity and importance. It was by seeing Easterns first introduced into our apartments, and the confusion into which they were thereby thrown, that the effect of the form of their apartments on their manners, and the connexion of the one and the other, first occurred to me.

This mode of construction, independent of its superiority with regard to light, and modes of approach, has also the advantage of combining economy (in furniture, if not in architecture) with elegance, and simplicity with dignity. It is characteristic of the order, cleanliness, and decorum of their domestic habits.

The reader has now, I hope, some idea of the place of reception, and, consequently, of the importance of presenting himself with self-possession, but without presumption, and with a consciousness that his personal consideration is always contingent on his knowledge of the ideas and feelings of those

around him. But, before introducing a European stranger, I must introduce a native visitor.

The Osmanli guest rides into the court, dismounts on the stone for that purpose, close to the landing-place. He has been preceded and announced by an attendant. A servant of the house gives notice to his master in the selamlik, not by proclaiming his name aloud, but by a sign, which intimates the visitor's rank, or, perhaps, even his name. The host, according to his rank, proceeds to meet him, at the foot of the stairs, at the top of the stairs, at the door of the room, or he meets him in the middle of the room, or he only steps down from the sofa, or stands up on the sofa, or merely makes a motion to do so.* It belongs to the guest to salute first. As he pronounces the words "*Selam Aleikum*," he bends down, as if to touch or take up the dust, or the host's robe, with his right hand, and then carries it to his lips and forehead. The master of the house immediately returns, "*Aleikum Selam*," with the same action, so that they appear to bend down together. This greeting, quickly despatched, without pause or

* If a stranger, unknown and unannounced, enters a room, the measure of his first step, the point where he stops to make his salutation, and the attitude he assumes preparatory to his doing so, wholly imperceptible as they would be to a European, convey, instantaneously, to the master of the house, the quality of the guest, the reception he expects, and which no man exacts without being entitled to.

interval, instead of pointing the way, and disputing who is to go first, the master immediately precedes his guest into the room, and then, turning round, makes way for his passage to the corner, which, if he refuses to take, he may for a moment insist upon, and each may take the other's arm, as leading him to that part. With the exception of this single point, the whole ceremonial is performed with a smoothness and regularity, as if executed by machinery. There is no struggle as to who is to walk first; there is no offering and thanking, no moving about of seats or chairs; no difficulty in selecting places; there are no helpings; no embarrassment resulting from people not knowing, in the absence of a code of etiquette, what they have to do. There is no bowing and scraping at leave-taking, keeping people a quarter of an hour awkwardly on their legs; every thing is smooth, tranquil, and like clockwork, every body knowing his place, and places and things being always the same.

I feel considerable embarrassment in pursuing these details. The most important and solemn matters, when they belong to different customs, appear trivial, or even ridiculous, in narration. I must, therefore, crave the indulgence of the reader, and am encouraged to proceed, chiefly, in the belief that these details may enable future travellers to commence their intercourse with the East on less disadvantageous terms than I have done myself.

The guest being seated, it is now the turn of the master of the house, and of the other guests, if any, to salute the new comer, if a stranger from a distance, by the words, "*Hosk geldin, sefa geldin;*" and, if a neighbour, by the words, "*Sabahtiniz heirola,*" "*aksham shifler heirola,*" &c. according to the time of the day, repeating the same actions already described. The guest returns each salute separately. There is no question of introduction or presentation. It would be an insult to the master of the house not to salute his guest. The master then orders the pipes, by a sign indicating their quality; and coffee, by the words "*Cavé smarla;*" or, if for people of low degree, "*Cavé getur;*" or, if the guest is considered the host, that is, if he is of superior rank to the host, he orders, or the master asks from him permission to do so. The pipes have been cleared away on the entrance of the guest of distinction; the attendants now reappear with pipes, as many servants as guests, and, after collecting in the lower part of the room, they step up together, or nearly so, on the floor, in the centre of the triclinium, and then radiate off to the different guests, measuring their steps, so as to arrive at once, or with a graduated interval. The pipe, which is from five to seven feet in length, is carried in the right hand, poised upon the middle finger, with the bowl forward, and the mouthpiece towards the servant's breast, or over his shoulder. He measures, with his eye, a distance from the

mouth of the guest to a spot on the floor, corresponding with the length of the pipe he carries. As he approaches, he halts, places the bowl of the pipe upon this spot, then, whirling the stick gracefully round, while he makes a stride forward with one foot, presents the amber and jewelled mouthpiece within an inch or two of the guest's mouth. He then drops on his knee, and, raising the bowl of the pipe from the ground, places under it a shining brass platter (tepsi), which he has drawn from his breast.

Next comes coffee. If the word has been "*Cavè smarla,*" the Cafiji presents himself at the bottom of the room, on the edge of the raised floor, supporting on the palms of both hands, at the height of his breast, a small tray, containing the little coffee-pots and cups, entirely concealed with rich brocade. The attendants immediately cluster round him, the brocade covering is raised from the tray, and thrown over the Cafiji's head and shoulders. When each attendant has got his cup ready, they turn round at once and proceed in the direction of the different guests, measuring their steps as before. The small cups (flinjan) are placed in silver holders (zarf), of the same form as the cup, but spreading a little at the bottom: these are of open silver work, or of filigree; they are sometimes gold and jewelled, and sometimes of fine china. This the attendant holds between the point of the finger and thumb, carrying it before him,

with the arm slightly bent. When he has approached close to the guest, he halts for a second, and, stretching downwards his arm, brings the cup, with a sort of easy swing, to the vicinity of the receiver's mouth; who, from the way in which the attendant holds it, can take the tiny offering without risk of spilling the contents, or of touching the attendant's hand. Crank and rickety as these coffee-cups seem to be, I have never, during nine years, seen a cup of coffee spilt in a Turkish house; and, with such soft and eel-like movements do the attendants glide about, that, though long pipes, and the winding snakes of narguillés, cover the floor when coffee is presented by the numerous attendants, you never see an accident of any kind, a pipe stepped on, or a narguillé swept over by their flowing robes, though the difficulty of picking their steps is still further increased by the habit of retiring backwards, and of presenting, in as far as it is possible, whether in servants or in guests, the face to the person served or addressed.

When coffee has been presented, the servants retire to the bottom of the room, where they stand with their hands crossed, each watching the cup he has presented, and has to carry away.* But, not

* Nothing is more offensive to Easterns than a tray;—a tray extinguishes the whole dignity of an establishment. Once, while stopping on a journey at the house of a European, my attendants (Turks) entered the room, in the ordinary manner,

to interfere with the guest's fingers, he has now to make use of another manœuvre to get possession of it. The guest holds out the cup by the silver zarf, the attendant opening one hand places it under, then brings the palm of the other upon the top of the cup; the guest relinquishes his hold, and the attendant retires backward with the cup thus secured.

After finishing his cup of coffee, each guest makes his acknowledgment to the master of the house, by the salutation above described, called *temena*, which is in like manner returned; and the master of the house, or he who is in his place, may make the same acknowledgment to any guest whom he is inclined particularly to honour. But, in this most important portion of Turkish ceremonial, the combinations are far too numerous to be detailed.

When the guest retires, it is always after asking leave to go. From a similar custom has probably remained our expression "taking *leave*," and the French "prendre *congé*." To this question the master of the house replies, "Douvlet icbal-ileh," or "saadet ileh," or "saghligé ileh," according

to present the pipes and coffee. A Greek servant of the house brought the cups on a tray, and walked up with his tray to the guests, who were Turks. In an instant my servants turned on their heels, and quitted the apartment. Had I enforced attendance it would have been in violation of their self-esteem, and I should have been despised, and powerless.

to the rank of his guest, which expressions mean "with the fortune of a prince," "with prosperity," "with health." He then gets up, and proceeds before his guest to the point to which he thinks fit to conduct him. He there stops short; the retiring guest comes up, says, "Allah ismailaduk," to which the host replies, "Allah manet ola," going through the same ceremonies as before; but, on both sides, the utmost expedition is used to prevent embarrassment, and not to keep each other on their legs.*

But in this ceremonial there is nothing either lengthy or abrupt. It is gone through sedately but rapidly, and so unobtrusively, that you have to pay considerable attention to observe what is going on; yet the effect of the whole is impressive; and no stranger but must be struck with the air of dignity in repose, and calmness in action; hence the Eastern proverb — *Guzelic Cherkistan; Mahl*

* The Greeks make use of two modes of taking leave: one derived from the Turks, the other from the Italians. The phrase used in the former mode is, νὰ μοὺ δοσετε τὴν ἄδειαν — "Will you give me leave." It is common among the Eastern portion of the Greeks, and in the interior. The other is, νὰ σὰς σηκῶσω τὸ βάρος — "To relieve you from the weight;" — from the Italian, "levo l'incommodo." This is more used among the vulgarised Greeks of the West, and probably is by this time common to free Greece. This expression (levo l'incommodo), indicating ideas of intercourse and hospitality so hostile to those of the East, seems to me a traditionary record of that great people, among whom the words "stranger" and "enemy" were almost synonymous.

Hindostan ; Akil Frangistan ; Sultanatlic Ali Osman : — " For beauty, Circassia ; for wealth, Hindostan ; for science, Europe :—but, for majesty, Ali Osman." (The Ottoman Empire.)

In a Turkish symposium, instead of being under the necessity of talking for the amusement of others, it is considered decorous to keep silence before those who are to be treated with deference and respect ; and, consequently, before a man of superior rank, if the guests have any thing private to communicate one to the other, it is done in a whisper ; when you wish to communicate any thing to a servant or an inferior, you call him close to you, instead of giving the order aloud.

The services that are mutually rendered to each other, by people who sit in the same room, or eat at the same table, are such as in Europe would, if people understood or required them, be rendered only by menials ; they are rendered, however, without affectation, and without any idea of degradation ; and, in the midst of this constant demonstration of respect, and notwithstanding the immense interval that seems placed between rank and rank, and between the highest and the lowest, there is no impress of servility in the air, forms of speech, or the tones of the humblest attendant, who is never spoken to with haughtiness. A master, in addressing his servant, will say, " Effendum," without thinking such an expression a condescension, and will use epithets of endearment,

which will be received in kindness, but without presumption. For instance: "My lamb," "my soul," "my child." — "Kuzum," "Dganum," "Ogloum."

While the household thus receives value and importance from the establishment of social intercourse between master and servants, the character of menial and mercenary service is effaced; and the children, the relatives in their various degrees, the dependants, are assimilated to the household. It is not by the degradation of these to the rank of menials, but by the elevation of servants above the character of mercenaries, that sympathies are developed, affections strongly knit; and here may be understood the expression, "the service of love knows no degradation." This domestic character I cannot omit, in attempting to sketch the aspect of society; for, unless the reader understands how class becomes linked with class — how respect can coincide with dependence — and affection with a menial station, it would be impossible for him to comprehend the decorum reigning in an apartment where one side is almost constantly occupied by men of the humble, or even the very lowest ranks of society. From these combinations and habits spring that constant watchfulness — that "eye service,"*

* This Scriptural expression does not mean as we interpret the phrase: "Doing before people's faces what you would not do behind their backs." It conveys, in two happy words, the peculiarly Eastern causes of man's besetting sin — pride.

— which gives to every Eastern establishment the air of a court.

From a Turkish réunion, however, neither vivacity nor merriment are banished; but there never enters familiarity, gesticulation, nor vociferation. Familiarity is excluded by the all-powerful control of early habit and education; gesticulation and vociferation are equally so excluded, but they are also rendered superfluous by the power and richness of their language.

I have been often struck with the facility which, as compared with other Europeans, an Englishman possesses of making his way amongst the Turks, and am inclined to attribute it to the manner of conversation, which perhaps flows from common qualities in the English and Turkish languages; while a Frenchman, whose character of mind must be, to the eye of an Eastern, closely allied to that of the Englishman, seems at once marked as one with whom no sympathies can exist. The nervelessness of the French language has, I conceive, given to those who speak it, a loudness of tone, and extravagance of gesture, which are intolerable to the sensitive nerves and the high breeding of an Eastern gentleman.

I shall endeavour, by an example, to render intelligible my meaning as to the effect of language on manner. A Frenchman says, "J'aime." It is replied to him, "You do not." The French language not affording vocabular means of strength-

ening the assertion, he can only reiterate, "J'aime!" but he does so in a louder tone — he calls to his aid the muscles of his arms, as well as those of his throat, from the deficiency of his language to convey the depth of his convictions. So simple a cause, acting through centuries, must increase acuteness of tones, engender habits of gesticulation, and swell the importance of expression at the expense of judgment.

The Englishman says, "I love." The proposition is denied. He retorts with lowered tone, and with perfect calmness, "I *do* love." His language affording him the means of strengthening his assertion without the assistance of intonation or of action, it is by the suppression of display that he can best reach the conviction of others.

This power is possessed by the Turkish language in a still higher degree than by the English. The Turk can say, "I *do* love," but he can say it in a single word. He has also an equal facility of negation as of assertion, and can combine both ideas with every mood and tense of the verb; add to this the extraordinary euphony of his language, and some idea may be formed of the share belonging to modulation in the discipline of social intercourse.

I have thus endeavoured to place before the reader the society to which I am about to introduce the Western stranger. I have described the

theatre, the machinery, and the expectations of the audience; now, for the hero.

The European arrives, probably on foot, attended by an interpreter; he has nothing about him of the state and style which commands respect; he meets with none, he expects none; his approach is perfectly unheeded. He ascends the staircase in his tight and meagre costume — the costume of the despised class of the country. Some of the attendants, in reply to his inquiries, point to the door of the Selamlik. A shuffling is then heard by those seated within; the Frank is getting off his boots and putting on his slippers, or drawing slippers on above his boots; when he gets up with a reddened face, and escapes from the door-curtain, which has fallen on his head and shoulders, he comes tripping into the room in his inconvenient chaussure, and is certain to stumble, if not before, on the step at the bottom of the room.

Ushered in thus to the party, he looks with a startled air all round, to find out which is the master of the house; he does not know what salutation to make, he does not know where to make it; he does not know whether he ought to be saluted by the host first; and his bewilderment is completed by the motionless composure of every thing around him. He then retreats abashed to the lower part of the room, or, in modest ignorance, not wishing to put himself forward, retires

to the *corner* which has been left vacant by the mutual deference of two grandees. He then either perches himself, like an Egyptian statue, on the very edge of the sofa, or throws himself lolling backwards, with his legs spread out; an attitude scarcely less indecorous than elevating the legs on the table would be in England. These are incidents which may deprive a stranger of consideration, though they do not render him disagreeable or offensive; but, unfortunately, too often our countrymen make a display of awkwardness and presumption, by no means calculated either to smooth the way for themselves, or to leave the door of friendship open to future travellers. Nothing is more common than treading upon bowls of pipes; knocking over the coal or the ashes on an embroidered carpet, or upsetting a narguillé; scattering the fire about, while it rolls over pouring the water on the floor: and many a stranger, who considers himself degraded by putting on slippers, will walk in with an assuming and stately air with his boots on; which is revolting alike to every feeling of cleanliness, and every principle of decorum. *

No sooner is the Frank seated, than his health

* We have recently in India enacted some regulation to make the natives wear their shoes in the courts of justice. The possession of an immense country by a handful of foreigners who, I will not say have not the habit of respecting, but who have not the faculty of understanding Custom, is a phenomenon

is inquired after by the master of the house, and by those present. Observing that the first is speaking to him, he turns an inquiring look upon his interpreter, to ascertain what the nature of the communication may be, while at the same moment the interpreter is endeavouring to call his attention to the salutations from the guests, all round the room: this completely puzzles him; he twists and turns backwards and forwards, looking one of the most ridiculous figures it is possible to conceive. My own gravity has repeatedly sunk under such a trial; but I never saw a Turk betray the slightest symptom of surprise or merriment, which could be construed into a breach of politeness, or become a source of embarrassment to the stranger. This is no sooner over than the Frank (for he cannot sit silent) begins putting questions, which are rendered more or less faithfully, but, generally, less than more so; and, if he is very talkative or inquisitive, the interpreter takes leave to introduce matter or to omit, or gives a significant wink to the master of the house.

But when there are several Europeans together, then does the effect become truly lamentable. The slips of awkwardness, and the chances of mistake, though multiplied, are nothing compared, as their

only to be explained by the character for power which England owed to her former European station. Yet, what might England not be in Asia, and therefore in Europe, did she possess a slight insight into Eastern institutions and character?

Eastern observers would conclude, to the rudeness of their mutual intercourse, the harshness of tones, loudness of voice, and shortness of manner, in addressing each other, and the differences of opinion that are constantly arising. The distracted Dragoman, overwhelmed by the multiplicity of questions directed by the European party to him, can only shrug his shoulders, and say to the Turks, "They are mad;" while he calms the restlessness of his employers, by saying, "They won't answer you;" or, "they are fools;" or, "they don't understand." The effect produced on an Eastern, by such exhibitions, is humiliating in the extreme; but it can only be estimated by one who has sate looking on as a spectator, knowing the feelings of both parties. If this were a position of necessity, we might submit to it with patience, but what aggravates the case is, that any traveller who chooses, for a couple of days, to attend to customs, will find his position wholly altered.

The Dragoman of Mahmoud Hamdi, Pasha of Larissa, spoke both English and French. An English man-of-war touched at Volo, and two officers were sent with a message to the Pasha: a lieutenant, I believe, and a midshipman. The Pasha directed the interpreter not to know English: one of the officers fortunately knew a few words of French, and their observations were conveyed by this circuitous route to the Pasha. This

difficulty of communication they made up for with quaint observations, in their native tongue, on every thing they heard and saw. They evinced the greatest anxiety to see the Pasha's pipes arrive. The Pasha, on understanding this, ordered two of the richest and longest to be brought; their admiration knew no bounds; the dimensions were calculated, and the value estimated; and the envy of the gun-room and the cockpit anticipated, if the precious objects could be carried off. This, of course, was faithfully reported to the Pasha, with other discourse, in that schoolboy style which unfortunately is not confined to inmates of the cockpit, but is become the general characteristic of Englishmen in other lands.

The Pasha thus gave himself the gratification which an English spinster might have had in sending to a circulating library for a volume of Travels in Turkey; drew equally profound conclusions respecting the English character, and by the same process of reasoning which has established our opinions regarding his country, Mahmoud Pasha, arrived at an equally just conclusion respecting the piratical disposition of the English navy. This story was told me by the Pasha himself, who, of course, only had the Dragoman's report; I, therefore, by no means undertake to vouch for its accuracy.

I do not venture on the description of the blunders of a dinner-scene: the touching of viands

with the left hand; the desperate and often unavailing efforts to obtain food; the repugnance excited by the mode of eating; the mess made on the table, and clothes of the unfortunate patient himself; the destruction of embroidered napkins and brocade floor-cloths—might afford many ludicrous positions for the lover of the burlesque, and do afford solid reasons for the exclusion of Europeans from Turkish society.

CHAPTER XXII.

RAMBLES IN OLYMPUS, AND ASCENT TO ITS SUMMIT.

I NOW began to feel the absolute necessity of making myself acquainted with the Greek Armatoles, scattered over the mountains to the north of Thessaly; and, daily, the summits of Mount Olympus seemed to invite me to scale their heights. I could not have obtained a Turkish guard sufficiently strong, merely because I was curious to see the Greek mountaineers; and such a proposal to the Pasha, suspicious as the authorities naturally were of England, might have placed, on their part, an insuperable barrier to my project. However, to neglect no precaution that might be useful, I communicated my intentions to an intelligent young Greek, a native of Mount Olympus. After attempting to dissuade me from the enterprise, he drew up for me a plan of operations. I was first to reach Alassona, there to get acquainted with some of the stray Armatoles, and, according to the companions I might find, I was

either to direct my steps toward the mountains of the west, or, turning to the east, ascend Mount Olympus itself. Becoming warmed with his subject, his apprehensions gradually melted away, and he began to be ashamed of shrinking from visiting his native country, into which a stranger ventured alone. He therefore proposed himself as my guide and companion; a proposition which I declined. I had become very fond of travelling alone, which, though often exposing one to inconvenience and annoyance, greatly increases the chances of interest and instruction. In the present instance, I determined on starting, with my hammock strapped to the back of my saddle, and with no *impedimenta* of any kind, without a servant, and without even coin in my pocket, to set forward on my faithful mule. This animal I feel it a duty formally to introduce to the reader's attention. He had acquired a certain degree of celebrity by extensive travel, and by qualities that were first appreciated on the banks of the Nile; he had visited, subsequently, the kingdom of Minos and the mountain of Ida; he had thence again crossed the seas, landed on the Morea, supported Ibrahim Pasha under many of his difficulties in Greece, and, transferred to my service from that of the Egyptian satrap, he had visited three fourths of the ruins of the Hellenic race, with which he had become so familiar, that he came to a dead stop at every hewn stone; and, finally, he had collected herbs in far greater

numbers, and on more extensive fields, than Galen or Dioscorides. In consequence of these various pursuits and qualifications, he became known under different names. Some persons, devoted to archæology, called him Pausanias; botanists termed him Linnæus; while I, dwelling more on his moral dispositions, called him Aristotle, because, like that olden worthy, he sometimes kicked his master. With such romantic projects in my brain, and mounted on a charger so distinguished, it was with justifiable exultation of mind, and buoyancy of spirits, that I issued, a few minutes before sunrise, on the last day of July, from the gates of Larissa. The plain lay before me, and Olympus soared on high, his triple crest illumined by the morning rays. Breaking away from the road or path, I put Aristotle to his speed, and only reined him in when I had put sufficient distance between me and Larissa to make me feel that I had escaped and was alone, and till I reached a tumulus, where I turned to look at Larissa, and its thirty minarets, glittering in the sun. As I stood on the solitary mound, admiring the unrivalled prospect, I perceived a horseman, at full speed, making after me. Friend or foe, thought I, he is but one, and it will be safer, as well as more decorous, to meet face to face, and with the vantage ground on which I stood. The horseman came bounding along, but, perceiving neither lance in rest, pistol in hand, nor the picturesque dangling of the sabre from the

wrist, I quietly awaited his approach; and it was only when, within three yards, his horse was thrown at once back on his haunches, that I recognised, under a ponderous turban and a broad and shaggy capote, the companion whose services I had rejected the night before. "Ah, ha!" said he, "you wished to escape from me, but I knew my *at* (steed) would beat your mule, and I thought when you saw me in this costume you would not be ashamed of my company." The poor fellow had imagined that I had rejected him in consequence of the Rayah costume which he wore. I assured him that I never thought either of his costume the night before, nor of escaping from him that morning; but I pointed out the peril we now should both run in consequence of that costume; that I trusted for my safety to the absence of all objects of attraction, as also of all means of defence, and to the influence which I had become accustomed to exercise, and in which I felt confident. But, in that costume, and with those arms, we should be shot before any questions could be asked or answered. I was armed only with a sturdy stick, which, in these countries, has the incalculable advantage of not being considered a weapon.* I therefore told him that, if before I

* I owe the preservation of my life, on several occasions, to the determination never to carry pistols. They are of no use against robbers; long shots must decide the day, if resistance is made. In other circumstances, the difficulty of making

declined his company, I now decidedly objected to it; but subsequently agreed, in consequence of his importunity, that he should accompany me as far as Alassona.

We reached the foot of Olympus, at the fountain-head of the spring, four or five miles from Tournovo, the pure and light water of which is supposed to contribute so much to the beauty of the dyes of this district. We sat down on a green sward, under some ever-beautiful platani, close to the overflowing stream.

The marble rock behind us, which overhangs Tournovo, meets the gneiss and granite of Olympus, near this spot; to the north, below their juncture, and in the very centre of a retiring angle of the chain, is the village of Mati. The contracted portion of the plain before us, in the direction of Tempe, moistened by this source, is of an emerald-green sward, with dark green reeds, brushwood, and trees, and contrasting with the bare rounded forms of the marble formation, and

up your mind in decisive moments; the loss of position, by drawing a weapon, of time in cocking a trigger, give incalculable advantages to a stick, as compared with a pistol or a dagger, especially if you use the stick as a small sword. The rapidity of movement, the effect of what they consider insignificant, the reach of your lunge, while you preserve your equilibrium, and the faculty of disabling an enemy without the destruction of life, and without drawing blood, are considerations of deep moment to one who plunges into eastern adventure.

the dingy, broken, but less naked appearance of schistose Olympus. This water, united with those of the Fountain, near Tournovo, must be the Titaresus of Homer, or ought to be; for the winter torrent, bearing that name, shews now but a broad, white bed, while this crystal water fills its verdant banks; and light, even now, to a proverb, glides along, in a full, clear stream, and, in meeting, spreads itself over the muddy Peneus. After an ascent of scarcely an hour, in a steep ravine, down which poured the legions of Pompey, previous to the battle of Pharsalia, and after a descent of half the distance, the beautiful little mountain plain of Alassona, about ten miles in circumference, opened upon me. Like all the level part of Thessaly, its appearance is that of a lake suddenly congealed into soil, surrounded by an irregular coast, rather than by a circle of hills. Through their openings, to the west, appeared the chain, extending from the Pindus to Olympus. Opposite to the point where we entered, shone the minarets of Alassona, and some whitish cliffs, whence it drew its Homeric epithet; and, on a rock, over it, the monastery. Poplars, mulberries, and vineyards, were scattered around. Tcerichines (from Tcerna, in Bulgarian, a mulberry-tree) is to the right, under the group of Olympus, seated on a gentle rise, with rocks immediately overhanging it. The spreading roofs, appearing above each other, and mingled with foliage, give the place no less an air of well-

being, than an aspect of beauty. We passed through vineyards, choked up with weeds; and through plantations of luxuriant mulberry-trees, which I, with difficulty, was convinced had been shorn of their branches only twenty days before.

On entering the town (Tcerichines), it appeared to have escaped the devastation to which, of late, I had been accustomed; yet nowhere have I had the miseries to which this country has been a prey presented to me in so impressive a manner. My companion had been brought up at the school here, and he had not visited it for twelve years. At every step he pointed out some contrast in its present to its past state, with all the force which simplicity gives to feeling. Now he recognised the servant of an old friend, whose entire household had disappeared; now, the parent, whose children were no more; now he stopped at the spot where some happy mansion had stood; anon, at the site of some desolate dwelling, where he had once been happy. He insisted on our going to his former schoolmaster. We soon found the house, but, strange to say, the door was gone. After calling for some time, an old head, with a little black beard, and spectacles on nose, presented itself at the window. We were directed through a door at some distance, and found our way into the abode of the Λογιοτατος by a hole in his garden wall, a classic mode of "sporting oak." The schoolmaster we found seated on a carpet, at one

end of an extensive space, that once had been separated into several apartments. The partition-walls had been knocked down; the roof, on one side, was supported only on stakes; the floor was partly broken up. During the last three years, it had been a konak for Albanians; but, since he had discovered the expedient of walling up his door, and entering by a concealed passage, he lived unmolested in the midst of the ruins. He laughed heartily as he related his story, knowingly tapping his forehead with his finger, somewhat in the favourite attitude of Swift, which, it is said, first led Gall to fix on the organ of wit.

I was afterwards taken to visit one of the former wealthy inhabitants of the place, and, as the Διδασκαλος told me, a learned man, and a philosopher. We entered a spacious court, surrounded by buildings of considerable extent; we walked through several dilapidated passages and corridors; untied the strings that fastened some doors; but could find no living soul. At length, a sharp and cracked voice answering us, we were conducted by the sound to a little chamber, where, seated in a corner, on an old pelisse, and writing on a stool, we found the philosopher of whom we were in search. He was quite disconcerted by the unexpected appearance of a European, but immediately assumed an air of constrained ease. I was at once pleased and grieved to observe the contrast this character displayed, with the incessant and empty

lamentations and aspirations of the Greeks. He never once alluded to public complaints, or to private misfortunes; and artfully manœuvred to get a neighbour to make and bring in coffee as if served by his own people. He told me that it was quite intentionally that he left his court and house in the forlorn condition in which I saw it, that it might not attract the Albanians. This was the first time I had made acquaintance with a Greek who did not parade his misfortunes, his poverty (real or simulated) before me; and, without being asked, in the first five minutes, δὲν εἶναι καμμία καλλοσύνη, κανένα ἔλεος; "Is there to be no kindness, no mercy for us?" "It is many years," said he, "since, in these parts, the children of the Hellenes have had to blush to be looked on by a freeman's eye. All that remains to us now is the cup of philosophy, that is, the dregs; the rest is gone. Looking at me, my costume, my condition, and my den, you might well imagine yourself on a visit to Diogenes; but there, I am sorry to say, all likeness ends."

Tcerichines, though presenting such a scene of devastation, is, perhaps, the least miserable place in Olympus. Corn must be sown, and vineyards laboured; but the mulberry produces its leaves spontaneously. A little silkworm seed can easily be procured; and silk, being of easy transport, easily concealed, and of ready sale, is almost equal to ready money. The mulberry-trees are remark-

able by their broad, deep green, and glossy leaves. They do not strip the branches of their leaves, but cut off the yearly shoots. They say the leaves are thus more abundant and succulent; and the boughs, being laid on the worms, these mount on them; are more easily cleaned, more healthy, and thrive better. After the shoots have been cut, others spring again, with surprising rapidity; so that, a month after the operation, the tree appears as if it never had been injured. The shoots remain till the ensuing season.

From Tcerichines to Alassona, it is less than half an hour, along the base of the hills. Decomposed feldspar, from the gneiss, light-coloured sand and clay, give the white aspect to the cliffs, which form the northern belt of the beautiful little plain; though now these cliffs seemed almost of a darker hue than the withered grass; but, before the cliffs had been so much obliterated, and when their hue contrasted with forests above and cultivation below, they must have appeared quite white. The Monastery of the Virgin probably occupies the site of the Acropolis of Oloasson. For the side posts of the door of the church, a slab of marble, containing a long inscription, in small letters, has been used. The inscription is illegible. A column, within, is entirely covered with small, well-formed letters, but it is so much abraded that I could not make out four letters together; another column has borne a similar inscription, which has been carefully picked out. Looking on these marbles, I

thought of Johnson reading over the catalogue of Plutarch's last works, and comparing himself to the owner of a vessel reading the bill of lading of a shipwrecked cargo. But here the ruin was not the work of chance, but of the hands bound to defend and preserve. In the pavement, there is a bas relief of a lion fighting with a bull, in good style, but much worn.

The Monastery of the Virgin Mary was one of the richest and most important in Thessaly or Greece. An act of Cantacuzene granted it most extensive possessions, the original of which I could not see. A portion of these possessions were confirmed to it by firman, with immunity from head-money on sheep, from duty on vines. It is vakouf. Its charter is dated Adrianople, 825 of the Hegyra, the year of the capture of Constantinople, and it is much broken, and pasted on green silk. The monks told me it was granted to them by Orchan. I thought this so extraordinary, that I made as minute a copy as I could of the document, though, at the time, I did not know a Turkish letter. From this copy, I have ascertained the firman, as above stated, to be from Mohammed II.

All these immunities have now been withdrawn, and replaced by exactions and oppressions. Long and sad is the story of grievances I have had to listen to in this as in other monasteries.

They keep up their flocks, they told me, and work their fields and vineyards, *at a loss,* on money borrowed, chiefly, from Turks, who, daily expect-

ing the present disorders to cease, reckon on a sure and ample harvest. I received a statement of their losses in exactions, for the last ten years, which was drawn up by the monks, assembled in committee, and given to me, with the earnest request that I should send it to the Allied Powers.

Fifteen days before, the brother of Arslan Bey had been shut up in the monastery by the regulars of Mahmoud Pasha. They pointed out to me the fields of strife; and exulted in the thrashing the Nizzam had given the Albanians; but they gave due praise to either chief, for their exertions in preserving order, and protecting and saving both monastery and town. I had heard a good deal of their library, but was prevented from seeing it, as it was in a crypt, or concealed chamber, the entrance to which was through a room where an Albanian had konak. A table, with chairs around it, tablecloth, plates, knives, and forks, was spread in the moonshine for supper, the old Abbot leading me to it with no little exultation. I may here, once for all, remark that European style, as imitated by an Eastern, I have always found as disagreeable and filthy as Eastern habits imitated by a Western.

There was to be a panigiri, or fair, held on the morrow (St. Elias), at which the captains to the west of Olympus are accustomed to assemble and make merry; but, finding it a day's journey distant, and being much more anxious to ascend Olympus, I reluctantly declined the offer of one of the monks to accompany me thither, at least till I

had ascertained the impracticability of ascending Olympus. At Tcerichines I had heard of a Captain Poulio, but no one could tell me more about him than this: that the rising and the setting sun never found him in the same place. However, a Palicar, hearing of my inquiries, came in a mysterious manner to hint, that, if I had any business with Captain Poulio, he could bring us together. Yielding to the shrugs and signs of my friend, the schoolmaster, I declined the offer. Now, finding I could obtain from no other quarter any intelligence of any neighbouring captain, and piqued by the mystery and difficulty, I determined to return, and to seek for the Palicar. On leaving Alassona, I however met him. He revealed to me the important secret of the village where Poulio was to be found; but it was forty miles off. Finding me little disposed to such a journey, he consoled me by adding, that he had been there yesterday, but "*who knows where he is now?*" Giving up, therefore, every idea of riding the country after this Olympic Manfred, I returned to Tcerichines to consult with my philosophic friend and the learned Didascalos.

The remainder of the day was spent in attempts at dissuasion, and then in the discussion of various projects; and we finally determined on leaving the arrangements to the representative of Diogenes, who volunteered to be ready the next morning to accompany me to the top of Olympus, or to the world's end. Accordingly, next morning,

at dawn, when I presented myself at the gate of the deserted mansion, the little man stood before me as complete a metamorphosis as human being ever underwent, equipped for the journey in a costume worthy the pencil that sketched the "Marriage-á-la-mode." The tidy kalpak, yellow slipper, Jubbee, and Dragomanic air, were converted into something between the Tartar and the scarecrow. To begin by the foundation. On the step of his door stood a pair of shapeless Turkish boots, into which disappeared a pair of spindlelike and diverging calfs, bound tight round by Tartar breeches, which, as they rose beyond the knee, uniting, swelled into the shape and form of a balloon; several jackets, with sleeves either hanging over the hand, or shortened to the fore-arm, enlarged proportionally the superior parts of the figure; an old furred pelisse was heaped on one shoulder; the kalpak, in a napkin, hung on the other side, and a tarbouch (wadded night-cap), which once had been red, was drawn over, and circumscribed the dimensions of a little face, the diminutive lineaments of which were disputed between drollery and benevolence. His morning and glossy countenance beamed with satisfaction as he surveyed his preparations, and was convulsed with laughter when he contemplated his own figure. He had picked up a singular appendage in the shape of a little urchin, which seemed the personification of the proverb of an old head upon young shoulders:—a face of thirty, to a body of seemingly

not nine years of age. All bones and eyes, he appeared, as his patron remarked, to have eaten wood,* instead of pilaf. For this reason, the philosopher had preferred this Flibertigibet to numerous candidates for the honour, rather than the profit, of being his major domo, such habits suiting equally his purse, and a somewhat hasty disposition. The boy was summoned to receive his master's final instructions. He assumed the *pose* of a Palicar; resting on one leg, placing one hand on his hip, and laying the other on the enormous key that was stuck, pistol-wise in his belt. His head was thrown back, while his master's was advanced forward, and bent over him; of course, both arms stuck out behind; while he rocked with the vehemence with which he uttered threats of ξυλο πολλυ ξυλο: "birch and much birch," if, during the stewardship of Spiro, any thing went wrong,—both of them equally unheeding the fits of laughter that seized the spectators. My new companion's Rozinante, not the least strange portion of his equipment, was now brought out; a colokythia, or dried gourd, with water, slung on one side, the kalpak on the other. I ventured an objection to this appendage, useless in the mountains; but he said, "I know you Englishmen. We are now on our way to Olympus; but, an hour hence, may we not be on the road to Salonica or Larissa?"

* ξυλον ἔφαγε. He has been beaten: literally—"he has eaten wood."

Thus equipped, and these arrangements completed, we set forward. The old man, boisterously happy at visiting Olympus again, and with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy, and the fervor of a hero of July (this was in July 1830), quoting Homer, and singing revolutionary Greek songs. Notwithstanding his grotesque appearance, he was every where treated with the utmost respect; and the abuse he was in the constant habit of pouring on the Greeks; and the epithets, "soulless," "spiritless," thick-headed," "bastards of their forefathers, and unworthy of their country and name," in which he delighted to indulge, were received in silence. At the time, I was astonished at this; but I have since discovered that you stand all the better with a people for abusing them, if not from malevolence. One slight deviation from custom or etiquette will injure a stranger more than the expression of any opinions, however outrageous; or the breach of any duty, however sacred.

Before leaving Tcerichines, I must not omit to mention two curious incidents which there occurred to me. The one was a visit from a deputation sent from two or three of the provinces, excluded by the Protocol from the Greek state — Carpenizi and Agrafa, I believe — to make their submission to the Grand Vizier. These districts acquiesced in and even anticipated that decision, and I was at the time shocked with their apparent want of nationality. I asked the deputies if they did not intend

to take advantage of this conjuncture for securing their rights and privileges. That, they answered, was their object; but, as to the mode, they were not agreed amongst themselves; they had, therefore, sent two Primates and two Captains, who should act according to circumstances, after they saw the state of affairs at Monaster, and when they knew, on the one hand, the disposition of the Grand Vizier; and on the other, the opinions of the other Greeks in the higher part of Roumeli. Thus the Captains were of one opinion, and the Primates of another; and the community had recourse to the expedient of having the two opinions represented in the same deputation. Yet, how much more sensible it is to send the representatives of the opposite opinions together, than to send, as great nations do, first a representative of the one, and then a representative of the other. I could not help thinking of the old story, though perhaps not out of date, of the English courier carrying orders in one bag, and counter-orders in the other. The Janus-faced deputation applied to me for a specific by which their two faces should be turned one way, and the two mouth-pieces converted into one; and, like many other practitioners, I ventured on, and boldly announced, a recipe in which I had no faith at the time myself; and, strange to say, the desired effect was produced. "Fix," I said, "your contributions at one sum; secure the privilege of sending one of the Primates with it to Constan-

tinople. The Captains will then retain the authority they have had without meddling with the Paras." The Grand Vizier subsequently entered into this view; and admitted, when I saw him eighteen months afterwards, at Scodra, that such a system, if generally adopted, would entirely change the face of Turkey.

The other incident was an inquiry from the Didaskalos, and from my travelling companion (whom I will term Diogenes, to keep Aristotle company), about Colonel Leake; how he was considered in England? what I thought of him myself? I told them that Colonel Leake was not only well known, but looked up to as the chief, if not the only, authority respecting their country; and that the only work in English, on the Greek Revolution, which would survive the present time, was a small essay of his. I had given way to an emotion of pride in hearing the name of a countryman mentioned, and such minute inquiries after him made in this sequestered hamlet; but I soon discovered that my new friends and I differed in some respect in our opinion. So I inquired how, when, and where they had known Colonel Leake? when the following facts came out:—In some year which I have forgotten, Colonel Leake arrived at Tcerichines with a Buyourdi and a Cavash from Ali Pasha. My friend, Diogenes, was then Codga Bashi, or Primate; and, as he came to this

portion of his narration, he paused, stretched up his turtlelike neck, shook his head, looked me full in the face, and exclaimed, "Who was Ali Pasha to me? What was Ali Pasha's Buyourdi to me? What authority had a Tartar Cavash within the holy precincts of Olympus?" Then resuming, he exposed how he had been delighted warmly to welcome, and kindly to receive, an Englishman and a scholar. But that Colonel Leake, attributing all their kindness and attention to the orders of the Pasha, had contented himself with putting some questions to them, but had never asked after the health of one of them.* Diogenes, highly incensed at not having his health inquired after, had spurred off into the vale of Tempe; whether Colonel Leake was proceeding (probably upon the same Rozinante upon which he now accompanied me, as the event occurred not more than fifteen years be-

* But for this incident I might not have comprehended the value of the instructions given by the Czar of Russia to the first ambassador sent to Soliman the Great, "not to inquire after the health of the Sultan, till the Sultan had inquired after the health of the Czar." All Eastern diplomacy and history is full of incidents bearing upon this point. I need only refer to the recent and interesting details of Burnes's Travels. Every thing is ridiculous that men are not accustomed to; rendering naked a portion of our body, appears to the Easterns a very ridiculous mode of salutation; and yet, taking off the hat on entering a room, in Europe, is almost as essential as inquiries and salutations in the East.

fore), and suspended in the vale of the Muses the following indignant apostrophe, addressed by insulted Hellas to the "hyperborean" intruder.

Εἰς τὸν περιηγητὴν Ιωάννης Λήκ, ἐπιγραφὴ εἰς τὰ τέμπη ἀπο τινας τραικοὺς τὴς Τσαρίτσανης, δυσαρεστηθηκωτας ἀπο τὴν υπερφανείαν του.

Ἡ Ἑλλὰς Ἡρωελεγειο

Και πρὶν μεν Ανάχαρσης ἐπήλθεν ιρόν εἰς οὖδας
Ἔρχονται καὶ νὺν ανδρες ὑπερβόρειοι
Ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἱστόρεεν τοῖδε χραίνουσι πρεθοντες.
Ζιὸν* Λήκ Λόνδρης ανήρ, φώρ ἐμέ, σὸν τὸ δ' ἔπος.

I insert this effusion as a singular instance of that sensitiveness, which a man may travel for years in the East without becoming even conscious of, and therefore remain in equal ignorance of the causes of what he sees, of the things he sees, of the effect he produces, and of the effects he might produce. This incident I have felt to be an invaluable lesson, if it were only from their misjudgment of a man so remarkable for a character the very reverse of their estimate.†

From Tcherichines to the monastery of Spermos, where we were to pass the night, is only a distance of five hours, by the straight road, but we chose a

* This is meant for John: the generic designation of all Englishmen in all foreign lands.

† I once inquired from a gentleman who has, more thoroughly than any other European, made himself master of Eastern manners and customs, how it was that Burkhardt,

circuitous path to pay a visit to one of the Captains, whom we had not the privilege of seeing, though we found his place warm. This entailed on us fourteen hours of a fatiguing journey. On leaving Tcherichines, we immediately commenced the ascent of the mountain. On reaching the summit of the chain of hills that encircles Alassona, we turned round to look on the spreading roots of Olympus; which, seen from below, are rugged and broken mountains, but which appeared, from the spot where we stood, like a sandy plain cut out by deep watercourses, the abrupt sides darkened by immemorial forests of pine and oak. The effect was that of a calcareous slab covered with dendrites.

The central mountain, or rather group, of Olympus, stands alone wholly disconnected from the masses, which appear, when looked at from the plain, to be continuous and connected elevations. When you have climbed and passed over the broken strata, which ascend fully two-thirds the height of the mountain, you come suddenly upon a deep ravine or valley, into which you have to descend, and beyond which the central group, distinct and alone, rises like a fortress from its moat.

with all his knowledge of facts, had appreciated so little the mind of the people. The reply was, "Because he constantly *put himself* in a false and uncomfortable position—he had an unfortunate practice—*he used to whistle!*"