CHAPTER XXIV.

I HAVE spoken with perfect fairness and truth of the Turkish hospitals in Constantinople, bestowing warm praise where praise was due. I regret having now to declare that, in many respects, the *worst* hospital we saw in the country was the *English Hospital* at Pera. We went over it on the 25th of March with Mr. Everett, one of the American missionaries, who (doing what no Englishman had done) had devoted much of his time to comforting the poor sick sailors, and in burying them like Christian men when they were dead. Twice I repeated my visit, and I took careful notes of the observations I made and of the information I received from persons most competent to give it. I would most earnestly call the attention of my countrymen and Government to these notes, which I shall now transcribe with little addition or alteration:—

"The English hospital at Pera is a miserable, dingy, tumble-down, wooden house in the midst of wooden houses which may at any moment take fire. It stands in a narrow, filthy, damp lane, close under the high garden-walls of the English palace. When the costly ambassadorial residence shall be finished and occupied (as I suppose it will be *some* day), the inmates from their windows will have under their eyes this unhealthy abode for the sick, this odious contrast between extravagant expenditure and neglect and parsimony—this disgrace to our national character. I would as soon live in the Pasha of Brusa's konack, with its horrible prison facing me, as in this ambassadorial palace with such an English hospital close under my windows. Assuredly, Sir Stratford Canning is not the man that will long bear the disgraceful contrast.

"There are no proper wards, or means of making them in the confined space. The whole hospital is comprised in the first floor of a common Pera dwelling-house. The doctor in attendance lives on the floor above, and has as much room as all the sick put together. The unhappy sufferers, whatever may be their diseases, are all huddled together pêle-mêle, in two small, low-roofed rooms and one rickety saloon, which is cold as an ice-house in winter, and hot as an oven in summer. Last autumn as many as sixty-five victims were crammed into these spaces, which would not properly accommodate ten patients! Then, they had no adequate changes of bed-linen, etc.; no mosquito curtains to defend the sick from the intolerable persecution of the insects. The building was swarming with bugs, fleas, and other vermin. There were no means of properly ventilating the apartments. One hot day when Mr. Everett went to attend a dying English sailor, he found the saloon almost as stifling as a

Black-hole of Calcutta, with stenches which nearly knocked him down. All the windows were closed: at the top of the room they could not be opened, because just under them was a row of beds occupied by men dangerously sick; and there was the same obstruction and difficulty at the other end of the room. The place seemed fitted to kill every man that came into it to be cured. Mr. Everett rushed out of the place to save himself from fainting; and then, by getting a window opened, he relieved and revived some of the panting patients. Two other American missionaries, Mr. Goodell and Mr. Dwight, who shared in the labours and perils of Mr. Everett, described to us scenes that were still worse, together with a general state of hospital management and administration that would scarcely be credible from less truthful and religious men. These accounts were confirmed by three or four of the English residents who had had courage enough to enter into that foul den during the hot and sickly season.

"Now, in this cold, damp weather, they have no proper fires. An old crazy Dutch stove is out of order, and smokes so that it cannot be used. To keep up some little warmth they have recourse to Turkish *mangals*, burning charcoal, which is not always freed entirely from its noxious gases before being introduced into the chambers of the sick. We breathe a fetid poisonous atmosphere as we move from one sick-bed to another; all the patients (now not above a dozen) complain of intense headaches. The rooms are ruinous as well as filthy; the plaster is falling from the walls, leaving holes which will soon be filled with bugs; the yellow-wash is stained and foul, and wants renewing. No money can be got to repair the place, to render this *antrum* safe and salubrious. And yet, in glaring evidence—almost in contact—towers that massy, big, ugly, stone palace where the 'Woods and Forests' architect, Mr. Smith, has been spending for years thousands and tens of thousands of English public money, to produce in the end as great a disgrace to our taste as this hospital is to our morality!

"The hospital-keeper is not an Englishman, but a vagabond Maltese, who takes a small salary and robs to make up an income, who is constantly drunk, and who is in the habit of stealing the sick sailor's clothes, bedding, etc., to convert them into rum and raki. Only the other night Mrs. E—— saw this Maltese worthy dead drunk in the lane just in front of the hospital door. His evil reputation is universally known; but he is *cheap*; a respectable Englishman could not be procured at so low a salary, and thus he is left in his place. Poor widows in England have had to write and write again for effects known to be in their husbands' possession when they entered this den of foulness and iniquity, but of which no trace is now to be found—of which no account can be given by

our highly paid, inefficient, negligent consulate. No doubt such property is long ago gone down the throats of the Maltese and his drinking companions in the shape of wine and ardent spirits.

"That more than half-mad and thoroughly unprincipled Irishman, Dr. ——, got turned out of the hospital, and (for a short season, for the virtuous indignation of Pera never lasts long) out of all European practice, last September; but his expulsion arose out of a disgraceful private quarrel, and not, as it ought to have done, out of his shameful neglect and mal-administration here. During his regime records were *sometimes* kept of the entrances and sorties of the sick; but this was all; no note was taken of the nature of the diseases, or of the treatment, or of the *effects* of those who died in hospital, or of anything else. This medical attendant was hardly ever in attendance. When the Danube was sending down the English sailors with its dreadful fevers upon them, when the hospital was full, when most of the cases were critical, this man was away, and at times for days together, at the Princes' Islands, or San Stefano, or Therapia, taking his pleasure; and even when in Pera his time was devoted not to the poor seamen in the hospital, but to patients who could pay him good fees. He, too, was *cheap*—and cheapness is the order of the day. There was this excuse for him—he could not have lived upon his hospital salary.

"I regret the being obliged to speak otherwise than favourably of a countryman and a very old acquaintance, but the truth cannot otherwise be told. Dr. Macguffok, who has been some thirty years in Turkey, receives 300*l.* per annum as physician to our Legation. The principal, and indeed almost the sole work attached to this office should seem to be the proper care of the English hospital. There is no want of European physicians, at least as eminent as himself: the attendance of these physicians is to be obtained at any time by those who can afford to pay for it. The resident Ambassador and the rest of the Legation very commonly consult these physicians; the poor sailors, who cannot pay fees, must depend upon the medical advice of the hospital, and the best of this advice ought always to be within their reach. The charge of the 'British Hospital at Constantinople' is expressly set down as Dr. M——'s first duty in his contract with those who first engaged and *paid* him. This was the old and good rule established by the now suppressed Levant Company, which formerly paid our legations and consulates, and which managed many matters in the Levant much better and with more generosity and *humanity* than they are now managed by Government. The half-dozen gentlemen of our legation were all in very good health, when sixty-five sick sailors were lying almost wholly neglected in our hospital; the occasional sick-headaches and juvenile indiscretions of the attachés could not have occupied much of Dr. M——'s

time, particularly as they were in the habit of consulting Dr. Z—— and other medical men; but Dr. M—— found profitable employment, from morning till night, in visiting *rich* Armenian and Turkish patients; and he delegated his hospital duty to another, paying him a miserable hundred and twenty pounds a year to do all the work. Perhaps, once in a week or once in a fortnight he pays a flying visit to the hospital. Last August he told me that the hospital was rapidly improving under the management of that wild Irishman, a man without professional skill, without humanity, without a conscience. And while British subjects are left to languish in a vile den, and to have their lives sported with by ignorance, incapacity, or downright rascality, what *enormous sums* are paid every year to Ambassador, Secretary of Legation, Oriental secretary, first attaché, second attaché third attaché fourth attaché, consul-general, vice-consul, and drogomans, couriers, cavasses, and hangers on without end?* And what are these men paid for, but to promote British interests, to defend and protect British subjects, who, in a semi-barbarous country like this, and in a moral atmosphere which seems to have the effect of rapidly denationalizing the British character (taking from it its impatience of injustice and oppression, its lively sympathy for the sufferings of others), an extraordinary degree of that defence and support is rendered necessary!

"How Englishmen, with the knowledge of the state of this English hospital (and the most careless cannot be ignorant of it), can take and enjoy their thousands, their six hundred, and their three hundreds a year, is to me matter of astonishment and disgust. None of the "upper leather" of these gentry ever go near the place or make any careful inquiry about it. The resident English merchants imitate this indifference. And what are these Free-Kirk Scotch ministers doing? Busy, mayhap, in hopeless efforts to convert a few Jews. But, why are they not here by the bedsides of their sick and dying countrymen? Where were they last autumn when the American missionaries had to bury *all* our English dead? They were living out in the country in cool and pleasant places, Constantinople was very sickly, they were afraid of the cholera—they were taking good care of themselves. Surely these are but *sham* missionaries! A true missionary must be a Christian hero, fearless of danger and patient under all suffering. If they were sent out and liberally paid to convert Jews, could they not now and then find time to comfort afflicted Christians, to attend occasionally upon their own suffering countrymen, in this barbarous, comfortless place? Do their instructions rigorously imply that they are to deal only with

* The expenses of our embassy and consulate at Constantinople exceed 25,000*l*. per annum!!

Israelites? And in that line what have they done? Where are their Jewish converts? But, why, above all, was there not a chaplain of the Church of England appointed? and why, when there *was* a chaplain, did he not take a greater interest in this hospital? It behoved him to make strong representations to the ambassador, to the consul, to the merchants; his reports would have carried weight even with a careless and niggardly government; and a respected and active and zealous minister of the Gospel might not only have comforted the sick, but also have been the means of getting their asylum permanently improved.

"These American missionaries—chiefly Messrs. Dwight, Everett, and Goodell—have gratuitously done for the English sailors more than chaplain's work (or far more work than ever was done by any paid chaplain of ours,) attending the sick in the hospital, performing the funeral service at all seasons, on the bleak or burning hill, at the corner of the Great Burying-Ground, which is set apart for the English. Last autumn the mortality among our poor seamen from the Danube was fearful: many died at sea and were buried in it; here, above Pera, Mr. Everett attended twenty-five funerals, and Messrs. Dwight and Goodell seventeen. They were not scared away by the unhealthy season; they remained in town when almost everybody else was in the country. One day, however, it happened that all the missionaries were absent, Mr. Everett and Mr. Goodell having gone to the American Armenian school at Bebek. Consul-general Comberbach was sorely afraid that he should be obliged to read himself the funeral service over a dead sailor. He had fits of hot and cold; but he sent off a messenger to Bebek, and one of the missionaries came in immediately and performed the service. Yet Mr. Consul-general is much too great a man to treat these honest missionaries with anything but *morgue* and superciliousness.

"Verily we have here at this moment, a pretty Legation and a charming Consulate! They have allowed a poor insane Englishman, one Walmsley, a boiler-maker—driven crazy by the Armenians of the Imperial Works—to remain several days in the horrible Tophana prison, where his madness will be made complete. They pay no attention whatever to the interests of the English working-men who have been inveigled by the Armenians. It is much if a man of this class gets a civil answer from the lowest of our Perote drogomans.

"There will be some change in all this when Sir Stratford comes; but when will he come? This diplomatic hauteur, this Legational indifference, this official starchness and insolence are disgraceful to our country and will not long be tolerated. Here and elsewhere I have had abundant opportunities of observing the demeanour of other diplomatic and consular bodies, and I can confidently and most conscientiously affirm that I never saw the subjects of despotic Russia

or absolute Austria, or of any other power, meet from their representatives the treatment which is generally dealt by our Legations and consuls to the subjects of free, constitutional England. Let not people go and dream and rave about our aristocracy; our aristocracy has litle enough to do with it! Since the passing of the Reform Bill our real aristocracy has had less than its fair share in these appointments. The young men of family who remain are generally the most accessible, the best educated, and the least presumptuous; the worst offenders are mushrooms of yesterday's growth, are men of no name or family, are upstarts inflated by their little brief authority.

"It will be fortunate if the Maltese superintendent, who was found dead drunk in the street, does not on some other night set the wooden hospital on fire and burn to death such of the inmates as are too crippled, sick, or feeble to effect their own escape. In the great Pera fire of last September, when the house was fullest, it ran a narrow chance of being consumed; and the greatest confusion and distress prevailed. Our missionary friends, who live in the same lane, a few doors off, describe the scene as piteous and most affecting; some of the sick, nearly naked, were brought out on men's shoulders and laid down on the cold, damp, flinty pavement under the garden wall of our palace; some crawled out themselves; one sailor who had wrapped himself in a filthy sheet, and who was in a fever delirium, shouted and clapped his hands at the raging fire which threw a canopy of flame across the street. The saddest case of all was this:—a poor young sailor who had been admitted for a pulmonary complaint, and who had recovered in the hospital, in hurriedly removing his bedding and clothes, fell against his sea-chest, broke a blood-vessel, and died. Mr. Goodell and Mr. Everett who had attended him in his sickness, spoke affectionately and tenderly of him: he was an excellent young man, had been decently brought up, had a love of reading, and strong moral and religious convictions. His aged, afflicted mother is now writing from England for his effects, which, as usual, are not to be found!

"Dr. Maddox, who has recently been appointed to succeed the remorseless Irishman, seems to be a very different man—intelligent, active, humane, and of the best principles. But he has no funds, no co-operation, no support or encouragement. When he speaks to the Consul-general about the urgent wants of the establishment, that potentate shrugs his shoulders and says that government is always complaining of such slight charges as are now incurred—says that he has no funds, and can do nothing. Lately government has sent out orders that the captains of ships are to pay for the medicine and food of their sailors while in hospital, the rest of the charges being borne by the British nation as before. Maltese sailors are admissible into the hospital, but our protected subjects, the Greek sailors of the

Ionian Islands, are not. If the poor Ionians can get admitted into the *Greek* hospital (as I believe they rather frequently do) they have nothing to regret, for that establishment is in excellent order; or if they can be received in any other Frank hospital they are fortunate, for French, Russian, Austrian, or Sardinian, *all* are incomparably better than the English hospital. When the port is crowded with English shipping there is not room in this baraque for half of the sick seamen; the rest are attended on board ship, the captain being bound to pay the doctor one dollar for every visit. There is a great and increasing number of English mechanics, engineers, &c., all likely to be affected by endemic diseases, and by the fitful, violently varying climate, which hardly ever fails to give a stranger some inflammatory attack; but all these men are excluded, none but sailors can be admitted into this narrow hospital—the name, the rights of British subjects are pleaded in vain. One poor fellow, visited by temporary insanity, has been sent to a Turkish gaol among cut-purses and cut-throats; another English workman who has broken his leg must go into the French hospital; another, wounded by the bayonet of a Turkish soldier, must apply at the same door for relief.

"In 1829 I called attention to the neglected, shameful condition of the English hospital at Smyrna. By so doing I drew down upon my own head a great deal of hatred and abuse from certain quarters; but good came of it. That hospital is now in decent order. Towards its support, every British vessel which enters the port of Smyrna pays a certain sum proportionate to her tonnage. I believe the rate is only 1½*d* per ton. The captains pay this money cheerfully, and no complaints are ever heard from merchants or shipowners. Why has not this rule been adopted here? What but a culpable negligence, a criminal indifference, can have prevented our men in authority from thinking of this plan, which, close at hand, is found to work so well? Had it existed last year, when upwards of 900 vessels sailing under the British flag, and averaging 150 tons each, anchored in the Golden Horn, a sum would have been already obtained which might have set the hospital in order, and have rendered that establishment independent of the stinted, begrudged bounty of this un-English government. Continue such a system three or four years, and, *if* your trade continue, there will be money in hand to erect, on a clear, airy spot, a good spacious stone building, safe and impervious to the terrible fires which are here of such constant occurrence. I cannot but feel that time and attention bestowed on this subject would be far better employed than in diplomatizing with Reshid Pasha, and in terrifying the Turks with visions of Russian conquest, or in forcing them into an attitude which may very possibly provoke the attack of the powerful Tzar."

The palace built at Pera by the Levant Company for the residence

of our Embassy was burned to the ground, with everything in it, in the terrible conflagration of 1831, when more than half of Pera was consumed. For a long time the government showed no disposition to rebuild what a company of merchants had built.* Our Ambassadors and the gentlemen of the Legation were left to lodge themselves as they best could; and, except at Therapia in the summer time, they had rarely a house in which they could do the duties of hospitality or receive any society. About seven years ago the Woods and Forests sent out a pet man, a Mr. Smith (whose name I am told was unknown among architects) upon a fixed and high annual salary to reconstruct the palace in solid stone. For the accomplishment of this work a grant of 30,000*l.* was obtained from Parliament, but although the building was yet far from being finished, government had been repeatedly called upon for more money; and in the session of 1848, in addition, I believe, to other sums previously granted, 10,000*l.* were voted for this ambassadorial residence. It ought to have been finished long ago. Perhaps the fixing of an annual salary for the architect was not the best way of urging him to activity and despatch; the longer the place was a-building, the more money he would pocket. Then this Mr. Smith was allowed to engage largely in other business. Except at the English palace, he was an active, bustling man; if he had not talent for intrigue, he had the art of captivating the good will of those who had that talent, *wanting which no man can do anything in Turkey*; he was a Papist, he had a Spanish wife, and in the proper quarters he was said to affect an ultra-Papistical zeal, which gained him the support not only of the bigoted Perotes, but also of the big and powerful Roman Catholic Armenians, who fill so many government places and have such an immense influence at the Porte. While other and far abler men got nothing to do, profitable work came tumbling in upon Mr. Smith, the man of the Woods and Forests, from all quarters. He indulged himself with a long absence and a continental tour, *voyageant en Prince*; but his English pay went on all the same, and the work he was doing for the people of the country was carried on under Armenian superintendence by Greek and Armenian builders. In our time he was building a stone theatre at Pera, to replace a wooden one which had been consumed; he was building the new medical school in the grand cemetery, and he was conducting ever so many other works for the Sultan, for great pashas, and for rich Armenian bankers. His hands were full of work, his head was all hurry and confusion; he could seldom find time to look in at the English palace. We could never see him there, but what we could and did see were men loitering over their work, or smoking their pipes, or sleep-

* The late Levant Company.

ing under the shade of the garden wall. He had chosen for his purchaser of materials and general "master of the works," at the English palace and elsewhere, an Armenian jeweller, proprietor of the comfortless house in Pera in which our Ambassadors have been condemned to live of late years during the winter season. This Armenian rejoices in the name of Migraditch Samanji Oglou. It is notorious to all Pera and Galata that he was deep in debt until he let his house to our Embassy, and got to supply Mr. Smith with building materials; that his one Pera house was heavily mortgaged; that no one would trust him for a dollar; and that now he is free from debt and mortgage, has a great command of ready money, and is rapidly buying up houses and other valuable property. In the spring of 1848 he purchased seven houses. I do not pretend that all this sudden wealth has been gotten out of the English palace; no doubt *Baron** Migraditch Samanji Oglou has had his pickings, his *incerte* at the theatre, at the new medical school, and elsewhere; but we had good reasons for believing that some of the plunder did come out of our pockets. In 1847 certain *tegole*, or large, thick, flat tiles, were bought and laid in for the palace, the price then being about 10 paras each. In the spring of 1848 *tegole* were wanted for the new theatre, and the market price of the articles was nearly double what it had been; therefore Migraditch Samanji Oglou takes the tiles from the British palace, uses them up in the theatre, and buys new tiles for the palace at the present high rate. It is scarcely necessary to say that the theatre was being built by contract and that the British palace was *not*. An honest Turk who lived not far from Ponte Piccolo, had quarried some good stone and had carried it, at his own expense, into Pera according to orders received from Samanji Oglou; when there, the Armenian broke his bargain, fixed his own price on the stone, bullied the poor Turk, and told him that as the material was for the English Ambassador he must sell *cheap*. Not a stone has been put in the palace but government has had to pay the *very highest price* for it, otherwise so much money could not have been swallowed up! The Turk, who had lost money, would quarry and carry no more stones to Pera. He said that on Sir Stratford's return he would lay his case before him. I recommended him to do so.

It was in every body's mouth that a fine gaspillage was going on at our palace. A common Armenian labourer who superintended the lime-kilns there had grown quite rich and fat. And the English sailors were pining in that den, under the palace walls, without any of the comforts essential to their condition!

The edifice that was being so slowly raised, and at so enormous an

* *Baron* is an Armenian word, and (I am told) very good Armenian for Monsieur, Signore, Mr., and Sir; but the Armenians are well aware of its signification in French and English, and are therefore incessantly using it.

expense to the people of England, was utterly destitute of beauty or of any architectural merit. It was of the old, mechanical, hard-lined, angular, tea-caddy style or pattern, being disproportionately high, and having at the two ends of the roof a stack of chimneys sticking up like long ears on the head of an ass. I could never look at its form without being reminded of an upright tea-caddy that belonged to my grandmother. We were told that it looked best at a distance; but we could never get far enough off to see it look well. From the ridge of hills behind Pera, in the direction of Daoud Pasha, its aspect was hideous: there, you saw all its lean, lanky height, white, whitewash-looking walls, pierced with many small windows, monotonous as a cotton factory, tamer than a third rate union workhouse! It stood up impudently on a fine elevation, an excellent site for a first-rate building, and glared upon your eyes until they ached again. It was positively a relief to drop into the valley behind the heights, and lose sight of the doings of the Woods and Forests architect. It was a palace with nothing palatial about it—it was only a big house. Where any architectural decoration had been attempted, as over the windows and doorways, it was of the most common-place kind, without relief, without effect, invisible at any distance. To say nothing of builders in England, I would find in Scotland five hundred common stone-masons capable of furnishing a more artistic design and erecting a better house than this. Mr. Smith had some admirers or *proneurs;* but they all gave up his exterior—they had nothing to say for *that:* they stuck to the interior, which nobody could see. They agreed that the new stone palace of the Russian embassy had the character and appearance of a *palace;* that the new French palace, though unpretending, was *palatial,* and that the old Austrian or Venetian palace had the relief and the graces of Italian architecture; "but *then,*" said they, "none of these palaces are well distributed or comfortable within, whereas Mr. Smith is making an interior as snug and comfortable as that of a house in Grosvenor-square; you should see Mr. Smith's interior." We never could see it; with other Englishmen we were constantly repulsed at the doorway by a surly old Turk and two ill-mannered Armenians. Mr. Smith was never there, and he was much too great a man to be addressed by a stranger in a note. As he was said to have refused admittance to Lady Canning, who wanted to see the progress he was making, and to show the house to the lady of another ambassador (protesting that he could not have his work looked over in an unfinished state), we could scarcely expect that he would condescend to admit us. With Lord Cowley he was scarcely upon speaking terms: two of the young men attached to the embassy said that he was "a devilish high chap," and they did not like to interfere or have anything to say with him. If I had been very anxious about it, I would

have bribed the Armenians some evening and have gotten in; but (although I should wish Sir S. Canning and his successors to be well lodged) I cared very little about Mr. Smith's *inside*, having quite enough of his *outside*. I doubted whether a man who had perpetrated such external deformities was capable of good internal arrangements, or likely to unite the essentials of comfort in the dwelling apartments, with space, light, airiness, and stateliness in the state apartment. From the size of his windows I fancy that most of his rooms must be dark and close, and from the flatness of his roof I conclude that the upper part of his house will be a perfect oven in summer time. Sir S. Canning's good taste might have prevented many of the deformities; and as he was to be the first that was to occupy the house, and was likely to live in it for some years, one might think he ought to have been allowed a voice *in capitulo*; but Mr. Smith would listen to nobody—he had his own plan, and would follow it out—he was independent of the Ambassador—he had nothing to do with the Legation—he had a separate appointment—he had been sent out by the Woods and Forests! There was no man of taste but wished him back in the woods and forests.

The English chapel which stood at some distance from the palace, was destroyed by the fire of September, 1847, having been shut up more than a year for want of a chaplain or resident English clergyman. As it was detached and built of stone, it might have been saved by spending a little money, and employing a little ingenuity and activity; but all the English authorities were away in the country—no effort was made—what had cost large sums of money was left to feed the flames—and the only place of worship we had at Constantinople remains a sad ruin. At least down to July, 1848, nothing was done to restore it, nor was there even a talk of its restoration. In the month of June of that year a new chaplain did at last arrive from England, but there was neither house nor chapel for him.

CHAPTER XXV.

It required magnifying glasses of high power to discover any signs of agricultural improvement. Europe seemed as bad in this respect as Asia Minor, and the neighbourhood of Constantinople far worse than the vicinity of Brusa. We were told that we ought to go and see Reshid Pasha's chiftlik, only a few miles off, on the shore of the Propontis. Several Perotes assured me that this was quite a model farm, that the Pasha had there introduced scientific French farmers, French implements, and all the agricultural improvements of Europe. I found, however, upon inquiry, that not one of these gentlemen had ever visited the spot. But as I knew that Reshid, both in London and in Paris, had agreed with all those who recommended an attention to agriculture as the best means of improving the empire, and even set himself forward as a most zealous patron of agriculture, I resolved to go to his farm and judge for myself.

We had been staying two or three days at Macri-keui, observing the frightful waste of money in the abortive attempt to establish manufactures, when—on the 29th of February—taking advantage of a little fine weather, we started from that village to ride to the Grand Vizier's chiftlik. The country beyond the village was little more than one wide bare waste—prettily undulated, but all bare. We were on one of the high roads of European Turkey, the road to Adrianople, Philippopoli, &c.; we were barely three leagues from the walls of Constantinople, and yet we hardly met a human being. A little before noon, or about two hours after leaving Macri-keui, we reached the village of Ponte Piccolo or Kutchuk Tchekmedjeh. This unhealthy place, lying in a hollow, close to a stagnant lake, and swamps, and bogs, was in a mournful state of dilapidation. There were great gaps where houses once stood; the villas and Turkish kiosks on the hill, which so charmed Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who reposed here for a night, were swept away or were in ruins. Nothing of her ladyship's pretty picture remained except the grove of cypresses. The families of those who built them and other kiosks on the hill sides had long since been extinguished by plague, or war, or tyranny, or by that worst of tyrants, poverty. The land, the ruins, the skeleton—the bare bones of former prosperity—seemed now all to belong to the Armenian Dadians. The Greeks have fled the place on account of the malaria; the Turks can do next to nothing without them. Lady Mary describes the village as being considerable in her time. Her ladyship was sadly given to exaggeration; but of my own knowledge I can assert that Ponte

Piccolo twenty years ago was twice as populous as it is now. Turn which way we would we saw nothing but ruins. Even the beautiful Moresque fountain in the midst of the village was broken and defaced. Two mosques were level with the ground, and the one that remained was in a tottering state.

We spent an hour at the coffee-house, conversing with some of the Turkish villagers, who considered the desolation around them as only a part of inevitable *kismet*. All the men were sitting cross-legged in the sun smoking their tchibouques; we saw no one at work.

At 12.30 P. M. we remounted our sorry nags. At the head of the bridge, which crosses the end of the lake, we were brought to a standstill by a Turkish guard, who asked us for téskerès, or passports. We were unprovided, not having known that a pass was necessary to go so short a distance. A lean, hungry-looking Albanian, in command of the guard, told us very fiercely that we must not cross the bridge; that his orders were peremptory, that not even a Mussulman could pass without a téskerè. I thought of *backshish*, and was putting my hand into my pocket, when the calm philosophic Tonco, our present guide, said, "Let me try a few soft words first; should *they* fail, we will try the grushes afterwards." He had a very persuasive tongue, this Tonco, and was not deficient in imagination. He told the stark Albanian that I was a great English Bey, and a bosom friend of the Vizier; that we were only going to the Vizier's chiftlik, and would be presently back at Kutchuk-Tchèk-medjeh, and he dealt out so many "my eyes," "my soul," "my lambs," that the fierce irregular relented, and let us pass on without téskerè, and without payment of *backshish*. All the vigilance of the Turks, as well about bills of health as passports, is concentrated at the end of this bridge: once over it you are never stopped. So, gentlemen who have been committing offences, or who, for other reasons, find it inconvenient to show themselves, or provide themselves with passports, just walk or ride a few miles round, turn the head of the lake, and then go on their way.

In half an hour, we quitted the Adrianople road, to strike across some vast, bare, uninclosed fields, belonging to a farm of the famous old Khosreff Pasha, one of the very greatest men of the Ottoman empire. One might as well call the worst part of Salisbury Plain a farm! We could discover on it scarcely a symptom of farming. There was no trenching or draining; in the hollows of the undulating soil our horses stuck in the mud, and were with difficulty flogged out of it; everywhere else they sunk to the fetlock-joint. On we went sticking or crawling for a good hour, without meeting a tree or a bush, a ploughed field or a plough, a farm servant, or an ox, or an ass. At last we came up to a large but most wretched wooden

house, with barns and outhouses all tumbling to pieces. Here were two or three tall trees, and a patch of vineyard with a good ditch dug round it; but there was nobody to speak to except an old woman (who was scared at the sight of my infidel hat), and some large and seemingly fierce dogs, that rushed as if they would pull us from our horses.

A little way beyond this, we came upon a bit of very steep and very roughly paved causeway. This break-neck road brought us down to the small Greek village of Ambarli, most pleasantly situated on the shore of the Propontis. At the coffee-house, overhanging the sea, where we alighted, we were met by strange news; the chiftlik, to which we were bound, was no longer farmed by the Grand Vizier; Reshid Pasha had given it up long ago—"But," added the cafèjee, "here is the French gentleman who last had charge of it, and who can tell you all about it."

A respectable, mild-looking Frenchman came up to us. Strangers' visits were very rare at Ambarli: he had seen us pass; he had a house in the village, and he had hurried to offer us his hospitality. His name was François Barreau. He was a native of the vine-clad Burgundy, coming from a place on the Côte d'Or, not far from Dijon. He was born and *raised* among vineyards; for many generations his family had been vine-dressers. But he had studied in an agricultural school, and had had good practice in general farming. He strongly dissuaded us from continuing our journey, although we had scarcely a mile farther to go. "There is the farm," said he, "right before you, beyond that hollow" (we looked and saw a continuation of the bare heaths we had been crossing); "there is no road or path to it from this village: the chances are that you will get bogged. And if you get there, there is nothing in the world to see but a few hungry camels. You have seen Khosreff Pasha's farm. Well! Reshid Pasha's is worse—far worse! The only building on it is a great barn. I made two miserable rooms for myself, and had to pay for them. The Vizier has had nothing to do with the farm these last two years: he lets it to Boghos Dadian, the gunpowder man, and Boghos has destroyed or is destroying the little that I was enabled to do during my management."

Instead of going on to the model chiftlik, we went with the honest hospitable Burgundian to his house, where we found a very sensible French woman, his wife. Though an awkward, rickety, wooden thing, the house was within of exemplary and most rare cleanliness and neatness. The room in which they gave us refreshments was as soignée as a lady's boudoir. There were some books in a corner of the room, and there were other signs of civilization. The hostess spoke French like a well educated person, and spoke with great good sense and much feeling. She was a superior woman of the middle provincial class of society—a class in France among whom I have

very often found much virtue and honour, as well as intelligence. She was in a sad state of health, and sorely depressed in spirits. Between them the husband and wife related the whole of their Turkish adventures in a clear straightforward way.

During Reshid Pasha's intimacy with M. Guizot, he applied to the French Minister for an active skilful man to take charge of his farm near Constantinople, and conduct the improvements he was so anxious to introduce. M. Guizot took a warm interest in the matter; and, after seeing several persons, he recommended to the Pasha our friend François Barreau, who had the best of testimonials as to character and ability, including letters from the professors of the the agricultural school in which he had studied. Among his qualifications was a knowledge of chemistry as applicable to agriculture. Reshid Pasha engaged him at once. This was at Paris in the year 1842. The poor fellow, relying on the character and station of the French Prime Minister who recommended him, and the rank and liberal professions of the Turkish Ambassador, who was represented by everybody as being a high-minded man, did not ask for any contract or written agreement. He satisfied himself with the pasha's verbal promise that he should have 1000 piastres a month, food, and a good house to live in, and that everything should be done to make him comfortable on the farm and facilitate his improvements. The salary was low enough, being little more than 100*l.* a-year. The blundering Turks had brought out common mechanics at 250*l.* per annum! When Barreau arrived he found no house to live in, no food (except what he could *buy* in this village), very irregular and begrudged payments, envy, hatred, and malice from the pasha's agents and people, semi-starvation, and every possible discomfort. Having been told that the chiftlik was only three or four leagues from Constantinople, and judging of roads and communication by what he knew in France, he had fancied that it would be very easy to quit his solitude occasionally and visit the capital. He had no suspicion of the horrible state of the roads, which, during the wet season, renders a journey from Constantinople to this place nearly the business of a whole day. Nor was he prepared to find Constantinople itself a more comfortless place than the poorest village in Burgundy. He had been promised all necessary implements and none came; and none were to be purchased in Turkey. When old H——'s ironworks were established at Macri-keui, he was told that good ploughs and all manner of the best implements would be made there. Like Dr. Davis at a later period, he could never get anything from Macri-keui. The people there were busy from the first making toys for the Sultan. Barreau, however, went to work with such tools as he could get. Seeing that the great want all along this coast was the want of trees, he planted a good number—to see them speedily destroyed.

He also planted some good vineyards on favourable soil and sunny slopes. He made some mulberry plantations and inclosed parts of the wild waste with hedge and ditch; and here he introduced a good system of drainage. He was left to spend his own money, or a great part of the pay he received, in paying the labourers. When he applied for money to extend his improvements, he could get none. Reshid Pasha, who was now at Constantinople, wanted immediate and large returns of profit, without making any previous outlay whatsoever. If the farm was to be improved and a good example set to the people of the country, it must be all done at no expense, or at the cost of the poor Frenchman.

The pasha left the country to return to Paris, but in so doing he did not leave any money to pay Barreau's salary or to carry out the improvement scheme. Funds for these two purposes were to be taken out of the sale of the produce. But, lo and behold! as soon as the produce was got in, the pasha's Armenian banker, with whom Reshid was deep in debt, sent down to the farm, carried it all off, sold it, and kept every para of the money. The honest Burgundian was well nigh starving: the Armenian seraff had no bowels of compassion for the Frenchman, and but little conscience for the pasha, for he made it appear that the farm rendered no profit, and he falsified the accounts of produce and sale in the most scandalous manner. All the time Reshid was in the country he never but once visited the farm about which he had made such a talk in Christendom; all the time that he was decking himself out in the false plumage of a patron and improver of agriculture, he never built a house or a hut on his barbarous waste domain, he never introduced an improved farming implement, he never made or mended a road, he never would or could make any outlay. All that he did was to erect a big khan for the accommodation of travellers, some miles off on the Adrianople road.

"I lived there," said Barreau, "on that wilderness, in the two rooms I had made, like Robinson Crusoe on his lonely island. But I had fewer comforts than Crusoe, and no man Friday. When I could not pay the poor labourers, they all ran away. I and the dogs had the wilderness all to ourselves."

About two years ago Reshid became Grand Vizier, and consequently a man to be flattered, conciliated, and won over by all possible means. To few of the plunderers of government could his friendship and support be worth a higher price than to the Baroutjee-Bashi and all the Dadians. Boghos Dadian offered to take the farm off Reshid's hands, and to pay him for it in an annual rent of 75,000 piastres, or ten times more rent than anybody else would have given him for it. This pretty bargain was concluded within a month or six weeks after Reshid's elevation to the first post in the

government. I was particular as to the date. Both Barreau and his wife were sure it was within six weeks. When Barreau was half-fancying that Reshid would now have plenty of money and would really improve his farm, Boghos Dadian came down and took possession, turning off the Frenchman, and putting an unpractised, unskilful, ignorant Armenian in his place.

Barreau now demanded a settlement of his accounts. These were furiously disputed. They made it out that next to nothing was due to him. He had paid for oil, beans, bread, and other rough and scanty provisions for the labourers. They said that he ought not to have spent so much money. They called in as umpires or judges two Turkish farmers — friends and dependents both of Reshid Pasha's banker and Boghos Dadian—and these upright men gave it against the Frenchman. Thus, for the four years that Barreau served this honest, virtuous, immaculate, reforming Reshid Pasha, his gains did not amount to five hundred piastres a-month! The man was cheated out of half of his inadequate, beggarly pay. The Armenian manager soon let the little improvements he had made go to the devil. The vines were torn up by the roots or entirely neglected; the mulberry plantations were destroyed, the ditches were filled up, the inclosing dykes were broken through and through. Boghos would grow nothing but corn in the old Turkish way, and his man did not even know how to do that. Boghos will lose by all this; but the countenance of the Vizier is worth the 75,000 piastres a-year—and a vast deal more! A more palpable bribe has seldom been given; and yet the thing has been so snugly done. Hardly anybody at Constantinople knew a word about it; and should the story be bruited, it will be pleaded by or for the Vizier, that the high cares of state did not allow him time to attend to agriculture and private affairs.

The lady, who was also a native of Burgundy, had not long been Madame Barreau. Nine or ten years ago she married, at Paris, a Greek called Costacki, who was then Reshid Pasha's maître-d'hôtel. In the summer of 1839, the sudden death of Sultan Mahmoud made it necessary for Reshid to go in all haste to Constantinople. There was to be an entirely new government—a fresh shuffling of the cards; and if he did not cut in now, he might be a ruined man: *les absents ont toujours tort.* Having no money at Paris, and no credit elsewhere, he applied to his Greek maître-d'hôtel. Costacki had saved about forty thousand piastres, and his wife had a like sum in one of the French savings'-banks. They gave all this money to the pasha. He promised to repay them with liberal interest, and in a short time. At the moment his gratitude was very warm, for he thought his fate depended on this journey. He hurried to Constantinople by way of Vienna. After a time he brought the Greek

and his French wife out to Turkey, and planted them on his farm, without any talk of paying them what he owed. Costacki understood nothing of farming, but he was to learn; and in the meantime he could act as overseer of accounts. Both he and his wife were very unhappy. They did not dare ask the Pasha for their money. They lived in this miserable village of Ambarli, as though they had been exiled for some crime. No salary or wages of any kind were paid to them. At last they grew desperate, and demanded their money. The pasha met this demand by discharging them from his service. It was about this time that Barreau arrived, and became acquainted with them. Poor Costacki was so ill-advised, and so ill-informed of the deadly climate of that place, that he went over to Tuzlar (with his wife) to act as superintendent of that farm for Mr. H——. Both were soon laid up with malaria fevers. After repeated attacks Costacki died, and his wife was well nigh following him. The widow, as a French subject, now applied to M. Castagne, the French consul. With interest and with wages Reshid Pasha's debt amounted by this time to 150,000 piastres. After some time, when hard pressed by the consul, the pasha referred the whole matter to his Armenian banker, who was to settle the claims in the best manner he could. The banker began by reducing the debt to 75,000 piastres, vowing that the pasha would never consent to pay a para more. With the advice of her consul the poor widow agreed to take this sum, and to give a receipt in full of all demands. When she went to receive payment, the seraff told her she must take diamonds for the amount, as he had no money to give her. With her patience quite worn out by long delays, and with urgent need of money, the widow at last took the diamonds. When she came to sell them, all that she could get for them was about 35,000 piastres. They were small, low-priced brilliants, which would hardly have met with a sale at all if there had not been a marriage in the Sultan's family. Mehemet Ali, Capitan Pasha, of whom I have spoken at some length in a preceding chapter, was going to be married to one of the Sultan's sisters. The brilliants were wanted to set in the snuff-boxes and other toys which are so profusely distributed on such occasions.

"I got from the pasha's banker," said the poor woman, "less money than I myself took out of the savings'-bank at Paris, and lent to him in his need." François Barreau married the widow, his countrywoman With 400*l.* or 500*l.* in hand he could have done very well in these parts; but old Khosreff Pasha would not let land to a Frank, though he had here hundreds upon hundreds of acres, never touched by plough or spade since the Turks have had possession of the country. The slopes of these hills are admirably suited to the cultivation of the vine. All that Barreau had

been able to do was to sub-hire from a Greek Rayah two small patches of vineyard. The wine he had made was the best we had tasted in European Turkey. He said that where the people of the country grew one bushel of corn he could easily grow two. He would have set up a tannery at Ambarli if he could have procured a bit of ground; but Armenians and Turks had joined in opposing him and bullying the Greek villagers, who would gladly have gone into that new industry. They had told him that the tanners formed an important esnaff or guild, whose rights must not be invaded by any one, and least of all by a foreigner. "These people," said the Burgundian, "do not know how to tan leather properly: I would have taught them. Their gains would have been greater than mine; the country would have been benefited. But it appears to me that this government will neither do nor let do—*ils ne veulent ni faire, ni laisser faire.*" "*That,*" said I, "is a lesson we have been learning these last seven months!"

The Tuzlar fevers had thoroughly deranged the poor woman's liver and digestive organs; she was as yellow as orange-peel, and the sight of one eye was seriously affected. Barreau had several times thought of writing to M. Guizot, but he had been deterred by his modesty and other considerations. Not knowing, as yet, that the monarchy of Louis Philippe was overthrown, and that M. Guizot was a fugitive or an exile in England, I advised him to write now, and give to that best of modern French statesmen a plain narrative of the treatment he had met with. I thought that the disgraceful facts ought to be made known in France. He said he would think about it; I offered to assist him in writing the letter; but in twelve days we received the news of the February revolution!

In Pera and Galata I made inquiries about M. Barreau and his wife and their sad story. I found people who were well acquainted with them—I found a Frank who had seen the widow's accounts, and who had acted as broker in selling the brilliants for her. Her tale was confirmed in every particular, and everybody that knew her and her present husband spoke of them as most honest, truthful persons. Those who attempted to excuse Reshid did it at the expense of his Armenian seraff, whom they described as the most brutal and rapacious of his class; but in a great part of the nefarious proceedings Reshid had no intermediary or agent. He was his own agent when he borrowed his servant's money at Paris, when he mystified M. Guizot, when he induced, with fair promises, M. Barreau to come out to Turkey, and when he concluded his bargain with Boghos Dadian, and allowed Barreau to be sent adrift without the money that was due to him. If this is Reshid's Pasha's private honesty, what public honesty can be expected from him?

A few weeks after our visit to Ambarli the honest Burgundian

contrived to bring his wife into Pera for medical advice. He called upon me, sat with me for an hour, and repeated the whole of the transactions with the Grand Vizier. I had taken notes of all that he had previously told me; there was no variation in his present account; I have rarely met with a man whose word inspired so much confidence. His wife was considered by the doctors at Pera past cure, past help; she could do nothing but deplore the day that she had quitted France, and sigh to get back, that she might be buried in her own country and among her own people.

Some years ago the Lazarist Fathers of Galata had obtained the tacit consent of the Sultan to their holding and cultivating an extensive tract of land in the hill country on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, between that strait and the Black Sea. A great talk had been made of this French Catholic chiftlik. Our attention had been first drawn to it by John Zohrab, who had been told that the Lazarists had settled a native French colony on the spot, and had introduced the improved systems of agriculture.

At Pera we were informed that the Polish refugees had also been allowed to hold a large farm in the same corner of Asia Minor, and that they too were cultivating the soil with great success. This Polish colony was dressed out quite in romantic colours; we should find there distinguished officers who had fought and bled for Polish liberty in 1831, and elegant, delicate, refined ladies who shared in the exile and cheered the toils of their husbands. Although the two places were so near to the capital, I could not find anybody that had ever visited them. People only repeated what they had heard or what they had dreamed. These Levantines have little curiosity of the sort, and then, inland travelling, however short the distance, is so very inconvenient and difficult. There are men, born in the place, who had passed all their lives in Pera and Galata, and who know only the Bosphorus which they can ascend and descend comfortably in caïques, and the roads to Therapia, Buyuk-derè, and the village of Belgrade. We resolved to go over to the two chiftliks.

The state of the weather several times defeated our project; but at last, on the 10th of April, we made a fair start from Dolmà-Baghchè at 11 A. M., in company with L—— P. S.——, and A—— Effendi, the choicest of Turks, and one of the wittiest and pleasantest of men. We landed at the valley of the "Sweet Waters of Asia," and loitered there for an hour under the Sultan's kiosk, in vain expectation of seeing a Pole who was to bring us horses. Walking down the bank of the Bosphorus to Kandelli, we found in that village the Pole, the horses, and a Bosniak Roman Catholic priest, who acted as chaplain to the colony. We had a charming ride up the Sweet Waters valley. Having the Giant's Mount on our left, and the broad, green-wooded sides of the Alam-Dagh on our right, we crossed several ridges of considerable hills, with charming pastoral

valleys between. Two of these valleys, with groves of hazel-nuts growing by the sides of a mountain stream, were of uncommon loveliness. The well-sheltered sward was pranked with wild flowers; the hill-sides were covered with arbutus, dwarf myrtle, wild thyme, lavender, and other odoriferous plants. We passed much excellent corn-land, but, except two chiftliks falling fast to ruins, we did not see a human habitation. After leaving the valley of the Sweet Waters, where some Turks were making tiles, flower-pots, and earthen tubes, and a good many Greeks were working in fields and gardens, we scarcely met a living being. The solitude and silence were awful. We went along very leisurely, dismounting and walking a good part of the way on foot. At 5 P. M. we were on the Lazarists' estate, but could see no sign of improvement, or scarcely any sign of tillage. At 5.15 we reached their chiftlik, in a charming green pastoral hollow, surrounded by hills and woods, from which plenteous, sparkling rills and streams were then running. A gentle bleating of flocks, and a frolicking of lambs, chasing one another instead of following their sedate dams to the well-protected mandra, and the sound of a distant cow-horn, completed the pastoral character of the place with their "pastorali accenti." But the farm buildings were mean and poor enough. There were but few inclosed fields, and these few were inclosed, not with ditch and pleasant hedge-row, but with rude, perishable wattling. Very little corn was grown; not one agricultural improvement was introduced. We saw one good French plough in the stable-yard, but it was broken. A few Bulgarians had been turning up the little ground that was tilled with barbarous Turkish ploughs. Here was another specimen of European model farming in Turkey! The farm was little more than a sheep-walk—the whole aspect of the place was essentially pastoral. The most important feature was the mandra for sheep and goats. This was well walled in, the neighbouring country abounding with wolves. Within this inclosure was a mean white house, which serves to lodge the holy brothers when they come hither from Galata or Bebek; and a part of this house was set aside as a chapel or mass-house, but mass could be said only when a Lazarist was here. At one end of this building was a small church bell, a privilege rarely allowed to Christians in this country. Also within the same inclosure was a meaner and a lower house, wherein were lodged three lay-brothers, the only Franks that were on the farm, the labourers and shepherds being rude Bulgarians and few in number. We were received by two of these brothers, common men from the south of France, mere farm-servants, who fancied that they had had a religious call. They were weary of their solitude and glad to see us. They invited us to stay the night, and, having nothing better to give, they gave us some sour bread, sour wine, and very good raki. One of them said that raki was the only good thing to be got in these parts. He looked as if he fre-

quently comforted himself with it; his nose was as red as ruddle, his Provençal patois was scarcely intelligible. Their stock of sheep and lambs was now about 200, and that of goats and kids about 230. There was soon to be a grand reduction of lambs and kids, as the Easter season was close at hand. The Lazarists would feast on them, and make acceptable presents of them to their friends and penitents at Pera and Galata. A Paschal lamb from the farm of the holy brotherhood is held in great repute—their savoury mutton, fed on sweet, short, thymy pastures, is thought to have an additional flavour of holiness. On the hill-side a little above the mandra stood another small white house, which was occupied by the Sisters of Charity when they were drawn in arubas by slow oxen to this solitude. They came very seldom; none but the toughest of the sisterhood could stand the terrible jolting of the journey across the hills. Road there was none.

Sending round our horses by a rough, rocky path, we took a more direct way across the hills to the Polish farm, which we now learned was only a part of the Lazarist chiftlik, ceded to the Poles by the priests. We reached the house of the Polish bailiff, or superintendent, at about 6.30 P.M., as the setting sun was shining on the woods of Alam Dagh. The house was a plain, small building, in the fashion of the country, with white-washed walls inside and out. There was, however, one great winter comfort—a good fire-place in every room. The elevation being considerable, the weather is very severe in winter. The bailiff was a plain, rough, soldier-like man, who might have been at most a serjeant-major. As for the noble exiles, the general officers, with their interesting ladies, they were all bosh! Of men we found this rough serjeant, and thirteen common soldiers, *who were all deserters from the Russian army of the Caucasus*. They had fled into Circassia, and from Circassia they had got into Turkey. The interesting ladies dwindled down into four or five Greeks of the country, of the very poorest and lowest class, who had married so many of the deserters. On a line with the bailiff's house was another of similar size and construction, wherein dwelt the Bosniak priest and another man, a sort of under-bailiff. We dined and slept with the head man. We were tired, and slept too soundly to be much tormented by bugs or fleas, although we saw signs of their being numerous about the place.

At an early hour of the following morning we walked over the farm, which was not even so much a farm as the Lazarist chiftlik. We saw the same rude sort of wattle inclosures, the same ploughs, the same scarcity of tillage, and everywhere a greater air of slovenliness and neglect. The Poles, however, have only been in possession *two* years, whereas the Lazarists have been farmers *ten* years. The Polish houses were rather better than those of most Turkish villages. The married men had larger, the unmarried smaller cottages, but the

best of these cottages had only one room, with a bare earthen floor, which served for all purposes. We entered two, and saw in each a woman and a little infant, a cross between Pole and Greek. The women very reverently kissed our hands. The men, who had been serfs until they became soldiers, had exactly the appearance of Russian serfs, not being distinguishable from them either in look or in demeanour, in manners or in language. As these men are, so is the mass of the Polish population at home. I thought of poor Tom Campbell and of shrieking Polish liberty! They had among them all fourteen cows, four miserable horses, and hardly any sheep or goats. In some small garden patches they seemed to be growing only leeks and onions. The farm did not yet support itself; the people could not live without occasional alms dealt out from the Polish fund. It seemed to me that they were not taking the course proper to make it pay. Though pleasant enough, the Polish part of this property was not so pretty and pastoral as the other; the hills were compartively bare and rugged, but there was some charming woodland towards the north-east edge, and the wooded slopes of the Alam Dagh showed off finely on the south. In all this jutting promontory, wherever the valleys and hollows were well sheltered from the north wind and the cutting blasts of the Black Sea, there were beautiful flowering shrubs, some of them now getting into bloom. The arbutus and the Daphne laurel were very common. The flowering heaths were beautiful, but not much varied. The air was strongly perfumed with aromatic plants; bees were everywhere on the wing, or at their work. The Poles had set up two or three hives. They ought to set up two or three hundred. They might procure honey in immense quantities. The bailiff and the priest said they would think about it; but their heads were full of the revolutions, and every man was longing to get back to his own country. They had a valuable resource during a good part of the year, for the country abounded with game; and wild hogs and deer came down in droves from the neighbouring forests and mountains. They and the Lazarist lay-brothers, with their Bulgarians, had all the wide country to themselves; they had no near neighbours, Mussulmans or Christians. The Turks, who dwelt a good way off, in the little villages round the Alam Dagh, rarely came near them, and never caused them any disturbance.

On the 4th of June, while we were staying at Buyuk-derè, we went to visit an Armenian chiftlik at the head of the Great Valley, close on the edge of the forest of Belgrade. Our party was reinforced by the worthy American Elchee, the American consul, and Mr. N. Davis. We heard a good deal of this farm, which belonged to a member of the wealthy Catholic Armenian family of the Billijikjees, and the owner, whom we had met on board the steam-boat

which came every summer evening up the Bosphorus, had invited me to visit it. The house stood on the top of a steep hill, not far from the Turkish aqueduct which spans the valley of Buyukderè; though only of wood, and externally rather shabby, it was a spacious airy, and—for summer time—a pleasant and commodious habitation. The seraff received us with much politeness. We walked over his improvements. On the side of the steep hill, which sloped to the valley, and faced the south, he had introduced the terrace system, and (having abundance of water) a very good system of irrigation. Some of the terraces were broad and fine, and well supported. He had planted some good vineyards and about 25,000 mulberry-trees. Lower down he had sown some of Dr. Davis's white American maize, which was thriving prodigiously and was nearly ready to be gathered. Several fields of wheat and barley were strongly inclosed, and there was a large and fine kitchen-garden stocked with more variety than ever we saw in the country. The whole property, which had recently been purchased for a very small sum—less, I believe, than 1000*l.* sterling—including bare hills, downs, and woodlands, was said to be *twenty miles in circumference.* Of this not above twenty acres of arable land were improved, and I should think that not more than sixty acres were under any cultivation. The Billijikjee, however, contemplated an extension of his agricultural operations, and he had been freely spending his money on what he had already done, having become convinced that capital was as requisite in farming as in trade or banking, and that money properly invested in agriculture must, in a country like Turkey, give most profitable results. He was too conspicuous and too strong a man to be exposed to the unfair vexations and extortions of the tax-gatherers and farmers of the revenue, and he had a market for his produce close at hand in Constantinople, with a water-carriage to that capital. As yet it was certainly but a small matter, yet this was the best—in my opinion incomparably the best—attempt made at agricultural improvement anywhere near Constantinople. Dr. Davis visited the chiftlik shortly after, and came to the same conclusion. We revisited the chiftlik on the 6th of June, in the course of a pleasant excursion with Mr. N. D—— to the magnificent bendts or reservoirs in the forest of Belgrade, and were again pleased to see the good order which prevailed and the hearty industry of the farm-labourers.

Since the dearth in the West, which had created so great and sudden a demand for the "bread-stuffs" of the East, several of the Armenian capitalists had purchased farms; but they had not an idea of improving the agriculture: they bought *immense* estates for sums which in England or in France, or in the plains of Italy, would not pay for a few acres, and they left the farming—as it had been! The ground was scratched, never manured; the seed was thrown into the

soil, and Nature or Providence was to do the rest. But a far more general employment of Armenian capital was in the shape of loans to the poor, ignorant, wretched cultivators of the soil; and these loans, even here, close to the capital, bore such enormous interest, that the cultivator could never raise his head under the dead weight. Wheat, yellow maize, barley, beans, had been selling at rare prices, but we could not discover, in any one place, that the farmers were the better for it, or that the homesteads or villages had improved. Many of the villages within two hours' ride of the capital were as hungry and forlorn as those we had seen near Kutayah. If any slight signs of prosperity were to be found, they were to be sought for not among the Turks, but among the Greeks. If there was any perceptible difference in the style of farming, it was rather in favour of the people of Asia Minor than of these near neighbours to the capital. Here, as I have said before (and the fact must be often repeated to convince those who have not travelled in the country,) the cultivated fields were but as specks in a desert; and, unless you ascended the Bosphorus, which has some cultivated strips on either side, you plunged into a bare, treeless desert the moment you quitted the capital. Much of the soil close to Constantinople is sterile and bad—some of it incurably bad—but there are vast tracts of good corn-land, and still vaster tracts that might be rendered excellent by a judicious plantation of trees and a slight attention to the economy of water. These utterly desolate regions were once covered with farms and villas—not merely to the heights of Daoud Pasha, but onward as far as Selyvria, and thence into the bosom of now desolate Thrace. They are gone—all gone!—but in our walks and rides and journeys we constantly came upon proofs of their having been, and upon waters, in subterranean conduits, now running to waste, stagnating in hollows, and engendering malaria, which proved how great an attention the ancient occupants of the soil had paid to the proper supply of the precious fluid, and how abundant had been their means of irrigation.

Horticulture and floriculture are scarcely in a more advanced stage than agriculture. The splendid descriptions of Turkish gardens to be found in some books are mere "travellers' tales." There are beautiful groves, fine, natural ascending terraces, admirable sites for gardens, but *gardens* there are hardly any. The Serraglio itself, though so picturesque and beautiful without—when seen at a certain distance—is an ill-arranged, slovenly, mean thing within. Mr. Thackeray has given the shortest and best account of it—the Serraglio is a Vauxhall seen by daylight! The villas on the Bosphorus owe nearly all their charms to their cypress groves and other plantations. Some of them are exceedingly beautiful, though they cannot be called *gardens*.

CHAPTER XXVI.

We had ocular demonstration and complete confirmation of the accuracy of the report about the slave-trade as made to us on our first arrival at Constantinople by the French travellers. The trade in slaves, both white and black, was uncommonly active.

The great *Yessir Bazary* or slave-market was indeed closed by order of the Sultan in 1846, but slaves are publicly sold in other places. The poor Nubians have indeed been losers or sufferers by the change: in the old market there was at least plenty of elbow-room, but now they are huddled together in confined apartments or in miserable cellars. One of these semi-subterraneous dens—and now the most frequented of the slave-marts—was close to the grand mosque of the Suleimanieh. There, six days in the week, the traffic in black human flesh might be seen in full activity—the Arab sellers exposing their live goods, and the Turks chaffering with them for the prices. The slaves were brought out one by one through a low, narrow, dingy door, something like a trap-door. One morning, as I was taking an indirect road towards Mr. Sang's house near the Seven Towers, I witnessed the whole of a very long examination and bargain at the Suleimanieh, the purchaser being a starch, yellow-faced old ailema. At first the old sinner thought he would buy a black boy, but then he changed his mind and determined to buy a black girl. Another low, dark door was opened, and, one by one, about a dozen females, some young, some middle-aged, and all in a state of nearly perfect nudity, were brought out to the light of day, shivering in the cold. The man of the mosque examined two of them very minutely, much in the manner that a "knowing one" would eye and handle a horse before purchasing. He fixed upon one of the two, a girl from Nubia or Sennaar, but the price was not fixed so easily. The sharp-visaged Arab dealer asked 1200 piastres for her. "My lamb," said the ailema, "she is a mere child, and not worth the money." "My soul," said the dealer, "she will grow older, and she is strong and well-proportioned." "Nine hundred grushes," said the buyer. "Yok! No!" quoth the old seller. The ailema muttered a few baccalums and mashallahs, went up a flight of steps into the court-yard of the mosque, took two or three short turns there, and then went into a coffee-house and smoked a pipe. But he soon came back to the mouth of the slave den, and renewed his chaffering with the Arab. The black girl, who had been sent back to her hole, was again brought out, and in the end she was sold to the old Turk for 1000 piastres. The poor creature then drew a bit of blanket about her, and marched off, barefooted, over the hor-

rible rough stones, being preceded by a man-servant, and followed by her new master.

Except when they were smuggled in, a duty upon slaves continued to be levied at the Stamboul custom-house. The newspaper in the Turkish language, published by government, and entirely directed by persons salaried by the Porte, regularly admitted advertisements about the sale of slaves. Whites were advertised as well as blacks. In the month of February Mr. Sang gave me this literal translation from the Turkish paper, which had just appeared :—

"This is to give notice, that at the Suleimanieh, in the Theriaki-market, there is to be sold for 10,000 piastres a Circassian nurse. Inquire at the office of Achmet Agha, Dealer in Slaves, and Chief of the Rope-dancers."

Public announcements like this were very common. On our first arrival I had been confidently assured that the English flag in the Black Sea often waved over decks crowded with Circassian slaves, and that the commanders of the steamers of our Peninsular and Oriental Company, running to Trebizond, had repeatedly—and indeed commonly—brought down white slaves to be sold in the capital. Upon careful inquiry I found that this, if not utterly false, was monstrously exaggerated. At first those vessels brought down a few such slaves; but Sir Stratford Canning called the resident agents of the Company before him, and warned them of the unlawfulness and danger of such proceedings. The strictest orders were given to the captains to embark no slaves whatever. Yet I would not be so bold as to assert that *no slaves* have been brought down in our steamers since then, or even that *some slaves* are not now brought down at every trip they make. Where the women are all yashmacked, muffled up, and kept apart—where men must not approach them—the captains cannot tell who are slaves and who free women. It cannot enter their heads to take a pasha, ayan, or other great Turk, and refuse a passage to his harem. These harems are sure to contain some purchased slaves; but they are the great men's wives or concubines, or young fellows who figured as domestic servants. Although polygamy is on the decline, some of the harems and retinues are still numerous; and thus a bevy of veiled young Circassians, on their way to be sold into slavery, may easily be made to pass as some great Turk's harem going to Constantinople. I was also told that false teskerès, or passports, for young Circassian girls and boys were made out, not only by the Turkish authorities, but also by *some* of the vice-consuls of Christian powers. To acknowledged slave-dealers and their living merchandise *our* vice-consuls and captains certainly refused passage. The Austrian steam-boats (all manned and commanded by Italians or Dalmatians) carried, without any scruple, the passengers refused by the English; and whether they came from the

Black Sea, or up from the Archipelago, these boats rarely arrived at Constantinople without having slaves, white or black, on board. I have seen some of them, from Egypt or Syria, enter the Golden Horn, with their decks crowded by black slaves, and looking like regular slavers, that would assuredly have been captured and condemned if, instead of being in the Mediterranean, they had only been found outside of the Straits of Gibraltar. Such was the case in the summer of 1848. I believe that the present Emperor of Austria might easily be induced to forbid the traffic; but I do not believe that the Turks and Arabs will ever relinquish the trade: if you shut them out of your steamers, they will use their own crazy, dangerous craft; if you stop them by sea, they will send their slaves—white and black—by land; if you force an anti-slavery treaty upon the Sultan, it will be evaded and broken every day.

The Vassitei Tidjaret, the beautiful steamer in which we had made our voyage from England, was chiefly employed by the Turkish company to run in the Black Sea, and I believe that she *never* came down from Trebizond without having white slaves on board. The engineers of that vessel were all Englishmen, who were familiarizing their minds with the traffic. I should think that these men could be reached by the arm of English law. Are they not, according to our statutes, engaged in piracy? As British subjects in Turkey, they are amenable not to Mussulman, but to ambassadorial and consular authority. Our ambassador might seize them, and send them home for trial. If we imprison and inflict hard penalties on foreigners for carrying *black slaves*, we are surely bound to prevent Englishmen from aiding so materially in the transport of *white slaves*. One of the engineers told me that at their last trip they had brought down a good many slaves. As for the captain, or skipper, he was only a Perote Frank, and therefore he thought no more of carrying white slaves than of carrying Trebizond broad beans, or any other kind of cargo: he could never understand our scruples—"Turk," said he, "must have his vomans—and his boys."

To destroy slavery, you must uproot Turkish society; for of that system it is an integral part.

On the 21st of February Mr. Ford, one of the managers for the Oriental and Peninsular Company, showed me a paragraph of a letter, dated February 15th, and signed by F. J. Stephens, our vice-consul at Trebizond, and agent there for the same Company:—

"The Tiger's way-bill would have been much better, but I refused seventy Circassians who had slaves with them."

This was the paragraph. According to Mr. Ford the English Company lost 100*l.* by this refusal, and the Circassians and their slaves would be presently brought down under the Austrian flag. He further informed me that the Company's splendid new iron

steamer, the "Sultan," which had just come in from the Archipelago, had refused, at the Dardanelles, 250 black slaves, for whose passage 125*l.* would have been paid, and that these slaves would all be brought up by the next Austrian steamer. As a zealous servant of the Company he sorely begrudged this loss of 225*l.*, and he seemed to think that if Austrians made money in that way, Englishmen ought not to be prohibited from doing the same. He complained that England got the blame without the profit; that one of the Pera newspapers, salaried by the Porte, was always naming the English instead of the Austrian steamers as the carriers of slaves, and that these French journalists had disregarded his repeated denials and remonstrances. This I can well believe, as these hired newspapermen seldom let slip an opportunity of slighting or disparaging England. I have myself seen in their columns announcements that our steamers had brought great number of slaves to the market, when they had brought none, or only a few that passed as servants; and I never saw any such announcement when an Austrian came in, and publicly landed a whole cargo of slaves. A prosecution for libel had been thought of: but how form a court? how rely upon law in a country where, virtually, there is no law? how assess damages and command payment of them? The libels, if they continue, are to be stopped only by a firm remonstrance of Sir Stratford Canning to the Porte. The Turks subsidize those French scribblers, and ought to be held accountable for their misdoings. It was generally believed that the said journalists were bribed or paid, turn and turn about, by nearly every foreign legation except the British.

Many black slaves are brought up from Egypt, but I believe a great many more are imported from Tripoli and Tunis. The mortality which takes place among them, on their journeys from the interior of Africa to the coast, is said to be enormous: and there used to be a heavy per centage of loss in the sea voyage from Tunis or Tripoli up to Constantinople, when they were crammed into small country vessels ill-navigated and very liable to wreck or to founder. Their sufferings have been materially decreased since the introduction of large steam-boats; but still many of these black slaves are brought in the crazy old country vessels as far as Smyrna, and, sometimes, up to the Straits of the Dardanelles. An Arab slave-dealer told Mr. White that the mortality, from the period of their quitting the interior of Africa until their arrival at the Turkish capital, exceeded 60 per cent.* This was five years ago, before there were so many steamers; but it may be doubted whether this fearful loss of life has been reduced 15, or even 10 per cent. It was said on the mart near the Suleimanieh that if, for *two* slaves he bought in the interior

* "Three Years in Constantinople."

of Africa, the dealer could sell *one* in Constantinople, he did very well. If these dealers were driven to their old coasting voyages, or obliged to drive their kafilas by land through the passes of Mount Taurus and across the desolate regions of Asia Minor, the mortality and the cruel sufferings of the slaves would be vastly increased. Our efforts at suppression would be attended here, as on the African coast and the passage across the Atlantic, by nothing else but an exaggeration of horrors and human suffering!

Notwithstanding the decrease of stock *en route*, the average price of a young black slave of superior quality was not above 12*l.* sterling. You could not have bought a decent horse for thrice the money. If re-sold, and the slave was yet young and had been taught the duties of a household servant, the price would sometimes be doubled.

It is as household servants that both male and female slaves are usually employed. We saw blacks wherever we went, but we hardly ever found them working in the fields or employed as agricultural labourers. Those intended to supply the markets of Asia Minor were generally dropped on the coast, but a good many of them were sold at Constantinople.

Perhaps too much has been said about the mildness of domestic slavery in Turkey. I doubt whether the Turks treat their blacks better than our planters treated their in-door slaves, or better than that class of people are treated by the planters of Virginia or the other slave-holding States of the American Union; and I am not quite sure that these blacks are not as happy in the condition of agricultural labourers—the condition of the vast majority of them in America—as in that of household servants—the condition of nearly all in Turkey. Dr. Davis's South Carolina negroes looked down with contempt on the lazy, loitering, *housemaid* blacks of this country. They said they did woman's work. Instead of being elated with joy and pride, they were filled with astonishment and disgust at seeing blacks in high offices, flourishing in uniforms, and having white men in attendance on them. This is a startling assertion, but I believe it will astonish no one that has studied the negro character in the United States or in our West Indian islands. From the frequency with which black slaves in Turkey were running away, it was reasonable to conclude that they were very often dissatisfied with their masters. When they have a good kind master they are never sure how long they may be his. In a country so liable to sudden vicissitudes of fortune, and so generally in a state of decadence, slaves and whole harems are frequently thrown upon the market to fetch what prices they will, and to go to what new masters they may. Suleiman, who sells, may have been a kind indulgent master, but Mustapha, who buys, may turn out a tartar and tyrant. The Mussulman law says otherwise, but in fact the slave, whether

white or black, can rarely obtain justice against his master. How many pashas and other great Turks have murdered their slaves?—some in fits of jealousy and some in freaks of cruelty, and some in mere brutal passion; and yet who ever heard of one of these men being brought seriously to account? Such men are to be found *now*, and even among the *closest connexions of the Sultan*. Was Mehemet Ali ever questioned about his double murders? Was he a whit the less considered among the Turks for having with his own hand sacrificed his fair Circassian and then her paramour, the Georgian slave?

I had reason to believe that the manumission of black slaves was of rare occurrence. The Nubians that rise in the army or state, have generally been brought (in early childhood) to the slave-market, and have had the fortune to be purchased either for the Serraglio or for some great man who has had the rare fortune to continue great. The insolence and arrogance of these sable parvenus are notorious. But, taking all classes, I should say that my estimate of *black* human nature was not raised by what I saw of it in Turkey now and in former times. The common slaves, and the common black soldiers of the line, showed more contempt or hatred of Christians than any of the Turks (exception, perhaps, being made of the Ulema); when they had the opportunity they were almost invariably insolent and very frequently turbulent and mischievous. Nothing so common in the streets of Constantinople as to see a negress hold up her yashmac before her eyes, or turn round a corner at the approach of a Frank, and spit on the ground and make obscene signs with her hands behind his back when he has passed. We were often called unclean dogs by hideous-looking black men from Dongola or Sennaar. In the great houses the greatest swaggerer and bully—the fellow who was rudest to Christian strangers and the dread of his fellow-servants or slaves—was almost invariably a black.

In 1828 I never saw any but blacks sold in the great Slave-market. *Then*, as *now*, the Circassians and the other whites were landed at Tophana, were there lodged in private houses, and were there quietly sold: or if they were too young for immediate sale, they were kept in those houses, or sent to other houses over in Constantinople, in which they were educated in singing, dancing, or posture-making, sherbet-mixing, cookery, etc., and trained in the language and manners of the Turks. Those houses, and the purposes to which they were devoted, were just as well known in 1848 as in 1828. The most frequented coffee-house in all Tophana was the rendezvous of the old Circassian slave-dealers, and the place in which they despatched business or settled preliminaries. We never went through Tophana without seeing some of these dealers—*too often dealers in their own flesh and blood*—whose vocation was as

well known as that of any bakal or noisy trunk-maker of the district.

Another place much frequented by these white savages, who have been fancifully portrayed as interesting patriots engaged in an heroic struggle against Russia (as if white barbarians, that sell their own sons and daughters, can be susceptible of patriotism, or worthy of possessing an independent country), was over in the city near the "Burned Column," not far from the Horse-market. Here are houses where young slaves are in training, and other separate houses where Circassian boys and girls are to be bought from the age of nine or ten years upwards. No secrecy is affected. Any Mussulman may go in and examine the wares on sale; and money will open the doors to any curious Frank.* The Circassian dealers, like the Arab traders in black flesh, are men of importance and consideration among the Turks, and usually have "Agha" put after their names. They are generally fanatic Mussulmans, or far more punctual at mosque, ablutions, and prayers than the Osmanlees.

As a general rule the price of a young white woman may be taken at from three to four times the price of a black. But, in the Circassian, the common price is greatly enhanced by personal beauty or by superior Turkish accomplishments; and, recently, as much as 20,000 piastres had often been paid for a young female. Boys now and then fetch still higher prices. According to Mr. White the maximum price, in 1844–45, was 45,000 piastres, or rather more than 400*l.*; but such a price could be paid only by the very greatest and richest in the land. I was told that some of the Circassians purchased for Abdul Medjid's harem, by his own mother (who had herself been a bought slave), cost more than 60,000 piastres apiece.

There is still some kidnapping and child-stealing carried on, but since the conquest or the secured possession of Georgia by the Russians, the supply of slaves from that country, which used to furnish more beauties than Circassia for the Constantinople market, may be considered as stopped. During the Russian war and the blockade of the coasts the Circassian trade was considerably diminished. If Russia had entirely conquered that country also, an end *might* have been put, in the course of a few years, to *the most detestable of all slave traffic*. I speak hypothetically, and I allow time; for, the people of these regions, the natives of the ancient Colchis, whether in their pagan state, or professing the Mussulman faith, have always been an exception to ordinary humanity—always ready to sell *their own children*, as well as to steal and sell the children of their neighbours. In the early days of the Greek republics they sold their children and stocked the white slave market of Byzantium; under

* Mr. Charles White had the curiosity to visit one of these marts. (See "Three Years in Constantinople.") I had not. But the opportunity was not wanting.

the Greek emperors they supplied the demand of the enlarged Constantinople, and when the Turks established themselves there they only continued the same ancient, established, hereditary profession. The domestic institutions of the Circassians, by removing children at an early age from the care of their parents, tend to eradicate the feelings of nature, and to render it a matter of indifference to the mother, whether the child she has borne and suckled at her breast be sold into Turkish slavery or kept in Circassia.* These institutions are not to be changed at once, these ancient usages are not to be put down by one imperial Ukase; but with a firmly established government, as in Georgia, with a steam navy on the coast, with all the seaports in her hands, and with good guard-houses at every place of embarkation, Russia might, and *would* give an immediate and great check to the Circassian slave-trade; and this might materially tend to break up the detestable harem system of the Turks, and to put them on a path of moral improvement to which they have as yet made no approach. The respect due to women, and the liberty to which they are entitled, would begin to rise when women were no longer sold like beasts of burden. The sons of the Sultans and great Pashas would no longer be born of slaves, but of free women; the Turks would have to take their wives from among their own people; a better hereditary succession would be established, and the high posts in the state would no longer be filled by bought, demoralized, degraded slaves, whose promotion has usually been preceded by a course of life which, in other countries, would consign them to the galleys or the gibbet. The souvenirs of these men must be destructive of every manly virtue. In what they *are* they can never forget what they *have been*.

Old Khosreff-Pasha and the elder Halil Pasha were both Georgian slaves, and both had filled the very highest offices of the state. Khosreff had been sold when a boy at Tophana, and when he had become a great man, he had himself bought Halil in the same market. When Halil grew in greatness he bought slaves for himself. Old Khosreff, his former master, who was not without jealousy at Halil's rapid elevation, used to be facetious on the subject. "Ha! Halil," said the old fox, "I am a better man than thou art. I was sold for 10,000 piastres, when the piastre was double the money it was worth when I bought thee. And for thee, O! Halil, I did pay only 5000 piastres! Mashallah! I was always worth more than thou. Dost remember, Halil, when I bought thee from the belly-pinching dealer and took thee to my plentiful house?"

* The best account of these unnatural institutions will be found in Mr. Longworth's interesting work, "A year in Circassia." I differ from many of my friend's conclusions, but I will vouch for the correctness of his premises, and for his thorough love of truth.

Pleasant reminiscences! Charming banter this, to pass between a hoary ex-prime minister and a dignified lord treasurer, or lord high admiral! Fancy Lord John Russell having been sold in his boyhood, and then having bought in his manhood the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, or the Lord Chancellor, or the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces! When such men as Khosreff and Halil come brightest out of the Turkish fountain of honour, what respect can be paid by civilized men to Turkish dignities? For my part, I could rarely sit for five minutes by the side of any of them without thinking of the joke of old Khosreff.

There are many considerations and circumstances—upon some of which I dare not dwell—which always rendered this white slave-trade far more horrible in my eyes than the trade in negroes. Must our anti-slavery societies have the warrant of ebony to excite their zeal or kindle their indignation? Is their philanthrophy dependent on colour? Have they no sympathy for slaves that are *white?* They have stunned us with the woes of the inferior negro races, and they are mute upon the degradation of the superior race of the Caucasus. But there is so much routine in all the philanthropy of the day; men's minds run in worn tracks, and their attention is so seldom called to the subject of Circassian slavery, and the moral corruption to which it gives rise.

Then, too, Circassia has been named of late years only as a land of liberty and a bulwark against Russia—a power incessantly abused by certain politicians for doing no more than we have ourselves done, and have (in good part) been obliged to do, in India and the regions beyond the Indus. Not an argument can we use in justification of our far-spreading conquests and aggrandizements in the East, but is as available to the Russians as to us. The Russians are excellent pioneers of civilization; the Russians have improved the condition of the *common people* wherever their power has been firmly established, (Poland itself not being an exception); the Russians have promoted agriculture, and established order and law where none existed before; the Russians have put down anarchy, feuds, and incessant internal wars, which (as in India before our dominion) depopulated whole towns and villages, and kept the poor people at the lowest ebb of wretchedness, or in the most agonizing state of uncertainty; the Russians are driven upon the barbarous, depopulated, prostrate regions of Turkey and Persia, by the same irresistible impulses, circumstances, and necessities, which have impelled, and are impelling us in India.

Mr. David Urquhart, who never did more than merely touch the Circassian coast, was the first to get up the Circassian mania. He took good care not to tell the people of England that his "patriots" were savages that trafficked in their own flesh and blood, and that his "heroes" were kidnappers and child-stealers.

These heroes and patriots were not so grateful as they might have been. As the best donation he could make, Mr. Urquhart invented for them and gave them a *National Standard*. The material was green silk, on which were worked a great many stars, and a sheaf of arrows bound together. The stars were to denote their numbers and their harmonious movements, and the arrows were to tell the patriots what strength there is in union. The inventor was very proud of his invention, and discoursed eloquently upon it at Constantinople. In Circassia an English gentleman saw his green silk flag turned into a pair of baggy breeches. Yes! notwithstanding its emblems, its stars, and its arrows, the national standard of Circassia was thus degraded! The patriots and heroes, who did not often march or show their faces to the enemy by day-light, soon grew weary of carrying this flag from place to place by night; a wife of one of the chiefs fell in love with the silk, and begged that she might have it to make *shalvars*. My informant assured me that the patriotess looked very smart in these her green silk trowsers.

CHAPTER XXVII.

On Saturday the 15th of April, at 7.30 A. M., we left the Golden Horn for the Gulf of Ismitt, or Nicomedia. The deck of the Turkish steamer (the same in which we had come from Ghemlik in December) was filthy and very much crowded with deck passengers, and as they had just smeared over the cabin with stinking paint we could not go below at all. The passengers were Turks—military officers and soldiers—who were going into the interior of Asia Minor men-hunting, or—as they expressed it—for *levying the conscription and collecting the recruits.*

These Nimrods were in all about 160. They were divided into eight gangs: each gang having a captain, a katib or clerk, an Imaum to give spiritual comfort, and an hekim or doctor to examine the recruits, and to attend to the health of his party. There were also three colonels, who were to fix themselves in the principal towns of the interior, and there see the different gatherings collected and put in order to march for Constantinople. Of the hekims, one was a grey-moustached old Venetian, one was a young Frenchman, and the third a melancholy young Swiss; the other five *doctors* were Franks from Pera and Galata, who were said to have had no sort of medical education. These last had not even studied in Galata Serai. This man-catching up in Asia was considered very rough work. Such of the students of the Medical School, as followed the profession,

tried to get better appointments. The Swiss was so melancholy, and the young Frenchman seemed so ashamed at being found on such service, or with such a dirty, vulgar rabble, that they shunned our advances and would enter into no conversation. The old Venetian, on the contrary, was only too forward and talkative; as he was dressed in Turkish uniform and *wore a sword*, we needed no one to tell us that he was a renegade. Not having followed his example, the Frenchman and the Swiss had plain clothes and no sword. I have treated in another book* of the Venetian's politics, of his republicanism, and of his predictions (which in the course of a few months were pretty well verified), that Charles Albert would go out like the snuff of a candle, and that the Italian liberals would upset Pius IX. He was one of the cunningest and most roguish-looking men I ever met with; even in this country of sinister countenances *his* struck us at the first glance. He was all over thin and spare: there was nothing of him for disease to catch hold of; and, aged as he was, he was quick, hardy, and alert. Without speaking kindly of his two Frank companions, he spoke most contemptuously of the Perote hekims: saying that it was because Government employed such fellows as those that there were so many hunchbacks and miserable objects in the Sultan's army. From his own account of his history before he became a hekim in the East, I saw reason to doubt whether he himself had ever received the rudiments of a medical education. He had been a common soldier and a common sailor under Bonaparte, and he had been a prisoner-of-war in England on board the hulks. But whatever skill he might have acquired since, he gave me fully to understand that he had not busied himself with the acquisition of common honesty; and from his own narrative and comments I suspected that he too must have sent a good many miserable objects into the Sultan's army. He had been a man-hunting in the interior four or five years successively. He told me, that though not very pleasant, it was *rather* profitable work; and he explained how money was to be made. The son of a Turk that has *some* property is drawn to serve. Well! the father or mother of the youth secretly slips 200, 300, or mayhap 500 piastres into the palm of the examining hekim bashi, and the hekim testifies that the young man is unfit for the service, having a narrow, weak chest, a flat foot, bad sight, or some other disqualification. If the recruiting officers should, in certain cases, be curious and doubtful, and examine the man drawn or to be drawn, it is so easy, by the application of an unguent, to raise a frightfully-looking sore, and declare it to be an incurable ulcer. "These Turks," said the *astuto Veneziano*, "are such born fools, such asses by nature, that a clever fellow may

* "A Glance at Revolutionized Italy."

do almost anything with them; not but that we medical officers are often obliged to divide our spoils with the military officers; and sometimes the recruiting officers do business on their own account, selling discharges without our knowledge. As for conscription, as practised in Bonaparte's time in France and Italy, it is all a c.....a (fudge); it never touches the Turks who have money to spend; the Turks who have no money run away and hide themselves as our parties approach, and we catch some of them as we can, hap-hazard; and if, when they are caught, any of them who have parents, or relatives, or friends that can un-purse (*chi possino sborsare*), why then, as a general rule, we let them go, and begin to hunt down others." Officers and men (the better sort avoid this service and are apparently never sent on it) were a most slovenly, ragged, frowsy company; some were dressed in uniform that was greasy and out at elbow, while others, for comfort and convenience, wore the old Turkish costume, only without the turban, none sporting turbans except the Imaums. Officers and men were mixed in amicable confusion, laughing, talking, and smoking together. The captains had not only very dusty and ragged coats, but also very dirty shirts. The Imaums, as usual, looked cleanly, and their big turbans were of a spotless white; but they were the only men on board that were uncivil and insolent. One of the colonels, a man apparently not above five-and-forty, was an unwieldy mass of fat and blubber, with an alarmingly short neck, and a monstrous abdomen. He had kept on a dirty pair of French boots, and a loose pair of black cloth pantaloons, but over these he wore a Turkish silk jacket, padded within, and offering without the delicate, feminine hue of the turquoise: sky-blue is not the word, it was turquoise-blue—a colour of which the Turks are very fond. As we got into warm shelter under the mountains of Asia, he lay down in the sun, coiled up under an umbrella; and he slept and snored during the greater part of the voyage. I could not help wondering how this tub of a man was ever to get over the tremendous mountains of the interior; nor could I help doubting whether he would ever get back alive to Stamboul.

The weather was fine, and had we been a little less crowded the voyage would have been delightful. We passed between the main and the picturesque group of the Princes' Islands, and then soon opened the Gulf of Nicomedia. We found ourselves at 11.50 A. M. off the large village or town of Ghebsé, which runs along some hill tops. We could not make out the tumulus which stands near this place, and bears the name of the tomb of Hannibal. On the other side of the gulf just oppopsite Ghebsé was a small village. On both sides the population was very scanty, and the appearance of agriculture rare.

The mountains on our right now began to grow lofty and majestic.

At 1 P. M. we stopped at the town of Kara Musal on the right shore, and under a grand, steep, beautifully wooded mountain. Here more than half of our men-hunting friends left us, the old Venetian doctor landing with them. Across the Gulf and nearly opposite was Herek-keui, with the grand Imperial Silk Manufactory. We took in a few passengers, and started again at 1.30 P. M. Among these passengers was an Armenian boy of Nicomedia, who had recently turned Mussulman, and who had now been at Kara Musal to be circumcised with half a score of Turkish boys—this being a ceremony never performed singly. The Mussulmans of Kara Musal had clapped a big white turban on his head, and had given him a fine braided jacket, and had filled his pockets with *khalvà* and other Turkish sweetmeats. He kept munching and sucking his *dolci* all the way, and seemed to be very well satisfied with his new religion and turban. He was a handsome boy, apparently about fourteen or fifteen years old—I was told that he was much older in vice and profligacy. He had been a dancing boy. *Sat.* About a mile above Kara Musal, on the same side, was the large Greek village of Tepè-keui, charmingly situated among trees midway up the mountain. Here and there, on the hill sides, we saw small groves of cypress trees, and detached single cypresses, marking the graves of Osmanlees, and the sites of Turkish villages which no longer existed. At 2 P. M. there was another Greek village on our right, on the margin of the water, and a little further on there was a large village called Congià, inhabited solely by Greeks. Other Greek villages were concealed from view; but their numbers intimated that here, too, the Rayahs are increasing more rapidly than the Mussulmans are decreasing.

At 3.30 P. M. we came to anchor at Ismitt or Nicomedia, off a rotten, tumble-down wooden pier or jetty. From the deck of the steamer the town appeared even more beautiful than Apollonia when we first saw it across that lake; a part of it curved gracefully round the edge of the Gulf, and the rest ascended and crowned a sharp conical hill, the houses being intermixed with leaden domes, and snow white minarets, cypresses, poplars, and platani, all fresh and full of leaf. In a few hours we had got into another climate; vegetation here was a good month more forward than at Constantinople.

We had brought with us for servant and drogoman a mongrel from Pera, having engaged him, not so much on the faith of testimonials he showed us from English and other travellers, as in an unwise reliance on his soft voice and manner, and meek honest looking countenance. *In fronte nulla fides.* He turned out a great rogue, and a fool and an idle fellow to boot. He had been swilling raki on the voyage, and was muzzy and stupid when we wanted his

services. Fortunately in one of the boats which came off to land the passengers we found a friend in Monsieur R———, an intelligent young Frank we had met at Brusa. He took charge of us and procured us comfortable quarters in a clean respectable Greek house. We went with him to pay a visit to Osman Bey, a man of some notoriety, and now governor of this place, once the capital of the great king Prusias and the abode of Hannibal.

The konack where the Bey received us, was a low, shabby building near the water's edge; but he had a good dwelling-house up in the town. At our arrival he had with him the members of the Council of Nicomedia. They were Turks to a man; yet here the Armenians are very numerous and influential. The members soon retired and left us to have a long talk with the Bey about these troublesome times and all these revolutions. He showed us a Socialist proclamation, recently published in Paris, and he asked me whether I did not think that such addresses to the poverty and passions of the people would end in a disorganization of society. It was curious to read such a paper in such a place. He appeared to be a sensible man, and to us he was very civil and courteous; he was said to grind and oppress much less than Turkish governors in general, but to be notorious for the vice of Turks and Persians. He was once captain of a ship of the line. In 1839, on the death of Sultan Mahmoud, he deserted with Achmet Fevzy, Capitan Pasha, who delivered up the Sultan's fleet to Mehemet Ali of Egypt. Our cannonading of Acre led to the restitution of this fleet, and then Osman Bey remained for some years an exile in the land of Egypt. At length old Mehemet Ali obtained his pardon from the gentle Abdul Medjid. Having made friends at Constantinople with the members of Riza Pasha's government, and holding considerable landed and other property in this neighbourhood, he had been made governor of Ismitt, and he was now said to have good support in Reshid Pasha's Cabinet. His old superior, Achmet Fevzy, had been a common boatman on the Bosphorus; he was altogether ignorant of such accomplishments as reading and writing, and he was working as a common boatman only a few short years before he became—in rapid succession—valet to Sultan Mahmoud, Lieutenant-General, Field-Marshal, Ambassador at St. Petersburgh, and Capitan Pasha, or Lord High Admiral. My dear old friend, C. Zohrab, knew him well in his humble state, and so often rowed in his caïque to and from Therapia, that he was almost considered as Achmet Fevzy's master. The lucky caïquejee had many good qualities, and among these was a faithful remembrance in the days of his prosperity of those who had befriended him in his adversity. He had been described to me by Christians as one of the best Turks in power that they had ever known. It was neither premeditated treason nor

Egyptian gold, neither any dislike of the new Sultan (then an innocent boy), nor any love for Mehemet Ali or Ibrahim Pasha, that induced him to turn traitor, and carry the fleet to Alexandria. He had involved himself in a mortal enmity with the old fox Khosreff, with Halil (formerly Khosreff's slave), with Mustapha Nouree (our Brusa Pasha), and with other vindictive and unscrupulous men. On the demise of Sultan Mahmoud, Khosreff Pasha got the reins of government into his hands, and became, for a time, absolute master of the empire. The Capitan Pasha, who was in the Archipelago, felt assured that he would be recalled, and equally sure that if he ascended the Dardanelles and went to Constantinople, he would be utterly ruined in his fortunes, if not put to death. "I know Khosreff," said he, "the fox shall not catch me! I should be worse than an ass if I went into his hole;" and so, in his dread of Khosreff, he went into Alexandria and gave his fleet up to Mehemet Ali. Unlike Osman Bey, he could never obtain a pardon. The Pasha of Egypt gave him a small pension, and probably grew tired of even giving that. In about two years and a half after his *tradimento*, Achmet Fevzy died suddenly at Cairo, leaving it a matter of speculation whether he had been taken off by apoplexy, or by a poisoned cup of coffee. Thus was the story read to me at Pera by some who had been well acquainted with the man and his adventures; and by what I now learned from Monsieur R———, this was the reading that Osman Bey now gave.

We walked up to the top of the curious steep conical town. Though far better than many Turkish towns we had visited, the interior by no means corresponded with the beautiful exterior. The streets were narrow and filthy, and at least half of the houses that had looked so charmingly at a distance were falling to bits. High up the hill, on a small esplanade shaded by beautiful plane-trees and by dark cypresses, we stopped at a mosque which had recently been rebuilt by Abdul Medjid, who *once* came to these parts to see the Imperial Manufactories. Here had stood an ancient mosque, erected by Orkan before the Turks conquered Brusa, and made it the capital of their infant empire; but regardless of the historical interest of the building, the Turks had allowed this early mosque to go utterly to ruin, and little was left of it, except its low, solid, stone minaret. The present structure, which the Sultan had caused to be erected on the spot, was a shabby precarious concern, built of wood that was already starting and warping; but being painted of a light colour, and flanked and backed by dark trees, it had a striking effect from the gulf below. Before the Turkish conqueror built his mosque, a Greek church had stood on that natural terrace; and that church had probably been erected on the ruins and with the materials of an ancient Greek temple, for truncated columns, mutilated inscriptions,

and fragments of Grecian antiquity, were close at hand. On the top of the cone we found the confined Acropolis of ancient Nicomedia. This city was one of the first that felt the fury of the invading Goths in the third century of the Christian era. Then a rich and splendid place, it was plundered, burned, demolished, as Chalcedon had been before, and as Nice, Prusa, Apamæa, Cius, and other splendid cities, were destroyed a few weeks afterwards. The ruins which remained on the Acropolis were inconsiderable, and were all of the Lower Empire, although composed in good part of more ancient and classical materials. These consisted of fragments of walls and rent towers. Some of the towers were square, and some irregularly rounded. The prospect over gulf, valley, and mountain, and the bird's-eye view of the town beneath us, were exquisite. For the scenery alone, I would recommend every traveller in Turkey to make this excursion, and to spend at least one evening among the ruins of the Acropolis of Nicomedia. Close by them we found a Turkish cemetery, which, with its dark cypresses and white tombstones, was a most perfect picture of that sort. Here were a good many fragments, but so minute, so displaced, disjointed, and broken to pieces, that nothing could be made of them except that they were Greek, or Greco-Roman. The splendid *medaglioni* of Nicomedia, of which I had seen several specimens in 1828, had all been carried off long ago. Collectors and agents of collectors had been here, as in all other parts, and the chance dealings in old coins had been turned into a regular trade.

The Greeks being comparatively few in number in the town, though numerous in the neighbouring villages, seemed to be depressed and timid. Our host's son was afraid to go on an errand into the Turkish quarter, saying that it was after sunset, and that the Turkish boys would fall upon him. The people of the house were keeping the long fast which precedes Easter, in the most rigorous manner, eating little more than bread, cabbages, and bad black olives. The cholera had not come, but was daily expected. The fasting Greeks and Armenians were inviting its visit by their crude, unwholesome diet.

On the following morning, at 7.15 A.M., we were on horseback (if our *rosses* could be called horses,) and starting for the Sultan's Cloth Manufactory, with a good-tempered Turkish suridjee, and Giovanni, our roguish and useless Perote drogoman. The town stretched farther along the gulf than we had imagined. A long straggling street, chiefly occupied by wretched-looking shops reached nearly to the end of the gulf. We met some Turkish travellers—peasants and little farmers—who were coming into the town from the neighbouring mountains. They hailed us as *capitani*, and saluted us with much courtesy and good humour. One poor fellow was going to give us the "Salām-Aleikum," or the "Peace be with you," which

no Mussulman must bestow upon a Ghiaour;* but he bethought himself in time, and only said "*Sal.*" . . . . At the end of the gulf, close to the town (which had brewers of malaria enough without them,) there was a long line of *Tuzlar* or salt pans, like those under Mr. H———'s chiftlik. We were now upon the verdant plain, which looked more beautiful than it had done yesterday, when seen from the deck of the steamer. At 8.15 A.M. we waded across a river which flows from the mountains near the Sabanjah Lake. The water touched our saddle-girths, but it was beautifully clear, and was running over a good hard pebbly bottom. Near at hand we saw the massive ruins of an ancient bridge. As we advanced, the plain became still greener and more beautiful, and there were patches of wood here and there. To our right, the slopes of the hills, with clumps of trees distributed by nature, looked like an English park, or rather like a long succession of parks; but these acclivities were backed by lofty mountains that were densely wooded to the very top. Here, for the first time this season, we heard the vernal voice of the cuckoo. Thrushes, larks, and blackbirds were singing and piping gaily. The storks had all returned, and were busy collecting materials to repair their huge nests. These large grave birds were the visible population of the valley; we saw no men.

Having crossed a stream by a strong rustic wooden bridge, which had been made by an English cloth-weaver, and having ascended the stream for about half a mile, we came up to the grand Fabrica, which, with its appendages, had a respectable and almost imposing appearance. It had taken us nearly two hours to ride from Nicomedia, though I should think the distance was scarcely six miles.

Englishmen had set up the machinery, and expert hands from the clothier districts of Yorkshire, had first made cloth in this Asiatic solitude; but the last of the English had been sent adrift two years ago, and the place of our countrymen had been supplied by Belgians,

* Now that Turks dress so much like Christians, and all classes wear the unsightly, inconvenient *fez*, mistakes rather frequently occur.

One evening, while riding from Tuzlar to Brusa, J. Z. met a Mussulman who, in passing, gave him the *Salām-Aleikum*. Going on his way, the Turk learned from a peasant on the road that our friend was a *Christian;* and, turning his horse's head thereupon, he followed John, and with much excitement demanded that he would give him back his *Salām-Aleikum*. "I gave it you," said the Tchelebee: "did I not say *Aleikum-Salām*, as the use is?" "Ay! but," said the Turk, "those be words that must not pass between a Mussulman and a Ghiaour! Are you not a Ghiaour?" John said he was a Christian, and that he thought nowadays Christians and Mussulmans might say to each other "Peace be with you!" "No," said the Turk, "they may not! Give me back my salām! Tell me that you consider that I did not say *Salām-Aleikum* to you!" The Tchelebee, who had his double-barrels in his hands, cared very little whether it was peace or war with them; but he gratified the uneasy man, and they parted.

None of the Turks in Asia Minor—not even those who were kindest to us, and most friendly with J. Z.—would ever give us the *Salām-Aleikum*. It was the same in Roumelia.

who had been engaged by the Armenian Dadians at *lower* salaries. When Mr. N. Davis was here, in the preceding autumn, he found the whole Belgian colony laid up with malaria fevers. Being only in the month of April, we, or the Belgians, were not quite so unfortunate; yet the good men who came out to meet us and give us welcome, looked little better than a procession of convalescents issuing from an hospital. All these men (six or seven in number), wore the unmistakeable livery of the malaria demon: they had all suffered cruelly last year, and, early as it was in the season, two of them had now that horrible fever and ague upon them. They all appeared to be very quiet, respectable men—excellent specimens of the artisans of the Netherlands. They took us into their lodging-house, which was detached from the grand Fabrica, and kindly pressed us to take refreshments. They gave us a moving account of their annoyances and sufferings, which had commenced with their arrival in the country. It was not a blessing they pronounced on those who brought them hither, with the assurance that they were to live in a land flowing with milk and honey and in a most healthy climate. Two of their party had given up the ghost last autumn. Of their English predecessors, three had died here and two had carried away diseases, which killed them before they could reach their own homes. There was one old Belgian in the room upon whom the fevers had produced a curious effect—they had deprived him of his memory.

The English mechanics finding that they could not live down here in the warm weather, or sleep in the house without being attacked, had taken lodgings at an Armenian village on the hills, called Slombek, where two of them were now lying buried. The Belgians, the summer before last, had tried Slombek and had fevered there; last summer they had tried the Greek village of Kara Tepè, and had fevered there, although it was a good way up the mountains; and now they were trying the elevated Armenian village of Hovajik, and were fevering there. They said they suffered a great deal more than the people of the country, but that they hardly knew a native that had been free from the terrible disorder in the months of September and October last. Yet here the country was most beautiful to look upon, and the air was sweet and balmy. The scenery behind the works was like another long succession of parks, having verdant open slopes, with the sun shining brightly upon them, and a magnificent background of woods and mountains. The stagnating waters, though near at hand, were out of sight, in the hollows of the plain. The building stood in a fine open undulating hill-side, and—at a distance—really looked like a nobleman's seat in the midst of his park. As it was Sunday the works were all closed, but we were invited to return to-morrow, when everything would be shown to us.

We re-mounted at 10.15 A.M. to see the lake of Sabanjah, (called by the old Greeks "Sophon"), at the head of the plain. Diverging

from the road or track, we took a most rugged path up the hills, a mile or two to the east of the factory, in order to visit the Armenian village of Slombek, and the graves of the Englishmen who had perished in this perfidious, accursed place, unhappy dupes of Hohannes Dadian.

We reached the village at 11.15 A.M., after a somewhat disastrous ride—the path being now and then quite horrible. It being Sunday, and *Palm* Sunday to boot, the Armenian villagers were making merry, drinking wine and raki, eating parched peas and sweet-meats, and sporting, in their gross way, among the gravestones; for the scene of their merriment was the cemetery. There were no women present, and the men were as repulsive a set as could be seen. A troop of burly, dirty, blear-eyed boys were playing on the tombstone of the poor Englishmen, which stood in the midst of the cemetery; and they would not move until our suridjee drove them away. The barbarians had, with stones and hammers and knives, completely obliterated the Christian names and surnames, the ages and native places of our poor countrymen. It is curious they should have selected just these portions for their mischief. All the rest of the inscription was perfectly legible.* It ran thus:—

IN MEMORY OF
* * * * * * WOOL STAPLER, * * * * * *
WHO DIED SEPTEMBER 16, 1844,
AND OF
* * * * * * SCRIBBLER * * * * * *
WHO DIED OCTOBER 15TH, 1845,
AND OF
* * * * * * SCRIBBLER * * * * * *
WHO DIED NOVEMBER 6, 1844, AND WAS INTERRED AT ISMITT;
ALL IN THE SERVICE OF THE
OTTOMAN GOVERNMENT.

It was irritating to see this memorial of the dead, (erected little more than two years ago by the English survivors), thus defaced and misused by these gross, unimaginative, Armenian boors. The slab, which was raised only some 18 inches from the ground, and which was no longer in an horizontal position, was of the coarse common stuff of the country, called *marble* by courtesy, and described as bright and pure by your Lamartines. No doubt it will soon be broken and will altogether disappear.

* I afterwards ascertained that the names of the three victims were—
Benjamin Oddy.
* * * * Howard.
J. Binns.
The last (a native, I believe, of Leeds) was the one that was drowned.

Two of the poor Englishmen, who are buried side by side under the slab, died of the malaria fever direct; the third, who was buried at the edge of the town of Nicomedia, was said to have gone mad of fevers, bad living, solitude and wretchedness, and to have slipped out one night and drowned himself in the deep mill-pool of the factory. There were, however, some who reported that he never was insane, and that he certainly did not commit suicide. Both at Constantinople and Nicomedia, I heard whispers that some sullen Armenian workmen, to whom he had given offence, had surprised him by night and had hurled him into the pool. No inquiry was made; the poor fellow was but a wool-scribbler—a "low mechanic"—and how can *gentlemen* of legations and consulates occupy themselves about such as he! One of the Belgians had his grave here, close to the two Englishmen; the other was buried by the side of the Englishman at Nicomedia. The ghosts of these poor men, and of the many other European victims, ought to haunt Hohannes Dadian. The Belgian's grave here had no slab or stone; it was merely marked by a slight mound of earth, which the rude feet of the Armenians would soon press to a level with the soil. The brutish people were treating the tombstones of their own fathers and friends with disrespect, sitting or lolling on them, and spreading out on them their wine and raki, *khalvà* and parched peas, and stinking soups of cabbages and leeks in wooden bowls. Many of them were drunk without being merry. We saw one hideous fellow without a nose. Thinking of former times, I asked what pasha had cut it off. "Oh," said the suridjee, "it was pasha . . . . . !"

This Slombek, though scarcely seen from the plain, was large and populous, but many of the houses were mere huts, and the interior of the village was filthy in the extreme, although beautiful streams of water, descending from the wooded hills, were running all about it. At a few minutes before noon we gladly quitted the barbarous place, although we did so under a heavy shower of rain.

Our descent to the plain was precipitous; the path, for a good way, was in a hollow water-course, where the mud was two or three feet deep. At 12-30 P. M. we rode through a very small and wretched Turkish hamlet, where the huts and hovels were made of the trunks of trees, as in the neighborhood of Kutayah. Shortly after this we regained the high road—one of the principal roads of the Ottoman Empire—and a detestable, break-leg, break-arm road it was! A narrow, rough, stone causeway, often under water in winter, and now having deep mud, swamps and bogs, on either side, slippery, broken, full of deep holes, and at times reduced to a mere ridge of rough stones, *à dos d'âne*, and barely two feet wide, ran eastward to the shores of the lake. When the heats of summer dry the plain, travellers cut across it and leave the causeway *à tous les diables*.

We were now right under the loftiest part of the beautiful Ghiouk Dagh or Heaven Mountain, which bounds the Nicomedian plain on the south, and stretches eastward along the lake. It is about 5000 feet high; it is most densely wooded from base to summit, the bold picturesque tops being fringed with pine-trees. It affords a great variety of timber, and it was here that Mr. N. Davis selected the young trees for the Sultan's model farm. The mountain sends down to the plain hundreds of little cascades and streamlets of the brightest water. The sounds of running waters were heard at every step. We had water from above as well as water below, for the rain now came down in torrents. As we advanced we got engaged in a forest which stretches from the roots of the mountain, across the plain, and down to the western end of the Sabanjah Lake. Planetrees, hard oaks, evergreen ilices, firs, maples, mountain ashes, elms, beeches, chestnut-trees, were growing all together, in a way I never saw before; but all were neglected and left to themselves, and growing so thickly that none could attain to their full dimensions. With a little clearing—with a slight employment of the woodman's craft—here might be some of the finest timber in the world! We met a few screaming arubas carrying sticks for house-building. Except these poor materials, and a little charcoal, the Turks now derive nothing from these immense forests and woodlands. Formerly, when a government dock-yard was in activity at Nicomedia, they cut a little timber here and in the region above. Abounding in fine forests near the coasts, Bithynia was of old a great ship-building country. The Sultans had another dock-yard, in the Gulf of Moudania, close to Ghio, but that also is abandoned, and now the proud "Bithynian keel" no longer braves the Carpathian or other seas.*

At 2 P. M. we reached a miserable *dervent:* there was a low coffee-house-and-guard-house on one side of the road, and a backal's shop on the other; and in a green glen, traversed by a beautiful stream, a little in the rear of the shop, was a rude Turkish mill. We had scarcely dismounted at the coffee-house and got out of the heavy rain, when some of our friends of yesterday—the men-catchers—rode up. They had left Nicomedia some hours after us, and had got thus far on their journey into the interior. They were in a pitiful plight—in a worse plight than ourselves—they were drenched with rain, and bespattered all over with mud. Some of them had cotton umbrellas, but these had been slight protection in such a deluge. The Imaums, with their loose robes and big white muslin turbans, drenched through and through and dripping, looked particularly miserable, and much sourer than they did yesterday. The fat colonel, who could hardly

* "Quicunque Bithynâ lacessit
Carpathium Pelagus carinâ."
Hor., L. 1, Od. xxxv.

dismount with the help of two men, threw off a long brown cloak that was streaming with water, and exhibited himself in his turquoise blue jacket and an enormous pair of mud boots which reached to his hips: he was all boots and jacket. He grunted and groaned heavily as he sat on a wicker stool and sipped a small cup of coffee. It was marvellous how, on a sorry hack, so heavy a man had got along the causeway and reached this place. Some of the officers and men, after taking coffee, went over together to the backal's shop to take some *chasse-café*, in the shape of raki—and it was a good quantity of ardent spirit they took among them. It was as motley a group as ever belonged to an army calling itself regular. Some were foot soldiers and some belonged to the cavalry of the imperial guard; but all were travelling on horseback and were cavaliers for the time. They were going on to-night to the village of Sabanjah. As that village was a poor little place, we were sure to find no lodging there, unless we chose to lodge together with some of these Turks. We therefore determined to give up that journey and content ourselves with a view of the lake from this end of it.

Having finished their pipes, the men-catchers renewed their journey under an unabating deluge of rain. A few of them had brought their regulation saddles with them, but the greater part rode on the bare *wooden* pack-saddles of the country.

We were told that it was only a ride of ten minutes down to the end of the lake. We started at 2.30 P. M. to find that the trip occupied us good three quarters of an hour. It was one of our very worst rides. Under the guidance of a Turk, who knew the spots where there was danger of man and horse being bogged or drowned, we went through thick wood, and thicker underwood, through deep mud and slush, across streams and pools, the rain descending heavily all the while. Our suridjee nearly went with his horse into one of the deep pools. He had gone too far to the right. "*Jhannum*," said the guide, "keep a little this way or we shall never see thee again." We dismounted two or three times to avoid being knocked off by the branches of the trees, or to cross some water by walking over the slippery stem of a tree laid down for a bridge. At this extremity the lake is completely screened by the dense wood, which forms a broad unhealthy belt between it and the plain of Nicomedia.

Within these tangled groves and thickets is an immensity of water, mostly produced by the annual overflowing of the lake; this water begins to evaporate in the month of May, or as soon as the hot weather sets in; at the same time a prodigious decomposition of vegetable matter goes on, and the broad belt prevents the free circulation of the air and breezes from the lake down the valley to the gulf, and from the gulf up the valley to the lake. Hence a tremendous *foyer* of the worst kind of malaria, a gigantic laboratory of

poison and disease! This kills at the Fabrica, at the town of Nicomedia, and on the hill villages. There is no escape from it except at the very summits of the mountain. In such regions, near hills are generally found worse than the level plain. From the lake down to the gulf is a distance of barely *twelve* English miles. Standing on a prejecting ridge near Slombek, we saw both gulf and lake; the lake seemed to be the higher of the two, and I should say that there was a slight declination all through the valley or plain from east to west. The waters were running not towards the lake, but from the lake towards the gulf. The plain was cut in the midst by the bed of a river, which flowed from east to west, and had its choked-up mouth near the town of Nicomedia. If this river—called by the Turks the Kara-sou—had its source in the Ghieuk Dagh, it certainly was receiving at *this season* contributions from the waters of the lake through the belt of wood. In some parts the bed of this river was deep, between good strong natural banks; but in other parts it was shallow and obstructed; the winter and spring torrents had eaten into the soil, and there the waters filled the hollows, spread over the champaign, and were left to stagnate and evaporate. Clear out the entrance to this river on the side of the lake, clear out its mouth on the gulf, deepen its bed or embank it where necessary, train the mountain streams to fall into it, cut down that horrible belt of wood, let in air and free ventilation, and you remove at once the pestilence which desolates a most beautiful and a fertile region. But when will the Turks do this? *Quando mai!* There could have been no such deadly forest, no such swamps in the time of the ancient Greeks, when the country teemed with population, and was celebrated for its wealth and the salubrity of its climate. The great causes must have existed then as now; there must have been the same lake, the same streams running from the mountains into the valley, and the same tendency to a rapid and rank vegetation; but those energetic men of old must have attended to drainage, and have kept down the growth of the woods.

At last we came out upon the margin of the Sabanjah (invisible until we were upon it), and stood dripping among the reeds and bulrushes. It was a fine sheet of fresh water, lying within a picturesque frame of hills and mountains. Here it was scarcely a mile broad; but a little to the east it widened, and became a grand expanse. The total length was about ten English miles. On our right hand, on the southern side, were the lofty crests, the bold declivities, and the thick forests of the Ghieuk Dagh. On the northern side, the hills were of moderate elevation, and sloped gently down to the water. Our guide there pointed out an extensive chiftlik belonging to Osman Bey, the governor of Nicomedia. The village of Sabanjah stands about midway up the lake, over the south

bank, and there is a Greek *Monastir* behind it of no great note. On the opposite bank, or rather in the hills about a mile from the lake, stands Armash, a very famous Armenian monastery and place of pilgrimage. Hither the Armenians resort for a miraculous cure of their fevers and other ailments; and here a grand religious festival is held annually, attended by an enormity of raki drinking, and a prodigality of donations to the illiterate Eutychean priests.

Towards the head of the lake the hills fall away on either side, and the land beyond is a perfect champaign. Adar Bazarr is there situated. It stands in a dead flat, and being surrounded and intermixed with trees and gardens, it is scarcely visible from any side, although a large town, and very populous in Armenians. It is a place which takes a high standing in the list of the American missionaries. We were told that travellers often passed close by it without being aware of its importance, or even of its existence. It must be dreadfully unhealthy; but, being on one of the high roads or tracks into the interior, it is a place, for this country, of very considerable trade. This transit trade attracts the Armenians. The lake abounds in fish; the industrious, persevering Cossacks of Lake Magnass come and fish the waters at certain seasons; but the people living on the banks are too stupid, or too indolent, to derive much benefit from the fish: they merely make wicker inclosures and traps near the shore, and at the mouths of streams which fall into the lake. We did not see a boat, skiff, punt, or canoe upon the broad waters.* At the proper season this is a glorious place for duck-shooting, for wild swans, and other aquatic game. On account of the difficulties of approach few amateur sportsmen ever come near it. We were told that near the Greek monastery, behind the village of Sabanjah, and at one or two other places round the lake, there were some slight remains of antiquity. Since the days of old Paul Lucas, who in the year 1706 took this route to the interior, the region has never been examined, and but seldom traversed, by a civilized European.† I should think that, between the east head of the lake and the left bank of the Sangarius river, traces of several ancient towns might be discovered. Much reliance is not to be placed in the people of the country, who make no distinction between

* Pococke, who speaks of its immense carp, says that in his time they fished the lake in "boats hollowed out of one piece of wood."

Sad as are the descriptions of the state of the country given by this truthful old traveller, I never found myself on his track without seeing that his *bad* had become *worse*. He speaks with rapture of the beauty and fertility of the country along the south side of the Sabanjah; it exceeded everything he had seen; there were no stones in it! Now it exhibits nothing but stones and boulders brought down by the mountain torrents, and wild tangled woods!

† Pococke was here in 1740; Mr. D. Morier in 1809; Col. Macdonald Kinnier in 1814: but these travellers kept a straight course, and did not diverge to the north of the lake towards the Euxine.

Hellenic and Byzantine remains—between a classical temple and a monastir or church; but they told us there were many ruins a few miles to the north-east of the lake.

We returned to the *dervent*, as wet as drowned rats, reaching that miserable place about an hour before sunset. We made a large wood fire in the coffee house, and having brought no change with us, we dried our clothes while we wore them. It was too late to think of returning to Nicomedia by such roads, and as the café was the lodging-place of five or six Turkish irregulars, and a mere barraque with a roof by no means water-tight, we went across the way to the backal's, and took possession of a room over the shop. It was a small room, with a very creaky floor, and with windows which had no sashes; but it was tolerably clean, and had a tiled roof impervious to the rain, which continued as if it meant to cease never. The backal (a Greek) made a bright wood-fire for us, and gave us rice soup, a boiled fowl, and some first-rate raki. We measured the comforts of a night's lodging by fleas or no fleas, bugs or no bugs. Here there were none. We kept the fire burning all night, and, under similar circumstances—in such damp places—I would earnestly recommend all travellers to do the same. Judging from past experience, in Turkey and in other countries, I should say that, even in hot weather, a fire ought to be kept up at night where one sleeps: it may be unpleasant, but it is almost sure to keep off the malaria fiend. With good wood fires at night, I have slept at Vico di Pantano, at Pæstum, in the Pontine Marshes, and on the skirts of the Tuscan Maremme, in the perilous months, and without feeling the malaria.

The next morning we were up by times. The tempest of rain was over; the sky was without a cloud; the sun was shining out beautifully, and a beautiful woodland scenery was all around us. We were in the heart of a wood, with the lofty, wooded Ghieuk Dagh, or Heaven Mountain, above our heads. The trees were waving in the morning breeze, shaking off the wet of yesterday and last night; the torrents, streamlets, and runnels were dashing, racing, babbling, and glittering in the bright morning light; the few cocks of the village were crowing and singing out cheerily; some grey-hounds of a spoiled Angora breed were skipping about the backal's door, and the few irregulars of the guard, in the old Turkish costume, and with their bright turbans—reds, greens, and yellows—shining in the sun, were seated cross-legged in front of the café smoking their first tchibouques.

We mounted our hacks, and rode slowly back to the imperial cloth manufactory, where we were again most heartily welcomed by the good Belgians. M. Brixhé, the director, was away with his family at Ismitt, *all of them being sick*. The men took us over the

works, and showed us everything. The work-rooms were lofty, very spacious, airy, well lighted, and really excellent; but very little work was doing in them. At most two or three dozen of Armenians were assembled, and they seemed half asleep. There was first-rate machinery from England, France, and Belgium, but the mass of it was English, and fitted up here on the spot by Englishmen. There was a most splendid water-power—water enough to drive a hundred factories—and there was an English iron hydraulic wheel of large diameter, which set all the machinery in motion, and was a beautiful object in itself, and admirably fitted up. The Belgians, much to their credit, had kept this fine wheel in admirable order. But all praise must end with the building and the machinery. Everything was as execrably managed as at Zeitoun Bournu and Macri-keui. There was no system unless it was the system of *gaspillage*. Badly as I had thought of the conduct of the Dadians, I was scarcely prepared for what I heard in this place. They were constantly doing and undoing, building up and knocking down, and then building up again as before; they shut their ears to all sensible and honest advice, telling every honest man, "This is not your affair—this does not concern you!" Before they built the great Fabrica here, they well knew themselves, and were repeatedly told by others, that the air was pestilential, that the natives could not live in this place, and much less Europeans; that there were several places in the neighbourhood (with good water power) that were perfectly healthy: but *here* they would have it, and *here* they erected their pest-house. The expenditure of the Sultan's money had been enormous. Besides the separate lodging-house for the Europeans, they had built an immense barrack of a place for the accommodation of the Armenian working people, and they had traced out a regular or irregular village; for this place was to be in brief time another Leeds, the great cloth manufacturing town of the Ottoman Empire! But there was no keeping together a regular resident population; the Armenians would not sleep here in the summer and autumn; long before the approach of night they all ran away to the villages on the hills. For six months in the year the great barrack was useless; and even in the winter time the people preferred their own villages. In all there were said to be about 150 Armenians, men and boys, employed about the Fabrica, but very few of these had learned the mystery of cloth making, and as most of them had mulberry gardens or vineyards, or a field or two of corn land, and as they were irregularly paid, they were very irregular in their attendance. Eleven good fulling machines were sent out from England, but there was only *one* fulling machines (French) at work. The others were broken, scattered, and could hardly be fitted up at all. The fuller—a decent Frenchman—with his one machine, could not keep pace with the looms, and he had

been imploring for many months that they would get him other fulling machines.

They keep on spinning wool and weaving cloth; and when the cloth is made, as only a small portion of it can be fulled, the mass of it is thrown into a damp magazine. Land rats and water rats swarm. The grease in the unfulled cloth attracts the destructive vermin, and the rats eat the cloth and make their nests in the very heart of the unpressed bales. "You cannot take up a piece of cloth without finding it defiled and gnawed, and with holes through and through it." So said the intelligent Frenchman, who would have given us ocular demonstration if the stench of that depôt had not driven us from the door. In his own mind he had formed twenty different theories about the Armenian management; but he had given them all up, and had, indeed, given up the whole subject as an unfathomable mystery. He could allow a great deal for ignorance, obstinacy, and conceit, but this would not carry him through the question, for blunders were committed that no amount of ignorance could account for: he could also allow a great deal for roguery and gaspillage, but then so many things were done which looked like a gaspillage upon themselves—so much was like roguery committing suicide upon itself.

Most of the cloth manufactured was coarse, porous, wretched stuff; when turned into soldiers' cloaks or jackets there was no wear in it. The whole quantity was of no amount: four years ago the Fabrica was to clothe the whole regular army, but it never had clothed a fiftieth part of it. Now and then the Sultan and some of his household got a blue frock coat apiece out of the Fabrica, but this fine cloth cost its weight in gold—or more. "It would be very odd," said one of the Belgians, "if we could not turn out a piece of the finest cloth occasionally, seeing that we have the best machinery of England and France, that the finest of wools for the purpose are imported, *viâ* Trieste, from Saxony and the best wool countries, and that we, Frenchmen and Belgians, work it. You could not call it Turkish cloth—it was only cloth made in Turkey by European machinery, out of European material, and by good European hands. We made it as the English before us made it. As for the Turks, we must leave them out of the question, for they hate regular labour and will not work here; but take these Armenians; they could not make fine cloth—it will be long before they learn—and leave this machinery in their hands without any Franks, and in a month they would spoil and ruin it all. They have no order, no neatness or cleanliness, no mechanical skill."

The Frenchman and an old German were fully sensible of the absurdity of attempting to force on manufactures in a most fertile country where agriculture was in its very earliest infancy. With the

money which has been already spent in this place alone the Sultan might have drained these stagnant waters, might have cut down the thick belt of wood and underwood by the lake, might have made a distribution of proper ploughs and other agricultural implements, might have restored this rich and beautiful plain to perfect salubrity. Again I must say that it made the heart sick and sad to see these profligate, blundering proceedings of the Armenians—for they, and not the Turks, are the fathers of these manufacturing establishments, and the sole directors of them.

Where there was so much machinery, and so much breakage (at the hands of the clumsy Armenians), occasional castings in iron and brass were necessary. Instead of having this work done at Constantinople the Dadians had resolved to have it all done here on the spot, and therefore they were now building a *wooden* structure to serve as a foundry, close to the wooden lodging-house of the Belgians —so close that there was scarcely room to pass between them. And this in a place where ground was of no value, where all the ground, to the extent of at least 200 acres, appertained to the imperial Fabrica ! ! The foundry if it ever be finished, will take fire some day, and the two contiguous wooden buildings will blaze together. *" Celá brûlera ! Un beau jour le tout brûlera ! et c'est ce qu'il à de mieux a faire!"* So said an honest Belgian in the bitterness of his soul. Water there was in abundance; but there was not even a Turkish fire-engine, or so much as a fire-bucket on the premises. Mother earth covers the blunders and rascalities of quack-doctors; a sudden conflagration here, and at Zeitoun Bournu, at Macri-keui, and other places where they have pretended to establish manufactories, might be favourable to the character of the Armenians.

Besides being bent down by sickness, bad food, bad lodging, and mortal ennui, the Europeans, one and all, were utterly disheartened by the conviction that, as far as utility was concerned, they were doing far worse than nothing. This is a conviction that takes all heart out of a man, and (if lasting) nearly all morality. The very felons that were first sent to our tread-mill—the foes of society, or the men to whom society was a foe—trod the Sisyphus steps with another heart when they knew that their labour was not useless, that the rotations of the wheel tended to a productive labour.

Besides eleven Belgians and the one Frenchman there were now here four Germans—the last but lately arrived. They were bringing out two more Belgians to supply the places of those who died last year. Poor fellows ! they little knew what they were coming to. The only European that had escaped the fevers was the Frenchman, who told us that he had dosed himself copiously with raki. Of the men whom we had seen yesterday two were too ill this morning to descend from their village, and three were laid prostrate in the lodg-

ing-house. There was not one sound liver among them all! They all looked forward with dread to the hot and autumnal months, saying that if they were so ill now, they must be much worse then! I advised them to put up with pecuniary loss, and to "cut and run" in order to save their lives. Some of them seemed much inclined to take this advice; but others demurred, for if they fulfilled the term of their contract the heavy expenses of the journey back to their own country were to be paid by the Government or Hohannes Dadian.* I believe that their contract bound them to remain some twelve months longer; and I also believe that if they stayed through the summer and autumn of 1848 half of them must have died there, and the other half have gone home with ruined constitutions.

The Armenians had engaged a Frank doctor to drive away the fevers, which was work rather to be done by a civil-engineer. In the house we found Signor Carones, a very gentlemanly Piedmontese, who was *médicin en chef* to this "Imperial Fabrica." He had not been here long, and he confessed that he was sadly perplexed by the obstinate and dreadful intermittents which would not yield to the sulphate of quinine.

The only visible woman now about the place was an ancient Greek washerwoman who looked very like a witch. By some magical means the poor people contrived to give the hekim and us a very good meal.

At 2.30 P. M. we mounted our horses to ride with the doctor to Nicomedia. This time we did not wade through the river, but crossed it by a staggering wooden bridge, near to which stood a café and a Turkish corn-mill. The imperial courier from Bagdad, with his letter-bags, suridjees, and three or four sadly stained travellers, was halting at the coffee-house. The kind and polite Piedmontese amused us with accounts of some of his journeys in the country, his distant visits to sick Turks, and his various adventures. He had seen little but an increase of misery and a decrease of Mussulman population. He spoke quite affectionately of the simple, honest, docile peasantry.

We entered Nicomedia at 4 P. M., just as a procession of dancing-boys, followed by a troop of the governor's cavasses or policemen, came down the principal street and entered a coffee-house near the lower cemetery, wherein they were to make their revolting exhibitions. "The march," said an indignant Greek, "is not quite complete; the governor's cavasses are in the rear, but the governor himself and his kadi ought to be at the head!" We walked about the town and heard sad complaints of the conduct of the men-catchers who had started from the place yesterday morning. Though

* *These poor men had been left nine months without any pay.*

the Tanzimaut abolishes the ancient system of purveyance, and strictly forbids any soldier or officer to take what he does not pay for, and though money is given for travelling expenses, officers and men had helped themselves at Ismitt to whatever they wanted, and had gone away without paying anybody. Then they had pressed into their service so many poor men and their horses to carry them up to Adar Bazaar. Half of the horses would be lamed; and what security was there for payment? If the military could behave thus, so near the capital, one may fancy the little restraint they would put upon themselves when far away in the interior.

On Tuesday the 18th of April, at 8 A. M., we set out by water for the Imperial *Silk* Factory at Herek-keui. Our boatmen were Armenians, and very sullen, dirty, and awkward fellows. About half a mile from the town we landed to visit the neglected grave of an Hungarian Prince and (qy.?) *Patriot.* We walked through some Greek market-gardens, which were less slovenly than most we had seen. We passed some ruins of the Lower Empire—low brick arches, which apparently had once formed a circular inclosure. The place had probably been an amphitheatre. Just beyond these ruins, at the distance of half a mile from the gulf, was the Armenian cemetery, on a flat pleasant meadow, dotted with small groves of oaks and plane-trees. It was a choice Necropolis. The views all round were beautiful and exceedingly picturesque; there was the steep conical town with the ivied ruins of its fortress; there were chiftliks and villas, and Turkish burying-grounds with their cypresses, on the sides of the hills, which formed a curve behind the meadow; and the panorama was completed by the blue gulf and the grand wooded mountains on the opposite side. In this Armenian cemetery was the Hungarian's grave. It was covered by a coarse marble slab, prone with the earth, battered by time and weather, and so covered with dirt as to be in part illegible. I could make out only some splendid armorial bearings and quarterings at top, and the following words:—

EMERIUS THÖKO DE KESMARK
HUNGARIÆ' TRANSYLVANIÆ PRINCEPS
* * * * * *
TOTA EUROPA CELEBRIS
POST VARIOS FORTUNÆ CASUS
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
HUNGARIÆ LIBERTATIS SPEM
EXULE * * * FINEM FECIT
IN ASIÆ,
AD NICOMEDINENSEM BITHYNIÆ

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

OB·IT ANNO SALUTIS 1705
ÆTATIS 47. DIE 18 SEPTEMBRIS.

It was not until I looked into good old Pococke that I was at all aware that this *Thöko* de Kesmark was the *Tekeli* of history and Opera song.* This unhappy hope of liberty and of Hungary was the lord of serfs and a member of a fierce faction which allied itself

* Pococke says: "Near this Bay of Nicomedia lived the famous Prince Tekeli, or Thökoly, at a country-house, which he called 'THE FIELD OF FLOWERS.' He was buried in the Armenian cemetery at Ismitt, and there is a Latin epitaph on his tomb."

Archdeacon Coxe ("History of the House of Austria"), after mentioning the defeat of Tekeli and the Turks in his text says in a foot-note:—

"From this period, Tekeli passed the remainder of his active and enterprising life in obscurity. As the emperor refused either to restore his confiscated property, or grant him an equivalent, the Sultan Mustapha conferred on him Ley or Caransebes, and Widdin, as a feudal sovereignty. Mahomet, the successor of Mustapha, transferred him to Nicomedia, where he for a time gave him a splendid establishment; but he was afterwards neglected by the Turkish government, lodged in one of the vilest streets of Constantinople, among Jews and the meaner sort of Armenians, and receiving only a paltry allowance for himself and his family, was even reduced to carry on the trade of a vintner. It is singular that this extraordinary man, after having roused the Protestants of Hungary in defence of their doctrines, should have embraced the Catholic religion towards the close of his life. He lamented to Prince Cantemir the caprice of his fortune, which had urged him to abandon his lawful sovereign, to throw himself under the protection of infidel princes, whose inclinations were as wavering and changeful as the crescent in their arms. He fell a sacrifice to chagrin, and dying at Constantinople in 1705, in about his fiftieth year, was buried in the Greek cemetery, the place appropriated for the interment of foreign ambassadors.—SACY, tom. ii. p. 499; 'History of Europe,' 1706, p. 472."

"His death was preceded by that of Helena, his once beautiful wife. She deserves to be commemorated for the unshaken firmness with which she bore her own misfortunes and those of her family, and her invariable attachment to her husband in exile and disgrace. After defending the castle of Mongatz with great gallantry, she was overpowered by the forces of the imperialists, and to save her own life, and the property of her family, resigned herself and her children to the protection of the court of Vienna. She herself was thrown into a convent, and her children educated under the auspices of the Emperor. She was exchanged for General Heuster, and permitted to join her husband, though compelled to abandon her children; and from that period she shared the fortunes and vicissitudes of his fate, and died in 1703.—'History of Europe for 1703,' p. 494."

There is at least two errors in these statements. Tekeli died not at Constantinople, but at Nicomedia; and he was buried not in the Greek cemetery there, but in the Armenian cemetery at Nicomedia. His age, as set forth on the tombstone, was forty-seven.

He suffered great poverty and hardships under Mustapha II.; but it appears that when that Sultan had been deposed and succeeded by his brother Achmet III., he was granted a chiftlik at Nicomedia.

As Tekeli and his countrymen and associate Prince Ragottsky were treated by the Turks in the last century, so will Kossuth and his companions (if they stay in the country) be treated in this!

Bem and the other patriots who have renounced their religion with him may find employment in Sultan Abdul Medjid's army; but this will not last. Notwithstanding their decay of religious feeling, the Turks *suspect and hate renegades.*

with the Turks and fought against the House of Austria, then the Eastern bulwark of Christendom. If these Hungarian Magnates had succeeded in carrying out their mad scheme, if they had beaten, instead of being conquered by, Prince Eugene, Hungary would now be in the wretched condition of Moldavia and Wallachia. I could have little sympathy for such a patriot, but I could feel for the melancholy fate of the man. After defeat he had fled to Constantinople; his allies the Turks, after much harsh treatment, had relegated him in this unhealthy corner of Asia, and no doubt the endemic fever and loneliness and desolateness of heart had sent him to the grave in the prime of manhood. Perhaps it was some consolation to him that he was ending his days where Hannibal had finished his, and that he would be buried on the same lonely coast as the great Carthaginian. Two or three years ago the grave of the exile was visited by an Hungarian nobleman, who called himself a descendant of Kesmark, and who exhibited a great deal of sentimentality over it. According to our rogue Giovanni, who was then his drogoman, he bathed the marble with his tears. He would have done much better if he had raised the dishonoured slab from the earth, and had erected a railing round it to secure it from further violation. Hard by there was a well-head made of an ancient pedestal. Such fragments were not uncommon.

At 9.45 we re-embarked. We kept close under the land on the north side of the gulf. In the days of the Bithynian kings the region was one thickly-peopled garden; now, in five hours, all that we saw was one small miserable village and three detached farms. Except about Nicomedia this side of the gulf was very bare of trees. At about a quarter before 3 P.M., we stepped on shore at the Imperial Silk Manufactory, and were greeted by the Piedmontese doctor, who had ridden down on horseback, and by a hearty, most hospitable Lombard, one of the directors, who took us to his house, which stood near the beach. Here we found another doctor, a Lombard, and his wife, a neat, lively little Sardinian. This Lombard hekim had charge of the health of all the people employed here.

The Silk Factory was a large, tall, and rather stately building, and, all together, the works and dependencies formed quite a village, running parallel with the gulf and standing on an irregular but rather narrow flat between the sea and the mountains. There was one really tolerable street, and there was a shorter and narrower one between it and the water. In the better street there were long rows of dwelling-houses for the superintendents, the hekim or doctor, the draftsmen, the engineers, and working people; and these houses, though low, were substantially built. Here there was the inestimable benefit of good air; malaria fevers, I was assured, were unknown, and the Europeans all looked healthy. The spot is too dis-

tant to be affected by the great *foyer* of malaria above Nicomedia, and it has no stagnating waters in its vicinity, the stream which sets the works in motion descending in a steep bed from calcareous rocks close at hand, and having a rapidly declining bed and a free outlet to the gulf. Indeed there is scarcely a spot where the water could make a lodgment. The Lombard hekim was hipped by the dullness of the place, and but for his lively little Sardinian sposs would have been quite desperate. Before these establishments were made there was nothing here but a Turkish post-house, with a stable and two miserable hovels attached. The village of Herek-keui which lends its name to the place, is up in the hills and quite out of sight. It is one of the successors to the innumerable *Heracleas* of the ancient Greeks. But the ancient Heraclea at this place was a maritime city and had a port on the gulf; it was here that the Goths in the third century had left their fleet of boats, and it was to this Heraclea that they brought, by land, the great spoils they had made at Nicomedia, Nice, Prusa, and all the best parts of Bithynia. Thus the Turkish village in the hills must first have borrowed its name from the city on the coast, a part of the site of which is no doubt occupied by the present new village. The many fragments scattered about denote that the ancient place must have been of importance. These remains would be far more considerable if Heraclea had not been on the edge of the water and so near to Constantinople. Near the lodging houses of the workmen there was an ancient sarcophagus, large and massy, which, emptied long since of its illustrious bones and ashes, was doing duty as a common water trough. The Turkish village of Herek-keui, though so near, was so inaccessible that hardly any of the Europeans had gone up to it; the jovial Lombard, our host, had made the journey once and had promised himself never to attempt it again; he described it as being inhabited solely by Turks, who occupied in all about 100 tumble-down houses and hovels, and who were not unfriendly or bad people—*má d' una povertá! Una miseria!*

Wherever we saw a plan which had originated with Riza Pasha, it was more free of flaws than any other of the numerous new projects, and had more common sense about it. He may have been a more daring rogue than his rival Reshid, but, for administrative and business talent and activity and energy, Reshid was not to be compared with him. The merinos sheep project was Riza's. Riza selected this healthy spot at Heraclea, and first set up these works. Preferring the useful to the ornamental, he intended the works for a cotton factory, and nearly all the machinery originally set up was for spinning and weaving cotton. It was a private matter, a secret, a "little go" of his own; but when Riza was declining, and the Sultan came to learn about these great buildings, and was angry thereat, (wondering how he could have come by the money), Riza

made a present of the whole to his Highness or Imperial Majesty. So runs the story; but there are various editions of it. The English cotton machinery, bought, fixed, and fitted up by Englishmen, at an immense expense, was then all pulled down, and such portions of it as were not destroyed, were sent over to Macri-keui. I have said before, that in this unhappy country, one Minister or favourite is almost sure to undo or to neglect what has been done by his predecessor. If the work is not undone or neglected, then it is altered from its original intent and purpose. Then, again, the men who divide favour and authority, are almost invariably jealous of each other, and ready to mar a plan in which they ought all to co-operate.

"Nulla fides regni sociis, omnisque potestas
Impatiens consortis erit."*

It being resolved to turn the cotton-mill into a silk factory, other costly machinery was bought in Europe. Hohannes Dadian purchased at Vienna the entire fabric of a German—machinery, materials, designs, and everything as it stood—and he brought out the master of the fabric, his family and workmen, all in a lump, in order that they might make at an immense price at Herek-keui, the goods which they had made at a moderate price in Vienna. English, French, German, and Italian machinery was here all huddled together, and none could work it proper except the imported Europeans. Recently some improvements in the making of fancy silks had been announced at Lyons, and, thereupon, the great Hohannes had made a new purchase and had brought out, at a very great expense, a superior French mechanist to fit up this machinery. M. Rivière, from Lyons, was a sensible, very superior man, with the information and manners of a gentleman. He had now nearly completed his task, and was looking forward with much pleasure to his return home. The account he gave me of the Armenian mismanagement was most pitiable. "It is," said he, "a mixture of folly and knavery that surpasses comprehension! Then, imagine the folly of setting up such fancy manufactures as these in a country where they do not know how to make a plough!"

Here, too, there was water power enough to drive fifty factories: the water never fails; it was never known not to be over-abundant; but, to throw away more money, the Dadians must have a steam-engine in case of its falling short; and here stands a prime English engine, put together on the spot by excellent workmen imported *ad hoc* from England. It had never been used, and it never will be used. It was covered with dirt and rust. There was a fine English hydraulic wheel, but it was very far from being kept in such beautiful order as the Belgians at the cloth factory kept theirs; it was

* Lucan.

dirty and neglected, and I much doubt whether it was often employed. All the looms we saw were hand-looms: of these not more than ten were at work. About 150 spinning-machines and looms were set up, and we were told that this number was to be raised to 300. The Armenians kept adding to the number, although, for want of proper hands and for want of money to pay the working people, they cannot use such as are already set up. The Armenians jealously exclude the Greeks; the rough Armenian peasants are slow in learning, and do not willingly remain here, as they are miserably and irregularly paid; the Turks cannot and will not learn, they always want to knock off and smoke pipe! Except four or five men who remained as door-keepers or porters, and a few boys, all the Mussulmans had bolted long ago. Of course their females cannot be employed in a factory among men. The total number of the Armenians, men, women, and children, was about 150; but we could scarcely see any of them at work. The little that was doing was done by *Europeans*, who were languidly making narrow ribbons wherewith to hang the Sultan's orders or medals to uniform coats, and some broad, stiff ribbons for the Sultan's women. Of Europeans there were now on the spot 40 Germans, (15 of them being females), 11 Italians, and 10 French. Though not suffering in health, they were all uneasy or depressed in spirits, complaining of the solitude and barbarism of the place, of the want of good food, of the total want of amusement, of the irregularity of their pay, and of the tricks and blunders they saw daily committed without being able to check them.

The great frame-work, the factory buildings, were, indeed, of very superior quality, and the work-rooms were for the most part vast, airy, and well lighted. They showed us some uncommonly rich fancy and brocaded silks of the very brightest colours, made for *shalvars* for the Sultan's harem, for pantaloons for his chamberlains, eunuchs, and secretaries, and some other rich figured silks for curtains, sofa-covers, &c. All that is produced is sent to the Sultan's palace, where everybody helps himself or herself according to fancy or amount of favour; and then the very little that remains—the stuff which nobody prizes—is sent to the bazaars of Constantinople to be sold for account of the Sultan. The regenerator of the Ottoman Empire is thus made to figure as a retail dealer in gauds and vanities, in things reprobated by the Koran and prohibited to the use of true Mussulmans. In the bazaars there is a separate shop or warehouse for the sale of these silks, with a regular establishment of cashier, clerks, and shopmen, every man so employed being an Armenian, and a connexion or dependent of the Dadians. In wages alone this establishment costs the Sultan about 3000 piastres per month. It is rare that anything is sold, or that anything goes there

but refuse: last month they sold in it one pike of figured silk stuff, the price of which might possibly be from 20 to 30 piastres. This fact I learned from an indubitable source, not at Heraclea, but at Constantinople. On the same authority I can state that hardly anything was ever sold in the Sultan's cloth-shop in the bazaars, another establishment costing a large sum monthly! The name of the Sultan's women is Legion, and they have all a passion for finery, and—he being so good-natured and so very generous—they must all be indulged. It was, however, said that the division of the produce of these looms led to frequent and fierce contentions among them—that the arrival of a new bale of silks from Heraclea, invariably caused a terrible combustion in the imperial harem.

The designs of some of the pieces we saw were very pretty and tasteful, but they had all been imported. They had now, however, three designers, one being a young and clever Italian, and the two others Germans; and we saw two or three Armenian boys copying ornaments and fancy drawings under their tuition. The Brusa silks, and still less the other silks produced and prepared in the country, were scarcely considered fit for the fine work. A good deal of silk had been imported from France and Italy, and the best, if not the only good piece-goods that were showed to us were made entirely of European materials and by European hands—the machinery being of course all European. And these were shown to the poor innocent Sultan as proof that his own subjects in his own dominions could rival the productions of Europe! "It will be some time," said M. Rivière, "before Heraclea shall be able to make Lyons tremble or cause uneasiness in Spitalfields. They are throwing away their millions of piastres! This machinery I am fitting up is complicated and delicate. I know it will be broken and spoiled before I am gone a month, and then who is to repair it?"

The unhappy politics of Europe pursued us even to this nook. Disorganizing French principles stared us in the face even at Heraclea; for here we found a *précis* of the doctrines of Fourrier, a copy of Louis Blanc's Socialist Manual, and two or three other Communist books and pamphlets.

Our kind-hearted Comasco, whose name was Angelo Camani, played the part of host quite admirably, considering the limited resources at his command and the baraque of a house he had to live in.

Here were intelligent, unprejudiced men, from various countries, and our friend and companion M. R———, who had seen the greater part of the empire. French, German, Italian, or Levantine Frank, there was but one opinion among them—the empire was going to ruin at an accelerated pace; *the substance was gone already, and the Armenians were finishing the dish by picking the bones.*

One man, who had been in every part of European Turkey and in nearly every corner of Asia from Syria to the Persian border, from the Black Sea to the Indian Ocean, most solemnly declared that, as far as the Turks were concerned, he had nowhere seen anything but a decreasing population, and towns and villages in decay. He would not admit of an exception. Some places were mentioned as having of late years shown symptoms of reviving prosperity and increasing population. "Go to them," said he, "and you will find that the increase is only among the Christian and Jewish Rayahs."

In the morning we walked with our good-natured host up the steep-ascending valley to the head of the waters, a short walk of scarcely more than ten minutes. The water came out from the side of a rock (something like the fountain of Vaucluse) in a grand volume, and was received in a square artificial basin, the solid masonry of which appeared to be ancient, as did also a part of the conduit which conveyed the stream down to the works. It was a power to delight the heart of Sam Slick; but the greater part of the water was allowed to run to waste down the valley into the gulf.

We left this Imperial Silk Factory at 10.30 A.M., on Wednesday the 19th of April. Landing on the opposite shore at Kara Musal, we examined that town, and waited for the steamer from Constantinople which would carry us up to Nicomedia. It took us nearly two hours to cross the gulf, but the boat was a tub, and our fellows about the worst oarsmen in the world. In the town it was the old story; this place, so pleasant and picturesque without, was filthy in the extreme within; there was a cloaca in every narrow street, and nearly every wooden house was falling asunder.

At 1.20 P.M. the steamboat arrived, and we very gladly embarked in her. We found on board another party of men-catchers, as rough and ragged as the former ones. There were two discharged soldiers from the Imperial guard at Stamboul, both young men, both wofully sick, and in tatters. They were suffering under pulmonary consumption. They were going home: one to Iconium, the other to the neighbourhood of Bagdad. Of a certainty the poor fellows would die on the road; their cough was hollow and most distressing. Among the passengers was another Italian hekim, a clever, enterprising, honest-looking Neapolitan, who hailed from the neighbourhood of Bari, on the Adriatic. He had been thirteen or fourteen years in this country; his head-quarters were at Nicomedia, but he frequently travelled, and his range extended well nigh all over Bithynia. He spoke of the Tanzimaut as a farce, and said that every year the country was getting poorer and poorer. Having some knowledge of classical literature and geography, this Signor Carelli had paid some attention to the comparative geography of Bithynia. He had followed the course of the Sangarius (by its

right bank) from the neighbourhood of Kiva to its mouth on the Black Sea; and he said that river was or might easily be made navigable for many miles. According to his account, another river, called the Kara Sou (as one half of the rivers are called by the Turks), issues from the E. end of the Sabanjah lake,* runs a long way parallel with and very near to the Sangarius, and falls into that river some miles above its mouth. He laughed—as we had so often done before—at our maps of Asia Minor. Some of the American missionaries, who had travelled this way, had also told us of a river issuing from the E. end of the Sabanjah and descending towards the Black Sea. This is curious, for there certainly was a stream issuing from the W. end of the lake and descending to the gulf of Nicomedia, joining on its way the waters from the Ghieuk Dagh. This stream was also called Kara Sou, but Turkish names signify nothing, and serve no purpose except to produce confusion by their very sameness. Has the Sabanjah the anomaly of a double outlet? or are the best means of keeping its waters to a proper level and draining the country to be looked for at its E. end?

Another amusing character on board the steamer was a Bokhara trader, who was going through Asia Minor for traffic, and then to the holy city of Mecca for devotion. We observed that he had with him a good stock of tea. This must have been for the use of the pilgrims from the tea-drinking part of Asia. He wore an enormous white turban, baggy Oriental silk trowsers, Eastern papoushes, and a shawl girdle; but over his thoroughly Eastern attire he had put a smart black Taglioni coat, which he had purchased at Pera, and of which he was very proud. He was the strangest-looking daw! We had seen all manner of transitions and minglings of Turkish and Christian, Asiatic and European, but we had not yet fancied the apparition of a Taglioni coat at Mecca! This Bokhara trader was a very swarthy, dark-visaged, disdainful Mussulman. He had a pipe-bearer, and another servant besides. We reached Nicomedia at 3.15 P. M. The Neapolitan hekim kindly offered us the hospitality of his house, but we were very well at the Greek's.

This town was now said to contain 1500 Turkish, and more than 400 Armenian houses. To us the Armenians seemed to be quite as numerous as the Turks. There were only 30 Jewish families, and not above 80 Greek houses. The Greeks have a large village, all their own, at an hour's distance to the E.; it is called Michalitch, is situated high up the hills, is screened from the lake and the plain by

* Mr. William J. Hamilton's map is the only one I have seen where this river, flowing from the east end of the Sabanjah or Sophon Lake, is indicated. Mr. H. says it joins the Sangarius, and that it is called the *Killis*.
Commonly the Greeks and Turks use different names: *Killis* may here be the Greek name of the river.

a long rocky ridge which conceals it from sight, and it is considered healthy, while the whole of the city is subject to the worst fevers. Protected by the great Dadians, the Eutychean Armenians were holding up their heads, and looking rather insolent. Of the Protestant converts here I could see or learn nothing. Both Armenians and Greeks were making grand preparations for the Easter festivities. Their priests were bustling about, popping into all the houses, dressing out their churches and looking for good crops of grushes. Each morning that we were at Nicomedia they woke us long before daylight with their clubs and clappers.

On Thursday the 20th of April, at 7.15 P. M., we left Ismitt or Nicomedia. The steemer was crowded, as great numbers were going to keep their Easter in the capital. The dirt and the confusion were alike indescribable. As most of the living cargo were Armenians—as the deck fore and aft was littered by them, there was a stench of garlic wherever we moved. There was a strong muster of the Dadian blood—Barons Artine and Stepano, distinguished offshoots of the dynasty, and the local managers and paymasters of the works, were there, with their secretaries, pipe-bearers, and servants, like a couple of Pashas. No doubt they got glorious pickings! They were unshaved, uncombed, unwashed, unmannerly barbarians, rude and overbearing, and quite as foul in speech as in person. They and their retainers took possession of the cabin to the exclusion of every one else; they domineered over every body, and the captain of the boat (our old acquaintance in the Ghemlik steamer), Mussulman and Osmanlee as he was, was as obsequious and as fawning as a spaniel before their high mightiness. Only some Turks from the interior Mashallahed a little in astonishment at the presumption and insolency of these Rayah ghiaours, and at the terrible noise they made. They spread out a grand breakfast below, and ate it like hogs; then they piped, turned into the berths, and slept and snored as though they would snore off the deck; then they woke, piped again, swilled raki, and slept again. When awake they were constantly drinking raki, or bawling "Ghel! ghel!" for their servants. There was a secretary fellow on deck, with a bit of gold embroidery on his coat, and a large thick patent-leather French portfolio strapped to his waist. When out of sight of the two Barons he gave himself great airs; but at their frequent calls he had to run up and down the companion-ladder like a lamplighter. What he carried in his big portfolio I know not; I only know that it was never unstrapped or opened; he wore it as insignia of office.

To watch the fellows below through the skylight, was a good deal like looking into a den of wild show-beasts. The quantity of raki they were drinking was astounding; but I think that in the end they were all intoxicated. Much of their Turkish was altogether unin-

telligible to us; but there was scarcely an oath or an obscene term in the language but we heard coming frequently out of their mouths. I could perfectly well understand how well-founded were the complaints of the poor Belgians up at the cloth-factory, who had told us that the grossness and arrogance of these men were unbearable. No tyrant like an emancipated slave!

We reached the Golden Horn at 3.30 P. M. At Pera the weather was quite cold in the evening, and in four days we had a return of sleet and rain.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HAVING surveyed Brusa, the best Pashalik in Asia Minor, I now resolved to examine Adrianople, the best Pashalik of Europe. I was told that the active trade in corn and other agricultural produce in the years 1846–7 had done great things as well for this part of European Turkey as for the Danubian Principalities, and I was very positively assured by many, that in the great valley of the Hebrus, or Maritza, I should see a grand development and a wonderful improvement both in agriculture and in the condition of the people. "Go and see the Maritza and the country about Adrianople and Demotica," was repeated by several Turks in office, to whom I had lamented that I could discover no progress in farming.

How were we to go? In the preceding autumn, while staying at Brusa, we had seen several announcements in the "Journal de Constantinople," that an enlightened and enterprising Armenian Company, greatly to their own honour, and to the inestimable benefit of commerce, civilization, &c., had established a number of commodious diligences which ran from the capital to Adrianople three times a week, making the journey in forty hours. On our return from Asia Minor to Constantinople at Christmas, we found large printed placards in the streets of Galata and Pera, which stated, in various languages, that these diligences were running, and which gave the fares, the number of hours, and other information. They had called in the arts of designing and engraving to give greater éclat to this wonderful novelty: at the head of the placard you saw a very cozy and comfortable carriage rolling along a smooth road, drawn by four horses at the gallop. I asked several persons about these conveyances, and while some said they knew nothing about them, others assured us that they were going and returning regularly. In no one thing could the truth be ascertained in this country without great trouble and long delays. It was not until several weeks had passed

that we learned to a certainty that absolutely nothing had been done to mend that road, or rather to make a road (for road there was none); that the whole affair had been the wildest speculation and the most complete failure; that before the wet weather set in a diligence had once or twice performed the journey in *four* days; that after the first heavy rains, the waters were all out, and some of the bogs so terrible, that it required twenty horses to drag the vehicle out of them; that the last journey had been made, with many accidents and circumstances of difficulty and great distress, in *eight* days; and that this would certainly be the very last journey the diligence company would undertake. A few days after getting this information, I saw the Hellenic Vice-Consul of Adrianople, who had made that dismal journey with his wife in that most inclement winter weather; his description of the trip was quite appalling: they had stuck fast in the mud; they had passed from one slough of despond into another; they had been dragged through torrents, at the imminent risk of being drowned; they had passed two nights on a desolate heath, without any shelter, exposed to snow-storms, and the cutting, rattling winds from the steppes of Tartary; they had been starved by hunger as well as by cold; the vice-consular bones were nearly dislocated, the vice-consuless arrived at Constantinople dangerously ill!

There was no way of travelling by land except on the wretched post-horses. We preferred going as far as Rodostò by sea. Yorghi, an honest young fellow of Selyvria, who had engaged to accompany us as drogoman and factotum, secured us a passage on board a small Greek sailing vessel as far as Selyvria. She was to start at noonday, and, true to time, we were on board with our light baggage and saddles. She did not move until 4.30 P. M. We were told that we were mad to think of going to Selyvria, as the cholera was raging there worse than ever plague had done. We had been told as much or more up at Pera: a Frank had ridden through Selyvria a few days ago, and had counted fifty funerals going on at once; all that were not dying were then running away; Selyvria would be deserted by this time; he was quite sure of that! As usual, we suspected some exaggeration; and as the cholera was visibly and alarmingly on the increase in Constantinople and all this neighbourhood (four poor Englishmen had died of it within a week), I thought we might be quite as safe at Selyvria as here. We had just had four days of cold, cloudy weather, with frequent rains; but to-day—Saturday, the 29th of April—the sky was cloudless, the sun warm; and this cheered our spirits.

At last our Greek mariners summoned us on board, and slipping from her moorings at a rotten old wooden jetty, our trim bark presently got out into the current of the Bosphorus, and then into the

broad Propontis. The bark was such as St. Paul had sailed in, or quite as primitive; but its picturesquely shaped sails caught the wind well, and, favoured by the current, and a very gentle breeze which scarcely ruffled the water, we glided pleasantly along the lonely shores of Thrace at about the rate of five knots an hour. Our fellow-passengers were two quiet, respectable Turks wearing the picturesque old costume, one thriving Greek from Cephalonia, who told us that he was an *Englishman*, and half a dozen decent Rayah Greeks of Selyvria. One of the Turks performed his evening devotions, and appeared to be wholly absorbed by his prayers; the other remained sitting cross-legged on the deck, smoking his tchibouque. The Greek sailors, sitting under the tall enarching bow, sang a hymn to the Panagia, and then one or two love-songs. I smoked my pipe in peace and pleasantness; and all things were pleasant enough, except a sour, pungent odour of the white cheese of the country. This cheese (made of ewes' milk) formed the bulk of the little cargoes which the vessel, once or twice each week, carried from Selyvria to the capital. When we were off Ponte Grande, where the coast becomes rather bold, the sky behind us was suddenly reddened, and broad, towering flames were reflected across the smooth Sea of Marmora. It was only another great fire at Stamboul, somewhere near the Seven Towers. We *hoped* our kind Scotch friends would not be burned out.

At 9.30 P.M. we stopped at the village of Pivades to land some sugar and coffee. It was ticklish work getting on shore in the dark, over a rotten old wooden pier, broken and abounding in holes; but we reached a coffee-house on the beach, and inquired for news? The cholera was most fierce yesterday at Selyvria, but there was no cholera at Pivades, and a great many of the Selyvriotes had run hither; the café was full of them, and so was nearly every house in the village.

We took coffee and re-embarked at 10.30 P.M. The wind now freshened, and we ran down to Selyvria in less than an hour. Scrupling to disturb a decent family at this time of the night, we took up our quarters in an Armenian coffee-house near the beach, and turning our saddles into pillows, we slept as usual on the floor.

At an early hour of the following morning we went up the hill to the house of Yorghi's father, who was hekim-bashi of Selyvria, and one of the most respectable and agreeable men we met with in this country. We had known the son ever since our first arrival at Constantinople, and had had repeated proofs of his honesty, sincerity, truthfulness, high spirit, and affectionate disposition; until I knew his father I could not make out how, in such regions, and with such examples before his eyes, the lad had come by so many good qualities, and had retained such good principles. The doctor's house was most clean and comfortable. He was angry at his son for not having

brought us straight to it last night instead of leaving us in the dirty café; but that was no fault of Yorghi.

Cholera had been rather fierce, but was now calm; there had been only one attack yesterday, and the woman was doing well this morning. It broke out on Palm Sunday—the day on which we were at the Sabanjah Lake. Half of the people had really run away to Pivades; but the total number of deaths had been only 25! The doctor had attended every case. The mortality was very small compared with the number of the seizures. The Jews, though the least numerous part of the population, had suffered by far the most attacks, yet only 2 of them had died: there had been more than an average of two cases in every Jewish house, for 170 men, women, and children had been very ill: of 70 Turks affected only 1 died, and of 40 Armenians only 2; the disease had been disproportionately fatal to the Greeks, for out of 41 sick they lost by death no fewer than 20. This curious variety in mortality was not to be accounted for by situation or topical circumstances; the Greeks as well as the Armenians and the Jews, lived on the hill, which was well ventilated, and by far the best drained part of the town; the Turks dwelt at the foot of the hill, in an unhealthy hollow between the sea-shore and a choked up stream, with marshes beyond it.

In all there were about 800 houses in Selyvria, of which 180 were Greek, 72 Jewish, about 70 Armenian, 17 Septinsular Greek, and nearly all the rest Turkish. There was not a Bulgarian housekeeper in the place, although a recent French traveller (one of those who have taken up the theory that this branch of the great Slave Family is rising in importance, and ought to be *masters* of European Turkey) affirms that the Bulgarians are becoming numerous at Selyvria.* In the country there were a few Bulgarian shepherds, and some Bulgarian labourers, who generally came down in the spring and returned to their own country above Philipopoli in the autumn: they were the rudest and most barbarous of all the people, and the most addicted to robbery. The population of Selyvria had been considerably increased of late years, but not by Turks. They were decreasing. Our host, who had lived here some eighteen years, and who visited, professionally, all the neighbouring regions for many miles, described the Mussulmans as dying out. No man better knew the horrible practices to which I have so often alluded. While the Greek, the Armenian, and the Jewish quarters were swarming with children, we saw very few in the Turkish quarter. "*Il fatto è, i Turchi son persi nella miseria, e non vogliono aver figli!*" So said the hekim. Agricultural produce for exportation had been nearly doubled within the last few years, and would soon

* "Les Slaves de Turquie," &c. Par M. Cyprian Robert. Paris, 1844.

be more than doubled again, but for the want of hands to till the soil, the enormous interest on money, and the want of proper protection for the landed property of Rayahs and English protected Greeks. The rate of interest in these parts, with the best landed security, was 2 per cent. a month, and 20 per cent. a year. There were 17 Cephaloniotes or Anglo-Greeks settled in the town, some of them having wives and families. They were active, intelligent, enterprising, thriving men, but much given to cabal and intrigue, and altogether inclining in character to the Greeks of the Lower Empire. Few as they were, they were split into two fierce factions, and as now, and also on my return from Adrianople, I had some intercourse with both, I found it difficult to preserve my neutrality and avoid being involved in their quarrels. They had all come very poor into the country, and most of them not long ago. At first they acted as brokers or collectors of corn, maize, &c., up the country. Then they began to lend money at interest to the beggared farmers, and to buy up produce in detail, on their own accounts. There was now not a place between Selyvria and Baba-Eskissi, or between Selyvria and Kirk-Klissia, which they did not occasionally visit, and in which they had not more or less business. Boldly relying on our last commercial treaty with the Porte, which stipulates that all trade and industry shall be as open to British subjects as to the subjects of the Sultan, and bullying the Turks with the greatness and might of the British embassy, they had opened ovens, and were baking and selling good bread in spite of the esnaff or corporation of bakers. Nearly every visible improvement in the town was to be traced *directly* to this small colony of British protected Greeks of the Ionian Islands. They had set in motion the Rayah farmers who had increased the agricultural produce. They had built near the water's edge some good stone magazines for holding their corn, maize, linseed, etc., and they were now building others. They occupied the best houses in the town, and their wives and children were neatly, and—on Sundays and holidays—elegantly dressed. "If we had English law here," said one of them; "if the country were in possession of an English army, we would all grow very wealthy in no time; we would bring good labourers from the Ionian Islands; we would farm these waste lands, we would change the whole appearance of the country, which is now little better than a desert; but we can do nothing of this sort with the Turks. They will not let us hold land in our own name." One of them, however, had bought, in the name of his wife, a Greek of Selyvria and a Rayah subject, a very extensive chiftlik near Heraclea, and last year he had got some good crops off it, and had sold the produce at a good price. This was old Sotiri Macri, who passed for a very rich man, and was the head of one of the factions. The head of the other faction had built himself a very

comfortable and really pretty house, and had furnished it almost luxuriously, with rich Turkish carpets, French chairs and tables, sofas, sideboards, and chiffoniers. Nay, this aspiring Cephaloniote had even bedsteads in his best bedrooms—real, substantial, nicely varnished, French iron bedsteads. We gazed with astonishment at these rarities, of which he was very proud, as he well might be.

They all spoke with contempt or anger of the low, ignorant, rapacious Greek clergy of the town, who did nothing but make broils and plunder the people.

We had many amusing stories about this loose, degraded priesthood. When the cholera broke out, instead of staying to comfort the sick and inter the dead, they were the very first to run away to Pivades. Before taking his departure, the despotos or bishop, with his pastoral staff, thrashed some women of ill fame in the public streets of Selyvria, saying that it was their wickedness that had brought the awful visitation upon the town. The women said that *he beat them because they had refused to give him money.* He was a terrible man, this burly Greek bishop of Selyvria; tall, big, and with a very big voice and a most passionate temper, he was quite an Abbé Watteville. He was always using his crozier, like a quarter-staff, on people's heads or shoulders. Whenever his flock was backward in payments, he thrashed them in the church. He made it rain excommunications—he was always excommunicating somebody, or taking off the curses of the church for grushes. He excommunicated one man for not inviting him to a feast; and he hurled the same spiritual thunderbolt at the head of another who had sold some fish in the market which he wanted for his own table. Our host the hekim, a Catholic from the islands of the Archipelago, had a few years ago taken for his second wife a young Rayah Greek of Pivades (an excellent little woman, an admirable housekeeper, and an exemplary wife and mother), and the despotos had instantly excommunicated the bride. At first she was very, very unhappy; she was afraid that all her people would forsake her, and that it would fare ill with her hereafter; but the doctor would not bribe the bishop, her relatives and friends stood by her in spite of the interdict, and she was now quietly subsiding into the faith of her husband, who was no fanatic. Only a few weeks ago there had been a forced marriage, and a forced consummation—all effected by the Greek priests and the despotos, who finished the business by cudgelling the unwilling bride, locking the door upon her and the bridegroom, and putting the key in his pocket. We saw the poor girl during our stay, the very image of wretchedness and despair; she loved a young fellow who was very handsome, but very poor; his ill-visaged rival was rich and had bribed the priesthood. By the canons of the Greek Church the bishops must be celibatarians, and the inferior clergy

monygamists. A priest of this place lost his wife, and, like Papas Lollio, who turned brigand, he wanted to marry another. For a good round sum the despotos allowed him to cut off his beard, marry, and turn barber. Another priest was not quite so lucky in his re-matrimonial proceedings, having been seized and exiled to a horrible place. He had attempted to cheat the bishop, pretending that his dead wife and live wife were one and the same person; that his original spouse had never died or been buried at all, but had merely made a long journey which had much altered her personal appearance. Admission into holy orders was *sold* to the most illiterate men and often to the greatest scamps. But everything in the Church, from the Patriarchate downwards, was bought and sold. Not long ago the bishop, being on a journey through his diocese to see what he could devour, made a priest of a backal's son, who could not read, and who had no inclination to learn. The price paid by the villager was 1500 piastres, or little more than 14*l.* of our money. The son soon repented of his bargain, and wanted to unmake himself. "Give me 500 piastres more," quoth the bishop. The money was paid, and from being a priest the young man returned to keep a chandler's shop. A gardener of Selyvria, a man of forty years old, totally illiterate, and a terrible drunkard, lately bought himself into the priesthood, and was now levying contributions on the people. Dispensations and absolutions, even for the most heinous crimes, are constantly on sale. Quite recently, in a Greek village near Selyvria, a man killed his own brother. The murderer went to Constantinople, and paid 1000 piastres to the patriarch, and the patriarch gave him an absolution in writing; this he brought to Selyvria, together with 500 piastres for the bishop, and then the absolution was publicly read in the church: the murderer paid a small sum to his brother's widow, and was now free and unmolested, the Turks taking no notice whatever of the murder.

All this is attended with most pernicious moral consequences; and the Greeks here are beginning to couple a disregard of religion with their disrespect for the clergy.

Mussulmans and Rayahs all were complaining of a dreadful increase of taxation. Municipal funds were taken from the town and applied by government to other purposes. Certain sums were annually allotted to mend the rough roads and keep the bridges in repair; these moneys had been appropriated by government that *never spent a piastre on roads or bridges.* It was the same with other communal charges. For the protection of rural property the town paid so many thousand piastres per annum for the maintenance of a sort of *garde champêtre.* The government took this money, engaging to defray that expense and improve the guard. The first year they did appoint and pay a few men, but the next year they did nothing of

the sort, nor had they done any thing since. The town now paid the tax to government, and had to hire and pay the guard besides. The Sultan's tithe on lambs and kids was farmed out, and these speculators were excessively rapacious and unjust. They had been demanding the tithe not merely on the lambs dropped this season, but also on the ewes and rams. Petitions had been sent to Constantinople, but no redress had been obtained.

The situation of the upper town is fine, and would be very beautiful if the neighbouring hills were not so bare of trees. The whole of the ancient town stood on the mount, and was surrounded by strong lofty walls, of which, as restored during the Lower Empire, great masses remain. The Turks call all this upper town the Hissar or Castle; but the real Castle, occupying the site of the Acropolis, was on a broad flat at the summit of the hill. Up there, the walls and battlements, built in the Middle Ages, but chiefly with ancient material, are almost entire; and at sunset, and in the dusk of the evening, when armies of bats were on the wing, and owls hooting in ivied towers, and cucuvajas wailing and flitting all about, the scene was romantic and most melancholy. Within this inclosure were the ruins of a Greek church, containing some marbles which had evidently belonged to an ancient temple. The church was square below, rounding away into a dome or cupola above, just like the Turkish mosques, which, internally, are but copies of Byzantine architecture. The dome had fallen in, or, what is more probable, had been broken in by the destructive Mussulmans. To the north of this ruined church there was an immense mass of old wall on the edge of the lofty cliff overhanging the sea. The view across the Propontis was magnificent. Here, on this fair elevated esplanade, stood a town that was *old* in the days of Herodotus. Destroyed by war, this Thracian Selyvrium had several successors, each in turns furnishing materials for the construction of another. Some Greek inscriptions stuck into the present walls appear to be of a date subsequent to the conquest of the country by the Romans; others are of the Lower Empire. Over one of the five gates is an inscription of the ninth century, bearing the name of the Empress Theodora, the wife of Theophilus, who is believed to have built the church. When Mahomet II. burst into Constantinople, it was to Selyvria that crowds of the dismayed Greeks fled, as to the nearest place of refuge.

On the part of the area of the Acropolis, and under the shadow of the stern massive walls of the Lower Empire, was the filthy Jewish quarter, where the wooden houses were all falling to pieces, and where everybody appeared to be very poor. The children, however, were very numerous, and some of them very pretty. Lower down and at the opposite side of the old town, we visited the Hissar Jami, an old Greek church turned into a mosque at the conquest, and now, like

several other mosques in the town, abandoned by the decreasing Turks as a place of worship. The conquerors had run up a minaret at one of the angles. Little else was necessary, when altar and screen had been removed, and pictures covered over with plaster and whitewash, to convert a Christian church into a Mussulman temple. In the course of our travels we saw many old churches thus appropriated, where the Turks had given themselves no toil or trouble except merely to add one or two minarets. A number of Greeks followed us to the spot. An old woman said, with deep feeling, "This church belonged to Christ, to the Virgin, and to us, and *now* ——! But we shall have it again! The Turks cannot keep it; they make no use of it for religion; the Turks are going out!"* It was an exceedingly interesting specimen of Greek Middle-Age architecture, built chiefly of the flat Roman brick, and having at its east end three curious circular projections, and very curious, small, round-headed arches. The crypt was much more extensive than the church, and most admirably built of Roman brick. It was formed of a succession of arches, which, if left to themselves, would endure for ever; but a savage, senseless destruction had been at work, and the crypt was encumbered with rubbish and filth. On the floor of the mosque or church above, some Turks were drying heaps of flowers of the marsh-mallow, of which they make some medicinal decoction.

There was a narrow zone of cultivation round the town, and beyond that a wilderness—a succession of undulating downs, without a house, or a hut, or a single tree. In the midst of the town there were some gardens and trees, and tall cypresses. About ten years ago, when Turkish troops were stationed here, a tasteful Bimbashi planted some hundreds of trees, to form a pleasant avenue from the south suburb of the town to the long bridge. The trees took root, and while he was here, flourished; but as soon as the Bimbashi was removed, the destructionists began to cut them down, and now not a stick remained. At that side of Selyvria there is a small stone bridge of three arches, across a stream which was now stagnant; and a little farther on there is a very long stone bridge of thirty-two arches, which crossed two stagnant streams and a broad marsh, covered with deep water in winter-time. Both bridges are rough and slovenly, but strong. At the edge of the town, a little above the smaller bridge, in a foul, damp, unhealthy place, the Greeks had an *agiasma*, or holy fountain, which they held in great reverence, celebrating an annual festa on the spot. The Turkish fanatics amused themselves by polluting the place in all manner of ways, and by throwing dead dogs into the holy fountain; but the Mussulmans

* The Mussulmans, well aware of these feelings and hopes, very reluctantly show to any Christian a mosque that has been a *church*. Hence the difficulty of obtaining admittance to Santa Sophia at Constantinople.

also had a fountain which they much venerated, and the water of which they preferred to all other; and there were Greek fanatics as well as Turkish, and generally the Greeks are prone to *vendetta*. The Mussulman fountain was at the side of a bank a little beyond the long bridge, in a lonely place. One dark night some *palikari* threw the stripped body of a dead man into the fountain. Whether they had murdered him themselves, or whether they found him after he had been murdered by others, was never precisely known: but the first Turk that went to draw water on the following morning at the fountain, found its mouth choked by the naked corpse! He retreated with horror, and from that time no Mussulman would drink of the polluted stream.

It happened now and then in this neighbourhood that an honest man got a shock to his nerves by finding a poor fellow with his throat cut, or with his head taken fairly off. Honest men's nerves, however, are not very sensitive in these parts; people get accustomed to everything. Some two years ago, Yorghi, then a mere stripling, being out shooting, entered a quiet little valley opening upon the sea, at the distance of three or four miles from Selyvria. He found there a donkey browsing all alone. A little farther on, his dog stopped and barked at something in a bush. Approaching the spot, he saw a rough brown coat, such as is usually worn by Bulgarians. The dog now barked fearfully; and Yorghi, going behind the bush, found first a man's head, and then, at some distance, a human body. He clearly made out that the murdered man was a Bulgarian, but he did not give up his sport; he continued shooting until sunset, and when he reached home he told his father of the rencontre. The hekim went to the Turkish governor, who heard the story with great indifference, and said that they had better not make any stir about it. The next day some men were sent to the valley to dig a hole, and bury head and body together, and bring in the poor ass; and that being done, no further notice was taken of the murder by the Turks; yet it was ascertained, almost to a certainty, that the victim had been working at a neighbouring chiftlik, had purchased an ass, and was returning home with five thousand piastres in his girdle, and that the murderer was a Turk who was still employed at the same farm, and who had previously made himself notorious along the country side. There were people who had seen the fierce Turk following the Bulgarian from the chiftlik.

Here, in Europe, we heard of more robberies and murders in a day than came to our ears in Asia Minor in a month. A very devil, in the shape of a khodjà, or Turkish schoolmaster, had recently taken to the road with two comrades, and was robbing *con vigore e rigore*. The trio were haunting the woods between Selyvria and Kirk-Klissia. Some time ago a Mussulman had been found, shot through the body,

and cold dead, in those woods, which are never altogether free from bad subjects. But this man had not fallen among thieves; he had been dispatched by another Mussulman of Kirk-Klissia, to whom he had given some mortal offence. The enmity, the rancour between the two was known to the whole town. But the murderer was a Mussulman, and *poor*. So it was resolved to fix the crime upon a Christian and a Greek Rayah who was *rich*. After several weeks had passed, they selected a quiet, respectable Greek, who, on account of his prosperity, had become an object of envy with his Tchorbajees, or primates. The poor Hadji, at the time of the murder, was absent on business; he could bring people to swear that he was 120 miles off, at Philipopoli. But these witnesses were Christians, whose evidence could not be taken against that of true believers, who, being hired for the purpose, swore that they had seen the Hadji enter the woods with a gun on his shoulder the day the Turk was found dead. After a dreadful imprisonment and long suffering, the poor Hadji saved his life; but when he had paid the blood-money to the family of the deceased, and discharged all the claims made upon him by the Turkish courts of law and the Turkish governor, and his own priests, all the substance, for which he had toiled and traded many years, was gone, and he came out of his prison a pauper.

Our host, the doctor, had lived two years in Kirk-Klissia, which is about twenty-six hours from Selyvria, and a very large town for this country, containing about 3000 houses, of which 2000 are Greek, 50 or 60 Jewish, and some 800 occupied by Turks or by Bulgarians—for here a good many Bulgarians (seldom stationary below Philipopoli) have become resident proprietors, and have obtained some little prosperity.

In the little bay of Selyvria there was an Hellenic brig, which had been a noted pilgrim-ship, and had carried many Hadjis down to the Holy Land. The Greek skipper had made money by the pilgrims, and had now turned timber-merchant. He had brought over trunks of trees, unshaped, all in the rough, from the Asiatic side of the Propontis, and was selling them to the Ionian Greeks. He said that the trade was not very profitable, but that the timber gave him far less trouble than the pilgrims.

On the "May-day" there walked through Selyvria two peripatetic, far-travelling, much-enduring, young German tailors, who were going to improve themselves and exercise their calling at Constantinople. Such artists often pass this way, with sticks in their hands and very light wallets on their backs, after having traversed the whole of Roumelia on foot. A friend we had in the town—a gossiping Greek tailor from the island of Syra—could not for his life conceive how, of all men in the world, *tailors* could so travel. The *wanderschaft* was to him a system totally unintelligible. As it is seldom that these

schneiders can find work on the road, they beg for what they want in the towns and villages. Our Syriote gave his obolus to the wanderers when called upon; and of late this had happened rather frequently.

On Tuesday, the 2d of May, we started in a caïque for Heraclea. Our three boatmen were Mussulmans, one of them being a very black Nubian. They were three simple, honest, good-natured fellows, and young and merry. We were impeded by a strong south wind, so that the men had to row all the way. It was a solitary coast, lumpy and bare. For miles and miles no house, no hut, no tree, no bush, no living thing. At 4 P.M. we were abreast of a large village on a hill-side, a good way inland. At 4.30 we saw a chiftlik belonging to Halil the Capitan Pasha, and brother-in-law of the Sultan. It was a desolate-looking place: near the shore there stood a square stone tower, like that on Antonacki's farm, some granaries, stables, and hovels; but a few tall green trees lent a beauty to the spot. At 5.15 we were off a small hamlet which the Greeks call "Old Heraclea." It had five or six hovels and no ancient ruins. Near to this place was the chiftlik of the old Cephaloniote Macri, who had now seven Ionian Greeks and about thirty Bulgarians employed upon it, and who would have had forty more peasants from his own island if he had been allowed. At 6 P.M. we landed, to walk across a point of land to Heraclea, leaving the boat to be rowed round the jutting promontory, and leaving in it all our money and whatever we had, with the pleasing certainty that the honest fellows would bring everything to us as we left it.

Where we expected a pleasant walk we found a detestable path, wet and deep in mud, with stagnating waters at every hundred yards, ready to emit malaria as soon as the hot weather should set in. There was some slight cultivation in corn, flax, and haricot-beans; but most of the country was a mere sheep-walk. Yet from a gentle ridge we had one of the finest sunset views I ever beheld; the port of Heraclea, forming a deep inlet, and nearly land-locked, lay at our feet, like a calm inland lake; the picturesque old town, with its houses, mosques, and minarets, and windmills, rising one above another, stood on an opposite hill, and beyond the narrow isthmus at the head of the port, there flowed the blue waves of the Propontis, and beyond them the glorious picture was closed by the heights of Pandermá and of Cyzicus, by the lofty island of Marmora and the bold connecting lines of the Asiatic coast. Descending from this ridge, we passed some massy fragments of old walls, went through a large mandra, smelling strong of mutton and goat, and entered the town in the dusk of the evening. We slept on the floor in a dirty little room over a Greek bachal's shop.

On the following morning we rose with the sun to walk about the

town and over the Acropolis. On the hill-top there were but very slight traces of the most ancient Heraclea, which, like so many other cities that bore the name, is supposed to have been first founded by the great Phœnician navigator and colonizer. The ground was strewed with broken bits of marble: in many places it was hollow under foot, and our drogeman, who was not without his dreams of hidden-treasure, would gladly have gone into an excavating speculation. In digging, on the hill, ancient coins, antaglios, etc., are occasionally found. Five droll squat Turkish windmills stood along the ridge. In the undulating plain beneath us, we counted six of those *tepé* or *tumuli* which are so numerous in all this part of Thrace. A ruined Greek church, covered with storks and their nests, was at our feet; but a span-new church had risen at the edge of the town. We could see only one small mosque that was in good order and still used as a place of worship. Here, as almost everywhere else, the Turks were occupying the lowest and most unhealthy part of the town, and were fast disappearing. A Greek tchorbajee told us that there were 300 houses in all; but except a few Greek habitations which had been recently erected, nearly all the rest were mere hovels. About a dozen small country craft were anchored in the beautiful little port, which, seen from this point, has the form of a horseshoe. Last year (1847), that year of extraordinary export trade, English vessels took in cargoes of produce here as well as at Selyvria and Rodostò. Down in the town the people had generally a very unhealthy appearance. The market was dreadfully bare: we could get nothing for breakfast but black coffee and some sour bread. The only milk they had was ewes' milk.

Sending our boat round from the port, we walked across the low isthmus by a short direct path. Here we found more marshes—pools of stagnant water which approached the very skirts of the town, and which might be drained at a very trifling expense. We met an old Greek fisherman, who was trudging from the sea-shore to the town with a very fine fish in his hand. We wanted to buy it, but he told us that he must take it to his despotos. As our boat had not yet come round the promontory, we had some talk with the grey-beard: he said that Heraclea had only 150 houses, of which exactly 100 were Greek; that for a very long time the Greeks could not possess more than 70 houses, evil spirits knocking down old houses as fast as new ones were built. This is a common superstition in the country.

At 8 A.M. we embarked. A gentle north wind helped us on our way, but it soon failed. Towards mid-day the weather became terribly hot. We had nothing to shelter us from the heat and glare; the Sea of Marmora was like a sheet of glass hot from the furnace. This heat would soon bring out the malaria from the stagnant

waters, and then the people of Heraclea would wonder why they should be so afflicted. A little after noon we saw a small Greek village up in the hills, called Kalivria—the first houses we had seen since leaving Heraclea. Being scorched and thirsty, we landed by the blocked-up mouth of another little river, to procure some water.

Half an hour farther down the coast we saw a tumulus close to the edge of the low sea-cliffs. As the day advanced the weather suddenly became covered and quite cold. What a climate in spring! At noon I was thinking of coups de soleil; at 2 P.M. I was shivering in the boat.

As we approached Rodostò a pretty effect was produced by a few dozens of tall very thin poplars, disposed in lines like cypresses. At 3 P.M. we landed at the filthy scala of Rodostò.

We had letters to Mr. C. S———, who had recently managed a farm in this vicinity belonging to Englishmen, and who had previously been a sergeant of artillery. He had come to the country with Colonel Williams. Unfortunately he had left Rodostò on some business at Constantinople two or three days before our arrival. But, while serving in Malta, he had picked up a comfortable notable little Maltese wife who received us very hospitably and sent for one of her husband's friends and comrades to do the honours and show us the town. This was a very intelligent man, who had lived long in the place and was well acquainted with all the neighbouring country. My first inquiries were about the English chiftlik at Osmanleu, which *was* to have been another model farm. The land, 12 miles in circumference, was purchased about six years ago for 100,000 piastres, or considerably less than 1000*l*. The purchasers were Colonel W——— and a nephew of Mr. H———, whose agricultural exploits at Tuzlar have been already celebrated. Of the two proprietors, one was rarely on the spot, and the other was in England: the chief direction therefore remained with Mr. H———, who wanted immediate returns of profit without doing anything in the way of substantial improvement. Two or three English ploughs and a few other agricultural implements were brought out; but the rough Bulgarian labourers would not use them, and soon broke them. I believe Mr. S———, who was sent to live on the farm, was an English farmer's son and knew something of the business; but he could get nothing done properly by his only hands, the Bulgarians; and he, or Mr. H———, came to the conclusion that, where land was so plentiful and cost next to nothing, it was unnecessary to aim at improving the soil, or to introduce manures or rotations of crops, or anything of the sort. Scratched by a Turkish plough, a field would give a certain crop of wheat or barley; next year and the year after that the field could be left fallow, and another patch or other patches might be

brought under the plough. With a farm 12 miles round, why limit oneself? So they went on farming *á la Turque;* and all idea of setting an improving English example to the slovenly, ignorant men of the country—which alone could render the speculation interesting or in any way worthy of notice—was entirely lost sight of. S——— put the tumbledown house a little in order, but in all other respects the farm remained a *Turkish chiftlik*, an opprobrium in agriculture. The man was discouraged: it was only just before he was turned off that he planted a few potatoes and began to make a hedge or two. The air was good and wholesome, but otherwise there was very little difference between this Osmanleu and Tuzlar. Last year Mr. H——— sold it with all the stock upon it to a Turk, for 180,600 piastres. On the death of poor Kir-Yani at Ghemlik, Mr. H——— wished to transport S——— to Tuzlar; but the ex-artilleryman was not so *silly* as to go—he knew how many overseers had been killed there by malaria. He was now trying to do a little business in produce on his own account, or on account of houses at Constantinople, and he was acting as a consular agent without having a farthing of English pay. He deserved better encouragement: he had learned the Turkish language, and was active and intelligent. In a place where a book was not to be seen he had a little library. In his neat and cleanly house, in the midst of a most gross, sordid, barbarous people, I read through his copy of the works of Charles Lamb with a most excellent relish. I would have hugged the dear, well-known book anywhere; but to find the "Essays of Elia" here, was like finding sweet water in a dry, salt desert.

We stayed all the following day and night at Rodostò, a place admirably adapted by nature to be the seat of a considerable commerce. Mr. S———'s comrade collected for us all the information he could, and took us to some other inhabitants of the town, who answered my queries. As I made many inquiries about the state of agriculture, they concluded I wanted to purchase a farm. There were plenty on sale, and going for nothing! Close by there was the chiftlik of the great Izzet Pasha, which was quite as extensive as the farm which Mr. H——— had sold. The Pasha had ceded it to an Armenian seraff, in part payment of a long and heavy debt. Thus goes land and everything else to the usurers! The seraff, having no taste for agriculture, wanted to sell it, and it might be bought for about 800*l.*, with the house and all that was upon it.

Those who are managing the Imperial manufactories, to the ruination of the Sultan, thwart all individual enterprize, and will not permit private speculations to prosper. Not long ago an Englishman, knowing that the country-people only sold the linseed and threw away the good flax, which they grow rather abundantly, endeavoured to establish a linen manufactory at Rodostò: but every

obstacle was raised in his path, and he was driven away in despair from the place. One Dobrò, a Bulgarian, of Selymnia, and a friend of my informant's, had travelled and lived in Germany, and had there learned the art of making good woollen cloth. Returning to his own country, he set up a cloth-factory at Selymnia, having secured for his patron and partner no less a personage than Halil Pasha, one of the Sultan's brothers-in-law. Dobrò got to work, made good serviceable cloth at a cheap rate, prospered, and excited the envy of the Armenians at Stamboul. Halil Pasha gave up the man and the concern, the factory was stopped, Dobró was involved in lawsuits and ruin, and is now a beggar.

In the year 1847 Rodostò exported to England 400,000 kilos of corn, and to France and Algeria 90,000 kilos of barley, a good deal of linseed, and some oats. In the winter season it is exceedingly difficult to load ships out in the roadstead. There has long been a talk of making a harbour, and the work is already half done by the hand of nature. Mr. Sang might have connected a ridge of rocks, and have thrown out a splendid pier long ago, if means had been put at his disposal. When he had been doing nothing for years, the Government, or their Armenian agents, brought out M. Poirel, a French civil engineer, who was sent to make a few promenades, and draw up a few reports and plans. M. Poirel came round to Rodostò last year, to see, and survey, and report; and there the matter rested, and there it was likely to rest.

We could not discover in the town any signs of improvement, or prosperity, or material comfort. The streets were most filthy, and more than half the houses rotting and tumbling down. The konacks which had been occupied by Prince Ragotsky and those other fugitive patriots (unhappy pensioners of the Porte) had long since disappeared. The people, as well Mussulmans as Rayahs, were oppressed by the Turkish Governor, who covered himself with his Council, and pretended to do everything according to law and Tanzimaut. The majority of the Council, as in all other towns, was composed of Turks; the Rayah members seldom attended, and when they did, it was only to say, "Peke!" and "Evat Effendim!" Whenever they displeased the Mudir, he arbitrarily changed them. The population had increased within the last three or four years; but even now it did not exceed 20,000, and cholera was striding down the Propontis to thin it.* Of these not nearly one half were Turks. The Armenians were very numerous and predominating; they gave the tone to the place; they seemed to monopolize everything, even

* In the big volume about Turkish trade, tariffs, &c., presented by Mr. Macgregor, of the Board of Trade, to both Houses of Parliament in 1843, the population of Rodos ò is set down at 40,000. But, with all his statistical parade, this writer s very seldom accurate. The book abounds with *monstrous* blunders.

to the suridjee calling, which we had almost invariably found in the hands of the Turks. Instead of being *toute Grecque*, as a late French traveller calls it,* the city of Rodostò may rather be styled *toute Arménienne*. A good many of the Turks and all the native Greeks spoke Armenian: the Greek women dressed in the Armenian fashion, covered their faces, and lived an in-door life that was quite Armenian. I never saw, either before or after, any such surrender of their own customs on the part of the Greeks, who hate the Armenians more than they do the Turks. The Jews were few and poor. There was only one real, bonâ fide Cephaloniote, but there were several Greeks who passed for Ionians, who enjoyed the important advantage of English protection, and who appeared to be thriving.

There was another great novelty—a thing we never saw except at Rodostò. This was a clock-house, with a big, clumsy clock, striking the hours according to the Turkish computation of time. There appeared to be sixteen mosques in all, but some were very small, and some were deserted ruins. In the upper part of the town there was a large, open, dirty, dusty square, an Armenian cemetery, with its flat grave-stones, without a tree, and surrounded by dingy Armenian houses built, as usual, of wood. The Armenian dullness had infected the atmosphere of the place: we did not hear a laugh or see a cheerful smile in Rodostò. Of raki-drinking we saw a plenty, but the fellows were as solemn as drunken owls. The views from the hill-top were, of course, exceedingly fine: the lofty Proconnesus or Marmora lay right before us.

On Friday the 5th of May, at 6 A. M., we left Rodostò and the sea to proceed by land to Adrianople. We were told that the road between this and Babà-Eskissi was very dangerous, that the Bulgarians frequently robbed and murdered passengers, and that no Frank ever made that journey without a guard. We, however, declined the guard, disbelieving more than half that was told us, and trusting to our luck, and double-barrelled gun and a brace of pistols. The horses were cripples; our suridjee was a sullen, dirty, ugly Armenian, with a face ploughed up by the small-pox, and with an odour of garlic that made one stagger. He carried one old rusty pistol in his girdle. Seeing that the weather would be warm, and wishing to pass, at a distance, for a Mussulman, he changed his black turban for a white one, but not before we were well out of the town. For about half an hour we rode through a cultivated country, with inclosed fields, some vineyards, and a pretty sprinkling of trees. We then got upon a green wilderness, beautifully undulated, but bare of everything

* Cyprien Robert, "Les Slaves de Turquie." As incorrect as if he were statistical, this writer also gives 40,000 souls to Rodostò.

except grass. There were two more tumuli on our left, and in that direction was the English chiftlik. In a bottom we were bogged in the mud of a terrible morass. Making a détour, we got beyond this slough of despond, and reached a little underwood, near to which were a small flock of sheep and goats, with Turkish shepherds, and another flock tended by Bulgarian boys, who looked like young Calmucks. At 9 A. M. we passed a rude chiftlik, belonging to Achmet Bey, where six Turks were lying under trees and smoking pipe. There were a few large corn-fields, and one extensive field under flax. The scenery round about was wooded and pretty, the trees being chiefly small oaks. At 10 we dismounted at a chiftlik called Khadjak, also belonging to Achmet Bey, who held seven enormous farms in these parts. We were hospitably entertained on brown bread, yaourt, sheep cheese, and coffee by the people of the chiftlik, who were all Mussulmanized gipsies. They would not accept money, and they pressed us to stop and pass the day and night with them. Yet if three or four of these fellows, with guns in their hands, had met us away from the farm, in a convenient place, they might have said "Stand and deliver;" or they might have knocked us off our horses without any speech. Arab hospitality! Arab manners! After eating with them we were safe and sacred.

Such are the customs of the Tchinaganei in Roumelia. While we stayed with them they shot at a mark, with crazy guns and very bad powder. The target was the bare bright skull of an ox, but though firing not with bullets, but with shot, they hardly ever hit it. We thought of Tchelebee John's calculations: it was a great comfort to think of them now and then in wild places, and when bestriding horses incapable of canter or gallop. If attacked we must have stood to it; to run away with such beasts was out of the question.

We remounted at 11 A.M. At 12.35 we pulled up for a few minutes by a fountain, under a miserable "wee bit" Turkish village called Tchanghirli. It had the queerest little mosque, with an umbrella-headed minaret, all built of wood. We saw no living creature except some storks, who had built five nests on a blighted tree by the fountain. They saluted us by clacking their long bills, and were not in the least discomposed by our company. Round this village there were some large patches of corn and flax. Then, as before and after, was a green, undulating, apparently interminable wilderness. We met not a soul upon the road—which was no road at all, but only a track, or ramification of tracks, where you choose your line according to the season or your own caprice. While fording a stream which was deep even now, our drogoman narrowly escaped a good ducking, and our suridjee discovered that he had lost his way. After another détour, and passing two large farm-houses (both in ruins and apparently deserted,) we reached the very small Turkish

hamlet of Oklarleui, on a broad swift stream, called by the Turks *Erghenè*. Here was a water-mill, and a rude and perilous wooden bridge. At 6 P. M. we reached Bulgar-keui, a Bulgarian village with only a few Greeks in it. Tired with the wretched pace of the horses, and seeing a storm a-head, we would have stopped to sleep here; but the suridjee, alarmed at the proposition, said that we might get our throats cut in the night, and so we rode on. Before us was a wall of black clouds, split by forked lightning. We were presently under a heavy fall of rain, which soaked us to the skin, and which continued during the rest of the evening. At 7 P.M. we crossed a long stone bridge, and dismounted at the new khan of Babà-Eskissi. We had been twelve hours in the saddle; yet I doubt whether we had ridden forty English miles. We were now on what is termed the high Adrianople road.

This new khan had been built by the Armenian speculators in diligences as a place of refuge and rest for their passengers. It was a miserable wooden structure, with dirty, unswept sleeping-rooms running round an open gallery, and offering no accommodation beyond a little straw matting. The floor of our room was already dotted and blackened with the pieces of ignited charcoal which had dropped from the pipe-bowls of careless smokers. Down stairs in an angle of the building, there was a café with a little fire burning on a hearth, and here we contrived to dry our clothes. Yorghi went foraging in the tcharshy, and returned with a smoking pilaff, yaourt, black olives, sardellas, and gritty bread *à discrétion*.

In the morning we were up by daylight, and glad to rush out of this foul-smelling khan into the open air. We walked to the side of the river, and to the bridge which we had crossed yesterday evening in the dusk. Swollen by the rains, the river was flowing with a copious stream to the east; but still it left several arches of the long bridge quite dry. At certain seasons the river is liable to sudden and great swells: the only name the country people had for it was the water of Kirk Klissia, from which town it descends; below the bridge, and a little beyond Babà-Eskissi, it turns to the south-west, and has for some distance a pretty appearance, its banks being fringed with trees and underwood. The stone bridge—the like of which we never saw in Turkey—was graceful, picturesque, and even beautiful as a specimen of that kind of architecture. Its rise and fall were very gradual and inconsiderable: it was indeed almost a flat bridge. It had seven arrow-headed arches, with small arches in pairs between; and beyond the great arches on either side were small arches fantastically shaped. There was the irregularity of Gothic architecture with the harmony we find in the best Gothic buildings. Not that the bridge was Gothic—the style was *sui generis*. Over the keystone of each of the arches was a very pretty medallion, boldly cut in good

hard stone or marble. The parapets of the bridge were composed of large solid blocks or slabs about four feet high, and well put together without any cement. In the middle of the bridge there was a beautiful projecting balcony of open, carved stone, facing which, on the opposite side of the bridge, was a tall screen, with a long Turkish inscription cut on a marble slab. In every part the masonry was excellent. The water-cutting buttresses which faced the current (often tremendous) were well conceived, and appeared to have sustained no injury from the floods of many winters. Unhappily the roadway part of the bridge showed some signs of that wanton, inconceivable, worse than brutish spirit of destruction which pervades all Turkey. If people would throw off conventionalities and rote-opinions in taste, I believe it would be pretty generally confessed that the best of our modern bridges are somewhat mechanical, tame, and monotonous. Here was a bridge eminently picturesque and novel, and without discernible defect in its engineering. It was vain to inquire here when it was built, or who was its architect. From certain indications I conjectured that the directing genius had been a Venetian. Between the bridge end and the town there was a fine Turkish mosque, almost covered with storks' nests, and the ruins of a Greek church which had been entirely built of brick. There was another mosque in the main street, and also a Greek church, but this mosque was small and mean. Pococke, who passed this way more than a hundred years ago, and who was much struck by the beauty of the bridge, says that the town occupies the site of the ancient Burtudizum (?). It now consists of about 300 houses, the majority being Greek. Returning to the khan and cafinet, we were told more stories of robberies and murders, all said to be perpetrated by Bulgarians. The other day a boy was carried off from an Albanian village a little to the west to be kept for ransom. In the coffee-house our companions were an old Greek merchant, enormously fat, and said to be rich, who was travelling with two Albanians, armed to the teeth, for an escort, a fat good-natured Turkish butcher, and two zapitas, or police guards, who had been sent down from Adrianople to look after the thieves. These last-named members of the police had been taking their ease at their inn, and had been drinking raki this morning; for, early as it was, one of them was already muzzy.

We mounted our horses at 6 A. M. In the town we passed a fine Turkish bath in ruins, as also the ruins of a medresseh. On the other side of the street some Greeks were building two or three wooden houses. Just beyond Babà-Eskissi we rode under a fine large tumulus, which we had seen from afar yesterday evening. Two other tumuli were in sight, at a distance to the S. E. At half a mile from the little town, the scanty cultivation ceased; and then we rode over bare downs, not unlike the higher downs of Sussex,

but far more solitary, and covered with far better soil. When people talk of the *flat* plain of Thrace between Adrianople and Constantinople, they talk sheer nonsense. In the whole distance there is very little level ground. Now, and on our return, when we rode almost to the walls of Stamboul, we were constantly ascending or descending. Some of the ridges were almost lofty enough to be called mountains in England; several of the descents were steep, rugged, and rather perilous, the ground having been rendered slippery by last night's rain. How the diligences had ever got over these roads was to us a riddle. Nothing whatever had been done to repair or smoothen the horrible track. Only in some of the deep hollows, traversed by streams, they had repaired a rickety wooden bridge, or made a new wooden bridge. At 9.15 A. M., we halted at Kulilli. We asked a Turk how many houses there were in this little village: though born and bred in the place he could not tell; he had never thought about it. Another Turk said that there might be about forty houses. A Greek, who kept a backal's shop, said there were twenty-five houses, some Turkish, some Greek. There were two khans in the place, an old one, and one quite new, built by the diligent speculators. Sultan Abdul Medjid, on his way to Adrianople in 1846, passed through this village, and rested and encamped in the open country just beyond it. While we were sitting in the sun, outside the old khan, a Bulgarian shepherd passed by with the classical pastoral crook in his hand. The last time I had noticed this crook was four years ago at Penshurst, in dear old Kent.

We remounted at 10 A. M. The country now rose to a very lofty ridge, which would deserve, anywhere, the name of mountain. At the top there was a broad bare heath, and here a great caravan of fierce-looking Mussulman Albanians were reposing; their horses and asses turned loose and grazing round them. They were on their way from Constantinople to their own mountainous regions. For miles and miles the ground had scarcely been scratched. Their natural fertility was evident enough, but the lands were utterly solitary and neglected. With the aid of a judicious plantation—for the country is totally void of trees, and gets burned up in the hot months of the year—there might be here some of the finest corn farms in the world. Over the limestone beds there was a rich soil four feet to five feet deep. At mid-day prayer we crossed a clear little stream by a low rude stone bridge without any parapets, and rode into the village or small diminished town of Khavsa, passing under three Moresque arches, with a stately mosque on one hand, and the ruins of a splendid khan on the other. At the cafinet where we alighted, we asked an old Turkish notable, an Effendi in long robes and turban, who built the khan and the mosque? He replied, the Vizier Ibrahim-Khan-Oglou-Mehemet-Pasha, who also built the fair bridge at

Babà-Eskissi. How long ago? The old Turk stroked his beard and said, "about 500 years!" Hardly a man among these people has the slightest idea of chronology, or of the history of the edifices among which his whole life may have been passed. They have no books, and hardly ever any taste for antiquities, or any curiosity about the past.

We walked back to the mosque and khan. There was a pleasant courtyard behind the mosque with trees and tombs, a schoolroom and a fountain with a Chinese or umbrella top. But every thing was neglected, soiled, broken, and gone, or fast going to irretrievable ruin. There was a Tourbè, or Mausoleum, built to contain the mortal remains of some of the kindred of the founder of the mosque, of men who had been great in their day, and benefactors to this town: it was in a shameful state—turned into a lumber-room. The walls of the mosque were cracked; a whole host of storks had colonized the roofs and were destroying the graceful cupolas. In the street, close to the great mosque, was a smaller one with a singularly ornamented minaret; and this too was dirty and neglected. On the other side of the street the ruins of the great khan were very extensive, that which remained showing that the buildings must have been solid and in very good taste. The few architectural ornaments that were not carried off or broken, the medallions, rosettes, &c., were in the same style as those of the bridge at Babà-Eskissi. The three Moresque arches, which spanned the street, had connected the house of hospitality with the house of prayer, and through them was the only entrance (on this side) to the town. Coming from Constantinople the traveller had the mosque on his right hand, and the khan on his left, the two buildings being only a few feet apart. A range of lodging-rooms, nicely separated by stone walls, and each having its fireplace, now lies open to the street, the fronts having been knocked in. Behind this range the khan expands into four spacious, open courts, on the four sides of which there had once been admirable stables, and comfortable, and even elegant, lodging-rooms: but stables and rooms had almost entirely disappeared, little remaining but the strong enclosing walls. In one of the courts there was the marble base of a fountain; but the fountain itself was gone—the Turks had cut up the material into tombstones. Within these solid stone walls, in an angle of one of the fine spacious courts, a Turk had run up a small house of lath and mud, which was partly fastened to the walls like a martin's nest, and which in part rested upon long poles stuck in the ground; but notwithstanding its double support, most of the hovel had fallen down. It was not with an exulting smile that the man owned his crib: the poor fellow seemed to be conscious of shame and of the force of contrast; he knew that Mussulmans had built those stately walls, had laid out those beauti-

ful courts, and had dwelt there and had entertained the stranger within the gates, in bygone times. Just above these splendid enclosures was another Tourbè in a more ruinous, degraded condition even than the one which stood by the great mosque. The town counted about 100 miserable Turkish houses, and about 40 Greek hovels. A few gardens and some strips of cultivation lay round the place, and then—the green desert.

We were in our saddles at 12.45 P. M. In half an hour we came to a wooden bridge with the remains of an old solid stone bridge close to it. This, as a French traveller has observed, is the history of Turkish reparations! They mend an ancient bridge with poles and planks, or they supply its place with a new and frail wooden bridge. As the water now was not above the saddle girths, we waded through the stream, as travellers always do when they can, preferring the water to crossing the ill-constructed bridges. At 2 P. M. we saw a small village away to the right, but we could discover no people in the fields, and we scarcely met a traveller on our desolate track. At 3, from a rugged, sandy ridge we obtained the first view of Adrianople, its grand mosque with its four lofty white minarets on a hill showing out well against a dark blue sky. At 3.35 P. M. we came in view of the Hebrus, a broad and shining river, gliding through a beautiful plain. More suddenly than yesterday evening the weather was overcast; the blue sky became of a heavy, leaden colour, black clouds rolled across it, and after a few distant thunderclaps, the rain fell heavily.

We now came out from the hills upon a dead flat, broad and sandy, with a bit of most slovenly, most rugged stone causeway, here and there, to render it passable in the wet season. And this is the high road from the capital to the second city in European Turkey—this is the approach to the Adrianople terminus! In some parts the causeway was little better than that which had led us to the Sabanjah Lake. Now we met a great troop of Bulgarians on their way to the chiftliks near the Sea of Marmora. Like all of their race that we had seen, they were rough, uncouth men, with a look of mingled stupidity and ferocity. Our Armenian suridjee said that more robberies would soon be heard of down the country. We had now extensive mulberry plantations on either side of us, and some few vineyards. Farther on we passed a number of detached Turkish tombstones, and then came to a great crowded Turkish cemetery, by which we entered Adrianople, wet and weary, at 5 P. M. Our suridjee, again losing his way, took us on a wild scrambling ride through the town, up hill and down, through lanes and horrible alleys. At last we reached a broad open street entirely occupied by tailors and menders of clothes; and here we got a Greek guide to show us the street or lane in which the respectable Franks lived.

On reaching that quarter we found that the English consul and all the respectabilities had removed for the spring and summer to Kara-Atch, a village on the other side of the Hebrus, at about an hour's ride from the city. As there was not an inn in all Adrianople, we had nothing for it but to ride on, wet and dirty as we were. The streets were steep, horribly ill-paved, muddy and slippery, and our horses were weary and stupid. In a very precipitous lane we dismounted. We could scarcely keep our legs on the slippery pavement. We were soon obliged to mount again in order to cross a long, fearful deposit of muck, slush, and every abomination, as black as Styx, and as offensive to the nostril as Dante's worst pit of stinks. The filth reached the horses' knees; and where it was deepest and thickest my jaded brute nearly rolled over on his side. We emerged from Adrianople as we had entered it, by riding through a great, crowded Turkish burying-ground, the tombstones, here as there, neglected, vilely treated, broken, upset or driven aslant—all save a very few which glittered with gilded inscriptions and were quite new.

Traversing an irregular suburb we crossed the Tounjà river by a *short* stone bridge, and about 200 yards farther on we began to cross the Hebrus by a *long* stone bridge. At this season the bed of the classical river was pretty well filled up, and the scenery on either side of the bridge was uncommonly cool and pleasant, as the rain-clouds dispersed and the declining sun shone out on the refreshed vegetation. Tall poplars and other trees stood along the banks. The scenery reminded me of some parts of the not less classical river Po. A ragged Greek we had picked up at Adrianople to guide us to the village, had been keeping St. George's day; he was more than three parts drunk and very frolicsome and talkative. He walked so fast over the rough sandy road that we had much difficulty in keeping our dull horses up with him. He had a ready answer or a joke for every query, and the raki which had sharpened his wit had also raised his courage. I complained of the roads. "Ah," said he, "they will be better when the Muscovites come and take possession, or when the Hellenes shall be masters here!" In a green shady lane between mulberry plantations, we met the great Mollah of Adrianople on horseback, followed by his pipe-bearer and five or six other attendants: he was dressed in flowing Oriental robes; his turban very broad and snow-white, his face sallow and sour; he scarcely deigned to return my salute. Moving on another line of road or track was the Pasha of Adrianople himself, accompanied by a very numerous and somewhat noisy retinue. *Son Excellence* with his Kehayah, or Tefterdar, and all the male part of his household, had been making *keff* at Kara-Atch. In the morning he had sent out to the house of a Frank in the village an abundant ready-dressed

dinner, and the best part of a case of champagne; and he and his people, with the assistance of a few Franks, had finished every drop of the champagne and had swallowed a good deal of country wine and raki into the bargain. The Mollah had been of the party, but had not joined the drinking bout, never drinking wine in public, but (so it was said) drinking more than any of them in private.

At 6 P. M. we dismounted at the door of Mr. Edward Schnell, the brother of an old Smyrna friend, and the near connexion of many with whom I had been intimate in that city twenty years ago. That brother was dead, but two of his sons were living here with his uncle. They all descended from a good Hanoverian stock, which had been settled for several generations in the Levant, enjoying (of course) British protection, and being almost English by intermarriages. Mr. E. S. was about the best remaining specimen of the old, respectable Smyrniote Franks, who have almost been driven out of the field by Greeks and Armenians. He had been settled some two and twenty years in this part of European Turkey, and he had married a Frank lady of Adrianople, the daughter of a former consul. For eight days these hospitable, thoroughly amiable people, made their house our home; and we enjoyed at this village of Kara-Atch, by the banks of the Hebrus, far more comfort than we had ever known in European Turkey. Mr. W. Willshire, our consul, and his family occupied a villa on the other side of the way.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Our first visit in Adrianople was to the champagne-drinking Pasha. His konack, on a broad, flat hill at the top of the town, though only of wood, had rather an imposing appearance from without,—that is, if you looked only at *the front*, which was green and smart and regular. But, within, that big house was scrambling, dirty, comfortless, lop-sided, shaky, and, in this month of May, exceedingly cold, the wind blowing through and through it. The long, dusty corridors were crowded with lazy, ragged, ill-looking retainers. Of zaptias alone this Pasha had 140; his grooms, pipe-bearers, cooks, and coffee-makers, running footmen, and the like, swelled his household to a prodigious extent. While the country all round was languishing for want of hands to till the soil, there were from 200 to 300 Turks living about the konack in a state of idleness and utter uselessness. As they get hardly any pay, they must live by *backshish* and by oppressing and robbing the people. Rustem Pasha gave us but a cold welcome in a very chilly room, the ill-fitting

glazed window-frames of which were shaking and rattling in a gale from the N.W., which came down from the snow-covered summits of Rhodope and Hæmus. He was wrapped up in a coat lined with furs; but, as we had thrown off our top-coats before entering his august presence, we shivered till our teeth almost chattered. He was a man of a coarse and vulgar appearance, with manners corresponding. However merry he might have been with his last Saturday's champagne, he was dull and heavy enough this Monday morning. He told us that if we wanted anything we might apply to his Frank drogoman and secretary. The only anxiety Rustem showed, was to know from me whether people at Constantinople did not think that Reshid Pasha would be restored to power as soon as Sir Stratford Canning should return. I assured him that such was the general opinion; but whether this gave him pleasure or pain I could not discover. We swallowed our coffee and speedily took our departure.

This man, who was so very lax in other essentials, was a severe observer of Turkish law or usage with regard to women. He hardly ever allowed his females to quit the harem. Once a-week these caged birds were permitted to go to the windows that looked into a back street; but *then* two cavasses were placed under the windows to take good care that no man stopped to look up at them. He had brought three wives with him to Adrianople, and had recently taken to himself a fourth. From some of the Frank ladies at Kara-Atch, who occasionally visited the harems of the great, and received in their own houses the visits of Turkish ladies, I heard many curious details of domestic life, which, being *true*, and in *plain prose*, bore but little resemblance to the fancy pictures drawn by Miss Pardoe and certain other travellers. The Turkish women—*sans moyens et sans ressources*—were slaves of ennui, or only excited by the violent passions of jealousy and hatred: they were almost incessantly quarrelling with one another, or with their lords and masters: the poor man that had but one wife had a chance of peace within doors, the rich man who had two or more wives had none. Some of these Turkish ladies were very plain in their speech. The other day one of them said to Madame ——, "Indeed, I am quite weary of being as I am. I am sick of that brute, my husband, and I very much want to poison him!" From the stories we heard here and elsewhere, poisonings must be rather common domestic occurrences. The hags who deal in abortion are said to be skilled in this art also. There are Turkish Tofanas and Brinvilliers. The thing is so easy to do, or it may so easily pass off unnoticed, *post mortem* examinations being unknown, and bodies being hurried to the grave almost as soon as dead. This is the practice among all classes. Lately at Pivades the Greeks had buried a poor woman alive; and at Brussa, while the cholera was

raging, there were several such interments, or cases where the poor people recovered sense or motion as they were being jolted to the grave. But the Mussulmans are in the greatest hurry of all: so soon as the breath ceases, they give a slight washing to the body, and then make a race with it to the cemetery.

Polygamy was far from being so very much out of fashion as I had been told. Of the great pashas who had only one wife a-piece, most were married to free Turkish women, connected with rich and powerful families. But those who *bought* their wives and women, generally purchased three or four a-piece. In all times the poor man had been obliged to rest satisfied with one wife. Yet here occasional exceptions are found. We had an acquaintance at Pera who had filled up the lawful number of four. Old Murekebjee got his living by selling Turkish ink, which he hawked about the city of Constantinople, at Scutari, Pera, Galata, and Tophana, and the large villages up the Bosphorus. He would be for three or four days in one place, and three or four days in another; and, although his whole circuit was limited, he was always moving about. He had a wife in Stamboul, another over in Asia at Scutari, another at Tophana, and another up the Bosphorus, so that, go where he would, he—like the wandering friend of "Anastasius"—always slept at home at night, and had a spouse at hand to cook his pilaff. One day, when he was asked how, with such a very little trade, he could keep so many wives, the grey-beard replied—"Mashallah! I am but a poor little man, but God is great! I am always with one wife or the other; when I go home to one, I take my dinner and something more with me; and *some* paras are not wanting; each of my other wives is at the same time sure of her lodgings, her loaf of bread, and (in winter time) her candle; in each of the four quarters where my wives live I have credit with a backal, who furnishes a loaf and a candle daily; as I go my rounds I pay the backals in turn, so that the credit is always good. Inshallah! I shall sleep at Tophana to-night, but every one of my three wives over the water will have her loaf of bread and her candle! As they fare better when I am with them, every one of them is always so glad to see me!"

As the greatest facility is afforded to divorce, some of these Turks have had in rotation a prodigious number of wives. There was a fellow in Adrianople, one Delhi Mustapha, who had just married his thirty-second wife, but his was an extreme and *rare* case. For some services rendered to Sultan Mahmoud at the time of the bloody destruction of the Janizaries, Delhi Mustapha enjoyed a pension of some 700 piastres a month, which would make less than 80*l.* a year; yet he had always a full harem. As he was not yet fifty years old, there was no saying how many more times he might be wedded before he died. He was not known to possess either house or land,

but he was said to increase his income by lending small sums of money to imprisoned debtors at high rates of interest and good security. He had formerly been rather liberal to his harem, keeping an aruba and a pair of oxen with gilded horns for their use; but of late he had felt the pressure of the times and had become penurious.

There was one very noticeable improvement which Rustem Pasha had introduced. His konack was as usual flanked by a prison, which was a complete pest-house when he came to Adrianople, and which had repeatedly spread disease through the konack. He enlarged this prison, he pierced it with windows, he separated the prisoners, divided the Christians from the Mussulmans, and the debtors from the criminals; he had the building well cleansed and whitewashed within, and coloured with a yellow wash without, and he took other measures for rendering the place wholesome. At present it was the best prison in the empire. The debtors were upstairs, in apartments which were at least sufficiently aired; the criminals, or those accused of crime, were below on the ground floor.

At our first visit to the Pasha's konack, just as we issued from the gate we were saluted by the headsman, or executioner, a horrible looking Nubian, of gigantic size, who had come up from the land of Egypt, and who could say, "*buon giorno, capitan.*" He had his heading-tool in his girdle—a big, broad, Turkish yataghan; he was facetious, and disposed to be familiar. I have had some strange acquaintances in my time, but I never before exchanged salutations with one of his profession. The last head he had taken off was that of Papas Lollio. Yes! that famed priest-robber, bold and cunning as he was, had been caught at last, in a village between Adrianople and Gallipoli, and lodged in the Pasha's prison. If we had only arrived a few days sooner we might (but most certainly *would not*) have been in at the death. One of the young Schnells had attended the awkward execution, and had scarcely yet recovered from the sickening effect. The priest-robber did not die game, nor did he die quiet and penitent In the teeth of the most crushing evidence he swore that he was totally innocent. When they removed him from his prison for execution in the public streets he shrieked and screamed most fearfully, calling upon the Pasha to save him—to save a man unjustly condemned! With his hands corded behind him, they had to drag him to the spot—he shrieking all the way: he was so troublesome under the hand of the executioner that the Nubian had to cut and hack at him, and could scarcely get his head off at all. It was a horrible, revolting sight; but there were few spectators, the Armenian and Greek Christians running away and hiding themselves.

Whatever they might be at Constantinople, capital executions were far from being rarities up at Adrianople. Within the last five

months the Nubian had cut or hacked off no fewer than seven heads. At the last execution the fellow had done his work with evident reluctance; he was getting heart-sick of his calling, and protesting that he would quit it. A head or two in a year he might manage, but more than one a month—Allah! it was far too much. Though hideous and fierce in his looks, some of our friends reported him to be a very good-natured fellow. In case he threw up his office they doubted whether there was a man in the city that could be induced to take it.

All the men executed of late were Christians, with the exception of Papas Lollio, Bulgarians of the Greek Church. Rustem Pasha allowed the dead bodies and heads to be removed after a short exposure and buried in the Christian cemetery, and did not throw them into the river as his predecessors had done; but he pleaded that his *religion* did not allow him to interdict the beastly custom of putting a Christian's head to his posteriors. When a Mussulman is executed his head is put under his arm. It was necessary, he said, to keep up this distinction; he must not offend the Osmanlees; he durst not venture to change the ancient usage; it was *adet*, a part of religion. And this man was swilling wine and raki daily and openly.

My enquiries fully satisfied me that the so-called Council was as much a shadow and sham at Adrianople as at Brusa: except an Armenian who was the Pasha's seraff, hardly one of the Rayah members ever approached it. Yet, compared with most of his predecessors, Rustem was considered as a tolerably good and just governor. Our Brusa friend, Mustapha-Nouree Pasha, in the course of his numerous changes, had once been here, and we were assured that if he had stayed a little longer he would have eaten up the whole country—he would have left nothing behind him but dry bones. Rayahs, Mussulmans, Franks, all concurred in denouncing him as the most rapacious Pasha they had ever known.

Rustem had been extolled to the third heaven by the "Journal de Constantinople," which had especially praised him for the many improvements he had introduced in this city. These improvements consisted of a new wooden khan and coffee-house, and a very small wooden post-office opposite to the café. They were mere sheds; but being span-new and painted with bright colours, and ornamented, they looked smart, and the café was remarkably attractive. He was getting good interest for his outlay, the khan being let at an annual rent to an Armenian, and the coffee-house to a Greek. He was very proud of these buildings, which have probably fed the flames before now. Seeing what he did every day that he went out in Adrianople —the ruins of splendid old Turkish khans, solidly and beautifully built like those at Khavsà—his pride in these constructions of poles, laths, and painted planks ought to have been abated.

The regular troops were under the command of Ismael Pasha, a very different officer from Achmet Pasha at Kutayah, to judge from the wretched state in which the troops were kept. The officer next in rank to this Ismael, and one who commanded in his absence, was a black fellow from Nubia or Sennaar, who very much resembled the black executioner. We had been told over and over again that there were 5000 regulars at Adrianople; we now learned to a certainty that there were not quite 2000 foot, and about 300 horse. Nothing more likely than that the Sultan was paying for the larger number. Very extensive barracks, about a mile and a half from the town, on a gentle elevation beyond the river Tounjà, were built by Sultan Mahmoud, and finished about two years before the Russians (in 1829) came to lodge in them. They were almost as extensive as those at Scutari. There were detached stables and barracks for the cavalry, but these were small and mean. There was no detached hospital; and, generally, there was an appearance of carelessness and neglect. Nothing could well be more ragged, slovenly, and dirty than the men. The cavalry soldiers, who were constantly lounging in the town about the bazaars and coffee-houses, were, of the two, rather the worse; they were short, ill-made, ill-looking fellows, and in a truly pitiable condition as to clothes! There was not a clean man, or a whole jacket, or a pair of untorn trousers in the lot. There would be excellent drilling-ground in front of the barracks, but no pains have been taken to level it. But drill and every kind of exercise seemed to be dispensed with as useless and troublesome ceremonies.

Among the ruins of the Eski-Serai or Old Palace, between the barracks and the Tounjà, we saw, huddled together under a wooden shed, a number of good brass field-pieces; the gun-carriages were rotting and wormeaten through want of a little care and paint. And near this park of artillery (which certainly could not be used on any sudden emergency) there was a great heap of tent-cloths lying on the damp ground in the most slovenly manner, and being torn, dirty, and offensive to the nostril. Thus are army materials wasted through sheer indolence and carelessness! The canvas had been originally strong and good; most of the tents had been smeared over with light green paint. When good tents are thus treated, it may be understood how the camp equipage of the army forms such a heavy item of expenditure. The expense is still further swelled by roguery and plunder. It is the custom of the Turks to remove the men out of barracks about the middle or the end of May, and to keep them under canvas until the beginning of September. The *bimbashis* or battalion-commandants almost invariably return more men than are present under arms, and thereby obtain more tents than are needed; the *mir allai* or colonel usually doubles this false return: so that be-

tween colonels and chiefs of battalions, some fifteen or twenty tents are obtained per regiment, half of which are never sent back to the stores. Sometimes, when accounts are kept, the colonel is charged with the deficit, and then the colonel throws it upon his subordinates; but, except on very rare occasions, payment and punishment are alike evaded.* Where people are so likely to be burned out of house and home as at Constantinople, the possession of a few tents is an important consideration. Whenever a great fire happens, people are of necessity driven under canvas. One night, in the month of April, more than half of the large and populous village of Arnaout-keui, on the Bosphorus, was burned to the ground; and when we passed the spot, two or three days after the catastrophe, it was covered with dirty green tents.

Such is the fatuity of these men, that they almost always encamp their troops on unhealthy ground, by which means sickness and mortality are greater under canvas than in barracks. It was so at Constantinople, and so was it here. With abundance of room to choose, they were going to pitch the tents for the soldiers on a low, flat, damp triangle, between the hills, the Tounjà, and the Hebrus. In every branch of the public service the system of peculation is indeed unlimited; but, from what I saw at Adrianople and elsewhere, I am disposed to believe that the Sultan loses annually quite as much by negligence as by plunder. If a superior officer would check this foul system, he must do everything or see to everything himself, like our friend Achmet Pasha at Kutayah.

We had been in few places, even in Turkey, so forlorn as the Eski-Serai, which Lady W. Montagu has painted in such charming colours. It was the frequent residence of many successive Sultans when they wished to be near the seat of the war which they were waging against Christendom, and it was the constant residence of some of them when the turbulent Janizaries would allow them no peace at Constantinople. The greater part of the palace has entirely disappeared; they knocked down a great deal of it to get materials for the barracks, and they destroyed a great deal more to get stones for building the long bridge across the Hebrus. The Serai must have consisted, like the Serraglio at Constantinople, of very numerous detached buildings, standing within an inclosure, or rather within a series of inclosures—stone walls and stone towers within stone

* For further particulars about the camp equipage and the gross abuses in this and other departments in the Turkish army, see "Three Years in Constantinople, by Charles White, Esq.," vol. iii. p. 42.

I have repeatedly quoted this writer because I am aware that he took great pains in obtaining correct information, and because I know personally and well some of the gentlemen (Turks and others) who were the main sources of that information. And I quote Mr. White the more readily, as, on the whole, his work is written in a kind and very indulgent spirit.

walls and other stone towers. The whole area within the almost obliterated outer walls is *immense*. Two tall, massy, square towers remain tolerably perfect; but should more stone be wanted, they will be levelled with the ground. In an inner inclosure we noticed a very curious, India-looking tower, which was square below, then round, and then projecting like a caouk on a tombstone. Opposite to this tower there was a long array of solid and very picturesque kitchen-chimneys, which formed one of the most conspicuous parts of the dishonoured remnants of this imperial palace. In another inclosure there was a shabby mosque, wherein the Sultans used to pray; but nobody prayed here now, and it was falling rapidly to pieces. That grand corps de logis, the imperial harem, wherein (traditionally, at least) *one thousand and one* of the fairest women in the universe had been lodged for the solace of *one* padishah, had almost entirely disappeared; but in front of it there stood, as yet entire, the by no means extensive wooden kiosk in which the Sultans used to dwell. Internally, this kiosk had been decorated with a good deal of taste and magnificence, though the plan was small and confined. Two or three of the rooms were lined with those beautiful porcelain tiles which are seen in perfection in the grand mausoleum at Brusa; and the ceilings of these apartments were prettily inlaid. The roof of one room was a small dome richly and most tastefully embellished and gilded. But there was nothing solid, nothing made to last, no single part that was good throughout; the best of the rooms had mean, ill-made doors and windows, and at best the whole kiosk looked like an adorned tent or some slight fabric set up, at an extravagant expense, for a merely temporary occasion. We opened a curious variety of presses and cupboards, and peeped into a great number of queer little holes and recesses in which the attendants of the Commander of the Faithful had been accustomed to deposit his papers, Korans, clothes, trinkets, drinking-cups, and sweetmeats; and we descended into a small but beautiful marble bath, which had been used by the Amuraths, the Mahomets, and Mustaphas of old; but all and every part of the kiosk was covered with dust and dirt, and showing symptoms of rapid decay. There was not a single article of furniture left. We sat down on our heels in one of the rooms wherein was signed the humiliating capitulation of Adrianople in August, 1829, and pondered over that war, of which I had seen the beginning in 1828. Within the city, hard by, there were thirteen great pashas in command of troops—*treize à table*. They had, all together, a force of from 30,000 to 40,000 men, wild Albanians and other irregulars, yet they dared not attempt a combat with 10,000 wearied, very sickly Russians. There was no heart in them, or in any of the Turks; they would have capitulated if the Russians had been only half the number and twice as sickly as they were. The

Mussulman population of Adrianople looked on with a stupid wonder, or a total indifference; the Rayahs secretly rejoiced at the approach of the Tzar's army. Some of the pashas absconded; some others were too much frightened even to run away. Our friend Mr. E. Schnell first went out to propose the terms of capitulation to the Russian generals, and but for his forethought and perfect self-possession it is doubtful whether any conditions would have been made. There was not a thinking man who witnessed that day's proceedings, and that utter prostration of the once proud Osmanlees, but was convinced in his own mind and heart that the knell of the expiring Ottoman Empire had sounded, and that for a brief and precarious remnant of existence it must be indebted to foreign steel and foreign ranks, or to the jealousy borne by the great powers of the West towards Russia. That very jealousy was the cause of the very grossest misrepresentations being spread at the time in France and England. All those tales about the patriotism, grief, despair, and silent rage with which the Osmanlees saw the Muscovites take possession of Mahmoud's barracks, march into the city, visit the mosques, and drink the holy waters under the very dome of the grand mosque of Sultan Selim, were fables and pure inventions. There was nothing of the sort. I took much pains to ascertain the truth—during eight days I spoke with many persons of different interests, opinions, and religions, and they one and all affirmed that the feeling of the Turks in general was one of total indifference, and that when they had a few days' experience of the excellent discipline which General Diebitch maintained among his troops, the majority of them were rather friendly than otherwise with the Russians. The Albanians and the rest of the irregulars broke up and made for their own homes, plundering and butchering on their way their own people or fellow-subjects, and making little distinction between Mussulmans and Christian Rayahs. The country people from far and near flocked to Diebitch's head-quarters to sell their fruits, vegetables, poultry, and all manner of provisions, and nobody could remember the market of Adrianople ever to have been so well supplied as during the stay of the Russians. In nearly every man they met the Russian soldiers found a co-religionist, for the Bulgarians, who swarm in the upper valley of the Hebrus, were, like the Greek Rayahs, of the same Eastern Church as themselves, following the same creed with none but the slightest variations, practising the same ritual, and worshipping the same panagia and saints. That which was perfectly true was the fearful mortality which broke out in Diebitch's little army. Some said it was a plague, but the malady appears to have been a good deal more like cholera, and to have been chiefly produced by the fruit and raw vegetables which the men bought for very little and consumed with great avidity. Long loose ridges of earth above

the left bank of the Hebrus marked the great grave-pits in which mouldered the remains of Cossacks from the Don and soldiers from nearly every part of the measureless empire of the Tzar.

The grand mosque of Sultan Selim, the pride and boast of Adrianople, merits (externally at least) all the praise that has been bestowed upon it, and perhaps even more. The elevated site is magnificent, rising like an Acropolis above the city. Though inferior in size, this mosque produced upon me an impression of more grandeur than the most famous mosque of Sultan Achmet by the Hippodrome at Constantinople: its white minarets, stone-built and strong, but light, airy, and most elegant, shot up in the blue sky, and exhibited each its golden crescent at a sublime elevation, looking as if they had grown out of the solid earth, and were yet growing in height. The sight is worth a journey of more miles than lie between the city of Constantine and the city of Hadrian. Yet here too were signs of decay, and more signs of neglect and wilful destruction. Some curious, and at the same time rustic work, cut in solid stone at the basement, had been much broken and defaced, the fractures proving that the barbarous deeds had been done recently and at much trouble. The very fountain attached to one of the flanks of the mosque, in order that the faithful might perform the prescribed ablutions before entering the house of prayer, had been battered and defaced, and in part quite spoiled. Of a long row of brass cocks, placed at regular distances for the convenience of the followers of the Prophet, some had been wrenched from their sockets, and some had been broken and rendered useless. This was not the work of unbelieving Christians and Jews; the Rayahs seldom came near the mosque, and whatever might be their inclination, they would not have courage enough to touch a stone of the edifice: the work of destruction must all have been perpetrated by the Turks themselves. Twenty years ago it forcibly struck me that, if these barbarians were driven out of Europe, they would scarcely leave behind them a trace of existence except in a few stately mosques. Are they now determined that these too shall down? Have they bound themselves by a vow of destruction? Will they leave nothing to show that they have been here but their tombstones? Nay, they bid fair not to leave even these.

The interior of this beautiful mosque was a good deal spoiled with paint and plaster, but it never could have been comparable with its exterior. The celebrated fountain in the centre, under the great dome, is a shabby little thing cut in stone, and that which a late French traveller* calls "*une tribune carrée, du travail le plus exquis,*" is merely a paltry wooden stage put over the fountain. It was prayer-

* M. Blanqui, "Voyage en Bulgarie."

time, but only two Turks were within at their prayers. We ascended the wondrous minaret with the three corkscrew staircases within it, these staircases having their three several entrances, and running one within another, in a way which the Turks consider altogether incomprehensible. Their legend is, that the man who built it was put to death, in order that it might have no fellow, but remain unique in the world. It is certainly a most remarkable construction, and the panorama which it affords of the city, the open country, the Hebrus, the Tounjà and the Ardà, the bridges, barracks, ruined palace, cemeteries, and encircling mountains, is one of the most curious, and, at the same time, one of the finest that can be conceived. The sun was bright and hot, but a cold impetuous wind came down the valley of the Hebrus and shook the minaret. As we stood out in the narrow stone gallery (from which the muezzin call the faithful to prayers), high up in the air, the sensation was not very agreeable.

The medresseh or college adjoining the mosque seemed quite abandoned. They said there were some students, but we did not see one. The apartments were shut up, and grass was growing at their thresholds; the little gardens in the quadrangles were covered with docks and weeds, and the paths with coarse grass. Another of the innumerable proofs we had seen that the Vakouf law has entirely lost its sanctity, and that the endowments of temples and colleges have been seized and wasted by government!

The mosques are very numerous in the city; and though none can be for a moment compared with the *Selim Jami*, there are several that are interesting, and some three or four that are very stately. In the large courtyard of the mosque of Sultan Murad I was much struck by the irregular, grotesque appearance of the colonnade: no two columns were alike, in style, size, or material; they seemed all to have been taken from different places, and from different ancient Greek edifices which had been raised at very different periods. And this, in fact, is the manner in which the Turks have provided the columns of nearly all their mosques, quarrying and cutting none themselves, but taking some *here* and some *there*, just as they found them, in the classical temples, old Christian churches, and other edifices. If some were shorter than others, they gave them a taller pedestal or a broader capital, and so made the "odds" or the lengths even, caring very little whether the bases agreed or disagreed, or whether the capitals were of *one* fashion or of *twenty* different styles. The great Santa Sophia itself (at Constantinople) is little more than a collection of stolen goods, for the degenerate Greeks of the Lower Empire had adopted this system long before the Turks came into Europe.

In the square of the mosque of Sultan Murad there was a fine covered fountain which had been no better treated than the others.

In the lower part of the town, towards the Tounjà, we visited the ruins of an old Greek church, which had been converted by the conquerors into a mosque, and which for four hundred years had echoed "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his Prophet;" but the domes had been allowed to fall in, and the twice holy place had become a dormitory of the filthy, unowned dogs of the town. Yet, within it, there was an *agiasma*, or holy fountain, with some low bushes growing by it; and on these bushes Greeks and Turks had been tying bits of rags, as an effectual or approved method of tying up or getting rid of their intermittent fevers. In a very short walk from these ruins we passed *five* other totally ruined mosques, and several ruined medressehs and baths. The finest of all the Turkish baths was utterly abandoned, and was fast becoming an unsightly heap of stones, bricks, and rubbish. In the upper part of the city, above the great khans, there was another *klissia-jami*, or church mosque, which was as yet entire and used by the Mussulmans as a place of worship; and into this the Turks would not allow Christians to enter without an express order from the pasha.

We visited two or three of their ruined khans, which exhibited sad and irritating sights. They had been admirably planned, and built even more solidly than those which had so much interested us at Khavsà; they had had fine stables, fine open quadrangles, stately arcades and corridors, commodious apartments for travellers and merchants, fire-proof magazines for merchandize, ovens, fountains, and baths; but they had been knocking them down to get the iron and the lead, and to have the stones for throwing on the horrible causeway! These were works built by the Turks not three centuries ago; and now the Turks themselves were destroying them! In the great quadrangle of one of these khans there were a few patient camels that had come off a journey, and about half a score of Turks that were smoking among the ruins as if totally unconcerned in the devastation. Even the great old khan of Rustem Pasha, where M. Blanqui found a very comfortless lodging-room,* and where Mr.

* The Parisian Professor of Political Economy is quite pathetic on this subject; but his description is here correct:—"Qui croirait, que dans une ville comme Andrinople, la seconde de l'empire, il nous fût impossible, même avec l'assistance de l'agent consulaire de France, de trouver une auberge habitable! Après de longs et inutiles efforts, il fallut nous résigner à accepter pour asile une des loges du grand khan, dit de Rustem Pacha. C'était un vieux caravansérail bâti en forme de couvent, avec une vaste cour intérieure et une galerie converte au premier étage, galerie sur laquelle s'ouvraient une suite de cellules destinées aux voyageurs. Quand nous entrâmes dans celle qui nous était assignée, nous y trouvâmes une couche de fumier de plus de quarante centimètres de hauteur, due au séjour de plusieures centaines de corneilles qui y avaient établi leur domicile de temps immémorial. Il ne fallut pas moins de trois heures pour les premières opérations d'assainissement; après quoi, lorsque j'eus fait acheter en ville les nattes, un peu de vaisselle et les éléments primitifs du mobilier le plus indispensable, il nous fut permis de prendre un peu de repos."

Schnell and other merchants had their offices, was in a sad, slovenly, dilapidated condition: only two quadrangles of it were left. A small mosque, with a fountain beneath it, which stood in the first quadrangle, was an unsightly ruin; but the Turks neither used it, nor would permit it to be removed. The pavement of both the courts was almost as rough as the causeway. In the rear of this khan there was a foul cloaca flanked by fine ranges of stabling, and by spacious, solidly built magazines, all void, and going to that ruin which was universal. Opposite to this great khan of Rustem Pasha there was another occupied by native merchants or dealers, and in a still worse condition.

In different walks and rides we went through every part of Adrianople, yet we did not see *one* decent habitation. We saw some big rambling houses, and some houses which had been quaint and pretty enough when new and freshly painted; but they were now dingy and tumbling to pieces. Many spaces not long since covered with habitations were now vacant; and a good deal of room within the town is taken up by gardens, which are very mean, and by trees and groves which produce a very pretty effect when seen at a distance.

I had the usual difficulty in ascertaining the amount and the relative proportions of the population. According to the best information I could obtain, the ten years' cessation of plague had not been attended by any increase on the part of the Mussulmans; the entire population was rather below than above 80,000, and the Turks were now far outnumbered by the Rayahs. The Greeks were evidently the most numerous of all. The Armenians and Jews were said to amount to nearly 20,000, but I believe that in this calculation some contiguous Armenian villages were taken in. There were Bulgarian labourers in the country (mostly migratory), but there was no Bulgarian element in the population of the city. All the *Bulgarian* ladies that M. Blanqui saw dancing at the French consul's at Adrianople were *Greek;* but this traveller, like his compatriot M. Cyprien Robert, was looking for Bulgarians, and framing a political theory, and was predetermined to find Bulgarians everywhere.

Considering its size, and its situation in the centre of a naturally rich country, and on a large river which is not altogether useless to commerce, the trade of Adrianople has long been comparatively insignificant. The unprecedented activity in the exports of produce in 1846–7, which had not been accompanied by any visible increase of manufactured imports, had been followed by a dead lull. There was nothing doing. People were bitterly regretting that they had invested money in agricultural speculations, or in advances to farmers who had been extending the cultivation of wheat, barley, sesame, and linseed; they said that nothing would bring them right but bad

crops in England and France. As there were no roads that merited the name, and as the Hebrus (now always called the Maritza) could be used only during certain months of the year, the *moyens de transport* were difficult, sometimes dangerous, and always expensive. In the month of May, 1846, when Abdul Medjid and Reshid Pasha were at Adrianople, there was a great talk about making immediate improvements; and before I left England in 1847, I had been assured that funds had been issued from the Sultan's private treasury to render the Maritza navigable to the gulf of Enos, to repair the embankments of the river, to canalize it where necessary, and to clean out and deepen the port of Enos. These were grand desiderata. Before quitting the city the Sultan was said to have thus delivered himself to an Armenian banker and merchant of the place: "I am well satisfied with your city; *the country seems poor*, but with God's help I will do that which shall render it again prosperous. Ships will soon come up your river, and great ships be able to anchor in the port of Enos. Commerce will bring you all that you want." There had really been here something more than fine phrases or a bare intention. A beginning had been made, something had been done; but how? While they had skilful civil-engineers in their pay and doing nothing, and while M. Poirel was promenading the country and drawing up reports and plans, the Turks sent an ignorant, blundering pasha to direct the works, and persisted in turning a deaf ear to those who represented that the pasha did not understand the business, and was only throwing away money.

At the choked-up mouth of the port of Enos, which was not to be cleared by *a dozen* powerful dredging machines—which was not to be cleared at all without various preliminary labours—they employed *one* small steam-dredger, brought out from England for the purpose, and managed by a sober, respectable Scotchman, a good practical man, though not a scientific engineer. He found that the sand was rolled back by the waves of the Ægean Sea quite as fast as he could remove it; his work was as idle as drawing water in a sieve, or with a bucket that had no bottom; and so he told the pasha, who merely said, "Baccalum, dredge away!" The poor fellow dredged his heart out, caught the malaria fever in its worst form, threw up his employment in the autumn of 1847, went up for cure to Constantinople, and died at Pera three days after his arrival. His name was John Mikeison.

Many native labourers died on the spot; the blundering pasha escaped by keeping himself at a village on the mountains, and by hardly ever coming near the scene of the operations. These were worse on the river than on the sea-port, for there the dredging had left matters in *statu quo*, while here his embankments and dikes,

besides interrupting such navigation as there was, had done a vast deal more harm than good to the course of the river. All last year —the busiest year they had ever known—the merchants found their produce stopped by an immense Turkish *barrage* or dam, which was conceived in ignorance and executed in fatuity. Against all advice and remonstrance the pasha had placed this *barrage* in the very spot and in the very direction, in which it ought not to have been; he had laid his foundations in the water with small stones, and had kept all his large heavy stones to put at top, and to give the concern a good bold outward appearance. That which had been predicted had happened; when the rainy season of 1847 set in, when the Hebrus began to be swollen by the torrents from Hæmus and Rhodope, the miserable dam was swept away—ay, swept away at the very first flushing of the river, as if it had been but a bank of loose sand! After wasting prodigious sums of money, and pocketing a round number of purses for himself, the engineering pasha had gone back to the capital, the works had been entirely abandoned, and the enlightened government of Reshid Pasha had come to the conclusion that it was not in their *kismet* to clear out their commodious port of Enos, and to render the Maritza navigable at all times of the year.

Many curses had gone and were yet going after this precious engineer. He had converted chiftliks into swamps; by his blunders he had given the hand to devastation; for his great works the Turks had laid on a duty of 10 per cent. on the freight of every boat or raft that ascended or descended the river, and they were continuing to levy this toll all the same. They will never take off the imposition unless Sir Stratford Canning, or some other foreign minister, oblige them so to do. Foreign diplomacy has some right to interfere, for the 10 per cent. really falls upon the Frank merchants. In the case of an Ionian Greek boat which had come up the river from Enos, and was now here, Mr. Willshire, our consul, after a hard fight with the pasha had successfully resisted the demand. During all the busy year of 1847 the merchants were obliged to unload their rafts above the *barrage*, to transport their produce overland, and then to load again in other rafts; and through the expense, damage, and loss of material and time, the commerce of Adrianople had incurred a sacrifice of some hundreds of thousands of piastres. Except the one Ionian boat, which might be about twenty tons, rafts of the rudest construction were the only vessels we saw at Adrianople: they were oblong squares, varying in length from 20 to 40 feet, and in breadth from about 7 to about 15 feet; they were made of fir planks; upon a platform frailly put together, planks, on either side, fore and aft, were raised to the height of two or three feet; and upon these crazy *radeaux* they put their corn, linseed, and their other produce destined for exportation at Enos. The rafts could carry but

small cargoes, which were always more or less damaged by water; not unfrequently they went to pieces and spilt their cargoes in the river, when wheat, sesame, and linseed were whirled down the rapid Hebrus like the head of Orpheus, which could not stop, but could only sing reproachfully at the savages of old Thrace. The rafts are sold for fuel or for building materials, as they could not well be brought up from Enos against the strong current. As the waters were yet high we saw some of them come floating down from Philippopoli to Adrianople; but these voyages would soon be stopped, and in July and August there would scarcely be any water here in the bed of the river; and what looked now so fresh and beautiful would be nearly all bare sand or dark mud. At the end of the summer of 1841 M. Blanqui, coming from Philippopli and entering this city by the long stone bridge, passed the classical Hebrus without knowing it, and even without being aware that there was any river there.

The Tounjà (at the time of our visit a full and very rapid stream) falls into the Hebrus or Maritza, by its left bank, a very little way below the city; the other great affluent, the Ardà, cutting the right bank, joins the Hebrus a little above the village of Kara-Atch, and in the month of May it also brought down a great volume of water with an impetuous course. Between the city and the Eski-Serai, the Tounjà is crossed by three rough old stone bridges, one of which appears to be a Roman work.

The new long stone bridge over the Hebrus was commenced by Sultan Mahmoud, and finished in the second year of the reign of his son: it is narrow, and is but roughly made; the Armenian builder had in his eye some of the graceful lines and forms of the old bridge at Babà-Eskissi, but was incapable of re-producing them; the jutting balcony or gallery, the screen with the inscription, the parapets, the ornaments between the arches, were all of scamped, slovenly workmanship; but the piers appeared to be strong, and the buttresses boldly faced the current, which was then heady, and had been tremendous a month or two before. The pressure against the piers and buttresses must be alarming whenever the Hebrus is much swollen. In the month of April, 1841, on the great Greek festival of the "Forty Martyrs," the bridge, not then quite finished, broke down, in part, and caused the death of 72 persons. For no distant date one may safely predict some similar or more fatal catastrophe. Near the head of this bridge, on the town side, right over the bank of the Hebrus, they had erected a large, staring, wooden kiosk, wherein to lodge the Sultan in 1846. At a tithe of the expense they might have rendered the kiosk in the Eski-Serai a comfortable lodging for Abdul Medjid, who was to stay only a few days; but the Turks and their Armenian managers always prefer making new

buildings to restoring old ones. This house, having served its purpose for a few days, was shut up at the Sultan's departure: it had never been opened since, and as it was entirely built of wood, it would very soon go to ruin like the kiosk, built on Olympus, above Brusa, for the like temporary purpose.

Near the opposite end of the bridge were the new houses and enclosed gardens of some Armenian seraffs, to the left of which (near the side of the river) was a long straggling village, intermixed with mulberry plantations, and occupied by poor Greek and Armenian gardeners, who suffered greatly from the intermittent fevers.

The country between this end of the bridge and Kara-Atch, where not covered by broad beds of deep sand left by the overflowings of the river, was nearly all one mulberry garden, the different properties being separated by embankments and ditches, which were made or maintained in a very negligent manner. The mulberry trees and straggling plantations were far from being managed with such care as those at Brusa. Some improvements had been made, but the market value of Adrianople silk was still from 10 to 15 per cent. below that of the silk of Brusa. The people of Adrianople depend a great deal on this production: nearly every married man that has anything has a mulberry-plantation, and employs his wife and children in tending the silkworms. The cocoons they generally sell to some wealthy Greek or Armenian who has the machinery, the large reels, etc., for winding off the silk. This industry, which might be a very good walking-stick, is but a bad crutch; and the people have got too much in the way of depending entirely upon it. Besides the great and sudden fluctuations in the prices of the commodity, the climate is not altogether propitious either to the worms or to the plants which feed them. This year things were wearing a very bad aspect; prices were very low; there was hardly any demand in England, and none at all in France.

Much of this rich alluvial soil might be more profitably employed than in growing mulberry-trees. In the neighbourhood of Kara-Atch there were some spacious vineyards, and on either side of the Hebrus a very pleasant light wine is produced. The Frank families, who had bestowed some slight extra attention to the making, had some wine which was quite equal to the second-class Bordeaux. Even this might be improved upon, and an immense quantity of excellent wine might be produced in the neighbourhood.

For some miles above and below Adrianople, and on either bank of the river, the country was certainly better cultivated than any other part of Turkey that we had hitherto seen. There was an immense deal of fallow ground, there was much ground which had evidently not been touched for ages, and nowhere was the farming neat or good; but still the valley of the Hebrus had a cultivated cheerful

look. All this, however, was but a mere strip; if you quitted the valley and crossed the ridges on either side of it, you were again in a desert like that which we had traversed in coming from Rodostò and Baba-Eskissi, and from that place to Adrianople. In the best cultivated parts, where the people had been excited into an unusual industry by the late demands for produce, *the villages were very wretched and the people to all appearance as poor as ever.* Our host Mr. S——, who knew the country better than any one, allowed there was little to show what streams of foreign money had recently flowed through these districts: he said that the extortions of the local governors and the Armenian farmers of the revenue, had risen in proportion with the temporary increase of prosperity; and that some of the farmers who had really made money in 1846–7, and had contrived to secure it, were afraid of showing their prosperity by repairing their wretched houses or improving their dress and appearance, and that they had hid and buried the money in the bountiful soil from which it had been procured. In this manner the money was lost and dead—was of less use than a heap of unspread manure. Mr. S—— knew, in the way of trade, several Greek Rayahs who had made money, but not one who liked to have it known; he knew several Greek towns and villages which had increased in population, and which had furnished large portions of the produce exported to Western Europe; but he could not mention one that had been cleansed and beautified or in any way improved—he could not name a district where a road had been made or a bridge built. I attach the highest value to his testimony, for he was a sensible practical man of business, without theories or any political prejudices, with a feeling rather favourable to the young Sultan and the Turkish part of the population, and he had resided so many years in this pashalik, and was almost constantly travelling through every part of it. Others, who had lived here still longer than he had, told me that they had witnessed a gradual decline of the Turkish population. Mr. S—— declared that, notwithstanding the late activity in trade, the country was indisputably far poorer and more oppressed than when he first came into it twenty-two years ago; and he gave me many proofs derived from his own experience in business. He said that the bazaar-trade in British manufactures was so decayed and sunk, that it was no longer worth attending to; that what remained of it was in the hands of the Armenians, who were now complaining that there was nothing to be made by it. We scarcely saw a bale of English goods in the whole bazaar.

One of the chief points for collecting the produce of the valley of the Maritza was at Kishan, a healthy town on the hills between Adrianople and the port of Enos, with about 5000 inhabitants. Here Mr. S—— resided a great part of the year, and hence in 1846–7

he had hurried his produce, through Enos, on board ship as quickly as possible. But many were the journeys he had to make through wild regions and over no roads to get up his produce to Kishan in time. The operations of trade in those regions were like the operations of war—he might have gone through a campaign with less risk and danger.

With gardens in it, and mulberry-grounds and tall-growing trees all about it, Kara-Atch was a pleasant green village. The little Frank colony was the gentlest, pleasantest, most friendly society we had met with in the Levant; all its members seemed to be near relations or closely connected by marriage, and though all were engaged in trade, jealousy and dissension seemed to be unknown among them. The harmony was the more striking from contrast with the discord which had been forced upon our notice at Pera. They had a neat Catholic Church in the village, and the privilege of using church bells; but I regret to state that the only quarrelling which had taken place here had arisen between two Catholic priests from Constantinople.

Mr. Willshire had turned a slovenly Greek country-house into a very pleasant little villa, and he and his family were setting examples of neatness, order, and domestic refinement, which might be advantageously followed by others. Their house, with English comforts, was indeed an oasis. But for their own resources and indoor pleasures they would have found their residence here (and in Adrianople it was worse) irksome and altogether insupportable. For many years, and until driven away by the fanfaronnade and bombardment of Prince de Joinville, Mr. W. had been consul at Mogadore, and several of his children had been born on that African shore. They all declared that Mogadore was incomparably a pleasanter residence than Adrianople, and that they had not seen in that part of the dominions of the Emperor of Morocco, one-half of the misery and decay which surrounded them here in the dominions of the Sultan.

The Greeks of the village had a church and a church-yard, but while the Frank Catholics were allowed a bell they had none. Among the Greek tombstones I found the grave of a countryman and an old friend—poor John Kerr, a man of ability and acquirements, and of a gentle, most friendly heart, who had been several years English consul at Adrianople, and who had perished in his prime on the banks of the Hebrus. Like his successor Mr. Willshire, he was deserving of a far better place, and would have been a valuable public servant where there was business to be done and national interests to attend to.

At the approach of the wet season the Franks and all the Greek respectabilities quit Kara-Atch for Adrianople; the sandy road soon becomes flooded and impassable; the waters of the Hebrus overflow

a good part of the village, rising in some seasons to the first floors of the best houses, and occasionally washing away, or sapping the foundations of a house or two. Then, for five or six months—unless impelled by desperate business—people remain shut up in their cold, wooden houses at Adrianople, shivering over pans of charcoal, or fencing out the blasts of Rhodope with fur-lined cloaks and duplicated inner clothing. Mrs. Willshire described the last winter as having been terrific; hurricanes of wind! rain, sleet, and snow! snow, rain, and sleet! deep, long-lasting snow in the streets of the city, and in the country below a tossing, rushing, roaring inundation, spreading far and wide.

"Here summer reigns with one eternal smile!"

Fie! again, Lady Mary. In this *genial* month of May we had worse weather than in England. On the 7th of May it rained from morning till night and was very chilly; on the 8th it blew great guns; and that night, as the wind ceased, the snow fell heavily on the neighbouring mountains, and some travellers out in the storm lost their way and were almost frozen to death. As these wayfarers rode through Kara-Atch, in the grey of the morning, they looked as if they had been travelling in Siberia. It was quite common to meet here poor men whose feet had been frozen, and who had been rendered cripples for life by the frost. The sight was not uncommon in the parts of Thrace near to Constantinople. The brother of our Greek host at Macri-keui had been thus lamed of a leg A poor Greek of Kara-Atch had been nore seriously crippled: he went out one terrible evening to look after some sheep; he got enveloped and bewildered in a snow-drift, lost his way, and lay out all night.

"Horrida tempestas cœlum contraxit, et imbres,
Nivesque deducunt Jovem; nunc mare, nunc silvæ,
Thraicio Aquilone sonant." . . . . . .

The poor fellow was now going on crutches and begging his bread, his useless legs looking as if they had been partially consumed by fire. On the 10th of May the weather was covered and cold, with a few scorching-hot intervals when the sun shone out; and in the evening we had a tempest of wind and a deluging rain.

On the morning of the 11th I was shivering with cold while reading Lady Mary's sunny descriptions of Adrianople. Where are the numerous and beautiful cypresses of which her ladyship speaks? If they were ever here, they are gone. There is now only *one* forlorn cypress in the whole place. Since leaving Selyvria we had seen none of those trees. About noon on this day the sun shone out, and under a scorching heat we walked some two miles to the village of Demir Bash, famed as a temporary residence of Charles XII. of Sweden. We were cooling ourselves by the side of a neglected,

broken fountain, when all of a sudden the wind changed, the sky became clouded, and the air quite chilly. Then, after a few thunder-claps, there was a heavy fall of rain, which drove us for refuge under the ruined gateway of a most wretched farm, and thence into the shop of a Greek backal, who purveyed good raki, of which some Turks were profusely drinking. On the evening of the 12th, as we were returning from Adrianople to Kara-Atch, we were soaked by rain, and that night was very chilly. The 13th, the last day of our stay, was cloudy, rainy, cold.

We saw some Greeks working in the fields and mulberry plantations, but they were working on their own account. All the *hired* labourers were Bulgarians, wanting whom the cultivation (limited as it is) could not be carried on. Considering the price of provisions, the price of labour was very high. The pay of the Bulgarian labourers was 7½ piastres per day, and in shorter days 5 piastres. The price of bread was only 24 paras the oke (a little more than a penny for 2¾ lbs. English weight): the price of lamb, the only meat, was 1 piastre 27 paras the oke.

These Bulgarians were rough and boorish, like all of their race that we had seen; they were capable of very hard work, but they seemed to me to be deficient in intelligence, and their agricultural implements were all of the rudest and most awkward description.

As we did not go on to Philippopoli and to the country between that city and the Balkan mountains, where the Slave element predominates, and where in fact the Bulgarians have the country almost entirely to themselves; as we did not visit the region of attar of roses, or sojourn at Kasanlik, "the rose land," where every field and hill side is covered with rose-bushes carefully cultivated—where, at the proper season, you see little else than blowing roses for miles and miles—where the fair flowers, with the morning dew upon them, are said to be joyously gathered by fair maidens of sweet engaging countenances, and of nymph-like forms;* as we neither saw their proper districts nor came in contact with any of the Bulgarians, among whom civilization was reported to have developed itself of late years, I would speak doubtingly and modestly of this class of the Sultan's Rayah subjects. Those with whom I spoke on the subject represented them generally as a laborious, gross, unintellectual, unimaginative people. It would be unfair to judge of them by the hinds we saw; but where a peasantry is not frank and cheerful, gentle and social, and averse to deeds of blood and ferocity, it will generally be found that the classes above them are not commendable for amiable qualities; and the bulk of the Bulgarian population is rural, pastoral

* See more especially, "Les Slaves de Turquie. Serbes, Monténégrins, Bosniaques, Albanais, et Bulgares. Leurs Resources, leurs Tendances et leurs Progrès Politiques, par M. Cyprien Robert. Paris, 1844."

or agricultural. Of late years, however, some few had taken to commercial pursuits, and these men had given a certain impetus to civilization and education. They had a newspaper printed in their Slave dialect; they procured a few books, some printed in emancipated Servia, and some at Vienna; and they had opened a school here and there; but as the population lived for the far greater part in small, widely scattered hamlets, the progress of education must be very slow. We never met a Bulgarian that could read, or that had the remotest idea of letters. From all that I could learn, the recent French theorists, who have taken the "Bulgarian element" under their patronage (and who seemed to think that these shepherds and rough labourers ought to succeed the Turks as masters, that the Bulgarian lion ought to be crowned again with his crown of gold, and that the Bulgarian kingdom of the Middle Ages might be restored with far wider limits and without its original ferocity), must have greatly exaggerated the numbers as well as the virtues of these people dwelling in European Turkey. M. Cyprien Robert, among other bold assertions, sets down the Bulgarian population at 4,500,000. I doubt whether it reaches half or even a third of that number. The entire population of European Turkey falls short of 7,000,000. The Turks are *not* numerous, but the Armenians, and still more the Greeks, *are*. Out of Constantinople, Adrianople, Salonica, and a few other large towns, one cannot well use the word *populous* anywhere; but all along the line of coast, and in every part where the country is comparatively peopled, the Greeks particularly abound, and the Bulgarians, except as migratory shepherds and farm servants, are invisible. Then there is Bosnia—then there are the four Albanias, and Wallachia and Moldavia, and beyond these there will remain the Israelite element, which (if not otherwise) is at least important in number. M. Robert in his wild statistics would leave no room for all these classes.

Furious and most bloody were the wars the Bulgarians waged with the effeminate Greek emperors; but to the Turkish Sultans they had long been the most obedient and contented of Rayahs, the most submissive of slaves. But the visit of the Russians in 1829 put a few new ideas into their heads, and the fiscal tyranny had of late repeatedly roused them to insurrection. In 1840 they called for the expulsion of the insatiable Armenians, who were monopolizing every branch of trade, not excepting even that of *attar of roses*, who were establishing maximum prices, farming the taxes and plundering the country in the name of the Sublime Porte, or of some local pasha. They also demanded an exemption from forced labours, and from all *avanias*. In the following spring few or none of them would come down to the low country, and through a great part of Roumelia farming operations were stopped, and the herds and flocks

perished for want of their attendance. It is said that, for the first time, *secret societies* were formed in Bulgaria, and that twelve priests of Sophia, regarded as twelve apostles of religion and of liberty, travelled throughout the country, calling upon the people to arm, and flattering them with the hope that they might drive the unbelievers out of Constantinople, and raise the altars of Christ and restore the Greek Church within the holy walls of Saint Sophia.

The smouldering fire was blown into a flame by a nephew of the Pasha of Nichà, who stole a Bulgarian girl from one of the villages. Armed only with clubs and their heavy sheep-crooks, or agricultural implements, the peasants overcame and massacred a great number of Turks, and then threw themselves into the defiles of the mountain. A body of irregular Turkish cavalry was destroyed shortly after in one of those narrow and difficult passes, and the fortress of Ak-Palanka fell into the hands of the insurgents. If the war could have been maintained a little longer, the improvident, thoughtless Turks, must have been starved out of all their strong places. But Mustapha Pasha called down 7000 fierce Arnaouts from the mountains of Albania, and old Hussein Pasha marched from Vidin with some troops of the Sultan's regular army, and a few pieces of field artillery. The flame of insurrection was quenched in blood. In their hour of success the Bulgarians had shown little mercy; after their defeat they found none. Whatever might be the wishes of Sultan Abdul Medjid, or the orders of his government, the undisciplined, irregular troops could not be restrained. Seven or eight thousand Bulgarians, old and young, men, women, and children, fled into Servia, and others found refuge in Moldavia and Wallachia. Since this war of 1841, the people had been submissive as before the outbreak; but their sullenness was said to have increased, and a great many more robberies and murders perpetrated by Bulgarians have been heard of. It was the opinion of most people in the country that in case of another invasion, if the Russians would only furnish them with arms, ammunition, and a few leaders, the Bulgarians would rise to a man, and would not fail to take a ferocious vengeance for the cruelties committed by the Turks seven years ago.

It was while reports of the sufferings of a Christian people were ringing in the West of Europe that M. Guizot, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, sent Monsieur M. Blanqui on his mission into Bulgaria, to ascertain the real state of things, and to assure himself as to facts on the spot. In the published account of his journey this writer, though an applauded member of the French Institute, takes such hasty and superficial views, commits so many palpable mistakes, and betrays so much prejudice, that one can hardly repose confidence in anything he says. It appears, however, that towards the end of August, 1841, he found bands of wild Arnaouts, who had ravaged

the country with fire and sword, still lingering in various places, and the plains of Nissà and Sophia militarily occupied by more than 20,000 men of the Sultan's (so called) regular army, with a numerous artillery. Here and there he saw houses burned, fruit-trees torn up by the roots, and women and children wandering about the woodlands and wasted fields. In one wide district there was nothing but symptoms of terror and traces of devastation. The peasants said, "Give us arms! If we had but arms and powder, we would soon drive these wild beasts out of our woods."

"The insurrection was suppressed, but terror reigned in all hearts. One must have seen the sombre despair of the Bulgarian peasants, and the insolence of the Albanian hordes, to form an idea of what this Christian population must have suffered during this short and sad period. Europe, which takes so lively an interest in the cause of the African negroes, is not sufficiently aware that there exist at her gates, or one may say in her bosom, some millions of men, Christians like ourselves, who are treated as dogs, in their quality of Christians, under a government to which all the Christian powers send accredited ambassadors!"* The Hatti Scheriff of Gul-Khanà had been a miserable mockery to the Rayahs of Bulgaria; and his fiscal regulations and the whole of the finance system of Reshid Pasha and his Reform-school had proved, in action, to be more oppressive, more unjust, more cruel than the old system. Instead of paying *once*, the unhappy Rayahs often saw themselves obliged to pay *twice*. As hardly any of them knew how to read and write, they were frequently deceived by false receipts, wherein sums and dates were changed at the pleasure of those who gave them. Still more frequently their only receipt was a tally, or piece of wood cut in so many notches. "In fine, it was still the ancient system of extortion and violence, *rendered only more odious by hypocrisy and a perfidious appearance of legality*. Here is what the Turkish spirit had made of the Hatti Scheriff in matters of finance—*an atrocious deception*."† I can take all this for unexaggerated truth; for, wherever we had been, we had ample proofs that such was the operation of the reformed financial system. In Asia Minor we had seen the system applied as mercilessly to Mussulmans as to Christians.

Notwithstanding their unity in religion, there is no similarity of character and very little sympathy between the lively volatile Greeks and the dull plodding Bulgarians. The Greeks indeed consider themselves vastly superior, and look down upon their neighbours with a feeling very like contempt. If the two races could unite

* "Voyage en Bulgarie pendant l'Année 1841. Par M. Blanqui, Membre de l'Institut de France. Paris, 1843."

† Ibid.

heart and hand, they would need no foreign assistance in driving the Turks out of Europe. But the natural tendency of the Bulgarians is to a union with Russia as the great Sclavonian nation, or to a union and fusion with their neighbours, the Slave populations of the Austrian Empire.

CHAPTER XXX.

On the 14th of May, at 10 A. M., we quitted the village of Kara-Atch to ride down to Demotica. This time our suridjee was not an Armenian, but a gipsy, who professed to be a Mussulman, but who never said a prayer or performed an ablution during the six days he was with us. His tribe bore but an indifferent character for honesty, but we found him honest, attentive, and exceedingly good-natured. He was also sober, and sobriety seemed now to be rather a rare virtue in the country.

As far as the village of Demir Bash the country was pretty well cultivated with wheat, oats, rye, and a little flax. There were also a few vineyards and some rather extensive mulberry-plantations, with rough, badly made inclosures. Although the name has been corrupted from Demir Bash, or "Iron-Head"—the name the Turks bestowed upon the fighting Swede—into Demirdesh or Demirtash, or "Iron-Stone"—the name given to a vast number of villages in Europe and in Asia—there is no doubt that Charles XII. dwelt for some time in the place. Accurate old Pococke, who passed through the village only a few years after Charles had been released from captivity, and when the hero's name and adventures were in every mouth, says, "Charles XII., King of Sweden, resided here till he was removed to Demotica, as it is imagined by the instigation of his enemies, who, it is said, thought that this place was too near the great road." It had been a considerable village, but the Turks had left hardly anything behind them except a large cemetery, two ruined fountains, and one mosque, which was almost a ruin. The few wooden houses which remained were almost entirely inhabited by Greeks, who still spoke of the iron-headed Swede. Their traditions were confused and not very conformable to history. Beyond the village, between the hills and the Hebrus, there is a splendid open plain, on which, according to their account, the indomitable Swede had fought a great battle with the Turks. There had been no such battle, but in the Middle Ages the plain had been the scene of bloody conflicts between the Bulgarians and the Greeks.

A few hundred yards beyond Demir Bash the cultivation ceased.

The morning had been cloudy, but now the sun shone forth, and with a warm south wind the weather was quite oppressive. Spring, at last, seemed to assert her full rights; the breezes were soft as they came over these Thracian plains, and the deep chasms worn by the wintry torrents now murmured gently with only rivulets within them.

"Jam veris comites, quæ mare temperant
Impellunt animæ lintea Thraciæ;
Jam nec prata rigent, nec fluvii strepunt
Hibernâ nive turgidi."

The plain was soon broken by bold ridges, declining, like downs, towards the Hebrus. We had considerable mountains on our right, to the west, and on our left ran the stately river. At noon we stopped at the Turkish village of Emirli, which contained twenty wooden houses and huts, a new little wooden cafinet, an old stone mosque in ruins, and the ruins of a bath and a fountain. Here they were growing a good deal of millet and canary seed, and one or two of the Turks had good yokes of buffaloes. We remounted at 12.30 P. M., crossing an undulated country, without trees, and very like our English downs. At 2 P. M., the sun being scorching hot, we waded a cool stream and passed through a little Turkish village in a hollow, called Yell-Bourgazi. Here was a very small wooden mosque and a few hungry-looking Mussulmans smoking their tchibouques. At 3 P. M., being on a lofty ridge, the mountains to the west opened grandly upon us, running from north to south. We passed some pastoral and some woody nooks, but the flocks were few and not large. From one of these nooks proceeded the wailing of a bagpipe, the favourite and common instrument of the Bulgarian shepherds. We saw a very few fine cows and oxen. Fording two more streams and crossing two valleys sprinkled with valonia oak, we then ascended a bold swell, which, on our left, was all wooded with valonia oak. We could discover no house, no hut. We met only six persons on the road, and these were all Christian Rayahs. It has often been noticed, and must always be felt, that one of the strange things in travelling through European Turkey is to meet with so few Turks.

Descending from this height, and then ascending a still higher ridge, we had a glorious view of a fine country, which only wanted wood and water, and a little human industry. I doubt whether on our whole ride, where the banks of the river were concealed from us, we had seen 100 acres under cultivation. Now we caught a view of the towers and battlements of old Demotica, with the Maritza beyond, broad and shining, and partly fringed with trees—a beautiful view and romantic, if ever there was one on earth. The ruined fortifications crown a lofty rocky hill, which rises from the plain like an island. As we sloped down we had glimpses of the Kizil-derè river, which shaves round the rock on which the ancient town stands.

Coming down upon the plain we had corn-fields on our left, and vine-yards on beautiful slopes, and nicely enclosed and well managed, on our right. We were presently on the right bank of the Kizil-derè, where a clattering mill, a picturesque old bridge, a cool green valley, and the rock, and towers and battlements, presented a most charming scene. We rode into Demotica at 4 P. M. As our horses were fresh and rather better than usual, we had probably made about four miles an hour.

The streets through which we passed were full of Greeks, all keeping holiday with much joviality. Their women were sitting out at the doors, most of them being neatly dressed, and some of them very pretty. They saluted us as we passed, wishing that our happy days might be many. We alighted at a Greek cafè, and secured a very narrow chamber overhead in which to sleep. The first question put to us was, whether we would not go up the rock and see the dark prison where Charles XII. had been confined? Climbing up steep streets, where we saw none but merry tippling Greeks and a few Armenians, we were soon at the hill-top, standing on the irregular plateau of a splendid natural Acropolis, which was still almost entirely surrounded by the walls and massy towers which the Greeks of the Lower Empire had raised upon far more ancient foundations. These buildings were chiefly of brick—of brick admirably made and baked, and well put together by the bricklayers. In spite of countless wars and the tempests of six hundred winters, some of these nobly placed towers were still comparatively perfect. Above and below there were dark arched gateways between walls of prodigious thickness. There had been double and in some parts treble lines of these walls, with projecting towers and turrets close together, as at Kutayah. Most picturesque masses of ruined masonry and masses of fallen rock lay at our feet, rocks and walls having fallen together into the valley. The view from that Acropolis at sunset was one of rare beauty and magnificence. Beneath us the Kizil-derè swept round the rock to join, at a short mile from the town, the broad waters of the Hebrus, now glowing like a river of gold; and afar off, to the north, we could faintly discover the snow-covered ridges of Hæmus and old Rhodope.

The face of the calcareous rock of Demotica was quite honey-combed with caverns and subterraneous passages, the latter being blocked up by stones and rubbish. In some of the caves we found Greeks drinking wine and raki, and singing out lustily to the evening breeze. About midway down the rock, and near a solidly built Greek church of recent date, we entered the terrible, underground state-prison of Demotica, where, according to tradition, the royal Swede was confined. Tradition is again at fault: the Turks never behaved so barbarously to their captive; Charles was lodged

in the town, and, though attended by some Mussulman officers, he was allowed the range of the neighbouring country.* As the prison holes were utterly dark and abominably dirty, and as we were unprovided with lights, we arranged to return on the morrow morning with a proper supply of tallow-candles. We found our coffee-house crowded with tippling Greeks, who were very noisy, but not at all uncivil. Yorghi procured us some lamb, a rice-pilaff, yaourt, and some black olives. The last (of which there was a great consumption) must all have been imported, for since leaving Constantinople we had not seen a single olive-tree.† The wine of Demotica, like that we had drunk at Adrianople, was very good. It cost less than a penny a quart, and was certainly a great deal better than most of the wine sold in England at an extravagant price under the name of claret or Bordeaux. Even with their miserable rafts it might easily be floated down the Kizil-deré and the Hebrus to the port of Enos, where it might be embarked for foreign exportation, or whence it might be sent up to Constantinople. But exportation and even production were discouraged by the fiscal tyranny. A man could not send a barrel of wine out of the town without being called upon for a duty: on the river a transit duty was always demanded; and then, before shipment, another duty must be paid at Enos. The Greeks had given up the trade and all thoughts about it. They sometimes sold a little of their wine in the neighbourhood; but if they sent it to any distance, the expense of the land-carriage ate up all the profit.

Quitting our coffee-house, we went to the tcharshy, and bought some candles to see the subterranean prison—"*La fameuse prison de Demotica,*" says M. Blanqui, "*où taut de malheureux ont péri, et qui possède en Turquie une réputation aussi sinistre que les plombs de Venise.*" Yesterday evening, without the aid of candlelight, we had seen quite enough to convince us that this member of the Institut had been indulging the Victor Hugo or picturesque-and-romantic part of his imagination. Instead of being inaccessible, and so hermetically closed that not even the instances of "*notre ambassadeur*" could procure admission, the place was, and for many

* "Charles the Twelfth of Sweden," says Pococke, "lived at this place (Demotica) for some time: I was informed that he commonly rode out every afternoon, and that some few of his followers who were given to gallantry were obliged to be very secret in those affairs, the King having always been very remarkable for the strictest chastity.

"Druggermen (*drogomans*) and people of great consideration often came to him."

† M. Blanqui talks of villages surrounded with olive-groves and vineyards, on the coast of the Propontis between Syria and Constantinople. There is not an olive-tree there. Close to Constantinople, almost under the Seven Towers, there are, indeed, a few miserable olive-trees which have given its name to the spot whereon they have built the Sultan's grand manufactory—Zeitoun Bournu, or 'Olive Point."

years had been, open to anybody. In the outer and upper apartment we found some Greek boys playing at an ancient, primitive game of pitch and toss, with lamb-shanks and knuckle-bones. The doors had been broken down and burned long ago; there was not a fastening left. Instead of being an "*affreuse Bastille*," the prison was merely a narrow, dirty cavern—a hole in the rock, an abominable hole for any man to live in, but still only a hole, and utterly devoid of romantic features. There were three very small rooms, and a little lower down (but at no depth) there was a narrow black dungeon scarcely larger than the vestry of one of our old country churches. According to a Greek of the town, who was our guide, the last persons confined here were some half-dozen of Frenchmen, who had been captured during Bonaparte's campaign in Egypt (in 1799), and certainly the only indications we could find of captives in the dungeon were fragments of French words and sentences, candle-smoked on the rocky roof. These smoke-inscriptions had been affected by the damp, and battered with stones; most of them appeared to have been only the names and surnames of the unfortunate men; the longest and most perfect stood thus:—

* * * * 8 * 1 * * * HELAS * * *
VINGT * * * SOUS-OFFICIER DE FRANCE * * *
DANS * * * AFFREUX * * *

As for M. Blanqui's "*fameux puisards à la manière Persane, et les crocs intérieurs sur lesquels on précipitait les victimes*," there was nothing of the sort, nor had there ever been. There was a well, descending below the level of the Kizil-deré river, but it had long been choked up with stones to the mouth, so long, that tradition had taken hold of it, reporting that a mighty strong man, as a trial of strength and agility, had filled up the deep well with those great stones in a single night. M. Blanqui does not pretend to have visited the spot; he only pretends that, in order to draw up his "Report upon Turkish Prisons" for Monsieur le Ministre de l'Intérieur, he was very desirous of visiting it, and that *he was prevented by the Turks*. This is absolute nonsense, and something worse. The member of the Institut did not like the journey, and, thinking it necessary to say something about a noted place, he drew upon his fancy for his facts. No Turk or Rayah could have told him that it was impossible for him to visit "*cette affreuse Bastille;*" no application to the Porte, no firman was necessary to see a hole open to everybody. Verily, among their literary *missionnaires* the government of Louis Philippe did rather frequently employ men strangely indifferent to truth and careless of research!

On the whole, this Demotica was one of the most interesting places we saw in Turkey. It produces a considerable quantity of silk, which is sent to Adrianople. The entire population of the

present town, though said to be a great deal more, is probably rather under than above 5000. There was a Frank hekim, an Italian practitioner in the town, but as, contrary to the usage of such men, he kept out of our way, we could put no questions to him.

At 8 A. M., we mounted our horses for Ouzoon-Keupri. We now found that the Turks occupied the low and unhealthy part of Demotica towards the rivers and marshes, as they do at Selyvria, and indeed almost everywhere else. They are too lazy to ascend a steep hill. In a small school-room near an old mosque a number of children were humming passages of the Koran. Below the town, moored to the left bank of the Kisil-derè, we saw two Greek boats from the island of Scio loaded with lemons and citrons, and another curious boat full of rude Turkish crockery. They were in a great hurry to unload and be off; if they were not gone soon, there would not be water enough in the Hebrus to float them down to the sea. We passed some extensive and well managed mulberry plantations, and then came to underwoods and broad marshes, forming another foyer of disease, and being difficult to pass without a guide. A slow ride of half an hour brought us to the right bank of the Hebrus, a few hundred yards above the confluence of the Kisil-derè. At this season, and at this spot, the Hebrus was as broad as the Thames at Battersea Bridge. We had to wait some time for the Turkish ferry-boat, or a huge heavy awkward raft which did the duty of one, and which was propelled by long poles. We crossed with four horses, four oxen, two mules, and seven Turks, the water being nowhere deep. Here and there the banks of the river were prettily willowed. It was 9 A.M., before we remounted. Here was some of the best agriculture which the valley of the Maritza had to show; but I was again astonished at the narrow extent of it. For about a mile we rode up the left bank, most pleasantly refreshed by a cool breeze from the broad waters. We then struck across a fine champaign, a splendid alluvial flat, where half of the rich soil was under cultivation and producing magnificent crops of wheat. But we crossed this narrow belt in half an hour, and then came again to the wilderness. Crossing another ridge, we then descended into the broad green valley of the Emirghenè-derèssi, where a few sheep and decent looking cattle were gazing on another alluvial flat. This valley, flanked by tall hills, is traversed lengthways by a river (the same we had crossed in coming from Rodostò,) which swells in the wet season and lays nearly the whole of it under water. The soil was as flat and as green as a new billiard-table. The valley was crossed by a low stone bridge, about three-quarters of a mile long; it is called the "Long Bridge" —Ouzoon-Keupri—and gives its name to the town. We counted 174 arches, only three or four of which had water under them at this season. The bridge, of a very rude and Turkish construction,

was said to have been built by Sultan Murad; at its upper end there was a Turkish water-mill on either side; the town was at the other end. We passed a large khan, now in ruins, also said to have been built by Sultan Murad; and we dismounted at a cafinet as the muezzin was calling to noonday prayer. Even in this rural district hardly a man among the faithful attended the call; out of a crowd of Turks that were smoking round about the coffee-house, not one laid aside his pipe or rose to perform his devotions.

Sultan Mahmoud, who had himself openly infringed all the laws of the Prophet, and who, by his violent changes, had given deadly blows to the religious feelings of the people, had some compunctious visitings in his latter years, and took summary measures to bring about, or force on, a religious "revival." During the month of January, 1837, a royal order was issued at Constantinople and proclaimed through the streets, requiring all true Mussulmans to perform their devotions regularly, and *in the mosques*. This order was so far an innovation, as it is a privilege granted by the religion that the Mussulman may offer the stated prayers in the mosque or elsewhere, at his pleasure or convenience. The new regulation was of course intended to arrest the growing neglect of this most sacred duty. The Oulema, who had urged on the Sultan, thus gave the strongest proof of their own conviction that there was a decline in all the observances of Islam! This was the common belief in 1837, and we found that it was almost universal in 1847–8. Mahmoud's edict would have been nothing without a penalty attached to its violation—the disobedient were forcibly carried to the courtyards of the mosques, and were there soundly bastinadoed. This had the desired effect; the lost devotion of thousands suddenly returned: the mosques were again crowded, and the stalls of Mussulmans in the bazaars were deserted at the hours of prayer. But all this devotion was very short lived; the government forgot the edict, and when their cavasses left off bastinadoing, the people left off going to prayers. "On my return to Constantinople in 1838," says Bishop Southgate, "the law was still in force, though the multitude were gradually reverting to their old habits. Yet I remember one day seeing a cavass walking through the bazaars at the hour of prayer with a whip in his hand, rousing the Turks as he passed, and driving them off to the mosques. In the mean time I was curious to know whether it had been promulgated elsewhere, and made inquiries for it in every part of the kingdom. I found that it had been everywhere proclaimed, and heard various comments upon it in different quarters. An old Turk at Baibout, to whom I applied for information, bore a high testimony to the religious character of his townsmen. 'There is no need of such orders here,' he said, 'for we all go to mosque five times a-day.' His boast led me to observe how far his own practice was conform-

able, and I noticed that during the day which I spent there, he did not perform his devotions at any one of the prescribed hours. Whether his testimony respecting others was any more veracious, I cannot tell, farther than that I passed the day among them, and saw no one at his prayers."*

Were there some other belief taking the place of the old one, were there other religious observances substituted for those of the Koran, this decay of Islam might be matter of congratulation; but as far as I could discover, Mahometanism was only giving way to a thorough and heartless infidelity. This was also the impression of Bishop Southgate, of Mr. William J. Hamilton, and I may say of nearly every recent traveller that had paid any attention to the subject. "The Turks," says Mr. Hamilton, "are now in a sad predicament, and the only religious change they are likely to undergo is from *Mahometanism* to *atheism*; it has been frequently remarked in various parts of Turkey, that those who have been the most eager supporters of the reform measures of Sultan Mahmoud, are bad Mahometans, and careless observers even of the outward forms of their religion; but in this they have made no step towards the truths of Christianity, and have only changed the precise formalities of Mahometanism for the vague uncertainties of scepticism."† Among the Turks in Europe we were often struck with their mutual distrust —a sure proof of decaying honesty. The man who believed nothing himself, would not trust another man, because he knew he had no religious belief. But one need not travel to Turkey to discover this feeling and the consequences which result from it.

This town of Ouzoon-Keupri numbered about 600 houses, of which above 200 were Greek; there were no Armenians, but the Mahometanized gipsies were rather numerous, and there were a few resident Bulgarians, who were cultivating some very fine corn-lands. The mudir of the town seemed to take a very lively interest in our safety; he said that the whole of the country between this valley and Babà-Eskissi, on the high road, was wild and desolate, and much frequented by Bulgarian thieves. According to his account all the thieves in Roumelia were either Bulgarians or Arnaouts; there might be a Greek robber now and then, but he would not admit that any Osmanlee ever took to the road. We could have got up an argument on this last point, but it would have been impolite and very useless. He recommended that we should take one of his zaptias or irregular guards with us: we did not think that one fellow, mounted on a lame horse, and with one bad pistol and a long knife

* "Narrative of a Tour through Armenia, Kurdistan, Persia, and Mesopotamia," vol. i. p. 169. New York, 1840.

† "Researches in Asia Minor, Pontus, and Armenia," vol. i. p. 356.

in his girdle, would add very much to our security; but as our suridjèe had never travelled by these out-of-the-way tracks, and confessed that he might very probably mislead us, we thanked the mudir and took his guard. At 3 P. M. we mounted for Criza Zaliff, an Arnaout or Albanian village, where we intended to pass the night. We recrossed the long bridge, our horses making a fearful clatter on the rough irregular stones. Turning round to our right by one of the water-mills, we passed a few fine corn-fields, and then got into a most scrubby country—a perfect wilderness, abounding in brush-wood and in deep gullies cut by the winter rains. In about an hour and a half we had a large village, called Yeni-keui, on our right hand, but at a considerable distance. At 6 P. M. we drew rein in Criza Zaliff, a pretty, prosperous looking village, seated on a gentle eminence in the midst of a vast vineyard. The Greek cross on the top of a little church, and other indications, told us that we were among a Christian people. Women were working in the vineyards, or bustling about with unveiled faces, and the village absolutely *swarmed* with children. Prettily and picturesquely grouped together there were about 320 houses or cottages, presenting an air of solidity and comfort which we had seen no where else in the country. The cottage in which we took up our quarters, though small, was as neat, clean, and comfortable as could be desired. Within and without, the walls, built of stone and plastered, were whitewashed; the roof was excellently thatched, and in front of the door was a pleasant open portico, where the family always slept in the warm season. According to their own account, these Albanian Christians had been settled here nearly two hundred years. On the other side of Ouzoon-Keupri there were two other Christian colonies of the same stock—Ibrik-Tepè, containing 200 houses, and Alteum-Tash with 150 houses. Those villagers devoted themselves entirely to the cultivation of corn, sesame, and flax: the people of Criza-Zaliff only grew corn enough for their own use, a little sesame and cotton, their chief industry being the careful cultivation of the vine and the making of wine and raki, of which they sold large quantities to the Albanians of the two other villages, and to the Greeks of Ouzoon-Keupri and other neighbouring places. Their wine was very good, and their vineyards were well entrenched and carefully and neatly managed. The movement, the industry of these energetic people was quite a reviving sight. There were no rags and tatters here; men, women, and children were all well dressed; the costume of the women was quite pretty. They wore clean, strong cotton aprons, gracefully embroidered with worsteds of different colours, and other parts of their dress were ornamented in the same manner. They seemed all busy, contented, and thriving; and though somewhat bashful before strangers, they were evidently free and merry enough among themselves. Every cottage

into which we looked was as clean and orderly as our own quarters. We could scarcely fancy ourselves in Turkey; except in the Cos ck village on Lake Magnass, we had seen nothing like this order and admirable housewifery.

The people themselves complained of being oppressed by the Turks and dealt with in a very unfair manner by the ushurjees. They had trusted to themselves for their defence against irregular marauders and professional thieves; even in the winter-time most of the men lay out by night in the porticos of their houses with guns by their sides; but this year the Pasha of Adrianople had made a great stir for carrying into effect the disarming order of the Sultan, and they had been obliged to conceal their weapons.

They were now afraid to let their children stray out of sight, and the cows and sheep that were mainly tended by the boys, instead of being allowed a wide range over the downs, were all kept in a valley close to home,—as green and pleasant and pastoral a valley as eye could behold, with a clear, cool stream running through it. These good people, like all the rest, were annually paying tax to Government for the rural guard; but in all these wilds there was no *dervent* —there was no guard at all where many were needed; the idling irregulars and police-agents kept wholly in the towns: since leaving Selyvria we had nowhere seen *one* of those guard-houses which occurred rather frequently in Asia Minor.

On Tuesday, the 16th of May, we were in the saddle at 7 o'clock. We left the good people quite charmed with their cleanliness. The pleasant valley was covered with flocks and herds, and beyond it were some good fields of corn and millet. For a short way the country was dotted with trees and copses. Innumerable larks were singing in the bright blue sky, and the voice of the cuckoo, which we had scarcely heard in Europe, or since our excursion to Nicomedia, was ringing on every side. Between broad downs, from 300 to 400 feet in height, there were narrow valleys, with rivulets or with swamps that were not always easy to cross. The downs were covered with sweet, short pasture, abounding in aromatic herbs, and both downs and valleys were besprent with bright and beautiful wild flowers. Some of the hollows were completely carpeted with crocuses of a soft lilac hue.

At 8.50 A. M. we forded a rapid and rather deep stream, and in another half hour we entered the unhealthy desolate village of Imaum-Bazaar, which has a terrible morass right in front, wherein the loud-voiced frogs were making a deafening concert. At the entrance of the village there was a deserted and utterly ruined mosque, and some fine tall trees, which gave an aspect of beauty to the forlorn place. From nearly 200, the houses had decreased to 22: these were all occupied by Greeks: not a shadow of a Turk was left.

The guard furnished by the mudir of Ouzoon-Keupri, had thought proper to leave us at Criza Zaliff, and we had taken one of the Albanians of that village as a guide. He was rather a fierce and robber-looking fellow, but a staunch and zealous son of the Greek Church. "As that mosque has tumbled to pieces," said he, "so will the infidels fall. There was no Cross here; they allowed of none; and where the *Cross* is *not*, men cannot thrive!" An old Greek woman, who was walking up and down spinning with the distaff, which has not been altered since the days of Homer, devoutly echoed out Arnaout's sentiment.

At noon we came in sight of the tall tumulus already mentioned, but it took us another good hour to reach the town of Babà-Eskissi. As usual, we had scarcely met a human being on the road. Near the town we passed three or four Bulgarian shepherds, with their pastoral and truly classical crooks in hand; but knowing the uses to which some of them applied the bucolic staff, we had no inclination to linger among the "gentil pastori."

At 2.15 P.M. we remounted. We were now on the high road, but the loneliness continued much as before. At 6 P.M., when our spirits were quite oppressed by all this waste and solitude, we came to a ridge, and had a close view of the town of Bourgaz, the outer aspect of which is quite enchanting, tall poplars growing among tall white minarets, and planes and other trees being mixed with the mosques and houses, two twin tumuli rising in the rear, and green fields and sloping downs lying all round. We took up our quarters at the slovenly, tottering, wooden khan, which now did duty for the splendid old khans, which had been allowed to fall into decay, like those at Khavsà. There was a grand tom-tomming and piping in the town, and a number of Turkish wrestlers, in sheep-skin leather breeches saturated with oil, were collected in the khan, and were our fellow-lodgers for the night. A circumcision festival had begun to-day; and to-morrow there would be joy in Bourgaz town, for young Rifat, son of Halil, the chief of the police, was to be circumcised, with nine other boys.

On the following morning we visited the mudir or governor, a hard-smoking, moody man, who had formerly been a kapoudjee or door-keeper at the Sultan's palace. He showed his disrespect by giving us coffee without pipes. This Salih Aghà, who told us that there was no money to be made now-a-days, and that it was better to be a kapoudjee than a mudir, had a host of idle retainers in his konack. To our remarks about the insecurity of the roads, he replied with Baccalums and Inshallahs.

The town of Bourgaz now contains about 1000 houses, of which about 400 are Turkish, 570 Greek, and 30 Jewish. There were also a few Armenian traders living in khans. There were three

mosques, the principal being a very beautiful edifice with a medresseh, a tourbè, baths, and a stately khan attached, as at Khavsà. Everything had been most solidly built of hewn stone, but, except the mosque, all was in ruins, or on the verge of ruin. All this devastation could not have been the work of time and the seasons: in several places there was evidence that violence had been employed; the country around was repeatedly the scene of civil war among the Turks at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, and as late as the year 1812 one Delhi Katri, with a band of 4000 or 5000 robbers, held Bourgaz, and committed the most horrible excesses. Some of the rents must have been made by cannon or by gunpowder employed in mines: there were arches and domed roofs that would have stood for ever if undisturbed by man. The people of the town assigned all these goodly edifices to the great Ibrahim-Khan-Oglou-Mehemet Pasha, whom they represented as having been a favourite and Grand Vizier of Suleiman the Magnificent. Recently they had been knocking down some of the walls and using the materials to make a causeway across a bog. The medresseh was void of students, but in a miserable corner of it they had fitted up a room for a common school. An old Turk, who accompanied us in our perambulations among the ruins, said that the Government had eaten up all the property of the college long ago, and that since the vakoufs had been invaded, every establishment had fallen to pieces. This spoliation is no secret; every Mussulman in the country knew that the mosques and medressehs had been robbed, and very few of them hesitated to say so.

At 2.30 P.M. we resumed our journey towards Selyvria, plunging into the desert as soon as we crossed the corn-fields of Bourgaz. At 3.15 we shouldered another tall tumulus. The scorching heat had again given way to a chilling cold, and a northerly gale coming over the mountains of Kirk-Klissia and Visà, accompanied us from the tumulus on the heath to the slightly built wooden khan in which we were to sleep, blowing at times as if it would blow us out of our saddles. M. Blanqui came to some indisputable conclusions:—"*La premiére condition pour voyager dans ce pays est de se bien porter et de tout porter avec soi.*"* We carried nothing with us, trusting to such supplies as the villages and khans in the desert might offer, but we were happily in very good health, and suffered nothing but a little temporary annoyance from these sudden changes of atmosphere and from rude fare and lodgings. We met a very long caravan of Mussulman Albanians returning to their homes, all armed with muskets or pistols and yataghans, and very savage in their looks; and these were the only people we saw between Bourgaz

* "Voyage en Bulgarie."

and Kharisteran, where we arrived at 6.30 P.M. A broad stream, which we crossed by a rough stone bridge, ran in front of this ruinous Turkish village: the cafinet, built by the diligence speculators, was quite new and detached from the village, having at its side a backal's shop kept by a Greek, and a long magazine or warehouse. Kharisteran now counted only 60 houses. Another small village, occupied entirely by Greeks, lay a little to the north.

On Thursday, the 18th of May, we were up at sunrise, but the cafèjeè had already kindled his charcoal fire, and divers old Turks were toddling in from the village to take their tiny morning cup and smoke their first tchibouque.

We mounted at 6 A. M., upon the most monotonous ride that we had yet had. We passed a few patches of oats, sesame, and flax—the flax being now in flower and looking beautiful to the eye—but this slight cultivation presently ceased.

An 9 A. M. we dismounted at another new and rather large khan, built in a lonely place called Erghenè, by the diligence-company, having crossed two stone bridges just before.

At 10 A. M. we continued our route across a dull, bare, lumpish country, which nowhere offered the slightest shade; and although the morning had been chillingly cold, the weather was now blazing hot. Truly it was like an African desert transplanted into Europe, and set down on the verge of a great capital. The road, or roads—for there were at least a score of them—were nothing but tracks worn in the heath by aruba wheels, and the hoofs of camels, horses, and oxen—*rien que du frayé*. Far as the eye could reach across the plain, not a house, not a tree, not a bush was to be seen. *Les Turques y ont fait table rase.** Or, to speak more correctly, the Turks have only finished a devastation which was begun and greatly advanced by the Bulgarian savages in their invasions of the Greek Empire, long before the Mussulmans crossed over into Europe. The Bulgarian shepherd-warriors wanted vast pastures for their flocks and herds, and they cared for little else.

We were now on the Tchorlù Kour, or Desert of Tchorlù (commonly called Tchiorlà), where, about the year 1812, Mr. Wood, an English traveller, and the janizary who accompanied him, were murdered by the Arnaout marauders of Delhi Katri of Bourgaz. The plain was well suited to cavalry evolutions, and here a bloody battle was fought between Bajazet and his son Selim. In this unnatural warfare the son was defeated; and "he owed his safety to the swiftness of his horse, called the 'Black Cloud,' and with that steed he fled to the Khan of the Crimean Tartars, who was his father-in-law."† As we slowly approached the town, which stands

* M. Blanqui. † Busbequius.

on the edge of this Arabian desert, we saw some herds of brood-mares, with their foals, and a large gipsy encampment.

In front of the town of Tchorlù, there was a broad bed of a stream, deep and impetuous in the winter season, but now much shrunken; the chasm was spanned by a new stone bridge, which looked solid, but very rough. We preferred fording the stream a little above the bridge, at a spot where a few very thin cows and oxen were drinking. On a hill above the opposite bank, we came upon some ruined walls of the Lower Empire, and saw the slight remains of a small fortress or castle on another detached hill. These were no doubt parts of the defensive works raised by the Emperor Anastasius, who carried a wall right across the peninsula, from Heraclea on the Propontis to Derkon on the shore of the Euxine, to cover Constantinople and the other few Thracian towns which yet belonged to him from the attacks of the fierce Bulgarians. At 12.20 P. M. we alighted at a Turkish coffee-house, in this rustical, not unpleasant town. The place looked quite cheerful after the wilderness we had passed, and the people were civil and obliging.

Tchorlù now contained about 300 Turkish, 500 Greek, 100 Armenian, and 60 Jewish houses, to be added to which were from 70 to 80 hovels occupied by gipsies. There was evidence that the town had once been very much larger. It had three mosques, the principal one being surrounded by ruins, and bearing on its own walls the marks of musket-ball and cannon-shot. Another of the mosques had had its dome cracked by artillery. The town was the scene of a fearful conflict between the reformers and anti-reformers of Sultan Selim's time (in 1807–8), and, together with Bourgaz and several other towns in these regions, it had suffered very severely. Some large houses, with gardens, which had been konacks of rich and prosperous Ayans—the hereditary provincial aristocracy—were levelled with the ground, or, being curtailed of their dimensions, were turned into hovels for the poor Turks, or into stables for cattle. All the Turkish houses were in a dilapidated condition, and most of their occupants seemed miserably poor. Such has been the march, or such the consequence, of reform all over this wretched empire! The rich have indeed been sent empty away, but the hungry, instead of being filled with good things, have become far more hungry and bare than before.

For a long time we had scarcely seen a fruit-tree, but here at Tchorlù were a good many cherry trees, and the place is renowned for its cherries. The vineyards round the town are extensive, and a great quantity of wine—some of it being good—is made on the spot. The best was selling here for twenty paras the oke, or about an English penny the bottle; but the people said they could not send it to Constantinople because the mudir of the town took twenty

paras the oke, and the custom-house at Constantinople took as much more, and the expenses of carriage were very heavy. Thus, with these duties, and with these horrible tracks for roads, trade, even at this short distance from the capital, is checked and choked, and all production and industry discouraged.

At four in the afternoon we took the road for Kinikli. For some distance we had on our left the famous vineyards of Tchorlù, but some of them were sadly neglected, and others seemed to be altogether abandoned. From the first ridge we ascended, we caught again a magnificent view of the broad Propontis, which we had not seen since our departure from Rodostò. The weather, which had been so oppressively hot in the desert, was truly delightful on the downs near the coast; there was what old Busbequius called "a Thracian breeze, and an incredible sweetness of air." But the country was all bare and desolate—as lonely as the desert we had left behind us.

At 6.30 P. M. we had the port and old town of Heraclea on our right hand, but at some distance; and beyond the town we saw the same view which had enchanted us on the 2nd of May.

At 7.30 P. M. we crossed a stream by a rough stone bridge, and alighted at Kinikli, in a deep hollow with pestiferous swamps on every side. Not long ago here was a very considerable Turkish town and a prosperous population; it was almost destroyed in the civil war of 1807–8, and the malaria fevers, the consequence of the negligence and poverty which had left the stream to overflow the land, so far completed the work of destruction, that there were now at Kinikli only two cafinets, a forlorn khan, a backal's shop, and one tumble-down farm-house. Of two fair stone fountains one was ruined and useless. The noise from the marshes was so loud as almost to prevent sleep, and the flooring of the room over one of the cafinets, where we had our quarters, was not harder, but more uneven than usual.

On the morning (the 19th of May) we were up with the sun. We did not leave Kinikli until 7 A. M.; and then, instead of taking the direct tract to Selyvria, we made a circuit to visit a Turkish chiftlik which was much famed all over the country. A few patches of corn and oats lay on the hill sides by the ruined town. Riding across a most lonely and rugged wilderness for nearly three hours, we came to the farm of Arif Bey, who grew the best corn in these parts and in great quantities.

In the absence of his master, the kehayah, not a Turk, but a very intelligent young Greek, received us very hospitably, placing before us bread, milk, yaourt, honey, sheep's cheese, and coffee, which appeared to be all he had to give. The stables, barns, and other outbuildings were extensive and numerous, and though rough and

slovenly enough, in far better order than common. The bey had more than 2000 sheep and nearly 100 cows. They made hardly any cheese of cows' milk, but were great producers of the acrid sheep's milk cheese, exporting on an average 30,000 okes a year to the capital by way of Selyvria and the Sea of Marmora. In a large dairy we saw them churning the ewes' milk. The bey's kitchen-garden seemed to be stocked with leeks and onions, and with nothing besides. His *basse-cour* had but a poor show of poultry. He lived upon lamb until lambs grew into sheep, and then he lived upon mutton, according to the universal usage of the country. Except a few Greeks all the farm-labourers were Bulgarians, who were now receiving from six to seven piastres a day. These fellows would vanish as soon as all the crops were gotten in. But there were a few of the Bulgarians who were stationary, being engaged by the year, and receiving from 1000 to 1200 piastres per annum, together with their daily food, which consisted almost entirely of coarse bread, milk, garlic, and black olives of the poorest sort. Yet these fellows were uncommonly robust and strong. There was a small vineyard merely for fruit to the table and for *petmez*. Several of the corn-fields were uncommonly clean, covered with splendid crops, trenched and sufficiently protected from the inroads of cattle, which are often very destructive. His wheat well merited its praise. By living in the country, by looking after his own farm, and by engaging the best Bulgarian labourers, Arif Bey, from a very poor one, had made himself quite a rich man, and he was still young. With only a little agricultural science and a few better implements, he might certainly have doubled his crops and his income. Yet, if other Turkish gentlemen were only to do as he has done, the face of the country might yet be changed. But where can one look for such men?

Remounting at 10 A. M. we soon crossed this oasis, and came again upon the desert. In half an hour we stopped at a little coffee and guard house near a swamp and a wooden bridge, where the guard consisted of three Turkish gray-beards, who made very good coffee, but were so old that they could scarcely toddle. Two junior guards had gone into Selyvria to amuse themselves. We loitered at this wild spot, talking most of the time with the old Turks about robbers. While we stayed an old Mussulman, in a "transition state," came down to the water with an aruba, a pair of very small oxen, a mattress, a coverlet, a hen, and his wife. He was moving with *all* his worldly goods, in the desperate hope of getting out of the way of the tax-collectors and seraffs. It was about 11.30 A. M. when we remounted. We had the blue Propontis close on our right almost ever since leaving Kinikli. Now, crossing a stiff ridge, we came down to the sea-beach, along which we rode for about twenty minutes. The only being we met upon it was a dingy, wandering fakir, who told us

that he came from *Hindostan!* Climbing another ridge, which was very steep and jutted out into the sea, we again descended to the level shore. Although we had made short stages and frequent rests, our poor Adrianople horses were by this time quite done up, stumbling at every three steps, and moving and looking as if they were fast asleep. But Selyvria was now close before us, and traversing the long stone bridge, we entered the town at 2 P. M. We had been five days and nights without taking off our clothes or seeing the sight of sheets, and the only means we had had of performing our ablutions was to stop at some fountain or stream on the road. A Turkish bath and a Selyvria barber soon made a new man of me; and the first night in the hekim's comfortable house and clean beds was a perfect Elysium.

The cholera had not re-appeared, but there was choleric news from Stamboul and Kirk-Klissia. Sarim Pasha, the new vizier, had struck up a temporary league with the anti-reform or anti-wine-and-spirit-bibbing party; in the capital a fierce war had been made upon the wine-pots, and the poncherias and raki-shops (many of which were kept by Maltese and Ionian Greeks) had been forcibly shut up. Improving on the example set at head-quarters, Arif Pasha, governor of Kirk-Klissia, whose harem we had passed in the Tchorlù desert, had bastinadoed two Mussulmans to within an inch of their lives for being found drunk on raki. And at this very time there was not at Constantinople a single pasha of name or note but indulged in wine and spirituous liquors. We all knew how it would be; the storm would soon blow over, the persecution would exhaust itself in its first fury; and those who had a mind to it would tipple just as before. On our return to Constantinople the raki-shops were all open and Sarim Pasha's edict seemed to be forgotten.

Old Sotiri Macri, the Cephaloniote, who had taken to agriculture and purchased the chiftlik, near Heraclea, was deep in trouble and anxiety, for his right to hold property was questioned. Something of this I had heard before, but while we were away at Adrianople his anxieties had increased, and he now told me the whole story about his farm. The chiftlik had passed from its original Turkish owner to an Armenian creditor, a certain seraff, who rejoiced in the name of Sarkiz-Boyaz-Oglou, who had sold it to Macri for 96,000 piastres, money down. The seraff, as a Rayah subject, had every right to hold or to sell, and Macri had conformed to the Turkish law in having the deeds drawn up in the name of his wife, a Rayah by birth, and a native of Selyvria. When it came into his possession the farm was *nudo*, quite naked, there was nothing upon it. Macri had spent some 20,000 piastres more in stock, stabling, house-building, etc. The crops he had raised in 1847, and the good prices he had gotten for them, had excited the cupidity and envy of

a big Turk named Emin Bey, the proprietor of an adjoining chiftlik of immense extent, but scarcely scratched by the plough. Instead of doing upon his own grounds what Macri had done on his, the Bey must needs have Macri's chiftlik. He had raised a terrible outcry against the enormity of landed property being held by a stranger, and the danger of allowing seven Ionian Greeks (the men who had introduced all the improved cultivation that there was) to live upon a farm in the Sultan's dominions. The Bey had friends among the Oulema at Constantinople, and those precious managers of the Vakouf, who had committed, or submitted to, every species of irregularity and illegality—who were now seeing the property of which they were the holy guardians turned from its purpose and seized and squandered—refused to give Macri some necessary title, and were telling him that he must out, and that Emin Bey must have the farm on his reimbursing the 96,000 piastres. Thus do they encourage agriculture in reformed Turkey!

We spent five days rather pleasantly at Selyvria.

On Wednesday the 24th of May, at 8 A.M. we left to travel by land towards Constantinople. We rode under the landward face of the old walls and fortifications, having on our left hand some fields of corn and flax, a few vineyards, and a long desolate Turkish cemetery. At 9 A.M. we had a tall tumulus callled Arab Tepè, on our right, and another tumulus on our left, both standing on a rough, broken, lonely heath. The Arab Tepè was so named from a daring black robber, who, when surrounded by the irregular troops of some ancient Sultan, had retreated to the top of it, and had there sold his life dearly. A little beyond the Tepè, in a hollow, there was a rude bridge, and close by it the grave of a German courier, who was murdered on the bridge by robbers in the latter days of Sultan Selim. In another hour we dismounted at the sea-coast village of Pivades, where we had landed in the night of the 29th of April. We were hospitably entertained by the father, mother, and sister of our good hostess at Selyvria, who all lived here in a clean and comfortable house. The village was entirely occupied by Greeks; there was not a Turk in it or near it; and so without offence given, a number of pigs were strolling about the streets. Though most of the wooden houses were rather *delabrées*, the place had, comparatively, an air of neatness, activity, and well doing. Down by the sea-beach we saw a good solid stone magazine rising up, but this, like the stone warehouses at Selyvria, belonged to some Greeks of the Ionian islands. These active enterprising people have certainly done nearly all of the little that has been done along these desolated coasts. It was by capital they advanced that cultivation had been somewhat extended round this village, where we observed more flax, a good sprinkling of wheat, and some very large bean fields. On a bluff, lofty, seaward

cliff, above the village, stands a tower of the Middle Ages, eminently picturesque in its ruin.

At 11 A. M. we remounted for a very pleasant ride along the beach of the Propontis. Though so near the capital, the country was still most desolate, and hardly a traveller was to be seen. At last we met a solitary man in a Frank dress, trudging along on foot with a staff in his hand and a long pipe-stick, and a very small parcel at his back. He was a German; one of the artizans that had been trepanned by Hohannes Dadian: he could bear the life at the imperial fabric at Zeitoun Bournu no longer; in order not to run mad he had run away, and he was now walking back to Germany. Poor fellow! He had a long and rough journey between him and the Danube, he had hardly any money, and he could speak no language but German; but he was young and strong, and if some Bulgarian shepherds did not knock him on the head for his pipe-stick and little bundle, and if marsh fever did not lay hold of him, he would probably get safely enough into his own country.

At 1 P. M. we halted for a few minutes at the reduced miserable little hamlet of Koumbourgaz, or Bourgaz on the Sands, standing on the brink of the sea, and affording a pleasant light white wine, and the prospect of the ruins of another old tower. The villagers were Greeks; the Turks were all gone, and had left nothing but their gravestones behind them. In another half-hour we quitted the sea-beach and struck across undulating hills. On a charming green cape jutting out into the Propontis we saw the small Greek village of Panagia, with some corn fields and vineyards, which appeared to be very neatly tended. About 3 P. M. we were near the end of the very long bridge which bears the names of Buyuk Tchekmedjeh, or Ponte Grande, having the Greek village of Phlaya on our left, and the larger Greek village of Kalicrati on our right, over the sea, on the side of a beautiful little inlet. The scenery here had other charms besides being picturesque: though in narrow limits, there was some appearance of order, industry, and prosperity; the corn fields and some fields of flax were inclosed, the vineyards were very neatly and judiciously managed, and a few fishing-boats and small trading-vessels were anchored in the inlet. It is the bridge that is called *Buyuk* (great or big), and not the lagoon, which is inferior in size and in picturesque beauty to the other lagoon. As there, (at Kutchuk Tchkmedjeh,) the passage, which would carry the excess of waters into the near sea, has been allowed to be obstructed, and in part blocked up with sands, so that in the wet season the lagoon inundates a broad strip of country, of which a part remains a pestilential swamp through the rest of the year. This swamp is crossed by the very long bridge, of the roughest workmanship, and of a truly Turkish design. I believe it to be unique;

rather than one bridge, it looks like *four* bridges set together, end to end, the steep ascents and descents (which the Turks must have in their stone bridges) being repeated four several times. I think there were twenty-eight arches in all, but now there was not water under more than two or three of them. At the end of the bridge was the village of Buyuk Tchekmedjeh—another congeries of ruins and dilapidations! A posting town, in an important and commanding station on the high road, a place through which all travellers passed, had dwindled down to the merest hamlet, wherein nothing was solid except some old stabling, and nothing new except a wooden coffee-house. Mosques and minarets, and stone khans, were down, or were shattered; of many houses only the brick-and-stone foundations were left; turn which way you would, you came upon ruins. There were a few cypress trees near a minaret of very singular construction, and by the coffee-house, near a Moresque fountain, there was a splendid plane tree, in the shade of which nearly all the lazy Turks of the village were smoking their pipes. We left the forlorn place at 3.30 P. M. After traversing one of the richest of alluvial flats, which was producing nothing but weeds and brambles, we toiled up a steep, bare, and lofty ridge of sandstone, passing through gaps or gullies famed for the robberies and murders which had been committed in them. We met a few Greek villagers carrying produce down to the little port of Kalicrati, on the backs of poor horses and starving donkeys. At 4.30, in a green hollow among the hills, partially wooded with small oak, we passed the glaring, staring, new khan, which had been built by Reshid Pasha, or rather by his Armenian banker. It was daubed over with that yellow colouring which is so offensive to the eye in the new barracks and other buildings at Constantinople. It had not been built for eternity—it was no more like the grand old khans of the Vizier of Sultan Suleiman, than Abdul Medjid is like Mahomet II.; one wall had already declined from the perpendicular, and, owing to some awkward settling in front, there was already a crack which had been ingeniously filled up with mud and mortar, and covered over with the thick yellow wash.

At 5.30 P. M. we reached the hills which overhang the lagoon or lake of Ponte Piccolo, or Kutchuk Tchekmedjeh, the long and broad waters of which were shining beautifully in the declining sun. Presently horse-soldiers appeared in the hollow, winding round the base of a bluff hill; and these troopers were followed by more and still by more, their lance-heads glittering in the sun, and the scarlet pennons under them floating on the breeze. It was a pretty sight at a distance, but a beggarly exhibition when seen close. As the men ascended from the lake, we drew up by the side of the rough path, and saw them defile before us. They formed two regiments of

lancers of the Imperial Guard, and were on their march to the Danube to stop the progress of revolutionism in Moldavia and Wallachia. Russia, nearer at hand and better provided, had already sent troops into the principalities, as she was entitled and, indeed, bound to do by treaties. But there was to be a joint occupation—the Sultan and the Tzar being by treaties joint *protectors* of those ill-governed, unhappy countries—and the Porte was displaying the greatest anxiety to have a force in the field *equal* to that of Russia. Equal in numbers it might possibly be, but in appointments, discipline, training, and all martial qualities? These lancers were the fellows I have already described at Constantinople, but they looked more ragged and dirty now than then. Although this was their first day's march, the appearance both of horses and men was altogether deplorable. We could see no baggage-train, no camp-equipage, nor any provision for the accommodation and comfort of the troops. They had hurried off infantry for the Danube in steamboats, and between the 1st of June and the 4th of July we saw several steamers crowded with foot-soldiers leave the Golden Horn for the same destination. The lancers suffered loss from sickness before they got across the Balkan mountain: by the middle of June the terrible Danubian fever was in full force; the malady prevailed until October; and in the course of that summer and autumn the mortality among the Sultan's ill-provided troops was said to be awful. Knowing that this must be the case, we looked upon these poor, bare lancers as victims driven to a pest-house.

At the wooden bridge or platform beyond the lagoon the Albanian guard demanded our passports—this being the first time they had been asked for since our departure from the capital. We went across the wilderness, skirted the Sultan's model farm, rode into the village of San Stefano, and alighted at the hospitable door of Bishop Southgate.

CHAPTER XXXI.

We remained several days at San Stefano, and we afterwards returned to our American friends as frequently as we could, visiting the imperial fabrics on our way.

I shall now endeavour to put together my observations on those works which were to be Birminghams and Manchesters in Turkey, as also all that remains to be said about the model farm, which was to put a new life into Turkish agriculture.

During the protracted absence of the great Hohannes Dadian, the

director-in-chief of all the imperial works, it was constantly said that matters would be arranged and go right as soon as he returned from Christendom. Boghos, his locum tenens, was said to be inferior in ability as in authority—a rough, ill-mannered person, very obstinate, and generally very careless and indolent: but Hohannes—*Ha! parlons nous de çelà!*—Hohannes would soon be here, and then all things would go on well and pleasantly. As the model farm was under the same supreme direction, poor Dr. Davis took comfort in these assurances, and was always asking when Hohannes was coming. In the meanwhile the Constantinople newspapers devoted occasional paragraphs to the travels of Hohannes in England, France, Belgium, and Germany—describing how he was everywhere received "with the honours and distinctions due to his talents and patriotism!"

At last, on the 14th of February, the great Hohannes Dadian, Baroutjee-Bashi, etc., arrived in the Golden Horn, bringing with him a great many more European mechanics, chiefly Germans. He had been preceded by Mr. Thorman, of Newcastle, a clever and very superior man, who had been employed eight years in setting up engines and manufactories on the Rhine, and who was now to be chief superintendent of the Sultan's works on the Propontis. Mr. Thorman, like all the rest, had been led to believe that wonders would follow the arrival of Hohannes. About this time we saw Mr. T—— rather frequently: he was full of hope; everything had been most shamefully mismanaged; old Mr. H——, in his incompetency and submissiveness, had been committing the strangest blunders, but there was a plenty of good English machinery collected, and, with all these European workmen, he had no doubt that he should be able to get the imperial manufactories into something like good working order. Again, those who knew Hohannes and his doings told us that things would go none the better for his coming. It was expected, after paying and receiving his visits of ceremony, he would hurry down to the works, pay the mechanics their arrears, examine the reports of the English engineer, and introduce some order and system where there was none. It was also believed that the great man would make haste to visit the Sultan's model farm, which had cost so much money, and was perishing in its birth through the inexplicable conduct of Boghos and the want of labourers, which proceeded from the want of money to pay them. But weeks and weeks passed, and nothing was seen of Hohannes, who kept himself warm and snug in his house near the Sultan's palace at Beshiktash; and when people applied to him for instructions or for authorizations to do that which ought to be done, they were referred by him to the boor Boghos, who had disgusted them all and thwarted the best endeavours of every one of them. Just as before, every thing seemed to be done to retard the completion of the works. It was not until the

middle of March that Hohannes came near to the manufactories, and then, followed by his tail of dependants and servants, he merely walked through them on his way to the house of Boghos at San Stefano, looking at nothing but the outsides of the buildings, listening to nobody and asking no questions of the Europeans. Though, when at San Stefano, close to the model farm, he did not go to it, nor did he once visit the establishment all the time we remained in Turkey.

It was at this juncture that the Porte was most scared by the Paris revolution of February, and wanted every piastre it could lay its hands on to equip the fleet and strengthen the army. There were loud complaints about the money which had been spent, to no visible purpose, at the model farm, and the enormous sums which had been thrown away upon manufactories which manufactured nothing. I heard these complaints from many Turks—I heard them from persons connected with the government, but not from any of the great pashas. The reason of the exception was obvious; there was not one of those pashas but was deeply in debt to the Armenian seraffs; and the numerous dynasty of the Dadians, with their connexions and powerful alliances, could exercise an influence everywhere, and present an array of creditors sufficient to strike terror into the boldest hearts. But as the scarcity of money was more and more seriously felt by government, as Sarim Pasha threw up the finances and Reshid Pasha was turned out of the Viziriat, a storm began, or seemed to begin, to gather round the heads of the Dadians. Hohannes shut himself up in his house like a pasha in disgrace, Boghos became invisible, and Narcissus Dadian and his cousin Arikel, who attended at the works for form sake, left off shaving themselves, and wore a dejected and most humble appearance. All the Dadians were evidently in the dumps; but the aspect of Narcissus, with his three weeks' beard and unbrushed coat, was most forlorn. One morning that we saw him at Zeitoun Bournu, he looked like one that had been doing penance in dust and ashes; his arrogance was all gone; from a bear he had become a lamb. By the command of the Sultan the accounts of Hohannes and Boghos were under the unpleasant process of being overhauled. Woe! Woe! For many sums they could give no account at all. But that which appeared in a startling, glaring light was, that the expenses had been increasing year after year, and that the sum total of the expenditure on the unproductive imperial fabrics now exceeded 280 millions of piastres! Sarim Pasha was a good accountant, and was now Grand Vizier. Many people said that the long reign of the Dadians must now surely be at an end; that Hohannes and Boghos had good savings safely laid up in the English funds, and that some fine morning we should hear that the whole family had

fled to England. Everybody we met seemed to rejoice at their trouble; but there were many who did not at all believe either that the hour of their ruin was come, or that the crisis would be either long or serious. "*Ils s'arrangeront avec les pashas,*" said they; "they have such influence; their means are so great! The pashas are so needy and greedy; in a few days Narses will shave his beard, and Boghos will carry his head as high as ever." And, verily, so it happened. By the Sultan's orders his brother-in-law, Achmet Fethi Pasha, Grand Master of the Artillery, one of the most ignorant, indolent, extravagant, and most deeply indebted of all the great pashas—was made superintendent general of the imperial manufactories, and of the model farm as well. All notion of the Dadians being in disgrace was dissipated by Achmet Fethi Pasha's feasting with them, and taking a night's lodging in the house of Boghos at San Stefano. All that the Grand Master of Artillery did was to order that no more Europeans should be imported, and no more contracts renewed. The Dadians were left to be the sole administrators and managers as before. Some persons opined that they must have bled very freely; that this arrangement must have taken a good deal of the gilding off their gingerbread: I know not; I can only say that Narcissus shaved his beard, that Boghos appeared to be radiant with joy, and that all the Dadians seemed to strike the sky with their heads. Some men whose contracts had expired were shipped off for their own countries; others were so ill treated that they broke their contracts, and returned home at their own expense. Of those who remained the greater part were condemned to a continuation of idleness, because their workshops and the machinery which was to set them going were not yet ready. Their pay was of course more irregular than before.

The English mechanics never obtained any assistance from *their* consul. It was truly sad to see the desperate courses to which these fellows betook themselves. Except a few very worthy respectable men, who kept themselves at home with their families, they were nearly always to be found in the raki-shops. Accidents as well as riots were of course frequent. On a fine afternoon, while we were staying at the model farm, four of them got drowned in the Sea of Marmora. In a drunken frolic five of them, and a hard-drinking Greek, embarked in a little tiny boat, which could not safely carry more than two men; they rowed down to a tippling-shop at San Stefano to take in more grog. Bishop Southgate, who lived close to the beach, saw them arrive in the punt, and saw them take their departure. They then hoisted a sail, and stood two good miles out to sea. A gust of wind came down the Bosphorus and capsized the boat, and out of the party of six only one Englishman and the Greek saved their lives by swimming until they were picked up by

a caïque from the shore. I believe that three of those that were drowned had wives and children in England. Three days after the catastrophe we spoke to the English survivor, who was still in a state of intoxication. The jackals of Asia would provide burial for the four that were dead, for the current would waft them to that lonely coast.

The Grande Fabrique (as it is called) at Zeitoun Bournu was indeed a grand place in its outward dimensions. Three sides of a prodigiously large square were inclosed by stone walls, the front of the square on the low sea-cliff being left open to the Propontis. Several of the workshops within this area, though not very solidly built, were spacious, well ventilated and lighted, and well suited to the purposes for which they were destined. The barracks, built to lodge *all* the workmen, of whatsoever nation or race, flanked nearly the whole of the square on the south side, and were of prodigious length. They consisted of a ground-floor and one upper story, through the whole length of which there ran a narrow corridor. This corridor was 650 feet long. The walls were of stone, but the stair-cases, flooring, partitions, and every thing within were of wood. No precautions were taken against fire, and should a fire break out in this interior, the barracks would be gutted in a few minutes. Some Englishmen who were living there looked upon this catastrophe as inevitable, seeing the frequency of drunkenness among the Franks and the carelessness of the Armenians. Once lighted nothing could stop the progress of the flames, for the air rushes through those corridors as through a funnel, and the woodwork—slight and flimsy—is almost entirely of inflammable pine, and now as dry as a bone.

By the west wall of the inclosure, which stands by the road leading from Constantinople to Macri-keui and San Stefano, they were building an enormous square tower, the height of which was to rival the altitude of that ex-famous tower at Fonthill Abbey. I forget to what use it was to be applied when finished: but I believe its dimensions and height were intended rather for the sake of effect than for any necessary or useful object. Once this tower of Zeitoun Bournu had fallen down with an awful crash, killing above thirty of the stonemasons and labourers. Mr. Sang told them that, from the way in which they were building, it must inevitably fall: Mr. Taylor had repeatedly given the same opinion, and even old Mr. H. predicted that there would be some dreadful catastrophe. But the Dadians would neither make use of the science of the English engineers in the pay of government, nor even listen to their advice or warnings: the Armenians, as architects of the Turks, had built tall towers and aspiring minarets without any aid from Franks; no doubt they could build them yet; and to work the Armenians went—with the success that has been related. The terrible accident reached the

ear of the tender-hearted Sultan, who ordered money to be given to the families of the deceased. This was well, but not so what followed: instead of punishing or disgracing the ignorant, presumptuous, obstinate architect of the tower, Abdul Medjid, upon being told by the Dadians that he was overwhelmed with grief, sent him a nishan, or the decoration of honour, and entreated him to be comforted, as the loss of so many lives had been all *kismet*, or an accident, and not a crime on his part. Since the recommencement of the tower they had been building on a safer plan, but the work was now suspended through impecuniosity, and the tower, surrounded with an enormous scaffolding, was not 60 feet from the ground. No inconsiderable portion of the stone or coarse marble used in the tower had been taken from the Turkish and Armenian burying-grounds; the Armenian priests had *sold* the tombstones of their people, and the turbaned stones of the Mussulmans had been taken without any ceremony.

There being *no* fresh water on the bad spot chosen for these works, the Dadians had employed the Sultan's *head gardener* to make a famous well at Zeitoun Bournu—a well which was now giving Mr. Thorman salt-water charged with sea-sand, to put into the boilers of his steam-engines! But nothing was there about the place, except the shells of some of the buildings, in which some monstrous absurdity, some solecism in mechanical science had not been perpetrated. The headland or point on which the works were built had a gentle natural declivity towards the sea, where they had thrown out a wooden jetty for the landing or embarking of heavy goods; there was an inclined plane made and almost finished to their hand, but instead of finishing this, the Dadians—against all advice—must needs set up, at an enormous expense, a lofty stone base, and a gigantic crane at the top of it! The jetty had been thrown out at the very point where it ought not to have been, so that when there was any sea nothing could be done in the way either of loading or unloading. Here, too, the hand of nature had pointed out the way they ought to have gone to work, but the Dadians were as blind to nature as they were deaf to their English engineers. The jetty must face the centre of the imperial fabrique, for the sake of uniformity, and so it was here!

Their plan at Zeitoun Bournu was certainly very bold and ambitious. Not only were all manner of goods, hard and soft, penknives, razors, calicoes, cotton stockings, cannon, ploughshares, iron railing, iron pipes, castings, bits and stirrups, lance-heads, swords, locks, and padlocks, etc., etc., to be made here, but iron and steel and all the tools to be used were to be produced on the spot, instead of being bought as heretofore in England and Germany. Every thing was to be done at home, *sur la place!* Immense sums had been spent in

England for steam-engines and other machinery. In the Armenian philosophy this was so much money lost to Turkey. Now, or as soon as the works should be finished and set agoing, all these steam-engines, and all this costly and frequently delicate machinery, were to be made at Zeitoun Bournu by Germans and Frenchmen and Armenians, working under the direction and instruction of Mr. Thorman, his brother, and a few other Englishmen. These foreigners were to be retained until the Armenians had learned to do every thing themselves, and then Turkey would have no need to pay high wages to Franks. I was told that Hohannes Dadian hoped in *three or four* years to be independent of foreign assistance and free of every one of the Franks who now gave him so much trouble.

There was also to be at Zeitoun Bournu a School of Arts and Mysteries—"*Ecole des Arts et Métiers*"—wherein mathematics, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, drawing, civil engineering, etc., were to be taught to the Armenian natives, and to young Turks on the most approved principles. All the instruments and appurtenances of a *Gabinetto Fisico* had been purchased in London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna; a mountain of French drawing-paper and pencils had been imported, and our American friend, Dr. Laurence Smith, was provided with a chemical laboratory, geological specimens, and the nucleus of a good mineralogical collection. A certain number of young Armenians had been receiving pay to be students in this *Ecole*, for it appears to be adopted as a principle in Turkey that nobody will study unless the poor Sultan pays him. But, although there was abundant accommodation in the buildings already finished, this school had never been opened *except in the Constantinople newspapers*, and nothing whatever had been done by the students, who were now dispersed by the stop put to their pay. Two unmannered ignorant young men, a son and nephew of the great Hohannes, who had travelled a little in Europe, were to be head professors and joint presidents of the school, in which positions they were to get nishans and high salaries from the Sultan. Mr. Sang was to teach one of these boobies mathematics, mechanics, and engineering, and Dr. L. Smith was to qualify the other to be professor of chemistry, geology, &c. Provided he did something useful for his pay, Mr. Sang cared very little about nishans or styles or honours, but he had found the professor he was to make so indolent, careless, dull, and obtuse, that he had despaired long ago of making any thing of him: not merely did he fail in getting him across the *pons asinorum*, but he broke down in teaching him the rudiments of arithmetic. I believe that our republican friend (a younger man than Mr. Sang) was more ambitious of distinction, or less tolerant of having his plumes worn by others, and that he was irritated at finding that his to-be-professor pupil pre-

tended to know as much as himself; for quarrels broke out between them, and after he had furnished an apartment and brought his implements and collections to Zeitoun Bournu, the Dadians wanted to get rid of him altogether, by sending him to the Arsenal to teach chemistry and geology in the *Naval* School. But the pashas at the Arsenal, who wanted Mr. Sang and his mathematics and astronomy, did not want Dr. Smith and his chemistry and geology—and would not have him.*

Some of the expensive machinery brought out from England, was lying rusting on the sea-shore, (close under the big crane), the waves washing over it whenever there was a little wind. Other articles (every one of them had cost good money!) were scattered over the vast area, which, in the winter time, was *three feet deep in mud.* One of Nasmyth's expensive steam-hammers and its machinery lay scattered all about, some portions of it being quite spoiled and other component parts carried off. There had been a regular plunder of *brasses.* Nearly every bit of brass they could lay their hands upon, had been carried off by the Armenian workmen. The Dadians had been allowed, or had of themselves assumed the authority of bastinadoing some of these thieves, who had been caught with the stolen property upon them; but the bold remedy was applied too late. When Mr. Thorman went to work, he found that something was missing in every machine, and that some pieces of machinery had been so despoiled, that they could not be put together until the missing parts were supplied from England. Some of the machinery which he had set up, and which for the most part bore the name of "W. Fairburn, Manchester," was beautiful of its kind; but there were other much-used, almost obsolete machines, which had been purchased second-hand in England, and charged as new, and at full price, to the Sultan.†

Care was taken of nothing; some of the beautiful new machinery was broken or deranged before it had been set up a week. Nobody could tell how this was done; Mr. T—— could only surmise that it was done, in spite, by some of the Armenian working people, who got very little pay and hated the Franks who had good pay. By the beginning of March Mr. Thorman had lost all hope and heart. In that month we saw a few Englismen and Germans at work, fitting and preparing some of the machinery. As Hohannes had found out

* Of the countless mistakes committed, this was perhaps the most amusing. They wanted for their foundry a *shape*-carver, and got a *ship*-carver. But the greater part of the men they had brought out had been just as useless as the poor ship-carver.

† All the machinery purchased and sent out by Mr. E. Zohrab, the Ottoman Consul-General in London, was new and excellent of its kind. The Consul went to first-rate English houses, and paid them proper prices. It was Hohannes Dadian who bought all the rubbish.

that German files were cheaper than English, a great stock of them had been provided; these German files broke in the hand, and were driving the English workmen crazy. The German artizans were smoking at their work, and tapping and rasping like so many Turks and Armenians, or with an indolence and nonchalance not to be surpassed. They did not receive half the pay of the English; but one Englishman, once fairly set a-going, did more work than three of them. There was an almost total want of proper tools; on all the premises there was but *one* grindstone, and that a very bad one.

About the middle of March all the building operations were suspended, some of the Europeans were dismissed, and most of the Armenians, getting no pay, absconded. In April everything was at a stand-still, and more of the foreign workmen took their departure. In May there remained only some half-dozen of Englishmen, and about a score of Germans, and of these the major part—having nothing to do—were away seeking amusement in Constantinople or at Macrikeui. At the end of May, (the 29th, 30th, and 31st), we passed three days on the spot with Dr. Smith; and no spot could well be more desolate.* At night the vast inclosure was as lonely and ghostly as the haunted Acropolis of Selyvria, and here, as there, owls hooted, cucuvajas screamed, and bats flitted in the moonlight. We were barely a mile and a half from the walls of Constantinople; but in all that near part of the city, and all along that range of landward walls, from the Propontis to the Golden Horn, there reigned the same sadness and desolation. The few tenants were quite lost in these immense barracks. We rarely saw a soul after sunset. That which was intended to be a Manchester and a Birmingham put together, and a great deal more, was a desolation and a waste—in money a most awful waste! Even in the daytime, the few working people who remained were scarcely visible in that immense quadrangle. And in this forlorn state was the imperial Fabric at Zeitoun Bournu when we left the country in July. The only thing we saw that had really been made on the premises, was a big, heavy, cast-iron fountain for the Sultan's new stone palace at Dolma-Baghchè. It had been cast some time, and now that it was finished, they hardly knew how to carry it to the palace, it was so very heavy.

* On the 29th Mr. Thorman, for the first time, set a-going the splendid English steam-engine which was to give motion to all the varied machinery within. He had great difficulty in procuring water enough from the well. His fire would not draw, for the Dadians instead of allowing him to build the chimney in his own way, had insisted that it should be built on a plan of their own—these bunglers in almost every case pretending to know better than the engineers they had engaged to instruct and direct them. We made a most awful smoke, the engine made a few revolutions, the fire went out—and there an end! I doubt whether the engine has ever been set going since, as all the *grushes* have been wanted to enable the government to assume what is facetiously termed "a warlike attitude" towards Russia and Austria.

At the imperial Fabric at Macri-keui, under the placid management of Mr. H——, they continued to make a few toys for the Sultan, and to do no kind of useful work. After our visit in January, Dr. Davis had made numerous applications and entreaties for the iron work of his ploughs, and for the other agricultural implements, which by the Sultan's orders were to be distributed among the farmers of the country; but in the month of July not so much as a single ploughshare had been forged for him. Here too there was a spacious inclosure (though nothing like that of Zeitoun Bournu) closed (in front) with iron railing, and there were also some tolerable workshops, where the machinery was set in motion by a steam-engine. As for the iron-foundry, which had been intended originally to be the most important branch of the establishment, they had placed it on a low sandy ridge, so low, and so close to the Propontis, that when they wanted any depth for their castings, the sea-water oozed in upon them. Their first attempt to cast cannon in such a place was well nigh being attended with tragical results, besides the destruction of the building. They had given that up. The blasting-furnace, put out last autumn, had not been rekindled, for English coals cost a good deal of money, and not the slightest progress had been made in digging coal in the country. Moreover, no iron-ore had been brought in, except a few tons which had been taken from the surface at the near island of Prinkipo.

The Arsenal, the steam-navy, and the imperial Fabrics continued to use English coal; but practical men believed that, from the corrupt way in which all things are managed in this country, the native coal though so near at hand, would, if mined for, cost the Government more money than our Newcastle coal. The most valuable coal-fields exist at Heraclea on the Black Sea, not far from the Bosphorus. In the year 1841 some Englishmen attempted to obtain a lease of these mines, or to make some arrangements whereby they might work them very advantageously to the Porte, as well as profitably to themselves. Colonel Williams, R. A., Mr. Granville Withers, a practical engineer and forge-proprietor, and Mr. Anderson, one of the directors of the Oriental and Peninsular Steam Navigation Company, visited Heraclea, and examined the coal-beds. They reported that the beds were of immense extent, and that much of the coal was of excellent quality; but nearly everything in Turkey ends in a report. The Government would not listen to the terms of the Englishmen. A great deal was said at the time about the jealousy of Austria, who has some coal-mines on the Danube, and the jealousy of Russia, who was said to fear the increase of the Ottoman steam-navy; but the real truth was that the promising speculation was smothered by the old Turkish spirit of jealousy and monopoly. These coal-fields had been assigned to the Sultana Validè, who was led by her *cher ami*,

Riza Pasha, to believe that she would get nothing from them if Franks had the working of them. I believe that the same august lady, with a few others, had the monopoly of all the coal in the vast empire. These monopolies have all been abolished and reprobated in proclamations and upon paper, but, in reality, many of them exist in all their original and pernicious strength; and in most of the cases where they have been shaken, the Armenian capitalists have succeeded in establishing new monopolies of their own. I was assured that it was more through the Armenian jealousy than from any other cause, that every offer made by Europeans to work the very rich copper and rich iron mines of the country (paying a rent to Government, or giving a *pro ratâ* duty on protection), and forming at the same time a native school of practical miners, had been met with equivocation, and, in the end, with a flat refusal. When the Sultan was sorely in want of money, the house of Rothschild tendered a large loan, asking nothing but a grant, for a limited number of years, of some of the copper-mines on the Black Sea. These mines, as scratched by the Turks, were rendering hardly any profit —in some instances they were worked at a loss—but the Government altogether declined the advantageous proposal, preferring to finish the consumption of the *sacred Vakouf property*, to farm the revenue to the Armenian seraffs, and to squeeze more money out of the impoverished population. It is by processes like these that the Ottoman Government has kept afloat, and has avoided the burthen of a national debt. They boast that Turkey is the only country without such a burthen; but there are far worse things in the world than national debts, and *they* have hit upon the worst of all, uprooting all security of property, outraging the laws which are a part and parcel of their religion, destroying man's faith in man, shaking and clouding his very trust in God, and reducing all classes to one dead level of poverty and want; and when they shall have eaten up all the Vakouf property (of which there now remains but little), and when the fast-decreasing Turkish peasantry shall have almost disappeared—*quand la vache ne rende plus*—what then?* With the inexhaustible riches of her mines, Turkey deals as with her teeming soil: she will not and cannot use them herself, and she will not permit their use to others, though she herself would be the

* They have rich silver-mines at Gumush Khaneh, in Asia Minor, but they know not how to use them. They are the source of injustice, oppression, forced labour, and infinite misery to the people, without being of any profit to the Government. For the wretched way these silver-mines are worked, see Mr. Hamilton's "Researches in Asia Minor," vol. i., and Bishop Southgate's "Narrative of a Tour through Armenia, Kurdistan," &c., vol. i.

The silver mines of Argyria are no longer worked at all. The copper-mines at Chalvar and other parts of the Asiatic provinces on the Black Sea are worked in the rudest and most unscientific manner, and have no roads leading to or from them.

greatest gainer. In both cases she equally plays the part of the dog in the manger. But is it possible, in the present state of the world, that any country can long be left to indulge in such a humour?

The small quantities of coal that were brought from Heraclea were merely scratched from the surface. We saw some very good iron-ore brought from a place close by, on the Sea of Marmora—from Mal Tepè, on the Asiatic coast, nearly opposite to Prinkipo. Samokovo, at no great distance, would have furnished an immense supply; and the iron from this place was said to be excellent for conversion into steel. At Macri-keui, or, as the works were more properly called, Baroutkhana (gunpowder-works), they had made *some* steel, but they had made it of English bar-iron. This too was shown to the Sultan as proof of the progress the arts were making!

In the month of June, Mr. Phillips, with his four Englishmen, was still tinkering at the iron steam-boat, with no near prospect of getting her finished, and with greater doubts than ever of getting her afloat on the Propontis when she should be finished. The creek had now shrunk into a stagnant pestilential pool, which was becoming dangerous even in the day-time. The fine engines had come out from Messrs. Maudslay and Field, but Mr. Phillips had given one size or scale of dimensions, and the Dadians or their agents, without consulting him, had given another; and now he found that the engines did not fit the boat, or the boat the engines! He doubted whether he could fix the engines at all: he was sure he could not, without making a most unsightly and still more inconvenient projection on the deck of the boat. Miscalculation and presumptuous ignorance everywhere! Not an engine was sent out that suited the country-built vessel for which is was intended. Everything was begun in a blunder, and ended in a blunder, *with an enormous expense.*

Between Zeitoun Bournu and Macri-keui, in a swampy hollow near the sea, and the choked-up mouth of another creek, they had erected an extensive cotton-mill, calico manufactory, and print-works. As they had chosen Zeitoun Bournu because there was no water there, so they must have selected this spot as being about the most unhealthy that could be found! Twenty years ago I had been warned not to pass the spot after sunset, lest I should catch a malaria fever. The unhealthiness of the place was most notorious. There was a Turkish farm-house in it, where no natives had been able to live; but here the Dadians would have their works, and in this very farm-house they lodged the poor people they brought out from Lancashire to manage the works. The first directors were two brothers of the name of Duckworth. The elder of the brothers died of the fevers *in loco*; the other sailed for England for the recovery of his health, and died at Manchester a very short time after his arrival.

The son of one of them, who had transferred himself to the village of Macri-keui, had been brought to death's door, and was still suffering the horrible ills of a thoroughly deranged liver. This poor fellow, who must have been a remarkably handsome young man, and whom I always found *sober* and of *good conduct*, was in a manner chained to the place, for he had an English wife and three or four little children (born in the country) with him; and the prospect of the cotton-trade at home (notwithstanding the Cobden holocaust) was not then very alluring. He had suffered cruelly in his affections and in his own health; and if there was a Frank in the country who had a claim on the sympathy of those who had brought him and his family from their homes, it was John Duckworth; yet the Armenians, after subjecting him to the most vexatious irritating treatment, had fastened a quarrel upon him, had seized English printing-blocks and other property belonging to his deceased father, had annulled their contract, had dismissed him from their service, and were refusing to pay him his arrears, or to pay him the fair price for the goods which they had seized, partly by force and partly by putting a vile trick upon him, which in itself was enough to exasperate the coolest and most placid of men. For nearly twelve months this respectable English artizan had been left without a piastre. The British embassy said that it was not their business; the British consulate said that they could not interfere, as he had entered into *the service of the Turkish government*. His memorials or petitions were for a long time left unanswered—unnoticed. The drogomans, and such understrappers as did the little work that was done, complained that he was very troublesome. Seeing the poor fellow almost crazy, and fearing that he would go quite mad, like his neighbour the unfortunate boiler-maker (Walmsley), I spoke myself to two of the high functionaries (Perotes, of course), and was told by both of them that those working people were always giving trouble to the embassy! I did not ask these fine gentlemen what they were paid for. I knew that *one* if not *both* of them had very friendly relations with the Armenians against whom the applicant was demanding justice.

At last Duckworth was told that he must submit to have his case tried by the mixed commercial Court, called the *Tidjaret Court*, which was presided over by the corrupt Riza Pasha, and which was entirely under the influence of the pashas and the Armenian seraffs. No Englishman, having claims against the Government or against the Armenians, had ever obtained justice there. It was notoriously the most corrupt den that ever took to itself the name of a court of justice. *Three* of the *very few* respectable English merchants at Constantinople told him that if he submitted to be so tried his condemnation was certain. Duckworth reported this opinion to the consulate, saying that, having waited so long, he would now rather wait

for the arrival of Sir Stratford Canning, who would never consent to see an English subject thus wronged. With an increase of official insolence and arrogance he was again told that he must be tried by the Tidjaret. He was accordingly so tried, and—*cast*. The only Englishman who sat in the mixed tribunal did not concur in the verdict, and told me afterwards that Duckworth had not had fair play; but this merchant had extensive dealings with the Armenians, and was expecting some contract with the Turkish Government, and therefore he would do nothing to provoke ill will.*

When Duckworth told the consul that he had been cast, as he had known he would be, he received the comforting assurance that there was no appeal against the decision of the Tidjaret Court. Some of us thought otherwise, and with the assistance of Mr. ——, a practical man, and perfectly acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, a memorial was drawn up for Sir Stratford, who was then daily expected.

In this bog, at these calico and print works (Bosmakhana), they were doing hardly any work with the good English machinery which had been set up. This native manufactory was to be supplied by raw materials of native growth; they were waiting for Dr. Davis's cotton on the model farm; the doctor was waiting for ginns to prepare the small quantity of cotton which he had secured last year, and for the means of cultivating that which he had sown this year, and which was now perishing on the ground for want of labourers. Most of the men who ought to have been at work in the factory were lounging about at Macri-keui, with their hands in their pockets. Some had gone home, and others, vexed by arrears of pay, were wishing that they had never come. The recently imported stocking-weavers had made a few dozens of stockings, but their chief (who had the preaching "call," and who had palmed upon the ignorant Dadians some worthless machinery) had pocketed all the money he could, and had gone back to Nottingham. Being a rogue in grain—the only sort of man fit to deal with the Armenians—he had made a profitable trip of it! He had even succeeded in over-reaching two hungry and cunning Armenian drogomans, who, as a reward for their exertions and influences and intrigues in getting him his

* I had strongly urged another British merchant—no sham or protected subject, but a real native Englishman—to attend the Court, as he might have done, and see fair play. He was selling goods to Turks and Armenians, and would not go. I believe I showed some warmth of feeling at his refusal. "What!" said he, "do you think I am going to make myself enemies for anybody? You have no right to expect me to play Don Quixote for Mr. Duckworth. Let the Embassy or Consulate see him righted *if* they can. Our Government never ought to have consented to submit English interests to such a Court. This is no affair of mine."

It is not upon light grounds that I have stated, and do now repeat, that the moral atmosphere of this place has the effect of denationalizing the British character, and taking from it its impatience of injustice and oppression.

money, were promised a high per centage. The Nottingham conventicler gave them bills, but, just before the bills fell due, he and his money-bags were gone.

With English twist or cotton-yarn they had, some time ago, made some pieces of calico. A few Armenians were now working upon warp, brought out, all ready and prepared, from England. They could do nothing without the warp. In the same way German or Belgian warp had been worked up in the imperial cloth manufactory at Nicomedia, and the calico and the cloth thus made had been shown to Abdul Medjid as triumphant evidence of the progress his subjects were making in manufactures! Nor was this all the imposition played off on the Sultan's innocence: removing the marks, they had exhibited to him some of the finest of woollen cloths and most beautiful chintzes made in France, England, Switzerland, or Germany, as productions of his own infant fabrics. The expenses of these calico-works alone must have been very high; for, besides the spinners and weavers, they had bleachers and dyers, pattern-designers, block-cutters, &c., all imported from England, and all idle, waiting for that cotton which Dr. Davis was destined never to give them. This mixture of roguery and stupidity will appear incredible; I shall be suspected in England of exaggeration; but I *solemnly declare* that I do but state the facts as they came to my knowledge. I could refer to a good hundred of Englishmen for an ample confirmation. They could not understand the motives of the Armenian managers any more than I did, but they saw and well knew what were the results. I devoted much time to my inquiries; I spoke with all manner of persons, and never made a note until I had well sifted the matter. A great deal of the evidence came to me through my own eyes, and assuredly what I saw between January and July was decisive of the question, leaving no doubt of the misrule of the Dadians. I may entertain another apprehension: these details may be found tedious by many of my readers; but this system of manufactures (where nothing is doing for agriculture) forms one of the most important chapters in the history of reformed, regenerate Turkey; and there are *many* in England to whom the accounts must be deeply interesting.

There was another and somewhat older manufactory on the Golden Horn, in the holy suburb of Eyoub, close to the water-side. From its principal production (fezzes or skull-caps) this place is called "Fez Khaneh." It was the only one of the fabrics wherein there was any order, activity, and regularity. It had now been steadily at work for about six years; it was under the management of the Catholic Armenian Dooz-Oglous, who seemed to manage everything far better than their rivals of the Eutychean Church. The nominal director was a certain Cuyungian-Hohannes-Aghà, who

had under him a young Catholic Armenian named Asmaveur, who resided on the spot, and who read and spoke English. But the great merit belonged to Mr. Langlands, the engineer, a very clever, steady, industrious, most worthy man, who hailed from Perth. The Dooz-Oglous had had sense enough to trust to the discretion of this excellent Scotchman, and to give him full powers in all that concerned the works. Mr. Langlands had brought into decent order a set of most disorderly, slovenly, Armenian workmen, and he had been allowed to employ a good number of intelligent Greeks. The Dadians and all the other Eutycheans jealously barred out the Greeks from all their establishments (and this in spite of Reshid Pasha's grand amalgamation principle). At Fezz-Khaneh they had Jews as well as Greeks. This, however, must be said in deduction from the merit of the toleration of the Dooz-Oglous—the Catholic Armenians, few in number compared with the Eutycheans, are generally in far better circumstances, better educated, and able to get more profitable employment. Mr. Langlands had fitted up all this machinery, and it was not his fault that a portion of it was obsolete and very bad. The Dooz-Oglous had brought some of it from England and the rest from Belgium. He had six mechanics under him to keep the machinery in order; they were Frenchmen or Belgians; the master dyer was a Belgian. Counting men and boys there were about 600 employed on these works—Armenians, Greeks, Turks, and Jews, the last doing the commonest and dirtiest parts of the labour. The men were paid 170 piastres a month, but there were some superior hands who did piece-work, and who could make from 8 to 10 piastres per day. There was also out-door work, such as sewing on the crowns of the fezzes, &c., which was done by women. At the time of our visit a great many poor, squalid women—Armenian and Greek—were anxiously waiting for a distribution of work. The poverty reigning in the holy suburb and neighbourhood was dreadful; Mr. L., who was familiar with its details, gave me instances which made me shudder, and nearly brought the tears into his own eyes. Until this fabric was set up the fezzes were nearly all imported from the coast of Barbary, principally, I believe, from Tripoli and Tunis. The name of the article was originally derived from Fezz, in Morocco. It was thought that the fine, rich, red colour could be imparted only in Barbary or Morocco; but the dyeing of the fezzes here was very good, although critical eyes could detect an inferiority. Now that they are worn by Mussulmans and Rayahs, and form the sole head-covering in use, from the Sultan downwards, the consumption is very great. If the Dooz-Oglous had stuck to their fezzes, and had only rendered a fair account, this concern might have rendered great profits; but they would superadd a manufactory of broadcloths, and go into sundry new-fangled no-

tions, and bring out machinery and inventions before they had been tested in Christendom. Thus they threw away 1600*l.* in buying machinery for making *felt* cloth; a good deal more machinery was lying in the cases in which it had been sent out; it had never been unpacked, and probably never would be. The weaving of the long-cloth was but flimsy; it was sold at about the price at which good strong English cloth (duty paid) might be purchased at Constantinople. It was chiefly used by the Turkish army and navy. No wonder the jackets and trousers of soldiers and sailors were so generally ragged! Before the establishment of this cloth factory at Fezz-Khaneh, there was a fabric at Salonica, called the Fabric of Isllemia, conducted by Armenians; it still exists, making some very coarse cloth for soldiers' greatcoats, &c.

Mr. Langlands had been more than ten years in Turkey, and had been a most attentive and competent observer of the insane efforts made and making to convert it into a manufacturing country. Before being employed here, he set up the English machinery for musket-boring at the great gun manufactory established at Dolma Baghchê. He told me that *that* machinery was already in ruin; and that when it was new and perfect they could only make *very bad* guns at a *very dear* price. Two things, he said, must be fatal to the imperial fabrics —an utter want and incapacity of organization, and an incurable rage of the native workmen, to neglect, derange, or break whatever machinery came under their hands. By Turks, likely to be well informed, I was assured that even these works at Fezz-Khaneh were carried on at a heavy annual loss.

At Beykos, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, there was another small cloth factory, with a leather factory adjoining, worked and managed by Turks and Armenians. The site was very unhealthy: when we visited the place in the month of June it had been visited in succession by typhus, malaria fever and cholera; 11 out of some 60 workmen had died of cholera, and the works were then suspended, though more through want of money than dread of death. Here they were to have made leather for shoeing the entire army and navy. A little lower down, on the same side of the Bosphorus, near the village of Inghir-keui, were a china or porcelain manufactory, and a glass factory, which had been destined to make all the porcelain and all the glass wanted at Constantinople. But the original dimensions of the plan had been curtailed, and their joint work amounted to a very small matter. Machinery, apparatus, workmen, were all European, the few natives being merely coal-carriers and labourers. In the china manufactory, which belonged to the Sultan and his mother, there were eleven Frenchmen and one Englishman (an engineer); in the glass factory, which belonged to Achmet Fethi Pasha, there were fourteen Germans and an old Englishman, who

was foreman and chief overseer. The coals they were burning in their furnaces were Newcastle coals; they had been at a standstill for want of fuel, and a supply which had been sent them would last only a few days, at the end of which they would all come to another standstill. Wages and other expenses would go on all the while. There had been a constant chopping and changing as well of workmen as of managers or administrators. Now the workmen were all French, now Italian, now German, now French again, now German again; while, in the administration, there were now Turks, now Armenians, and now Turks again. Turk or Armenian, every director seemed to have been bent upon spending, wasting, or plundering as much money as he could. The glass-works were nearly at a dead stop already, the Germans merely making, with admirable composure and slowness, a few fancy tumblers. A window-glass furnace had fallen in three months ago, and was now lying in ruins. In the Turkish quarters of Constantinople not one house in a dozen has, as yet, the comfort of glazed windows; in Roumelia a pane of glass was a rare sight, and in Asia Minor we never saw one, except in the very best houses in the large towns. If the manufactory had been honestly conducted, and if Achmet Fethi had limited his ambition to the production of cheap window-glass, he might have made money and have conferred a benefit on the country.* But his window-glass furnace had tumbled down, and all along his fabric had been chiefly intended for fancy goods and objects of mere luxury and ornament. In a very small but rather neat warehouse they showed us the glass and china goods—ornamented tumblers, water-jugs, drinking-cups, coffee-cups, ewers, basins, scent-bottles, vases for flowers, fancy inkstands, and nic-nacks, all pretty enough to look at, but all costing three times what superior French or German articles might have been bought for at Constantinople. Little of the work would bear a close inspection, but some of the designs were Oriental and exceedingly pretty. But what was this but a making of shirt-frills before they had gotten a shirt? The sand which was used, and which was not good, was brought from the Black Sea; the clay came from some place above Buyuk-derè. There was a small English steam-engine, which made music as it worked—a contrivance which had gained old Mr. H—— great honour and renown. The Turks would stand for an hour at a time looking at this toy, and listening to its modulated ding-dong. The Frank workmen on the place—and we saw none but Franks—were all discontented and gloomy; their pay had been so irregular, the discomforts of their living so great, and now they were expecting cholera, which was raging above them and below

* The cheap but very fragile window-glass in use is imported chiefly from Trieste.

them on the Asiatic bank, and opposite to the mint in the European villages.

My friend Achmet Fethi Pasha, brother-in-law of the Sultan, was also a brick and tile maker. He was the proprietor of clay-fields and kilns in the valley of Buyuk-derè, exercising there a monopoly alike injurious to the people of the country and to his own purse. *There*, was the only bit of railway that existed in Turkey. To carry the bricks and tiles from the valley to the sea, an inclined plane, about half a mile in length, had been smoothened and furnished with iron trams by some foreign engineer.*

These are melancholy details, but the story of the Sultan's model farm—the end of the only good beginning—was to me saddest of all.

Through want of the necessary labour, Dr. Davis was even later in planting his cotton this year (1848) than he had been the year before. When the cotton was growing there was nobody to attend to it but his four negroes, who had to attend to everything else that was done or attempted. By the month of June it was quite evident that the crop would be a complete failure. For want of ploughs (which the imperial fabrics would not furnish), the doctor was obliged to see the ground for wheat and Indian corn turned up or scratched by the common wooden ploughshares of the country. For want of pay, his Bulgarian labourers all ran away in the midst of this operation. Every representation to the Turks in high authority had been as useless as my application to Achmet Fethi Pasha. Of the promised stock for the farm, none came. In January, February, and March, the Doctor had only a few wretched crawling horses, and two or three lean common cows that did not give milk enough for his own family. The brood mares, the fine stallions, the Syrian cows, the breeding stock from England, were all *in nubibus*. The farm had not so much as a sheep, but the flocks of Boghos Dadian were feeding on the land. These flocks were tended by Bulgarian shepherds, and in his own adjoining farm Boghos had plenty of Bulgarian labourers, when the Doctor could not procure one to work upon the Sultan's farm. Boghos paid the men who worked for himself, charging such outlays to the account of Dr. Davis and the model farm. In the month of April or May, the Doctor got *one* cow of the fine Syrian breed, which had been procured, by means unexplained, from our grasping acquaintance the Pasha of Brusa. The Doctor had provided stabling and provender for fifty cows (to be stall-fed in the bad seasons), as well as accommodation for a good stud. During the preceding year he had made a deal of good hay

* That good merry old missionary, Mr. G ——, who had never seen a railroad (having left America before any were begun), was determined one day to have a ride upon this, in order that he might say he had been upon a railway.

where hay had never been made before. In the course of the winter and spring the Dadians had been grabbing at this hay to feed their own horses and the horses at the two imperial fabrics;* but the Doctor had kept together a good quantity in expectation of the stock—which never came. Of course the Armenians did not set this hay to the credit side of the farm accounts. In the Doctor's absence they had helped themselves as they chose; what remained had only been saved by being stowed away in lofts and outhouses, and put under lock and key. They made just as free with everything else. Boghos took the first pick and choose of the 14,000 trees which had been brought over from Asia Minor for plantation on the model farm, gave others away to his friends, and left the refuse for the Doctor. He had labourers to plant his own portion when our friend (working for the Sultan) could get none. I have mentioned the prospects of the Doctor's plantation; in the month of May there were scarcely six of his trees that showed any symptom of vitality; many had been wilfully destroyed, and the rest had perished from the bare want of necessary attention. In this particular Boghas had not been much more successful than himself. At the end of June the roads which the Doctor had traced remained only traced. In the winter it was very difficult to ride from the village up to the farm without being bogged; in the summer the soil was burned like an Arabian desert. The Sultan had allotted the sum of 68,000 piastres for sinking wells, making fountains, etc. Not a well had been begun; the water had all to be brought by oxen and small arubas from the creek and swamp below, at the distance of nearly half a mile from the farm buildings. One day we had to bring up the water for our own use, as the arubajees had absconded (not being paid) and the poor negroes were overworked in other business.

For want of the means of irrigation, a large garden which had been inclosed near the house, and nicely laid out and stocked, was all parched up and rendered useless by the middle of June, when, except in the newness and entireness of the buildings, the whole of this imperial model farm looked rather worse than better than the usual run of Turkish chiftliks.

The Doctor's aim had been to have 280 acres under cotton. His calculation was that these 280 acres would render 200 bales, each bale consisting of 350 lbs. of clear cotton. Then was to be added the value of the cotton seed, which in this country, and under present circumstances, might be considered worth nearly as much as the cotton. He had been pretty confident that, if he had been allowed to have his own way, he could pay the expenses of the farm

* Boghos was also stabling and feeding at San Stefano a number of horses belonging to his ally, Reshid Pasha.

this year out of the cotton produce alone. But cotton requires a continuous and an *always controllable* labour, and his labourers (save the four South Carolina blacks) were, like his stock, *in nubibus*.

The dwelling-house, which ought to have been finished last year, was not habitable until the beginning of June, and then it was a comfortless, rickety affair, exhibiting almost every possible specimen of architectural blundering and bad workmanship. It had been all in vain for the Doctor to remonstrate; the Armenians would build in their own way. I should not have chosen to live under that roof in the season of the gales from the Steppes of Tartary, for the situation was elevated and uncovered. At no distant day some such gale will level it with the ground, and howl a dirge over it. The length of the farm inclosure, from the dwelling-house to the last out-house, was 1350 feet, the breadth varying from 200 to 100 feet: it was divided into several spacious yards, each having a separate entrance. The Doctor's arrangement of offices, stabling, cow-stalls, poultry-yard, barns, and outhouses, was simple and excellent. There was a separate place for every separate thing. But every place was void and desolate. All the poultry consisted of a dozen or two of the miserable fowls of the country. There was a first-rate dairy, but there was no milk! There was no butter in the country; strange as it may appear, it is true that the Turks have not yet learned the art of making butter. Besides supplying the Sultan's household from his own farm, this dairy, if properly sustained, might have sent a good deal of butter into the Constantinople market. The foreign embassies and the resident Franks alone would gladly have purchased all that could be sent. It would have served also as a lesson and example in the country; other dairies would have risen, and all would have found a market for their produce. Though they know not how to make it, the Turks, as well as the Greeks and Armenians, are very fond of butter; I never saw a man in the country but—on having the opportunity of proof—enjoyed our common salted Irish butter with uncommon zest. For their cookery they all use Odessa butter, or that abominable grease of which I have so frequently complained.

By far the neatest thing on the farm was the ginn-house for clearing the cotton, and this had been in good part made by the Doctor's negroes. *Six* good ginns, of English make, were lying rusting at Macri-keui, but it was not until the month of April that the Doctor succeeded in procuring *one* of them. The negro Joe and his mate Ben set it up, for no assistance could be obtained from the mechanics of the imperial fabrics. When the ginn was ready, there were no hands to attend to it, for the four negroes were then most wanted in the cotton-field. The small quantity of cotton which we saw go through the ginn, was of excellent quality. Some bales of it might have

been sent down presently to the cotton-mill, where so many people were waiting for it; but all representations were fruitless—the Doctor could get no workmen. He had told some unpalatable truths to and of Boghos Dadian, and Boghos was determined that the whole farm should be made to appear as a failure, and the Doctor himself as the cause of the failure.

From the great extent of ground they covered, and from the unusual size and height of the house, the farm buildings when seen at a distance, (particularly from the Propontis), made rather an imposing appearance, being seated on the ridge of a hill which sloped gently and gracefully down towards the creek and the morass. The long walls of the inclosure, being newly white-washed, looked quite smart. But these stone walls had been built up not with mortar, but with non-adhesive mud, a little mortar being merely applied externally. The Sultan's orders were that they should be solidly built, and of the best materials; but Abdul Medjid, (who probably would not have known mud from mortar), never came near the farm, and never sent to make any enquiries about it. A good kick or two would have knocked down any of these walls. Without such violence, where the ground was uneven, they were already cracking and opening.

Last autumn and winter Dr. Davis had finished the sight of an eye in compiling the lectures and lessons for his agricultural pupils. Instructions had been given that these papers should be immediately translated into Turkish for the benefit not only of these students, but of others; but nothing of the sort was done, and the manuscripts remained useless in the Doctor's desk. To my knowledge at least twenty applications were made for a katib and translator—some of these applications being addressed to the Porte, who had brought the doctor from his country; and had at first paid him such high honours. There were several changes in the young men selected to be pupils of this "Agricultural School;" some grew weary and sick of the solitude of the deserted kiosk by the sea-shore, wherein they were lodged, and threw up their appointments, and went home to Stamboul; others were turned out to make room for friends of Boghos Dadian. Greeks were of course *always* excluded; but at first the Armenians and Turks were in equal numbers. But Boghos wanted to get rid of all the Turks, and to have none but Armenians, and not a Turk would have been left if he had been allowed to have his own way. In April there were fifteen pupils, nine being Armenians and six Turks. These young fellows were all paid by the Sultan, some receiving 200, some 300, and one (of course *an Armenian*) 700 piastres a month. They had their lodging gratis, but they had to buy their own food. Out of doors they seemed to be doing then just nothing; we never saw one of them at the farm, in the cotton-field, in the garden, or indeed on any part of the farm

lands. Mr. N. Davis, with the aid of a drogoman, was attempting to teach them English; but their principal occupation was smoking pipes at a cafinet in San Stefano. They were described to me as being not only very lazy, but very loose in their morals, and by no means attentive to the eighth commandment. In June, when the Doctor took possession of the farm-house, he fitted up a good class-room for them on the basement story, providing them with books, desks, and all things necessary, and insisting that they should attend regularly from 8 A. M. till 4 P. M. But by this time the number of students was reduced to six Armenians, whose saints' days and religious feasts were constantly interfering with their attendance. When they came they brought no heart with them; for they, too, were feeling the money pressure, and were getting very irregular, uncertain pay. One of them, when found asleep over his book, told the Doctor's brother that a hungry belly conld not learn English!

We watched these promising agricultural students day after day; they never stirred out, saying that the weather was too hot, and in the school-room the greater part of their time seemed to be spent in sleeping or dozing. Looking upon tchibouques as the great curse of the country, promoting idleness and muddling the brain, the Doctor, who had destroyed a good many of them on the farm, strictly prohibited the use of them at the farm-house; but his pupils, who could not live without smoking, brought their tobacco with them, and made paper cigars. On some occasion the Doctor had broken the pipes over the heads of his lazy, sculking labourers, and once or twice, provoked by their perversity and doggedness, he had applied the lash of his riding-whip to their backs. A clever but most roguish drogoman, whom he had discharged as an incurable liar, said to me one day, "It is very lucky for Dr. Davis that there is not a tree or a bush hereabout; if there were any cover he would soon have a bullet through his head—he would soon find what it is *to break men's pipes!*"

I did not expect its visitation quite so soon, but I was quite sure that the malaria demon was brewing mischief in the swampy hollows below the farm. Morning and evening those hollows were filled with cold gray vapours, and a Pontine-marsh or Maremma smell came up to the house. I had repeatedly warned my friend, but, having furnished his house and made it comfortable, he clung to the belief that its airy and elevated situation would be a preservative. I was sure it would not, for it is precisely on such low-lying hills that malaria in the South of Italy is most destructive. I trembled for the children—as pretty a young family as the heart of a father could rejoice in. On the 26th of June, leaving his family all well, the Doctor came to us at Pera to proceed with us to pay a visit at Buyuk-derè to Mr. Carr. We returned together to the farm on

the 27th—a broiling hot day—and there found Mrs. Davis shivering and suffering from intense headache. The fever had taken her in its grip yesterday. We stayed four days, and departed without any ill consequences to ourselves, but leaving our kind, most amiable hostess in a state of dreadful suffering. It was our last visit to the accursed spot.

A day or two afterwards two of the dear children were seized; and then the Doctor, who had not been quite one month in the house, fled from it with his family. The invalids were carried down to the seashore, where they all got into a caïque, which conveyed them to Buyuk-derè. In the state of the Doctor's own health and spirits his friends were afraid that an attack would have been fatal to him. Almost from the day he set his foot in the country he had been kept in a constant fret, and of late his annoyances had been insupportable, for everything that he had attempted had been made to go awry, and the Dadians were casting upon him all the weight of their own mingled folly and guilt. Constantinople was ringing with reports of the enormous sums which had been thrown away at the model farm. These reports were traced directly to Boghos and Hohannes Dadian, and their creatures, whose name was Legion. Remonstrances were sent in to the Government, but they produced no visible effect. With others I spoke to some of the Turks connected with government, putting them in possession of many startling facts. They confessed that it was a hard case; they declared that they knew the Dadians to be blunderers and robbers, capable of any falsehood and malice; they said they believed that their hour of retribution must come, that they could not much longer escape the consequences of their gross mismanagement and peculation; but in the meantime they were supported by the *great* pashas, around whom they had woven a strong web. One of these Turkish gentlemen said, "If these things had happened under Sultan Mahmoud, these Armenians would surely have lost their heads, but now the worst that will happen to them will be a sudden disgrace and a safe flight." But none of these Turkish gentlemen who spoke so freely with us, could venture to talk of the subject with the heads of government, or do anything more in the matter than pity Dr. Davis and his family, and pour maledictions on the heads of the Dadians. Mr. Carr, as American Minister, sent an indignant remonstrance to Reshid Pasha, who was now restored to power, and to Ali Pasha, who had resumed his post as Minister for Foreign Affairs. Ali Pasha had signed the Doctor's contract, and the Vizier had feasted the Doctor on his arrival, and filled his ear with professions and promises; but from that moment neither of them had paid the least attention to the Doctor, or had taken the least heed of the model farm, on which they knew great sums were expended. Mr. Carr's drogoman was told *viva voce*,

that the Porte was then occupied with the most serious affairs; and no other answer was given while we remained. Long before this the Doctor's best friends had come to the conclusion that the only course he could pursue—the only chance of recovering his health and tranquillity—was to come to a compromise with the Porte (who had engaged him, and implored the American government to send him), to take such a sum of money as he could get, and return home. He had been engaged for a term of seven years, two of which had now expired. His salary was a very high one, but it had been most irregularly and grudgingly paid, and it was now in long arrears. The experience of this, his second season, destroyed every hope, and the illness in his family now determined him to adopt the course recommended to him. He was staunchly supported by his minister and friend. When we took our leave of them, Mr. Carr was going to put on his harness and call upon the Grand Vizier. If Reshid Pasha would not do justice, he was resolved to seek an audience of the Sultan himself, and to expose the whole affair through the mouth of his own drogoman, who was not a native of Pera (as ours are), but an American citizen. In the course of a few months a good compromise was effected, Abdul Medjid paid a liberal indemnity, and in the spring of this year (1849) Dr. Davis and his family most gladly quitted Turkey for ever, and returned to their own country. So ended this attempt at agricultural improvement, which, altogether, had cost the Sultan about 35,000*l.* of our money.

The Dadians have put in a creature of their own—an ignorant Armenian—to manage what is left of the concern, and Abdul Medjid's Model Farm at San Stefano is now in the same wretched condition as the neighbouring chiftliks, or as that other "Model Farm" by Ambarli, of which Boghos so opportunely relieved Reshid Pasha, giving that immaculate minister 75,000 piastres a year for what was not worth a tenth of the rent.*

* The text was written several months ago. I have no very recent letter from Constantinople, but according to a letter published in the "Times" in the month of January, 1850, the dynasty of the Dadians has fallen into serious trouble, being accused of gross and monstrous peculation, and having all their discoverable property sequestrated. I cannot answer for the accuracy of the report; I do not know whether these very worst of all Armenians may not arrange matters as they did in 1848; but I retain my belief that their hour *will* come, and that they must in the end be fugitives and outcasts.

CHAPTER XXXII.

On our return from Adrianople the fleet was equipped and lying at anchor in the Bosphorus, between the Serraglio Point and the Sultan's palace of Tchiraghan. It did not exceed the force of a good squadron, for they had wisely abandoned the project of fitting up some of the rotten old ships. There was a considerable display of warlike preparation; recruits for the army were brought over from the already depopulated villages of Asia Minor. Many of these poor ragged fellows deserted as soon as they were let loose; but others, who had been starving at home, seemed contented enough to stay, for here at least they got tolerably good rations.

Trade was in a deplorable state; except those who had contracts with government, none of the commercial houses, native or foreign, had any business. The scarcity of money was even more alarming than when Sarim Pasha threw up the finances in despair. Those who had payments to receive from the government had to run to the Porte day after day, to intrigue, to bribe, and almost to fight with one another for their money.

The Tidjaret or Commercial Court had now more suits and more business than ever, for the agents of government were constantly breaking contracts they had made; and native merchants, alarmed at the state of the markets, were breaking their bargains and taking refuge in chicane and in that most unfair court. But although most active in May and June (on account of the difficulties and alarms caused by revolutions and a most absurd armament), the Tidjaret had not been idle in the preceding months. Whenever a Levantine trick was to be played, people had recourse to it, and, as far as my information went, no Levantine ever failed in obtaining his object when a British subject was concerned.

In the month of January there was a great dearth of English coal, as well as of native charcoal: coals were wanted for the Turkish steamers and for the Arsenal—the want was immediate and most serious. Mr. W. K———, an English merchant long established in Galata, had two cargoes at hand. Petmez Oglou, an agent for purchases and a general jobber to the Arsenal, applied to Mr. K—— and entered into a contract with him for these two cargoes and for several other cargoes of Newcastle coal. In the course of February the two cargoes were delivered, another cargo came in, and others were on there way from England, the shippers relying on the contract. But suddenly and unexpectedly a little fleet of colliers came up the Dardanelles and brought down the price of coals. Petmez Oglou would no longer abide by the bargain he had made; he would

not even pay the stipulated price for the coals which had been delivered; he would take no more coals from Mr. K——— unless he gave them at the price *now* current. When the contract and his own signature were shown to him, he laughed at both. At first he agreed to submit the matter to the arbitration of two merchants; but he soon refused to do this, and defied Mr. K——— to a contest with him in the Tidjaret. Our friend knowing of old the nature of this Court, and being perfectly sure that neither he nor any other man had a chance in it against an agent of the government, did what he could to avoid bringing his action and to get the business settled in some more equitable way. He applied to our consul-general, who told him that he could not choose, that by our last commercial treaty with the Porte all civil suits or trade questions must be judged in that Court, and that to the judgment of the Tidjaret he must of necessity submit. Mr. K——— was driven into that limbo in the month of March, and there Petmez Oglou triumphed over him in spite of his signature and contract. The English merchant had then to inform his correspondents at home—the disappointed shippers of the coals—that contracts at Constantinople signified nothing when purchasers chose to break them, and so long as the authority of the Tidjaret Court was acknowledged by our Government.

There were other and much harder cases of which I took no notes. In theory this iniquitous Court had not so bad a look. It was to be composed partly of Turks and partly of Christian Frank merchants, English, French, Russian, Austrian, or any other nation, all being men of good credit and standing in the place, and each having a voice and vote. But when it came into operation, the really respectable merchants (always a *very* limited number in Constantinople) were presently scared away by the foul play it exhibited. These men refused to attend—which was precisely what the Turks and their Armenian agents wished them to do. Except on very rare occasions not one of these respectable, *true* Franks had taken any part in the proceedings of the Tidjaret for many months. An English gentlemen told me he would as soon think of going into a den of thieves; a native Frenchman expressed the same sentiment in language much more energetic; an honest German said that he had attended until he was absolutely sick at the sight of injustice. The Turks and Armenians (the Armenians having most to do with the Court) filled up the places of these Frank merchants by Levantine traffickers and jobbers and adventurers, natives of the country, who by fair or by foul means had obtained foreign protection, and were allowed to enjoy the privileges and call themselves by the names of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians, Austrians, Sardinians, etc. Several of these precious administrators of justice were bankrupt discredited men when they obtained their seats, but were now in very

flourishing circumstances. There services were of course *gratuitous;* they attended the Court solely for the sake of justice; there was no pay whatever—the rogues only filled their pockets with direct bribes or with indirect gains, the master spirits of the Tidjaret being always able to put some profitable job or other in their way. Their position was considered a most enviable one; to get a good footing in that Court was looked upon as equal to a fortune. There was one Frankified Perote, a scion of an Armenian stock (a stock which had contained some very differing elements), whom I knew now and whom I had well known twenty years ago, when the worst charges that could have been brought against him were ignorance and stupidity. This man had wasted his means, had thrown away his honourable chances, and had run a career of extravagances, folly, and vice; to be of a respectable family, with good connexions, he was about the worst famed man there; even in Pera and Galata, where few people are very squeamish, there were many who gave him the cold shoulder. He had married in succession three or four wives, who were all living. How *he* had contrived to live for some years was a mystery to those who did not know his wonderful dexterity in cheating and all sorts of jobbing. He was, however, rather frequently in very low water. A few mornings before our final departure he came radiant with joy to our Pera landlord. "*Tutto va bene!*" "It is all right," said he, "I am to have a seat in the Tidjaret; I am provided for at last!"

The men who were most constant in their attendance in Court, and in whom the Turks and Armenians most relied on, were * * *, a Greek under Russian protection, frequently doing commercial business with the Porte. * * *, an Hellenic subject and a very great rogue. * * *, ditto; * * *, a Greek, with Austrian protection; * * *, Greek, with Russian protection; and * * *, an Alleppine and Rayah subject, upon whom the Porte most of all relied. These sham representatives of Frank merchants were mixed with Mussulmans and Armenians, whose interests were one and the same and who always formed a majority. The proceedings were in the Turkish language, and always hurried and confused and most irregular. Even the outward and simple forms of justice were constantly outraged in a manner that horrified Europeans. This Court was presided over by Riza Pasha, who had been stigmatized by the Grand Vizier Reshid himself as the most corrupt of public men, and as a functionary in whom it was impossible to put any trust. Reshid Pasha, however, had not been able to put his fallen rival entirely on the shelf; the gentle-hearted Sultan shrunk from extreme or harsh measures, and was always for conciliating Riza and Reshid; Riza was still strong in the support and undiminished favour of the Sultana Validè, and thus when Reshid was promoted to be Grand Vizier, Riza was made Minister of Commerce, with the Presidency of the Tidjaret Court and a

monstrous salary. But Riza felt himself degraded in this post, and was constantly showing his disgust by the irregularity of his attendance or by going to sleep in Court. It appeared to us that the Court-days were never regularly held. I was going over to it with Mr. W. K—— on the 16th of March, when his cause was to be heard, but we were told that no Court could be held that day. On this occasion there might be some slight excuse for the irregularity, as the excitment occasioned by the Paris revolution of February was yet fresh and violent, and driving most people out of their senses. But I tried several other days when the Court was appointed to meet, and each time there was the same irregularity. The hall of justice was over in Constantinople, somewhere near the old madhouse, I believe. I was assured that the Court when assembled looked like a gang of banditti, the members composing it being remarkable, *even* in Constantinople, for the villainous expression of their countenances. In a Court like this British interests *have* been and *are* shamelessly violated, usually without any advocacy or protection, except such as may be afforded by a Perote drogoman, a delegate from our consul. When a native British merchant could not obtain justice, it may easily be imagined what measure of law and right was dealt out there to our protected subjects the Ionian Greeks and the poor Maltese.

There was one particular case of Turkish injustice and diplomatic blundering which, although it did not come before the Tidjaret Court, I would fain "read in short," for it vitally concerned a dear old friend, and is strongly and most characteristically marked.

An Englishman travelling in Asia Minor, discovered at a place not far from Ephesus, and the port of Scala Nuova, a good mine of emery. He was a poor man, and without connexions in the country, but he knew the value of the article; and, full of the discovery, he went back to Smyrna, and endeavoured to interest in it several merchants, who might obtain a firman from the Porte, and provide the funds necessary for working the mine. He applied to Mr. A——, to Messrs. L. F——, and to others, who all turned a deaf ear to the project. He then addressed himself to Mr. Joseph Langdon of Boston, who went with him to the mine, warmly took up the project, and, a copartnership with an English merchant of Smyrna, and an Ionian Greek, a protected English subject, supplied the discoverer with money, and opened a negotiation with the Porte. After a little of the usual delay, a firman was obtained, authorizing Mr. Langdon to work the mine for a term of years, upon payment of a moderate annual rent to government. The discoverer proceeded to work with alacrity; the emery was found to be of first-rate quality; quantities were shipped for England and America, and they fetched good prices in both markets. There was a fair prospect that Joseph Langdon, who had not been so fortunate as he had deserved to be, would by his

share realize a decent fortune during the years to which the contract extended. I know no man more deserving of the gifts of fortune. In 1827–8, when he was in affluence, he was the most hospitable, generous, and charitable of men; and a few years before my acquaintance with him, when the Turks, maddened by their reverses in Greece, were murdering the Greeks all over Turkey, and massacre was the order of the day at Smyrna, he did more for the cause of humanity than any score of the opulent Franks and Christians of that place.*

The discoverer of the mine fell sick, and died up the country, leaving a poor widow and children who were in England; but a provision for the widow was secured, for Mr. Langdon, and through him his associates, had entered into a bond by which the family of the discoverer was to be entitled to a considerable share of the annual profits on the emery. If the Porte had respected the contract, the poor widow and children would have been placed far above want; but the success of the enterprise excited the cupidity of Mr. A——, who posted off to Constantinople, told some of the pashas that they had given the emery-mine for too little, and offered twice or thrice as much as Mr. Langdon and his associates had agreed to pay. Mr. A—— was a native Englishman, having access to our Embassy, and friendly relations with some of the Perote drogomans and hangers-on of the Legation. Sir Stratford Canning had left for England. Lord Cowley was led to believe that he ought to support Mr. A—— as a British subject. British subject! Why, what were the wife and children of the unfortunate discoverer but British subjects, and subjects having a double claim on diplomatic support? One of Mr. Langdon's associates was a born and true Englishman, and the other was an Ionian Greek, and *pro tanto* a British subject. Thus, though Langdon was an American, British interests predominated; and had he been twenty times an American, or had he been a Kaffir, it was assuredly not a case in which to interfere; but Lord Cowley did interfere. I am convinced that his Lordship was shamefully misinformed and misled by some about him. Mr. Langdon was thoroughly persuaded that it had been so, and that one of his Lordship's *entourage* had been bribed by the competing Mr. A——. Langdon's Ionian Greek associate most solemnly swore to me that he knew that a certain Perote had taken a bribe, and that he could prove it if the opportunity was afforded to him. When the manœuvre was first made known at Smyrna, Langdon pleaded the binding nature of a contract which had been entered into upon what was then merely

* In a case like this an author may be excused even for quoting his own book. But I will not quote; I will merely refer the reader to "Constantinople in 1828," for a brief and inadequate notice of that which was done at the time of the Smyrna massacres by Joseph Langdon of Boston, U. S.

experimental, the sanctity of an imperial firman, and the Sultan's own signature. When the term of the lease should expire, the Porte might conclude a more profitable bargain; he himself would increase the rent, or enter into a fair competition with other bidders; but, until the expiration of the term, surely the contract ought to be scrupulously observed, and he ought to be allowed to excavate and export the emery. The Porte, encouraged by the injudicious interference of our Legation, took a very different view of the subject: and, heaping dirt upon the imperial firman, they determined that Mr. A——, as a higher bidder, should have the mine forthwith. But now other cupidities were awakened. Messrs. L. F——, Levantines by birth, and Swiss by descent, but enjoying British protection, who also had scorned the project when offered to them, and turned their backs on the poor discoverer, now struck in, bidding three times more than Mr. A—— had done. Presto! The Porte broke another agreement, and settled that Messrs. L. F—— should have the emery-mine. But soon these greedy Turks, who would never have known that there was such a mine but for the unfortunate English traveller, began to pause and ponder, and take counsel among themselves and with their Armenian seraffs. "If," said they, "these Frank merchants now offer so much money for those stones, it is quite certain that they must be worth a vast deal more. Would it not be better to keep them all to ourselves?" Our friend Mustapha Nouree, the Pasha of Brusa, excited beyond measure by the reports made to him, agreed to take an interest in the mine, and stirred up his powerful friends in the capital. Messrs. L. F—— were *renvoyés;* and it was settled that the pashas should work the emery for account of government, which, in plainer words, meant for ther own account. Mr. Langdon requested to be permitted at least to ship some of the emery which was already dug, and lying near the sea-port. They refused even this permission. They would have nothing more to do with him or Mr. A——, or the Messrs. L. F——; they would be their own emery-miners, and dealers in emery. From that day the emery-mine had been left idle, and utterly useless! Greedy to get it, the pashas—*More Turco*—seemed to have forgotten the mine as soon as they had obtained it. It was said that they were going to work it some day; but during the eleven months that we were in the country, they did nothing with it.

Sad letters came from England from the widow, whose only means of support were thus cut off. Mr. Langdon went to Constantinople and spent money and much time in vain endeavours to get a compensation for himself and the parties originally interested with him. He was a martyr to the backshish persecution. He saw the heads of government, and with the assistance of Mr. Browne, the drogoman of the American Legation, he laid the whole case before several of the grandees. As, most improperly, the question was left as one

purely of American interests, and as the United States had not yet meddled in Turkish affairs, or struck terror to the Porte, which is hardly to be moved except through its fears, Mr. L. could obtain no reparation whatever. He hoped much from the return of Sir Stratford Canning, if the whole case were clearly laid before him, I can answer that the case *was* so laid in a letter addressed to Sir Stratford from Smyrna, on the 8th of July, 1848. I have yet, however, to learn that justice has been done in this striking and affecting case, and I very much fear that political turmoils, and this quarrel of Turkey with Russia, on account of the renegade Bem and his ruffians, may have prevented our ambassador from bestowing on the case the attention it merits and loudly calls for.

Nearly every day afforded us some ocular proof, of more or less importance, that the devotional feelings of the Turks were rapidly on the decline, and yet that their hatred and injustice towards the Christian Rayah subjects were not at all decreasing. In walking through the streets of Constantinople (generally on our way to the house of our good friend Mr. Sang, at Psammatta), we two or three times came upon some Turks, who were beating small drums and playing off a strange masquerade. Some of them were tall young men, wearing white turbans of unusual dimensions, bearing old Turkish shields on their left arms, and carrying and brandishing scimitars in their right hands. They performed a sort of wild war-dance in the street, striking their shields with their swords, and making altogether a terrible clatter. People from some of the Mussulman houses threw them out small coins. We took them for troops of morrice dancers, but were informed that they were collecting money for the annual pilgrimage to Mecca, and that some of the mock warriors intended to go on that holy expedition. The Turks have introduced the fashion of performing the pilgrimage vicariously. In former times a rich and devout Turk would, out of his own single purse, defray the expenses of the long journey, and give a considerable sum to the man that represented him at the tomb of the Prophet, taking credit with heaven for the outlay, and assuming that what was done by his delegate was done by himself and for himself. As they grew poorer, two or three Turks would club together to pay a poor fellow, and make a hadji of him, dividing the spiritual advantages among themselves. As they grew irreligious, the beys and effendis gave up these practices; and it is now-a-days most rarely that Turkish gentlemen of Stamboul have any concern whatever in these pilgrimages. Such hadjis as go from the capital are a set of hungry destitute men, who dance and beg through the streets for the wherewithal; and it not unfrequently happens that some of them, after thus levying contributions, desert the caravan on the first day's march, or go no farther into Asia than to the suburb of Scutari. It was only from the poorest houses that the donation of halfpence and farthings were

made; the Turks of superior condition seemed to regard the dancing hadjis as mere mummers. The substance is gone, but the shadow remains. On the 14th of June a great firing of guns at Constantinople announced the departure for Scutari of the Surrè Emini, or chief of the pilgrims and commander of the caravan, who is annually appointed with great form and ceremony by the Sultan, receiving from that representative of the Caliphs a certain green flag and a round sum of money. The Surrè Emini remained a few days at Scutari that the pilgrims might collect around him, and he then took his departure for the interior of Asia, followed by a motley group of some few scores of ragged desperate vagabonds. We did not see the sight, being engaged elsewhere, but we were assured by some who went over to Scutari that it was a deplorable expedition, far worse this year than the year before, and that for the last fifteen years the pilgrimage to Mecca had been growing more and more a sham, and thinner and meaner. The very few Turks of condition that now go to Mecca shorten the fatigues of the journey by repairing to the coast of Syria or Egypt in steamboats.

By this time the weather was excessively hot in Pera and Galata, so that it was fortunate that our researches carried us frequently to San Stefano, the Princes' Islands, or up the Bosphorus to Bebek, Therapia, or Buyuk-derè, where the heat was tempered by the breezes from the Black Sea. It was also well to be as much as possible out of the way of cholera. In the last-named diplomatic village we were usually the guests of Mr. Carr, who had transferred his quarters thither from San Stefano; but we now and then visited the "Hôtel de l'Empire Ottoman," which was incomparably the best house and the best managed that we found anywhere in Turkey. In cleanliness and comfort, and in moderate charges, it far surpassed any hotel in Pera. It had been fitted up, and was conducted by a smart Piedmontese, who had been for several years maître d'hôtel to the Russian embassy, and who had a very lively "neat-handed" wife, recently arrived from Turin, her native place—at which she very heartily wished herself back. I mention this hotel only for the sake of an illustrative story, related to me and my good friend Mr. Porter, the American consul, by husband and wife. They had recently been involved in serious troubles through the insecurity of the tenure by which Franks hold property in this country. As a clear illustration of that insecurity, and as a refutation of such as pretend that a Christian non-Rayah subject may safely purchase houses and lands, and hold them in the name of some Rayah, the story is certainly worth telling. Added to that of Sotiri Macri of Selyvria, it will give a complete notion of those matters.

Not being allowed by Turkish law to purchase house or land in his own name, the Piedmontese had made the purchase through a

Greek Rayah, in whose name all the deeds and papers ran. This was following the usual course. He took the Greek to be a man he could trust, but after a time he was informed of certain passages of the Greek's history which convinced him that the man was a rogue, and that the hotel and garden at Buyuk-derè would be in jeopardy so long as they stood in his name. There was nothing for the Piedmontese to do but to get a fictitious transfer made out in the name of some other Rayah. This time he chose an Armenian, who may very likely have turned out as great a rogue as the Greek. The transfer of the title deeds had cost him a very large sum—I believe nearly half as much as he had originally paid for the house and garden; and he told us that it would have cost him much more if he had not been well backed by gentlemen belonging to the Russian and Sardinian legations. He himself felt even now that his property was very insecure. "But," said he, "when will any class of Christians be really secure in their property, or left to enjoy the fruits of their honest industry, if the Russians, or some other Christian powers, do not take possession and expel the rotting, dying Turkish government?"*

Having finished my researches, and seen quite as much of the state of Turkey as it was necessary for my purpose to see, I was on the point of engaging a passage to Malta, when I learned to a certainty that Sir Stratford Canning was on his way, and had really reached Athens. I had now for some months given up the faintest notion that that gentleman could promote any of my views, or that an honest man could be of any use in such a country under such a government; but the honour of my acquaintance with Sir Stratford dated twenty years back; in some questions I had been (however

* Among the Princes' Islands we visited Protè, now the seat of a small Protestant Armenian colony converted by the American missionaries. For two days we were the guests of the Rev. J. S. Everett, one of those missionaries, from *all* of whom we received many acts of kindness. I again express my regret that I cannot, in this work, give an account of their labours in the East. Some of them had travelled over every part of the Turkish Empire, and were most thoroughly convinced that that empire was ruined past hope of recovery. At Protè we met the Rev. E. Bliss, who had come down a few days before from Trebizond, his head-quarters for some years. This religious and truthful man described that Pashalik (as many others had done to me) as being in a woful condition. In the sea-port of Trebizond steam-navigation and a slightly increased transit-trade had brought about some little improvement and prosperity; but the busy and prosperous were only the Greeks and other Rayahs, and beyond the town-walls all was oppression, poverty, and squalid misery. The people were living in wretched log-huts. There were no roads; the old paths were worse now than they were when he first went to the Pashalik. Immense tracts of the most beautiful country and most glorious forests were left untouched by plough, or spade, or woodman's axe. It was a country of the "Backwoods" before the first squatters had entered it. *There* they had only just introduced the Tanzimaut, with all its new administrative regulations. As yet there had not been time to judge of its effects, but the Missionaries did not believe that it could work any better than it had done in other parts of the empire, wherein it had been established for years.

weakly or ineffectually) a champion of his policy, and having so long expected to see him, I thought I might well wait a week or two longer. I hoped nothing from him, I had nothing to ask of him; but I believed that I had some things that I might communicate which would be of service both to him and to my country; and setting aside all affectation of modesty and humility, and caring nothing for party taunts and sneers, I do now say, that no candid reader will have accompanied me thus far without feeling that I could make such communications to Sir Stratford.

Though so frequently absent, we had the fortune to be on the spot at the time of the grand conflagration of Pera. It was Saturday the 17th of June. We were dining down in Galata with our friend Mr. W. H———, when a servant entered the room, and said in an unconcerned manner that there was a fire somewhere up above. As this was so common an occurrence, we took no notice of the announcement, but quietly finished our dinner, and took the tchibouques which invariably follow. In another half-hour, however, the servant re-entered, and said that this was a very bad fire! a most terrible fire indeed, that was threatening to burn out all the Christians on this side the water! We took our hats and sticks, and clambered up that horrible hill. The sun was a good hour from his setting; but as we ascended, his face was obscured by dense smoke. As we drew nearer this smoke was almost suffocating, and the air was charged with pungent matter, offensive alike to eyes and nostrils. The fire was as yet confined to a hollow behind the British palace, in the direction of the Greek quarter of St. Dimitri, and people were entertaining the hope that by knocking down some houses the Turkish firemen would stop it there. Vain hope! The Turks did nothing, or nothing in time and in the right way; the evening breeze freshened, blowing from the Propontis, and carrying the flames towards the most densely inhabited parts of Pera. Then there was wild alarm, and the scene became truly terrific: the sun went down, and a sea of fire and flame showed itself through the thick smoke; the sick and bed-ridden were hurriedly brought out of their houses on men's shoulders, to be deposited, for the most part, among the tombstones of the cemeteries; men, women, and children were screaming and running wildly about, attempting to save their household goods from the rapidly advancing conflagration.

On reaching the edge of the fire we found three or four miserable little machines, with little more force than a good garden-engine, playing upon it; and this very useless operation was soon suspended for want of water. We retreated from house to house and from street to street as the flames advanced. We remained in the house of Mr. Brown of the United States Legation until the fire caught next door; the valuables and some of the household furniture were

pretty well removed before we withdrew: we never thought the house could escape; but to the astonishment of most people, it was not burned this time. At about 9 o'clock the conflagration was truly tremendous: except the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in October, 1822, I never saw (in a scene where fire was the main element) so sublime and terrific a sight. But though strongly tempted, I must resist scenic description. The great pashas now began to arrive with a battalion of the imperial guard; but for all the good they did, they might as well have remained in their konacks and barracks. The soldiers stumbled about the rough streets with their muskets carried horizontally on their shoulders, and with their fixed bayonets level with people's faces and eyes, so that in the crowd there was a great chance of getting wounded by them. Instead of clearing the narrow streets for the passage of those who were trying to save their goods, or were bringing up water, they blocked up the way, thus increasing the confusion and causing a loss of time. Some of the pashas remained on horseback, surrounded by a host of idling attendants, and gazed on the flames, and did or ordered just nothing; others alighted and seated themselves on stools, at a respectful distance, as if to enjoy the spectacle at their ease; and others standing at the corners of streets were issuing the most ridiculous or the most contradictory orders. It really appeared as though they wished the conflagration to spread. Some there were—as well Franks as Greeks—who vowed that this was their intention. "They are now afraid of these revolutions in Christendom," said they, "and they want to strike terror and reduce all the Christians here to a helpless condition!" At least half a dozen times I would have undertaken with a score of London firemen, or of English sailors—the best of all firemen—to check the progress of the flames, by pulling down a few rotten wooden houses, and making a void space. An Ionian Greek proposed this process to the Sultan's brother-in-law, Mehemet Ali Pasha, who was among the idlest of those dignitaries. As the flames approached this Greek's house, as no help was afforded either by knocking down an adjoining hovel, or by setting a fire-engine at work, as he saw that no aid would be lent him, *because* he had not money to pay for it, he raised his voice, and asked Mehemet Ali whether he was to stand there and see his house burned to the ground. Instead of commiserating the poor fellow, the Pasha called him by a most opprobrious name, upon which the Ionian drew a pistol and discharged it at him. Had the Greek's pistol been better, or his nerves steadier, there would in all probability have been one villain the less that night in Turkey; but the Pasha escaped uninjured, and the Greek, being first nearly killed by the Pasha's retainers, was whirled down to the horrible Bagnio.

Of all the pashas assembled—and by 11 o'clock they seemed *all*

to be there—the only one that we saw really bestirring himself and acting with sense as well as energy, and as if he wished the fire to cease and not to continue, was Reshid's rival, the much-decried Riza Pasha. He was on foot, with a strong stick in his hand, running about with the firemen, and showing them where to apply and how to use their long fire-hooks. If he had taken the field a little earlier he might have stopped the incendium, by pulling down a few paltry houses. It was now too late: the breeze had increased, the Fire King had clomb the hill, had reached the plateau of Pera, and was striding across the main street which leads from the Galata Serai to the great cemetery. Though very weak and bad, there were by this time a good many fire engines (all portable) collected;* but the water had to be brought up to the hill-top in skins on the backs of horses, asses, mules, and men, and of this slow and scanty supply, more than half appeared to be lost before reaching the scene of action.

About midnight, when I really expected nothing less than the entire destruction of Pera, we went to our quarters to pack up our portmanteaux and books. At the end of our lane we met a great number of Turkish women, streaming up from Kassim Pasha, the other regions near the arsenal, and all the lower part of the Petit Champ des Morts. They were gesticulating, cursing the Christians in no very subdued voice, and rejoicing at the vast destruction of property, although many of the houses that were burning belonged to their own people. "The ghiaours, the kupeks, the pezavenks," said they, "see how they are running! They have built over our heads! They have thrust out the Mussulman dwellers! They have made a ghiaour city here! May it all burn! burn!" and observing that we and some Frank ladies, from their windows, were looking at them and catching their words, they clapped their skinny stained hands, and hissed at us like a flock of irate geese. Our sitting-room, our bed-room, and every part of Tonco's house from kitchen to garret, were crowded with Frank ladies and children, who had been burned out of house and home, and some of whom had escaped with little more than the clothes on their backs. There was no staying there; so, after packing up our loose clothes and books, we returned to the grand spectacle. We passed the houses of two of the American missionaries, where we had been visiting a few evenings before, and found them all of a blaze. We stayed in a large double house occupied by two other of those missionaries, (Mr. Everett and the excellent old Mr. Goodell), watching the progress of the conflagration, until the glass of the windows was so hot that we could not bear a

* The steep hills, deep gullies, narrow streets and crooked lanes would not allow of the passage of anything like a London fire-engine. These Constantinople engines are carried on men's shoulders.

finger upon them, and until the roof was set on fire by embers wafted through the air by the wind. This house too had an almost miraculous escape, for, although the roof was partly in flames when we left it, it was not destroyed. Being dried by the hot summer sun these wooden houses caught like tinder. In several places, at considerable distances from the advancing front line of the flames, we saw houses take fire at the roof and be all in a blaze in a few minutes; some ignited fragments had fallen upon them. In beating a retreat from this missionary-house, we saw in a very narrow lane that other brother-in-law of the Sultan, Achmet Fethi Pashà, who was so very fat, and riding so fat a horse, that it seemed problematical whether he would ever get through the narrowest part. At other points we found people imploring the firemen and pumpmen to save their houses, and bargaining with them for the money they were to pay. The rogues on duty would do nothing without cash in hand; those who paid most got their services; the poor man who could give only 100 piastres, was left for the richer man who could pay 1000. Not a service was rendered without previous bargain and previous payment. The Turks were coining money at this fire! In several cases, where liberal sums were paid, we saw engines concentrated, and a respectable house saved, though apparently in the midst of the flames. The poor had no chance: nobody would listen to them, and if they became importunate they got abuse or a beating. The scenes I witnessed with my own eyes this night, capped my observations on Turkey; but I saw nothing that was new to the country, nothing but was strictly according to established usage. Such a grand fire was not very frequent; but at every fire the functionaries salaried by the State would do nothing for the poor man that could not pay them. As the Ionian Greek had, in all probability, previous experience of these facts, it was almost pardonable—when additionally provoked by the horrible epithet—that he should have shot at Mehemet Ali Pasha.

Moving from place to place, and witnessing more compounds of rascality, stupidity, and woe, we remained abroad until 3 o'clock in the morning; and then, worn out with fatigue, we went home, and stretched ourselves on one of Tonco's hard divans.

About 4 in the morning, as the Fire King, after descending the reverse of the hill towards the Bosphorus, and consuming every thing on his path, was approaching Tophana, and the artillery barracks, and a great depôt of gunpowder, his steps were arrested. Some said that this halt was caused by a broad gap, and by the cessation of the wind which could not well reach that hollow; others said, that seeing how nearly he was approaching Tophana, the Pashas gathering together opined that he had gone far enough, and ought to be stopped, and did then resort to measures which effectually

stopped the devourer. Counting of all sizes and qualities, nearly 2000 houses had been so completely consumed, that absolutely nothing was left to show where they had been except heaps of pungent ashes, and here and there a calcined stone-wall or stack of chimneys built of stone and brick.

That Sunday morning, after walking over the desolated space, extending nearly from the Golden Horn to the Bosphorus—a space which had been covered and crammed yesterday morning with human habitations, of wood and poor enough, and for the most part filthy, but still the abodes of men—we had in our spared quarters a fearful summing up of accounts and losses. Old Angelo, a knowing Venetian, and a great friend or gossip of our host, came in. "Well," said Tonco, "are you *brucciato?*" "No," said Angelo, "but it cost me 4000 piastres to save my house, and I am pretty sure that one of the *canaglia* of pashas got half of my money!"

At the very next appearance of the 'Journal de Constantinople,' those truth-telling people who wrote in it proclaimed to the world that nothing could exceed the zeal, skill, courage, and activity of all the pashas who had *assisted* at the lamentable conflagration!

As houses are never insured in Turkey, and as under the circumstances nobody would insure them except at an enormous rate, the losses of individuals in a combustion like this must have amounted to a portentous sum and have occasioned a vast amount of private distress and misery. It is counted that the average longevity of a house up in Pera is only between six and seven years, and hence the enormous rent that one is obliged to pay for the merest baraque. Some of our friends congratulated us on having enjoyed this *magnifique spectacle* just before leaving the country, assuring us that so grand a fire had not been seen for many years! Our facetious but right-hearted Hibernian friend Lieutenant G——, who had passed the night of the fire in standing sentinel over the goods and chattels carried out of the house of Mr. R—— to the smaller burying-ground, said it was a wonderful thing to think of what an auto-da-fé there must have been of bugs and fleas in those two thousand wooden houses!

In former times, whenever fires became very frequent, they were taken as signs and demonstrations of popular disaffection or discontent. In 1828, when I saw not a few of them, they were set down to the account and malice of the friends of the janizaries who had been rooted out in 1826, Who are the disaffected now? Or who kindles these incessant fires? Making every allowance for the careless habits of the people and the combustible materials with which their houses are built, it is yet difficult to conceive that all these conflagrations proceed from mere accident. In this fire at Pera, and in others about which I made diligent inquiry, the fire broke out in poor Turkish houses. They had been increasing in frequency in propor-

tion with the augmentation of poverty and brooding discontent. Within seventeen days there were three more fires.*

On Saturday, the 24th of June, being at the village of Bebek, on the Bosphorus, enjoying the hospitality of some of the American missionaries and our English friends J. R. and E. G., we saw pass at an early hour of the morning the British war-steamer "Antelope," having on board our long and anxiously expected ambassador, who landed at Therapia. For months all English affairs had been at a standstill, and many serious inconveniences had been felt by such as had affairs to settle with the Turkish government. Sir Stratford Canning—a name never to be mentioned by me without respect—was in nowise to be blamed for this. He had not, like Lord Palmerston's brother, the Honourable William Temple, at Naples, taken a long leave of absence and kept himself from his highly paid post in a season of difficulty or crisis. He had left Constantinople in the summer of 1846, with the intention of never more returning to that country. He had, in fact, relinquished his embassy. But, as he says himself, he seems to be bound by a destiny to Turkey. This was the fourth time between 1814 and 1846 that he had left the country with the intention of not returning. In the winter of 1847, beset by the entreaties of the friends of Reshid Pasha, and yielding to the instances of Viscount Palmerston, he reluctantly agreed to go back once more. He was told that he alone was competent to the management of the reforming Turks, and that if he did not return, Reshid must fall, and the reform be blown to the winds. I know his reluctance, as well as some domestic reasons, which rendered this new appointment to the Ottoman Porte almost an act of cruelty. Sir Stratford was entitled to a better embassy, and he ought to have had it. On his own account I regret that he was not appointed to a more civilized and happier country; and I fear that there may be (if there have not already been) good reasons for regretting, on public and national grounds, that he should ever have been forced back to Constantinople. In the autumn of 1847, when he was ready to take his departure for the East, our Minister for Foreign Affairs found other work for him; and, in a series of harassing, ill-timed, and unpromising missions, much misused this valuable public servant. Sir Stratford arrived at Berne just in time to witness the triumph of the ultra-democratic faction in Switzerland, and to dine

* After our departure matters did not mend. The following is an extract from the letter of a very old friend, dated Pera, Constantinople, September 25th, 184[illegible]: —"Fires have been the order of the day since you left. The whole of Pera is now a heap of ruins, and nothing but chimneys are seen standing to mark small allotments of ground. The last fire finished Pera from the quarter where you remember it stopped in June, up to our house down Frank-street, round the four corners, behind the Russian Chancery, on to the small burying-ground, all has disappeared. Our house has not been burned down, although it took fire three times, and made me turn out with bag and baggage."

and exchange compliments *di obbligo* with the demagogues who had made a revolution destructive for many years to come of the repose and happiness of Switzerland.* He reached Vienna when Count Fiquelmont, shrinking from bloodshed and civil war, had yielded to the mad democrats, professors and students of that capital, and when, to most men, the ancient House of Austria seemed really threatened with dissolution. His arrival in other cities of Germany took place at equally disastrous junctures; and he had to witness, and at times to congratulate, principles and men whose course he considered as destructive of society, and to watch the march of revolutionism, without the power of doing any thing to check its headlong speed. This had occupied him many months; and when all this was over, he had to call at Athens on his way to Constantinople, and there witness another scene of intrigue, faction, confusion, and almost anarchy, being, in the main, the fruits of that constitution, for which the country was unfit, that had been forced upon King Otho by a military revolt and English diplomacy. Sir Stratford has not a little of the excitability and poetical temperament of his cousin, Mr. George Canning; but a more phlegmatic man might have been reasonably expected to be disturbed by such eccentric missions and such exhibitions of disorder and violence. I saw him on Sunday the 25th of

* Sir Stratford has been singularly unfortunate in his efforts to promote toleration and religious liberty. In Turkey those efforts were followed by the barbarous persecution of the poor Albanians of Scopia. In Switzerland they failed of effect. When we were passing through Lausanne, in September, 1848, the dominant and intolerant faction were seizing quiet Protestant ministers in the streets or in their houses, and hurrying them off into exile. Persecution was raging all through the Pays de Vaud. At Geneva, at Neufchâtel, matters were not better. It is a clergyman of the Church of England that has written what follows:—

"The great ends proposed by the late campaign, the expulsion of the Jesuits and the subversion of the Sonderbund-governments, were to give peace to the country, and to extend and fix the principles of liberty on a sound and firm basis. Have these ends been promoted, even to a certain measure? Are the cantons generally enjoying a state of peace and tranquillity; and have the interests of civil and religious liberty really advanced?—The daily occurrences supply a painful and negative answer to these questions. As yet there are no indications of that spirit of moderation, that decree of amnesty, and those measures of conciliation which have been promised to Sir Stratford Canning, to be acted upon. On the contrary, there appears a growing disposition to rule by the law of persecution. Thus, the liberty of the press—one of the greatest privileges and marks of a free country and a free people—can scarcely be said to be tolerated any more in the country; when every free expression of opinion differing from that of the ruling party is immediately crushed and persecuted. In the Canton de Vaud religious liberty has been entirely put down. In that state a legislative measure has lately been adopted, by a majority of 64 to 88 votes, for the complete subversion of all religious worship not in connexion with the National Church. The avowed object of this measure is to extinguish all Protestant sects, who are now as much the object of persecution as the Jesuits were afore. A strange spectacle is thus presented to the civilized world by the purest Protestant democracy in Europe—that of putting in force a law against Protestants little less intolerant than the revocation of the Edict of Nantes!"—"Note-Book of the late Civil War in Switzerland, by the Rev. M. J. Mayers, M. A., Vicar of Langham Episcopi, Norfolk." London, 1848.

June, the day after his arrival, and again on the following morning. He was too much excited to pay any great attention to the reports I had to make him. He thought that the greater part of the empire was in a deplorable situation; he could not see how the Government was to get through its financial difficulties; but, weak or strong, rich or poor, the integrity of the empire must be maintained; and, in alliance with France, we must support Turkey against her encroaching neighbour, whose *occupation* (*jointly with the Turks*) of the Danubian Principalities was an alarming incident. When that which (by men who respect him less than I do) is called his Russio-phobia obtained the mastery over him, there was nothing to say to Sir Stratford, and nothing to do but to sit still and listen with such patience as one could command. Dreading, as I did, the effects of an alliance with France re-revolutionized against Russia and our old ally Austria, and feelings as I did that before we pledged ourselves to support Turkey we ought to be fully aware of the condition and nature of what we were to support, and accurately informed as to the faculty of Turkey to help herself, and as to the amount of the assistance and sacrifices she would require from us, I endeavoured to turn the conversation into those channels. Sir Stratford had not seen the country with his own eyes: except one excursion to Brusa, he had seen little but the Bosphorus and the country which lies between Therapia and Constantinople, and between the capital and the village of San Stefano: he had been absent two years, during which he had been indulging in the hope that both the Rayah and Mussulman populations had been advancing under the rule of Reshid Pasha and the Tanzimaut or reform system. From Mr. Layard, and other competent English travellers, he had received faithful and startling reports of the horrible condition of the remoter Asiatic provinces; but these had been presented a long time ago—or a long time with respect to a country where the progress of ruin and desolation is so rapid. I wished to tell him of the things I had seen in the two near and best Pashaliks of the Empire; of the observations I had made but as yesterday, and of certain investigations which nobody before me had made at all. But Sir Stratford, though assenting to my propositions, was far too much excited to listen to details; and when, with reference to the astounding revolutions of Christendom, he began to talk of the Fate or Destiny of the Greek tragedians, I thought it time to take my leave.

I saw him for the third and last time at Therapia on the 4th of July, when I did not find that his excitement had at all abated. I laid before him the case of Sotiri Macri, at Selyvria, in which he seemed to say he could do nothing; I told him the story of the Sultan's Model Farm; I related the sad, demoralized condition of the English colony at Macri-keui, which certainly called for some atten-

tion; and I touched lightly upon some other subjects in which the welfare of Englishmen and the credit of Reshid Pasha's government were deeply concerned. Sir Stratford still clung to the idea that Reshid, if not a paragon of honesty, was the honestest minister to be found in Turkey. He again seemed to believe that Turkey was really in the path of regeneration, and that the discontents of the Rayah population were not quite so universal or so violent as they had been represented. His head was still full of the Tsar Nicholas and the Russian conquests, and he was in a flurry of business and correspondence. On taking leave he said, "Well, you will go home and tell the truth." I assured him that, come what would of it, I should do so. I have now done it. *Liberavi animam meam.*

I have shown no stint or coolness in the praises I have bestowed on this distinguished diplomatist, and to which he is fairly, and by universal consent, entitled. But my respect for Sir Stratford—a respect founded on a knowledge of his character, his many eminent, generous qualities, his intolerance of cruelty, injustice, and oppression; his straightforwardness, his feeling and charitable disposition; his love of literature, arts, and antiquities, with his constant readiness to promote them—neither can nor ought to render me insensible to the national mischiefs which may result from his present mission. High minded as he is, he cannot forget certain passages in his antecedent career. The facts, though seldom alluded to now-a-days, were of public and of European notoriety, and must be perfectly well remembered by those who pay any attention to diplomatic history. In 1832 Sir Stratford Canning was appointed to represent His Majesty William IV. at the Court of St. Petersburgh. His credentials were made out and were in his portfolio, his appointment was communicated with the usual forms and etiquette to the Emperor Nicholas, and that sovereign refused to receive him as ambassador. I can remember only one precedent of a similar refusal of a British ambassador or minister by a friendly power. The Tzar's conduct excited much astonishment and animadversion, but he resolutely maintained his determination; Sir Stratford was obliged to let his credentials sleep in his portfolio, and after a time—Russia being too formidable to be bullied— the Whig government appointed another ambassador to St. Petersburgh. To Sir Stratford the mortification was in every way great: the road to diplomatic promotion and to the embassy at Paris lay through St. Petersburgh, and by the fiat of the Tzar that road was stopped to him. Surely these reminiscences are not calculated to qualify a diplomstist for difficult or embarrassing or temper-trying negotiations in which Russia is a principal party.

The Turks who had been so dismayed at the first explosions of the revolutionary volcanoes in Christendom, had been gradually

changing their tone and demeanour, and there was a further and very noticeable change after the arrival of Sir Stratford. Their ignorance and presumption were wrought upon by Count ——, and other homeless, desperate, intriguing, restless Poles, who were incessantly repeating that it was all up with Austria, that Poland would rise once more, and that Russia herself would be revolutionized. A protégé of Reshid Pasha confidently assured me that reformed Turkey must gain independence, power, and greatness; that universal liberty and happiness were to come out pure and bright from the revolutionary cauldron; that civilization had taken a fresh start, or had had a new birth at Paris in the month of February, and that we should soon have a new and a blessed world. The Turks of this school rejoiced at the news of Charles Albert having crossed the Mincio with an army of 40,000 men, and would not listen to any doubt as to his final success; they chuckled at every disaster which befell the Austrians, and at the first blush of the troubles in Hungary and Transylvania some of them talked of joining the Magyars, of regaining through their means all the territories they had lost to the House of Hapsburgh, and of regaining in Hungary the ascendancy they had enjoyed in the days of Suleiman the Magnificent. It was now in vain to tell these men that the dismemberment or weakening of the Austrian Empire would leave Turkey open to Russia, or that, at least, for the last half century Austria had been the best bulwark of the Ottoman dominions, and one of the very best friends of the Turkish dynasty. The majority of the Turks, however, seemed still to be strongly impressed with the belief that their only chance of safety consisted in their remaining perfectly quiet.

On Monday, the 29th of May, General Aupick, as minister of the French Republic, arrived at the Golden Horn in a French Government steamer; but he did not land, as the Turks would not salute his flag or formally receive him. This, we were told, was all owing to Baron Titoff, the Russian ambassador. The Frank *patriots* of Pera and Galata (a rabble of all nations) talked of mobbing the Baron's house, but thought better of it. Some said that General Aupick, indignant at the insult offered to the Grand République, would take his departure, and would soon reappear with a French fleet to bombard Stamboul. Others said that Sarim Pasha, late Finance Minister, and now for a few weeks Grand Vizier, must have gone stark, staring mad, or have taken some enormous bribe from Russia. On the following day, somewhat to my astonishment, the salute and formal reception being still withheld, General Aupick landed, delivered an address to the French subjects, and then went quietly up the Bosphorus to the French palace at Therapia, where he remained most quietly, and without showing his flag, until the arrival of Sir Stratford Canning. On the evening after our ambas-

sador's landing at Therapia, we learned that General Aupick was to be received with all state and etiquette, and that his republic was to be formally recognized by the Porte. A few days after this, on descending the Bosphorus from Buyuk-derè, we saw the flag of the French Republic flying close to the British flag, the houses of General Aupick and Sir Stratford being on the same quay at Therapia, and only a few hundred feet from each other; and we were told that the General had had his audience of the Porte, and was maintaining the most amicable and closest relations with Sir Stratford. That evening at Pera a Frenchman assured us that England had put herself in the wake of France, and could not do otherwise. The outcry against Austria and Russia now became louder than ever; Reshid Pasha's men resumed their strut and confidence, and even Turks of a different school now opined that there was not very much to fear from a war with Russia and Austria, *if* the French and English would *only* fight their battles for them, and supply them with armies, fleets, arms, ammunition, and the grand *sine quâ non*, money.

And, in effect, if a war is to be provoked, the Turks will require all these things, and a *great* many more.

Would France or could she—in the present embarrassed state of her finances—undertake with England to bear her fair portion of these enormous charges? Would any House of Commons vote even our share? Is our national prosperity so great at the close of this year, 1849, that we can calmly contemplate incurring in 1850 enormous expenses and the risk of universal war for the sake of an expiring un-Christian people, or the maintenance of a decripid, demoralized, abominable government? "*Puzza al naso d' ognuno questo barbaro dominio.*"*

In rushing into a war against all our old alies, can we rely upon our single new ally, France? Or will France enter upon such a war with faith and full confidence in England? The notion that Russia is the natural ally of France did not originate with M. Lamartine and the February Revolution; it dates many years back, and it is not confined to the romancing historian and poetical politician and his school. Other loud-tongued and stirring Frenchmen entertain at this moment, as a capital point of political faith, that France has more to gain from a close alliance with the great power of the North than from any other league and combination; that by such an alliance Austria, Prussia, and all the minor powers of the European Continent would be crushed, and there would remain only two nations in Europe, France and Russia, England being "cast off as a mere satellite in

* Machiavelli.

the ocean!" * By the scheme of this alliance Russia is or was to have Constantinople, the Black Sea, the Propontis, the Dardanelles, and the Adriatic; and the French to hold Spain, Italy, Belgium, the Rhine, and nearly all Germany. In a country where revolution is not yet over, and absolutely nothing fixed, a sudden change may happen likely to bring into temporary power men quite capable of attempting to realize this gigantic, remorseless, and perhaps *mad* scheme. The condition of France alone is an obstacle and a warning against any alliance with her, and ought to be decisive of the question. On the other side, the French are very generally disposed to regard with distrust and suspicion our views and objects: many of their journalists and other writers are affirming at this moment that we are only looking to our own commercial interests and territorial aggrandizement; that we have an eye on Egypt as a necessary link in the chain which connects us with India; that we are hungering after Candia and Cyprus, and all the rich and fertile islands of the Archipelago; that the heat and impetuosity of Sir Stratford Canning against Russia have carried General Aupick much farther than he ever ought to have gone; and that, finally, if, for the sake of Turkey and the renegade Bem, England involves France in a war, she will be sure to leave her in the lurch, and make most advantageous terms for herself with Russia.

The French fleet has been sent towards the Dardanelles only to watch the fleet of Sir William Parker. If our fleet had not gone to the Straits, most assuredly the French would never have moved in that direction; and while we have been blustering within that passage, which is closed by treaties to which we are a party, to all the fleets of the world, the French, with far more decorum and dignity, have kept themselves at a distance at Vourlà, in the gulf of Smyrna, And why all this blustering? In the bay of Naples, where terror was to be struck into the hearts of a king and a queen, a royal family, and all who were friends to order and foes to anarchy, Sir William Parker, had, in 1848, an open field and good practice in bullying; but who is to be bullied now in the Dardanelles? At the season in which our fleet repaired thither, no invasion could be attempted or any movement made by Russia upon Turkey. The horrible tracks of the country were all impassable, the snow lay deep on Mount Hæmus, the winter tempests of the Euxine were commencing, and soon the embouchures of rivers and the Russian ports on that sea would be blocked up by thick-ribbed ice; which would not dissolve until the end of March.

* The last are Lamartine's own words.

"The Russian alliance," says this poet, "is the cry of nature; it is the revelation of geography; it is the alliance of war, for the eventualities of the future, to the two *great* races."—*Histoire de la Révolution de* 1848.

I know that Russia has received insults difficult to be borne by a mighty power when proceeding from so very weak, un-Christian, and wretched a country as Turkey; I am aware of the almost irresistible temptation which has been offered to the Emperor Nicholas for many years—three-fourths of the population of European Turkey (the Christians) praying for his coming, and the other fourth (the Turks) having no means or heart to withstand him—but I am not aware that the Tzar contemplates any invasion; I only know of a certainty that he cannot invade *now* or for months to come. If in this question of extradition he were only seeking grounds and pretexts for a war, he would have remained perfectly quiet until the month of May, 1850, when he could have followed up his menaces with immediate action, and have been across the Balkan and under the crumbling walls of Constantinople in a few weeks. The course pursued by the Emperor should really seem to indicate that he contemplated no invasion or hostility whatsoever. But this is to be considered—the force which fled after the rout of Arad with Bem and Kossuth was so desperate and so numerous, that it could not safely be left on the frontiers of a country which they had recently made the scene of a most destructive and remorseless civil war; and for the sake of Hungary and his ally the Emperor of Austria, the Tzar must have called for the removal of those firebrands at the time he did, even though his demands might agitate Europe and provoke and put on their guard the powers disposed to protect the Sultan, thus depriving Russia of the advantages to be derived from an unexpected coup-de-main. The Tzar may yet contemplate an invasion of this expiring empire; I do not know that he does, nor do I believe that others in England have more knowlege on this point than I have; I only know that the temptation is irresistible, and the long forbearance shown by Nicholas a marvellous thing in history.

No one who looks forward to the great event, the breaking up of the Ottoman Empire, as a blessing to humanity and civilization, contemplates for one moment that Russia is to possess all those unpeopled, but vast, productive, rich, and beautiful regions. The distribution must and *will*, at some not distant day, be left to the decision of some Congress of *all* Christendom. If such a Congress could be settled without being preceded by the horrors of a warfare among the Christian powers, the advantage would be unalloyed and the blessing complete. Wage war as you will, it must come to this at last—a Congress, and the expulsion of the Turks, as a governing power, from Europe and the greater part of Asia Minor. If the world is now so unsettled, and if we all aim at a settlement, and one which shall be enduring, we must come to a decision on the Turkish question *now*. If it is left undecided, our settlement will be most incomplete, Tur-

key will be a standing *casus belli*, exposing every year the peace of Christendom to a sudden interruption.*

The Turks themselves seem generally to be convinced that their final hour is approaching—"We are no longer Mussulmans—the Mussuluan sabre is broken—the Osmanlees will be driven out of Europe by the ghiaours, and driven through Asis to the regions from which they first sprung. It is *kizmet!* We cannot resist Destiny!" I heard words to this effect from many Turks, as well in Asia as in Europe; and the like were heard by Bishop Southgate in many and remote parts of the Empire. Some consoled themselves with the dream of a very strange millennium:—after a long series of years, an entire abasement of the Mussulman creed and of Mussulman peoples, Jesus the Great Prophet would return to earth, gather up the scattered fragments of the believers of Mahomet, reanimate their faith and their ancient valour, and give them, until the world's end, dominion over all the earth; with one religion and one unbroken, undisturbed peace and happiness.

This belief was startling. I repeatedly asked whether it was not the return of Mahomet that they looked for? but I was as constantly told that it was not Mahomet, but Jesus—the Jesus worshipped by the Christians—whom they expected in the fulness of time to complete the great scheme which Mahomet had only begun.

I can conceive and hope that, at no great distance of time, some Christian missionary, perhaps some gifted youth now in training in the Church of England Missionary College of St. Augustine's, near to the restored walls of which I write these lines, may avail himself of this remarkable belief and turn it to the spiritual advantage of those who entertain it. The Turkish government once broken up, I do not believe that the conversion of the poor Turks to Christianity would be a work of very great difficulty.

At the close of a work which may have already been found too long, I can indulge in no more observations or speculations. I can do little more than request serious attention to the facts I have collected as illustrative of the condition of the army, the navy, the government, and the people, or peoples at large, and to conjure those who can influence national parliaments and executive councils to reflect what they do before they draw the sword for a decreasing, perishing people like the Turks, who are themselves convinced that nothing can now save them. In Europe they are a minority, disaffected towards the Government, and divided among themselves: lurking discontent or open insurrection is nearly everywhere a-foot. Take

* The passages in the text were written in the month of November, 1849. I do not consider it necessary either to alter them, or to add to them. Whatever may become of Bem the renegade and his associates signifies nothing to my arguments. That quarrel is not yet settled.

the map of the Empire. The fierce Albanians are ready for fresh revolt; the equally fierce Bosniaks are actually in revolt at this moment; the dogged Bulgarians, brooding over the Turkish atrocities of 1841, are ready or eager for another insurrection; the Greek Rayahs, who so far outnumber them in Europe, are burning with an unquenchable hatred of the Osmanlees; a desultory civil war rages in Mount Lebanon; the whole of Syria is notoriously disaffected; there is, or lately has been, another war in the island of Samos, only a short distance from Smyrna, the first city of the Asiatic dominions; the Kurds, who may be called the only warlike people inhabiting that part of the Empire, can neither be governed by force nor reconciled by gentle measures, but are turbulent, lawless, and looking for another Bedr-Khan-Bey and a fresh struggle to secure their independence; and then—the most decisive, most fatal symptom of all!—from one end of the immense Empire to the other, all heart has been taken out of the dwindling, fastly disappearing, Turkish population, while many of that race lying near one of the Asiatic frontiers of Russia have long been publicly proclaiming that they will welcome the Russians and return to Christianity, the religion of their forefathers, so soon as the Russians come.

On the evening of the 4th of July we gladly took our last leave of Pera and Constantinople.

On the morning of the 5th we were steaming down the beautiful Propontis, and fast approaching the Hellespont. Though I trust I have not lost my keen relish of them, I had not quitted my home and come to Turkey for beautiful and classical scenes. Any reasonable thinking man, drawing near to his fiftieth year, requires something more than scenery, however fair and glorious it may be. Of that we had had a rich feast; but what else had been offered to us, but spectacles of misery, oppression, monstrous folly, and revolting crime? What had we seen but an empire in dissolution?

We reached Smyrna on the 6th of July, at 3 P.M., and at once transferred ourselves to the pleasant, right comfortable, little villa of my dear old friend Langdon, at Boudjà. We spent four days between that village and the town of Smyrna, where I followed up a few inquiries into the state of agriculture and other matters, and where we were hospitably entertained by that true-hearted English merchant R———.

On Monday evening the 10th of July, 1848, we re-embarked, and took our final leave of the territories of Sultan Abdul Medjid.

THE END.