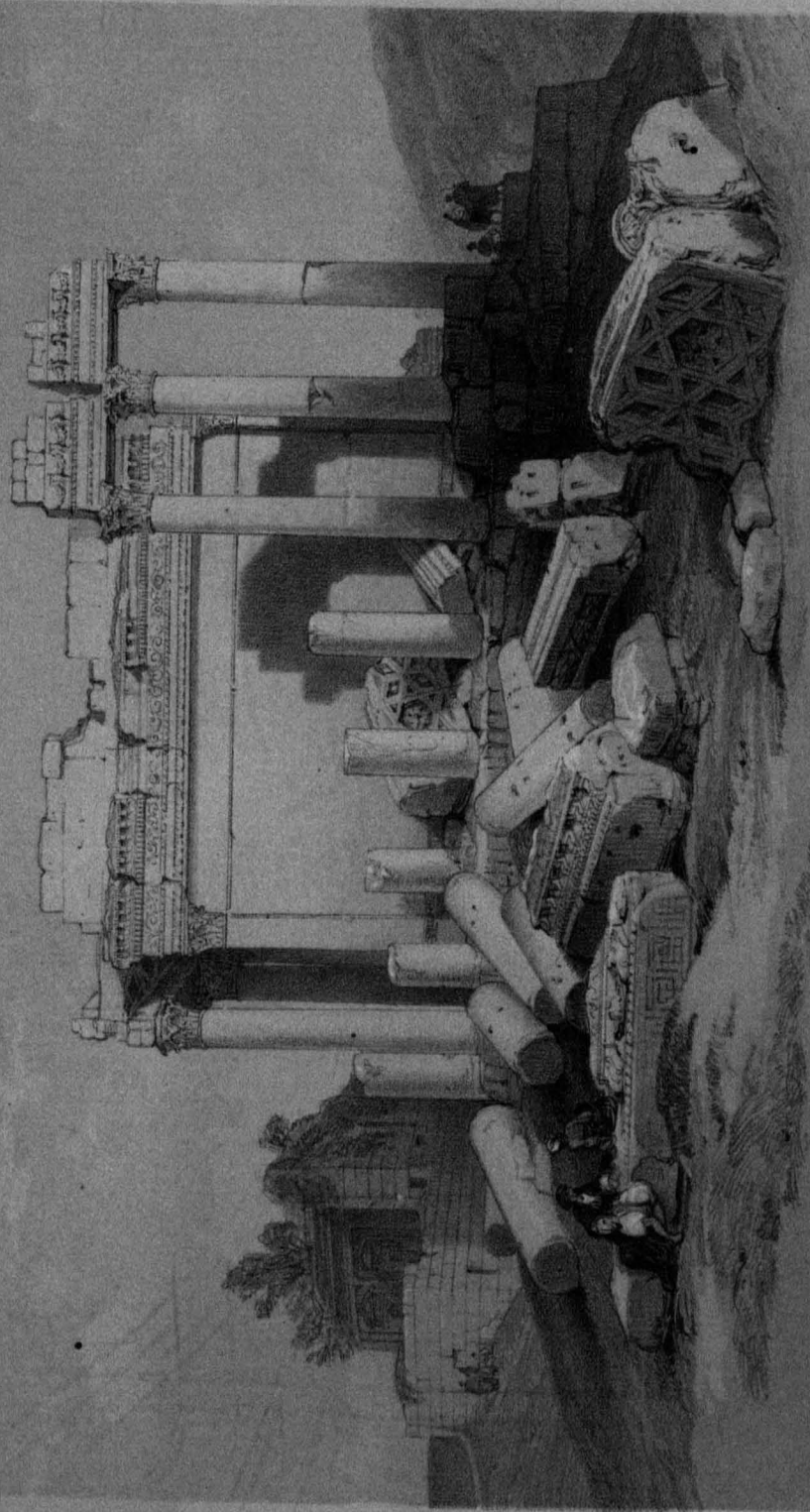


we had before so much admired. Following the winding and fertile banks of the Barrada, we passed the charming village of Ein Fijji, and soon came to a magnificent rocky glen, through which the stream dashes with tremendous force; and at one peculiarly romantic spot—Khan Souk (Khan of the Market)—forms a beautiful cascade, divided into rapid torrents, whose feathery spray has a grand effect in the bright sunshine. A picturesque little bridge here spans the river; and in the overhanging rocks are several excavated tombs, adorned with sculpture, and most difficult of access. At six o'clock we reached Zebdani, near the source of the Barrada, where Mr. Wood has a handsome summer residence. The baggage mules had not then arrived, and Vincenzo advised our remaining all night in a house, which he knew by experience to be cleaner and better built than the generality of Syrian dwellings. The room we occupy is of tolerable size, divided about two thirds of the way down the centre; and now that our tent furniture is arranged, it looks really comfortable. The women of the house gave us some bread made up with spinach and butter into flat loaves, and rather good when quite fresh.

Monday, April 10th. We had a good night's rest, which speaks volumes for the cleanliness of our entertainers! Zebdani is a very pretty hamlet, and lies on an elevated plain, surrounded by lofty hills, and in the midst of fields and gardens. The weather is delightful; and although this spring may be considered a late season, we certainly find no lack of verdure. Our route this day has been even more than usually agreeable and varied. We have passed along the banks of streams gentle and fast flowing; have seen many a foaming torrent; mountains barren and cultivated; waste ground and well tilled valleys; vineyards in abundance; grassy wooded knolls and rugged cliffs, alternating with tracts of deep snow. We met fine flocks of sheep and droves of cattle; heard the familiar note of the cuckoo; and sheltered by a high rock, we

lunched near a bridge over a rapid stream. Mount Hermon, upon whose summit the snow never melts, is always in our view. From a limestone ridge of Anti Lebanon we first descried the ruins of Baalbec, the effect of which as we descended the slope was exceedingly imposing. Our tents are pitched near a gently flowing river, and within a hundred yards of the famous Temple of the Sun! Women and children follow us with good-humoured curiosity, and seem pleased if we notice them occasionally. In the evening our camp was invaded by a party of females—most of whom were extremely pretty—dressed in their best attire, and wearing handsome gold ornaments. We are fortunate in seeing Baalbec by moonlight.

Tuesday, April 11th. A whole legion of croaking frogs was unable to prevent our sleeping soundly after the fatigue of yesterday's journey; and this morning we had the pleasure of beholding those ancient walls and columns richly illumined by the golden rays of earliest sunlight. I will not presume to attempt any detailed description of this stupendous group of ruined edifices, regarding whose history so little has hitherto been clearly ascertained; but simply state that immediately after breakfast we procured an experienced guide, and went first to a small Roman temple, originally of circular form, with an exterior octagon cornice supported by columns, and of which half only is entire. Thence to the Mosque of Saláh e' deen—one of the traditionary burial places of that celebrated warrior, whose tomb is likewise shown at Damascus. The rows of pointed arches are still in wonderful preservation. We sat down upon a prostrate column of porphyry, and were soon followed to our retreat by a party of women and children. An infant, scarcely two years old, had anklets of silver with tiny bells attached to them, and wore upon its head a silver *coorsh*—in shape resembling a small saucer—to which were suspended long tassels, coins, and amulets. Three thousand soldiers are at present quartered near Baalbec, on their way to Constantinople, in an immense shed erected by Ibrahim Pacha—some of whom keep guard among the



RUINS OF EASTERN PORTICO, BAALBEK.

Eng. & Steel. by the Queen.

ruins, and look almost as antique as the buildings themselves. One of them very sharply reprov'd an Arab who was breaking off a fragment of porphyry. Our guide was provided with an inkhorn, paper, and a reed pen—for the purpose of copying inscriptions, or making notes. We next walked along part of an ancient aqueduct towards a vaulted corridor of considerable extent.* The most perfect portion of the Great Temple of Baalbec is its northern portico. The gateway—whose keystone has been disturbed, but not thrown down, by a terrible earthquake—is also magnificent; and the six gigantic columns of the Forum, with their beautiful Corinthian capitals, may be seen in all directions for many miles. The whole area was formerly enclosed by a massive wall, some stones of which are of enormous size. Other ruins are in the vicinity, but they seem comparatively unimportant. A large body of troops marched from Baalbec this afternoon; they were newly equipped and looked exceedingly well, but their band of music was most execrable.

Wednesday, April 12th. We started at an early hour, going a little out of our way to examine a prodigious block of hewn limestone, nearly eighty three feet in length;† and which has never been moved from its original position. Not far from hence we came to a rudely constructed octagonal mosque, whose pillars are fixed with their bases upwards, the materials being probably taken from a much older edifice: this, according to Arab tradition, is the Tomb of Noah! A solitary column was in the distance on our right. Passing through a small village, our credulity was drawn to its utmost stretch by the assertion that an ordinary whitewashed dwelling house, in no respect different from hundreds of others, was the actual abode of Methuselah!! We lunched in a grove of tall young poplars; and after crossing a broad swampy plain, pitched our camp in a copse, near a rippling brook of clear water, in which we washed our riding skirts, and then hung them on the tent ropes to dry.

* Mr. T. measured this immense block twice over.

Thursday, April 13th. Soon after starting this morning we again reached Khan Meredjed, from whence a guard of soldiers not only assisted us—according to custom—over some frightfully steep and rugged road,* but were going away without demanding *backsheesh*!—a solitary example of disinterestedness that of course did not lose its reward. We rested and had coffee at another *khan*; for our track continued rocky, very tedious, and in general thickly covered with snow: we saw, nevertheless, many pretty villages, and from one of them a convent bell was tolling. Our tents stand once more upon the roof of Khan Hossein, the soldier inmates of which are Druses; this sturdy sect having lately made peace with the Turks. Their chief is a fine looking elderly man, and wears a snowy white turban. I wandered among the fossil rocks here for at least an hour after our arrival. How grieved I am to think that this will be our last encampment!

Friday, April 14th. It became a difficult matter to proceed this morning: the sun was awfully hot; and our poor horses, from want of proper food to keep up their strength, were sadly tired with constant travelling. They eagerly drank at the large fountain I before mentioned—about two hours' distance from Beirout—while we refreshed our weary selves with coffee at a neighbouring *khan*. The cheerful sound of bells greeted our ears as we advanced towards the town, where we gladly resumed our old comfortable quarters at Demetri's Hotel; and being Good Friday, our bedroom was turned into a temporary chapel for reading English Church service. The varied society at the *table d'hôte* is most agreeable; and we are happy to renew our acquaintance with Mr. Starkie, Mr. Crosse, and a few other fellow travellers.

Saturday, April 15th. We consider ourselves particularly fortunate in having reached Beirout yesterday, as last night turned out extremely wet; and early this morning violent torrents of rain were accompanied by

* A few soldiers are stationed in all these mountain *khans* for the protection of travellers.

thunder and lightning. The day has continued showery, but we found ample employment in packing a great many of our things to send off to England; and then the boxes must perforce be inspected by a couple of Custom House officers, who searched them pretty closely and carried away the keys.

Sunday, April 16th. Mr. Starkie went with us to the American Mission House; where Presbyterian service was performed by Dr. Stewart, who preached an admirable sermon from St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews vii. 25. "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." We afterwards walked through the crowded Bazaars towards the Barracks, close to which several Artillery tents are pitched: we also saw some rusty nine pound guns. Although the morning had been wet, and the streets were in consequence dirty and slippery, the afternoon was remarkably fine and bright. It is strange to observe the inhabitants of Beiroot taking an evening stroll upon the roofs of their houses.

Monday, April 17th. Save and except the engrossing subject of *war*; everybody's thoughts and conversation have turned upon arrivals and expected departures of steam packets, letters received and letters to write. There seems to be great rivalry between the French and Austrian steamers from hence to Constantinople, by the former of which *our* passage is already secured.

Tuesday, April 18th. We spent some time in the Bazaars, which are tolerably supplied, but appear to disadvantage after those of Damascus—from whence the goods principally come, and are exported from Beiroot to other places.

A proclamation has just been issued, peremptorily ordering all Greeks to leave Syria within the next fortnight; but luckily for our Lacedemonian landlord, who was in despair at the first intelligence, the American

Consul permanently resides at this hotel, and Demetri can claim the protection of his flag.

We dined at four o'clock to-day, to accommodate those who started for Constantinople by the Austrian steamer, in the cabin of which are suspended certain rules—unneedful to specify, one would hope—viz., “that nobody will be allowed to go to bed in boots; and that passengers who call themselves gentlemen must behave respectfully to the ladies!!”

Wednesday, April 19th. New arrivals have replaced, in point of numbers, our friends who departed yesterday; and some of them will accompany us on our dreaded voyage. The weather is not quite so stormy just now, and I hope may be still calmer to-morrow.

Saturday, April 22nd. Last Thursday was a lovely day; but the sea continued rough, and we had a dreadful tossing in the little boat that conveyed us from the quay at Beirout to the “Mentor.” The harbour is dangerous, and large vessels are obliged to anchor about a mile from the shore. Our parting view of that charmingly situated town was very beautiful; for the sun set gloriously behind the Lebanon range, and threw a rich golden tinge over sky, land, and water. By nine o'clock, p.m., we were under weigh. This steamer—though an old one—is by comparison roomy and comfortable; and the Captain, Stewardess, &c., exceedingly attentive to the passengers. The sea has gradually become calmer; and we are fortunate in our companions in the ladies' cabin, one of whom has a pet dog—a Cuba poodle with silky white hair: we have also a tolerably good piano-forte, and a pile of well selected music. A suspected murderer had secreted himself on board our vessel; but it appears that he is not guilty of his alleged crime, and has been set free—either at Tripoli, where we anchored for three hours, or at Latakia (Laodicea.) We passed Tarsus very early this morning, were off Scanderoon (or Alexandretta) soon afterwards, and saw the place where the Battle of Issus was fought.

Selecting one of the small boats that crowded to the side of the "Mentor," we forthwith landed near the residence of the British Consul, Mr. Murphy; who received us very kindly, and gave us luncheon. He was sent out here at two days' notice in August last, has left his family behind, and bitterly deplores his exile: indeed, a more desolate miserable spot than Scanderoon cannot well be imagined. A magnificent panorama of sea and mountain do not repay the Consul for his total banishment from all civilized society, save the occasional visit of a hasty traveller. Mr. Murphy conducted us along mud embankments—and across dirty streams and stagnant pools—to see the remains of a large English factory, an insignificant Greek church, and the ruins of a Roman Catholic chapel. Before returning to the steamer, we had a two hours' row as far as one of the reputed *landing places* of Jonah!—a truly wretched excursion; for the waves ran high, and our boatmen pulled unevenly. Numbers of flying fish were sporting in the brilliant sunshine. Miss —— and myself sauntered about in a grove of fine myrtles; while Mr. T. and Dr. Stewart walked up a hill, to look at what was once a Roman arch of white marble; but the two side columns only are standing. We endured an hour and a half of further discomfort on our way back to the "Mentor," which left Scanderoon shortly after we came on board.

Sunday, April 23rd. The Rev. Mr. Crawford, from Jerusalem, read the prayers of our Church this morning, in the ladies' cabin, to all who chose to attend them. The day has been insufferably hot; and our clergyman—a sad victim to sea sickness—could hardly finish the service.

Monday, April 25th. There were so many determined prognostications of a coming storm last night, that I verily believe the wise soothsayers are grievously disappointed to behold this calm and lovely day! We have passed within distant view of the Island of Cyprus.

Tuesday, April 25th. We were off Patmos* at a very early hour, and anchored in the harbour of Rhodes, which was crowded with graceful shaped sponge vessels. The weather continued oppressively warm, but we went on shore before breakfast; and were amply repaid for our exertion by the antiquities of the island, and those charming prospects which its most elevated points command. The street of the Knights appears deserted and solemn, and on nearly every house is a stone escutcheon carved with armorial devices. The cathedral—now a mosque—contains the Knightly sepulchres, marked by inscribed gravestones in the floor; and the batteries are manned by the same ancient brass guns which assisted to make such stout defence against the Turks in 1525. The quay presented a busy scene, and motley groups passed to and fro in quick succession.

Wednesday, April 26th. The Island of Scio was in sight at daybreak this morning, and in a few hours we entered the beautiful Bay of Smyrna; with its mountain background, laid out in fields and gardens. A fort protects the harbour; and the great commercial city itself is finely situated, bearing a general aspect of extent and importance. We have found rooms in an immense hotel, which were bespoken for us by the kindness of Mr. Starkie and Mr. Crosse, who arrived here yesterday. The *table d' hôte* was numerously attended, and dreadfully noisy.

Thursday, April 27th. The insects were so troublesome that I sat up half the night; but soon after breakfast, we started—a large party—some on foot and others on donkeys—for the purpose of ascending a lofty eminence behind the town, called Pagus Hill, whose summit is crowned by a dilapidated castle, and the ruins of one of the “Seven Churches of Asia.” Immediately beyond the Caravan Gate is a grove of prodigiously tall cypress trees—the cemetery of Smyrna. Having reached the old Acropolis, we sat down upon some projecting rocks,

* Revelation i. 9.

and enjoyed a splendid view of the noble bay, studded with vessels of every use and size—from the stately Man of War to the fisherman's unpretending row boat. Like other Oriental cities—modern Smyrna—the houses of which are built partly of brick and partly of stone—is best seen from a distance. There are not any public buildings of imposing exterior; but a College of Dervishes and an Armenian Convent were pointed out to us, as the most conspicuous objects within the walls. On the slope below the castle is an amphitheatre, where Polycarp suffered martyrdom—being torn to pieces by wild beasts: the supposed spot is marked by a tombstone. We likewise saw the remains of a stone cistern; and could distinctly trace the course of an ancient aqueduct. These erections evidently covered a wide space of ground; and were surrounded by battlemented walls, towers, and ramparts. Within the enclosure is a deep arched pit, wherein provisions were kept; also a vault which in later times was used for a powder magazine; and a wooden door sheeted with iron—much shattered by bullets. Our active little donkeys carried us safely down the hill; while we had leisure to admire the pretty environs of Smyrna, enriched with countless orchards, whose growth of figs has gained a world wide celebrity. We walked through the Bazaars, and made a few purchases of embroidery, &c.—in fact the entrance to the hotel was turned into a sort of “fancy fair” for the sale of slippers, head gear and other ornaments, perfumery—in short, whatever was thought likely to attract the traveller's notice, or draw money from his purse. Before leaving Smyrna, we parted with Salvo, who will go direct to Malta: it is grievous to see our well conducted *ménage* thus gradually dispersing. We found on board the “Mentor” two hundred recruits (*Bashi Bazooks*) for the Turkish army—a raggamuffin set, commanded by a Dervish—and had not their arms been removed, we should tremble for the chances of a mutiny. They display strange varieties of head-dress: one dervish hero, who makes signs that he will fight bravely against the Russians, wears a tin helmet

adorned with two jackal's tails, and plays upon a small drumlike instrument, with a couple of mutton bones for drumsticks ! Another doughty warrior has just wound up a handsome gold watch ! These men have been collected from different villages. A battle axe is fixed at one side of the ship's stern, and opposite this formidable weapon, waves the green banner of the Prophet. The weather continues delightfully calm, and there is happily no sea sickness at present ; but how fearful to imagine the reverse in such a crowded vessel as ours !

Friday, April 28th. The wind rose during the early part of last night, and made us feel very uncomfortable for a time : however it soon lulled, and the sea became motionless as before. This morning we anchored for two hours off the Island of Mytilene ; and then passed the little Isle of Tenedos ; the Plains of Troy, behind which appeared Mount Ida ; and, at the entrance of the Dardanelles, those two famous old castles of Europe and Asia—Sestos and Abydos. We were also shown the spot from whence Lord Byron swam across the Hellespont ; and amused ourselves with watching the porpoises playing in the smooth clear water. As we approached Galipoli, we saw the encampment of the allied English and French troops ; and were met by a pretty Turkish steamer, paddling away at a rapid rate. The weather was charming ; and the sea, of deepest blue, perfectly calm. The Bashi Bazooks keep up incessant clamour day and night ; but fortunately their boisterous mirth has hitherto been all in good humour. They sing, laugh, howl, and play on divers quaint instruments ; even the bagpipes are not forgotten ! Many of them have wives and children on board ; the latter of whom, to our extreme annoyance, and in spite of the Captain's positive orders, occasionally come into our cabin. But the worst evil connected with their presence is the multitude of fleas they have brought to the "Mentor," so that one cannot remain on deck with any comfort whatever !

Four French Men of War are stationed here ; viz., "Napoleon"

(steam-ship); "Montebello," a fine four decker; and a couple of three deckers—"Charlemagne" and "Algier." There are likewise several English merchant vessels. We landed in the cool of the evening, and walked about the town of Galipoli; which stands close to the shore, upon the slope of a steep hill. The place was filled with military; English and French associating together on most friendly terms—even kissing each others' cheeks! and numerous *cafés*, open to the street, were apparently but too much frequented. Some of the Engineers, a few of the Rifles, and an Infantry regiment, are quartered near Galipoli; and one English officer of Artillery was standing on the quay. The tents of the French Artillery are pitched upon an open space within the town, and preparations were busily making for the soldiers' supper. One of their ammunition waggons passed us, drawn by six remarkably fine horses. We had not time to visit the camp; but from the highest point we could attain, beheld the harbour of Galipoli, and opposite coast of Asia Minor, to great advantage in the declining sunlight. We were exceedingly amazed at the gilded and gaily painted *arabas*—in shape resembling our Lord Mayor's coach. These Turkish carriages are intended to hold four people; and have either two very narrow seats, or are merely supplied with mattresses and cushions. They have no doors, and you are obliged to enter them by a window—or aperture—first putting one foot over, and then the head and shoulders; leaving the rest of your body to follow, *if it can!* A clumsy attempt at springs answers no good purpose; for the shaky motion of these extraordinary vehicles is, notwithstanding, almost unbearable! Lord Raglan has just arrived here, in the "Banshee" steamer; he is going to dine at the camp, and the band has been playing "God save the Queen."

Saturday, April 29th. Our weather had decidedly altered for the worse; but setting sundry rather serious drawbacks at defiance, we contrived to be on deck by six o'clock. Vincenzo brought cups of

hot coffee, which certainly made us feel a little more comfortable; and we mounted upon the gangway, eager to welcome from afar the gorgeous "City of the Sultan!" Mount Olympus—with snowy crest—rose distinctly on the Asiatic side. There was nothing particularly striking in our *first* long desired glimpse of Constantinople; but every feeling of disappointment speedily gave way to intense admiration, as we crossed the Sea of Marmora towards this unrivalled Eastern Capital. How magnificent is the golden tinge that overspreads the deep blue sky and sea—mountains and valleys—palaces and temples, with their pompous domes and fairy minarets!

Previous to disembarkation, arms were restored to the Bachi Bazooks, who had behaved a great deal better than one would suppose possible in such an assembly of half savages.

We remained patiently on board the steamer, while our dragoman was dispatched to secure apartments at Mysseri's Hotel, and pass the luggage through the Custom House. H.M.S. "Terrible" lay at anchor close by, undergoing repairs; for she only returned yesterday from taking a prominent part in the siege of Odessa. At last Vincenzo returned; and we landed at Pera in two of those elegant *caïques*, with nice clean cushions to sit upon, and their varnished inner edges neatly ornamented with elaborate carving. A steep and toilsome walk of half an hour brought us to our Hotel, the landlord of which—like Demetri at Beirout—is a Lacedemonian, married to an Englishwoman; and I believe he is son to the Mysseri who travelled both with Lord Byron and "Eothen." His hotel, considered the best at Constantinople, is now so full of English and French officers, that we had some difficulty in procuring accommodation. About sixty sat down to dinner at the *table d'hôte* to-day, and among the guests were several of our fellow travellers. The afternoon turned out extremely wet.

Sunday, April 30th. We attended morning and evening service at the

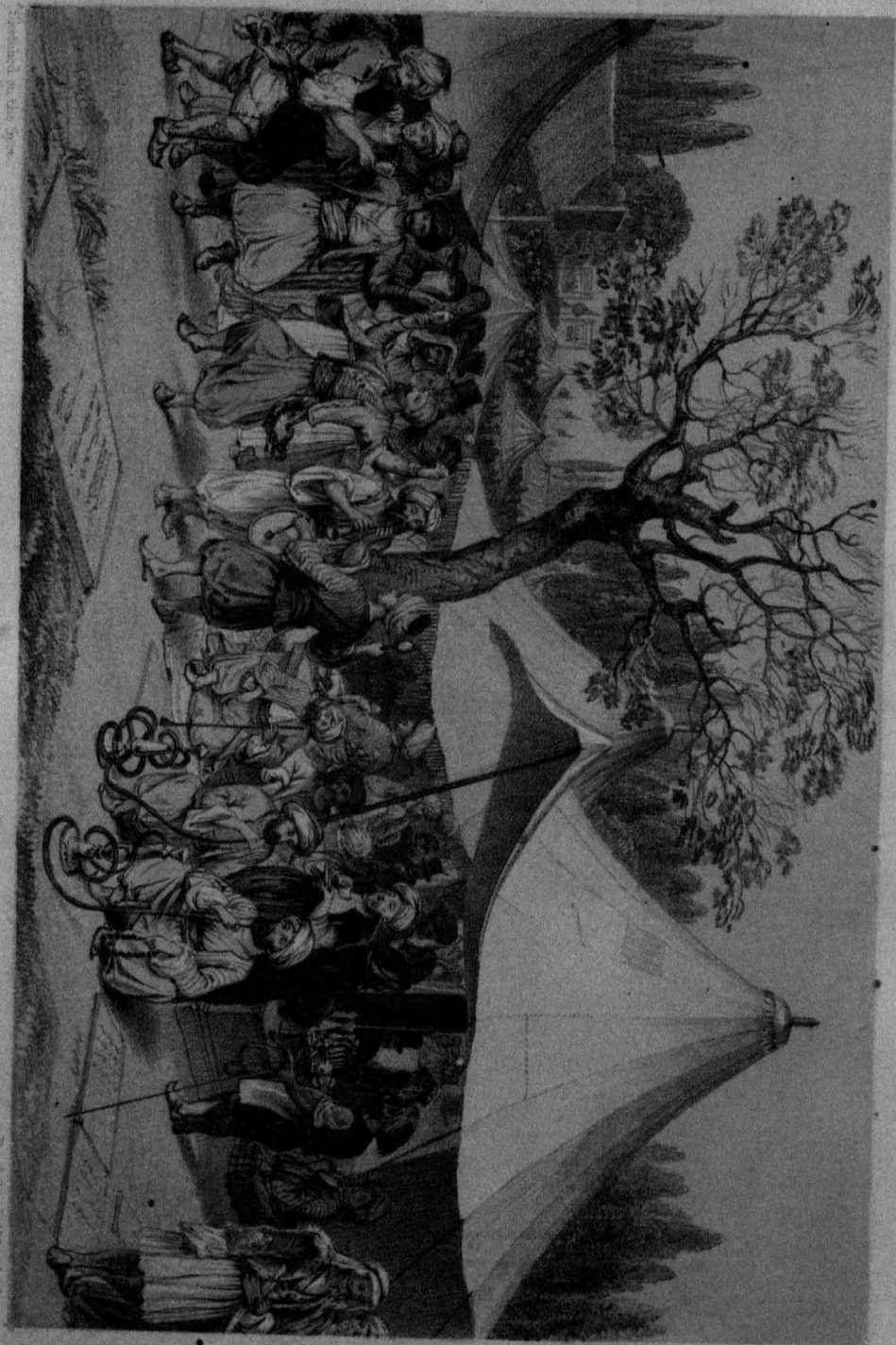
British Embassy, where a large room is fitted up as a chapel: the seats were inconveniently crowded, perhaps more so than they had ever been before. The duty was performed by Mr. Blackiston, the resident chaplain, who has a powerful voice and reads remarkably well. Colonel Carpenter, 41st Regiment, and his son, kindly came to see us in the course of the day.

Monday, May 1st. The weather was tremendously hot for sight seeing; nevertheless, supplied with an Imperial *firman* (which cost about £5), we set off—thirty in number—immediately after breakfast, and followed our guide to the old Seraglio—no longer a royal residence; the present Sultan preferring to inhabit his charming new Palace on the Bosphorus. The gardens are tastefully laid out, and kept in admirable order; and the splendid apartments exhibit an agreeable combination of Oriental luxury with European refinement. Whatever books the spacious library may once have contained were long ago removed. A beautiful bath of white marble, and rooms adjoining it, looked very pleasant on such a tropical day as this, when the heat was so oppressive we could hardly walk. The walls of the audience chamber display signatures of the various Sultans; whose portraits, painted in fine enamel, form part of a curious genealogical tree. Beneath a portico opening towards the gardens, the people are permitted at stated periods to kiss their Sovereign's feet. Close at hand is a Palace for dowager Sultanas.

The Mosque of Irene—the oldest at Constantinople—is now turned into an armoury, but I never beheld more rusty weapons. In the court stands a porphyry sarcophagus, with a pointed lid; and also a large plane, upon which is grafted a bay tree. This mosque contains, within a glass case, the keys of different cities belonging to the Ottoman empire. In the museum is preserved the huge chain that once stretched across the Bosphorus. From hence we proceeded to the renowned Mosque of Santa Sofia; and ascended by a staircase upon a wide gallery, in order fully to

appreciate the beauty of its bold arches and vast proportioned cupola. Several devout Muslims were at prayers below. Although most of the Mosaics—dating from the reign of Constantine—are covered with plaister, as unsuited to a Mohammedan temple, many fine specimens still remain exposed to view. From unpardonable neglect, some are falling to pieces; and their further destruction is encouraged by those appointed to protect them from injury, who secretly offer the tiny fragments for sale. The marble floor is spread with matting and the richest Persian carpets. On one side, facing the *mehráb*, you are shown a slab of Oriental alabaster, from the Temple of Solomon! There are also a few sarcophagi; eight porphyry columns, brought hither from Baalbec; and other pillars of *verd antique* from Ephesus. Great quantities of private treasure are deposited in Santa Sofia; and it is a universal custom in the East, for the sake of security, thus to turn the principal mosques into storehouses for valuable property. The Mosque of Sultan Achmet occupies part of the Hippodrome, and is chiefly admired for its six beautiful minarets. Next, to the Sepulchres of Mahmoud II. and his family, enclosed within one lofty chamber, superbly carpeted, and surmounted by a dome: across each tomb are laid splendid cashmere shawls, once worn by the deceased. A red cap—with a feather, fastened by a large diamond ornament, is placed at the head of the principal sarcophagus. We passed the “Burnt Column”—so called from its charred appearance, the effect of frequent fires in its vicinity—and entered the Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, in front of which is a broad flight of marble steps, and a *façade* of Egyptian porphyry. This mosque has four minarets, and an elegant corridor leads from its outer court to the Mausoleum. Near the Slave Market—which we had no desire to visit—we saw a small snake lying on the ground, but how it came there I do not know.

Having satisfied our curiosity with regard to the mosques—the usual



"SWEET WATERS OF EUROPE."

D. S. 1840

characteristics of which are very much alike—we drove in an *araba* to the "Sweet Waters of Europe," where a *festa* was going on to celebrate the first of May. It was a peculiarly animated scene. Bullock carriages; *arabas* drawn by gaily caparisoned horses, and filled with smartly dressed ladies and children; men, in every imaginable costume, on foot or on horseback; vendors of fruit and sweetmeats; jugglers and musicians—were assembled in groups upon the grass, or dispersed among the tall trees; the white veils of the Turkish women being made of muslin so transparent, that the contour of their generally pretty features seems scarcely concealed at all. In this verdant glen, surrounded by a chain of barren hills, and through which flows the river Barbyzes, is situated a favourite summer palace of the Sultan; and here do his Majesty's Arabian horses ever find their most luxuriant pasture.

Tuesday, May 2nd. We spent the whole of to-day in the Bazaars at Stamboul—crossing the Golden Horn by a broad wooden bridge; and greatly did we marvel at the number, extent, and gorgeous display of those busy streets of merchandize. They are entirely covered in, and sufficiently lighted from above. The most attractive is the bazaar for slippers, some of which are adorned with pearls and precious stones, in addition to gold and silver embroidery. Real Cashmere shawls, and valuable jewels, are only to be found in warehouses or private dwellings.

General Pennefather called to see us this afternoon; we are continually meeting our former military friends: would that a tour of pleasure, and not the prospect of a bloody war, had brought them hitherwards! May they all return to England in safety, and with honour!

Wednesday, May 3rd. A *caïque* conveyed us to Scutari this morning, on a visit to General Pennefather, and Colonel and Mrs. Carpenter. From the landing place we walked up a very steep hill to the Barracks—a handsome stone building, with lofty apartments, spacious corridors, and

wide staircases: each story is supplied with abundance of excellent water. Like Constantinople, and Rome, Scutari is built on seven hills. We did not visit the enormous cemetery, with its forest of dark cypress trees and sculptured gravestones, extending for miles over undulating ground — and wherein none but Mohammedans are allowed burial.

Thursday, May 4th. Went to the Bazaars with the Carpenters and Mr. Starkie; having fortunately plenty of time at our disposal — for the process of bargaining is quite as tedious at Stamboul as elsewhere in the East; and a *hasty* buyer must be content, in purchasing the merest trifle, to pay fully three times its value. We met a pleasant party to-day at Mr. Hanson's—a well known and wealthy banker, who has resided for many years at Constantinople, where he and his family are deservedly much esteemed. Every one complains of the sudden changes of climate here, even in the middle of summer: during our short stay, we have had frequent occasion to remark the almost instantaneous varieties of temperature.

Friday, May 5th. An elevated position upon the outer wall of a burying ground afforded us an excellent view of the Sultan, as he rode close by, on his way to one of the mosques. * In personal appearance, his Imperial Majesty is of truly noble bearing, although his pale features cannot be termed strikingly handsome. The cuffs and collar of his coat were one blaze of diamonds, and on his head he wore a red cloth cap. Not a sound was heard as the procession moved slowly forward, and Abdul Medjid looked coldly around him, as if he wondered what had brought us there. His officers of state had glittering diamonds also, but in a less degree. The Sultan is said to be by nature gifted with many excellent qualities, and anxious to promote progress and improvement by every means in his power, but is of course kept back by his ministers.

* It is never made known, until two hours previously, at which of the mosques the Sultan intends to appear.

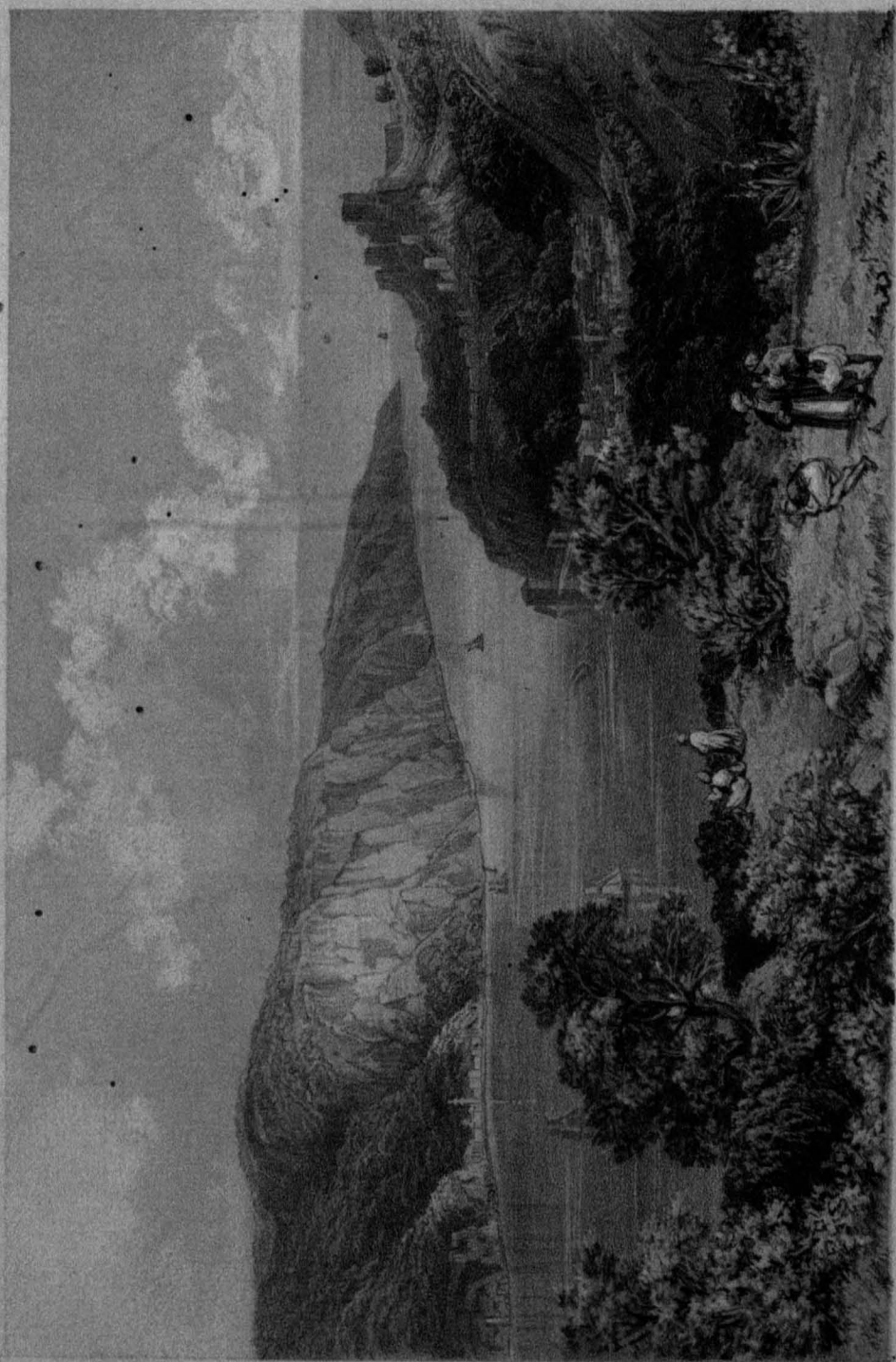
Every Friday afternoon his Majesty repairs to the "Sweet Waters of Europe" for an hour or two, but we were not made aware of this fact until too late to profit by it.

Our next object was the recently discovered cistern of one thousand and one columns, to which we descended a considerable way down a steep and ruinous staircase. This immense cavern—the supposed work of Constantine—has been turned into a silk manufactory by some Jews and Armenians, whose spinning wheels are arranged with the regularity of a rope walk. The cistern still contains water, but the place was so gloomy we could not judge of its depth. The pillars are of marble and granite, with Corinthian capitals. We walked through the Bazaars—but, being the Muslim sabbath day, most of the shops were closed—and then ascended the Seraskier Tower, which is inhabited by the Fire Guard of Constantinople, who keep incessant watch both day and night. This building is circular—of prodigious height—and surrounded by a gallery, very near the top—from whence we obtained one of the finest panoramas imagination can conceive of this most magnificent capital. In the immediate neighbourhood we distinctly traced the ravages of a terrible fire that occurred last evening in the Drug bazaar. Wild dogs in countless numbers lie about the streets during the day, and seldom molest anybody until nightfall: their litters are never destroyed, and they are religiously supported by the community at large. Feeding pigeons is likewise esteemed a sacred duty among Mohammedans, who give them shelter in the courts of several mosques; while at the gate sits an aged man, ready to receive alms from the passers by, which he expends in grain for these favoured birds. Before returning to the Hotel, we paid a few visits at Pera.

Saturday, May 6th. Accompanied by Mr. Brewen (a Yorkshire clergyman), Mr. Fox, Mr. Starkie, and Mr. Crosse, we made an excursion—in three *caïques*—to Therapia and the Giant's Mountain.

Although the sun was intensely hot, we could fully enjoy the gentle motion of our pointed craft upon the smooth water, and admire the superb colouring of sky, land, and sea. Innumerable dolphins were sporting around us, glorying in the brightness of this lovely day. We passed many a noble edifice.—The Sultan's marble Seraglio (Beshik-Tash), with its brazen gates; and the palace occupied by young Prince Napoleon Buonaparte—before whose balconies lay moored the fine French War Ship "Roland." Ancient castles, peopled by imagination with faery visitants—modern country houses—picturesque villages, with their domes and minarets—hills and valleys—gardens—fields—and cemeteries: all combining to enhance the perfection of scenery on either side the Bosphorus. The only unpleasant objects, upon which our eyes occasionally rested, were the villanous countenances of our watermen, of whose evil propensities—as a class—we have heard frightful examples. In three hours we reached the Bay of Therapia, the shores of which are adorned with palaces and marble *kiosks*—favourite summer residences of the more wealthy inhabitants of Constantinople, who gladly flock hither to inhale pure breezes from the Black Sea. The shops are said to be amply furnished with European as well as Turkish articles, and we had luncheon at a very good hotel. Resuming our lowly cushioned seats in the *caiques*, we were rowed across to Hunkiar Skellessi, on the Asiatic coast—famous for a treaty between the Turks and Russians in 1833.* Here the Ottoman emperors formerly possessed a *kiosk*, but Sultan Selim converted the building into a paper mill, to supply his printing press at Scutari. Some dispute occurring between the gentlemen, our guide, and the boatmen, I sat down upon a wooded bank until the *knotty point*—whatever it might be—was satisfactorily decided. We then traversed a valley, at least a mile in length, where we met a British Engineer officer—employed in drawing plans and surveying the ground—who

* Colonel Chesney's "Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1828 and 1829."—Page 297.



Day & Son, Lith^{rs} to the Queen

ENTRANCE TO THE BLACK SEA.

Engraved by John Brown

informed us that this spot was the destined encampment of five thousand of our troops. At the further extremity of the Vale of Hunkiar Skellessi began a toilsome ascent, which the excessive heat of the weather rendered doubly fatiguing. Ever and anon we paused to take breath, and gather a few of the wild flowers that bloomed along our path in endless variety and profusion. At last we reached the summit, and were rewarded for our pains by a glorious view of the Bosphorus and Black Sea. Fifteen Turkish ships of war were under weigh in the Euxine, guarding its entrance. We seated ourselves on the grass, beneath some spreading trees—a frequently chosen spot for pic nics—near the Giant's Grave, which Muslim tradition calls the Tomb of Joshua. This mountain—the highest on the Bosphorus—is likewise crowned with a small wooden *kiosk*, and a college of Howling Dervishes—who brought us coffee, and delicious cold water from a neighbouring spring. We descended towards the valley by another but equally beautiful track, retraced our steps to the landing place, and were soon floating rapidly in the direction of Constantinople. We felt too much exhausted to land at the "Sweet Waters of Asia," consoling ourselves with a vague report—that "they were hardly worth seeing!"

Sunday, May 7th. The Bishop of Gibraltar is staying at Mysseri's hotel, and preached at church this morning. His Lordship, who is attended by his chaplain, has a singularly benevolent expression of countenance. The afternoon has turned out very wet and cold: what a contrast to the almost tropical warmth of yesterday!

Tuesday, May 9th. The rain continued until late last night; and, in spite of the extremely muddy state of the streets—which are at all times very dirty—we walked to the Bazaars with Mr. Crosse and Mr. Starkie, who kindly agreed to accompany us. There, one can stroll for hours among the motley crowd, and ever find new sources of amusement. In the shops, we saw some superb gentlemen's dressing-gowns of gold

and silver brocaded satin ; and also embroidered jackets for ladies, of the most costly description. On our return homewards, we were caught in a violent shower, and obliged to take refuge in the studio of Mr. Robertson, superintendent of the Turkish Mint—and whose photographic drawings are universally admired—until Vincenzo could be summoned to our release, with a cargo of cloaks and umbrellas. We had several visitors in the course of the day.

Wednesday, May 10th. This morning was occupied in leave takings, and much we regretted that the day of our departure had at length arrived. Contrary to expectation; Vincenzo experienced the greatest possible trouble and annoyance in passing our luggage through the Custom House ; for every trunk, carpet bag, and portmanteau, was closely searched, and duty charged not only upon each article—no matter how trifling—that we had purchased at Constantinople ; but likewise upon certain things we had ourselves brought from England ! Such treatment, in the present state of affairs between the two countries, was really too bad. General Pennefather and Mr. Starkie, with their invariable kindness, came on board the “Louksor” to wish us good bye.

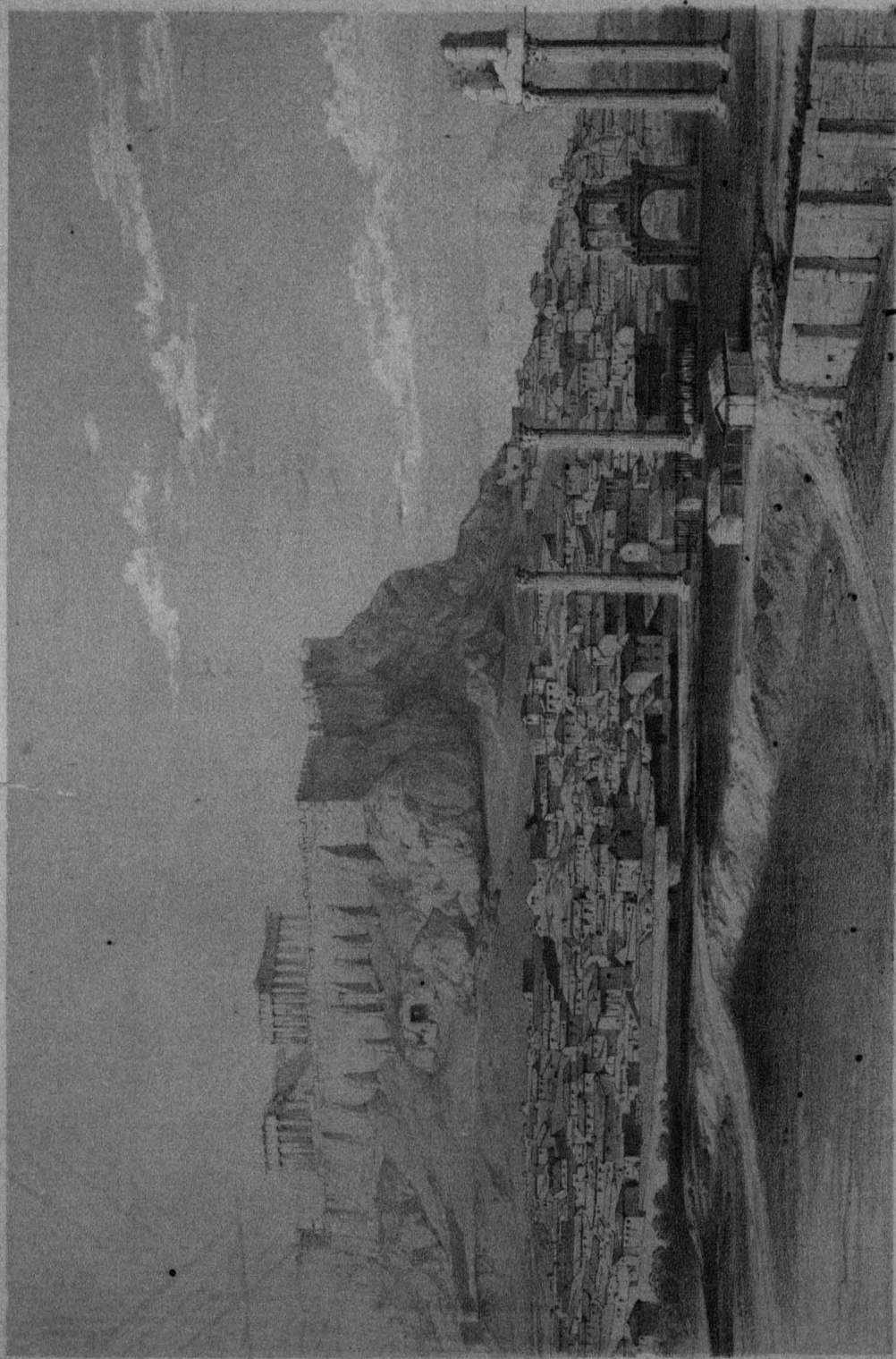
This French steamer is very handsomely and commodiously fitted up. Miss —— and myself have a nice little private cabin leading out of the saloon, furnished with two good sized mahogany bedsteads, a large dressing table with a looking glass, and plenty of water jugs and washing basins. The table is served in the style of a first rate Parisian hotel : in short, I had no idea that a steam ship *could* be so thoroughly comfortable. Our fellow passengers are principally Greeks ; but there is one Armenian family, and likewise a few other individuals of different nations, besides whole tribes of children. We did not weigh anchor until long after the appointed hour, as the Captain waited for his despatches from Prince Napoleon ; but the weather was delightful, and we lingered on deck — watching first the effect of a gorgeous sunset —

and then the rising of a clear bright moon, over the never to be forgotten scenes that lay before us. With longing eyes, we bade a last farewell to those pretty bird-like *caïques*, moving gently to and fro among countless vessels of more stately build.

Friday, May 12th. A continuance of the finest weather it has yet been my good fortune to enjoy at sea, wafted us in speed and safety to the Piræus, where the "Louksor" dropped her anchor very early this morning. Doomed to twenty-four hours' imprisonment before proceeding to Athens, we have found airy apartments in the Lazzaretto—supplied with necessary furniture by the landlord of the Piræus Hotel. The room adjoining our own is inhabited by an agreeable American family, consisting of a Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and their niece; whom we frequently met in the course of our Eastern travels. A few French gentlemen of our acquaintance are also here. We had a good plain dinner, succeeded by Vincenzo's "Abbas Pacha" coffee; and sauntered about within our prison walls—finding little to attract our notice, save the uniform of the *Guardiano*, which is decidedly becoming to well-proportioned men like the Greeks. A slight shower came down as we were leaving the steamer, and now the atmosphere appears sultry, and the sky so lowering, that we rather dread a thunder storm. H. B. M. S. "Leander" is lying at anchor in the Piræus. A large French Man of War steamer—"Euphrate"—of two thousand tons, was leaving the harbour—bound for Constantinople—as we entered. Fifteen hundred French troops, and also Lord Napier, were on board. Her crew cheered the "Leander" as they passed, which courtesy was of course returned by our brave seamen with true British heartiness.

Saturday, May 13th. The dragoman brought coffee betimes, and greatly did we stand in need of *some* restorative; for we had scarcely closed our eyes during the night, so voraciously unmerciful were the attacks of fleas and mosquitos! Moreover, we did not anticipate such a

grievance, as both our apartments and bedding *looked* most scrupulously clean. Of course, very exorbitant prices were demanded for this compulsory detention; viz., fifteen French francs a head for a perfectly plain dinner, and three dollars for each room! Some of the gentlemen positively refused to yield, and the Americans threatened to apply for redress to their Consul at Athens. This determined resistance ultimately produced the effect of a *compromise*; and after considerable wrangling the bills were paid, and peace in a great measure restored. We then made our bows to a smirking Greek doctor, by way of proving beyond a doubt the unimpaired state of our health—a fact which the medical officer was far too polite to deny—and our several names, ages, and nations, were forthwith written down in a book. All these important events occurred before half-past nine o'clock, when we gladly started for Athens—a distance of five miles—in a light *barouche*. Habituated as we had become to rough travelling, it seemed quite extraordinary to be driven at a rapid pace, in a particularly easy carriage, and along a broad macadamized road, with well cultivated fields on either side. We passed, on our right, a monument erected in honour of those Greeks who fell bravely fighting against the Turks in 1827. About half way, we stopped a few minutes near a *café*, to water the horses; and, at Vincenzo's request, tasted *rosoglio*. The landscape comprised rocks and mountains, vineyards, fields, and gardens—lastly, the Acropolis, and other proud memorials of bygone days. We entered modern Athens—a much less wretched town than I had been led to expect—and drove to Mr. Elias Polychronopolis' excellent Hotel. Our landlord is exceedingly civil; and being a tall fine looking man, his national costume suits him admirably: his jacket is magnificently embroidered in gold. The Greeks are celebrating *their* first of May. Suspended from a nail, in the saloon, hangs a round cake—or loaf of bread—open in the centre, and ornamented with dyed eggs.



Day & Son, Lith. & Engr. Queen

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY AND ACROPOLIS, ATHENS.

Sunday, May 14th. Awoke from *undisturbed slumbers* to the sound of a very respectable military band, and saw soldiers on parade before our windows. This day was extremely warm. We attended Divine Service at the English Church, the walls of which are adorned in a singular manner with painted scrolls, containing texts of Scripture. There were, perhaps, twenty people present. In the afternoon we took a drive. First passing the University, and then the Royal Palace—a large quadrangular edifice with a marble portico—we went straight to the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, which stands upon an artificial platform on the northern bank of the Ilissus. Sixteen enormous Corinthian columns of Pentelic marble—one of which lies prostrate—alone remain to attest the original size and grandeur of this noble building. Our next object was the Prison of Socrates, consisting of four caverns—one of them bearing marks of an iron door—hewn in the rocky base of Musæum Hill. The ancient Athenian Stadium—on the southern bank of the now dry bed of the Ilissus—is almost entirely covered with long grass, but its form and interior dimensions are still distinctly traceable: the view from thence is beautiful and extensive—comprising the Attic Plain, with its ruins—the modern city of Athens—the Acropolis—the harbour of the Piræus—and the Bay of Salamis. The Temple of Theseus has been converted into a museum, and contains—besides curious and valuable inscriptions—some most exquisite statues, bas-reliefs, vases, and fragments, of Grecian sculpture; while in front of its well preserved portico are the carved marble chairs of the Arcopagite Judges. The so called “Lantern of Demosthenes”—or “Diogenes”—more correctly termed “Choragic Monument of Lysicrates”—is the sole relic of an avenue of tripodal temples, erected by the Choragi, in honour of the god Bacchus. Casts of its once beautifully sculptured frieze—representing Bacchus in the act of punishing the Tyrrhenian pirates—were taken by desire of Lord Elgin, who deposited them in the British Museum. The Arch of Hadrian—

as testified by its inscriptions—stood between the two parts into which Athens was formerly divided.

About five o'clock we drove to the public promenade, where a military band plays every Sunday for the amusement of the people. The music was well selected, and the performers* worthy of a better set of instruments. We had great pleasure and excitement in looking at the assembled crowd, most of whom were pedestrians. The women are not generally pretty, nor is their costume half so becoming as that of the men. The arrival of their Majesties—on horseback—was the signal for the band to commence playing; and we were fortunate enough to see the royal cavalcade pass several times close by our carriage. King Otho's personal appearance is quite as unlikely to command the respect of his subjects, as his intellectual qualities are calculated to benefit their condition. He wore on this occasion a splendid Greek dress, but is certainly one of the most insignificant looking men I ever saw, and seems in miserable health. The Queen—who rode a beautiful bay horse—has a fine figure, and a good natured German face. Her riding habit was of brown cloth, and her hat black beaver—similar to those of our own *amazones*. Though not particularly popular, she is universally acknowledged to possess talents of a very superior order to those of her imbecile consort.

Monday, May 15th. Leaving the Hotel this lovely morning soon after half-past six, we drove past the handsome building inhabited by the French and Bavarian ministers, the residence of Sir Thomas Wyse, and the royal gardens. Early sunbeams shone brightly upon the gorgeous ruins of the Acropolis, which we had never thought so immeasurably grand before. The Grecian roads are admirable, and the peasantry appear to be in general comfortably housed and well clad. We saw noble breeds of sheep and cattle both in Greece and near Constantinople. In the neighbourhood of Athens the mulberry tree is much cultivated. The Greeks are skilful husbandmen, and their fertile

soil is capable of the highest tillage ; but with an incompetent sovereign, a corrupt government, and the disadvantages attendant upon the present state of affairs in Europe, there can be few substantial inducements to persevering industry ; and yet, in spite of every drawback, the modern Greeks—with natural cleverness and thirst for knowledge—are rapidly advancing towards prosperity and civilization.

In less than two hours we reached the village of Kevisia—the birth-place of Menander—where capital horses, sent on last night from Athens, awaited our arrival. Here was a tavern, before which grew a venerable oak of wonderfully prodigious girth ; and beneath whose widely spreading branches were placed some benches, chairs, and tables—the latter graced by bouquets of fresh flowers. We mounted our steeds, and rode away—past groves of pine and olive ; and through a district of rocky hills, where we became seriously alarmed by sudden indications of a violent storm. Happily, the sky soon cleared again ; and our intelligent guide—who, for a man in his station of life, is marvellously well read in ancient history—assured us that such threatenings are very common in this part of Greece. The sea view, and descent towards the Plain of Marathon were beautiful in the extreme ; but it was a task of no small difficulty to force a path among the thickly growing shrubs and twisted branches of the taller trees. Flowers bloomed luxuriantly. We rested for a short time at the pretty hamlet of Vranà, situated at the foot of Mount Pentelicus. The people appeared glad to see strangers, and provided us with hard boiled eggs. There is a very nice little church here.

Our track now lay through the richest corn fields, ready for reaping, to a large Tumulus—the grave of one hundred and ninety-two Athenians who fell at the Battle of Marathon.* Not far from this mound are the remains of a square building, formed of huge blocks of white marble, called the Tower of Miltiades. Passing the village of Marathon, we

* Wordsworth's "Greece."—Page 163.

began to ascend; and made the best of our way back to Kevisia, where we had left the carriage. This excursion occupied thirteen hours and a half, nine of which we were on horseback—the whole distance being fifty-two miles.

We meet each day at the *table d'hôte* a party of French and German *savans*, whose conversation upon the past and present state of Greece is extremely interesting. An Archæological Society has been formed at Athens—in connection with that of London—and its members have succeeded in obtaining a government prohibition against the removal of antiquities from this country, on any pretence whatever.

Tuesday, May 16th. In the carriage at half-past seven, a.m.—our fatigues of yesterday entirely forgotten—and were waylaid on the road by a man carrying a basket of sweet scented *bouquets*, tastefully arranged on sticks. Our first object was the sight of Plato's Academy, enclosed within a garden and olive grove: a very few fragments remain—piled together—of what was once the *stadium*. On our return towards the town, we saw a windmill for raising water—the supply of which at Athens, from want of proper care, is strikingly deficient.

Next, we ascended—by sixteen steps cut in the rock—to the Areopagus (Mars' Hill), where Paul preached to “the men of Athens.”* A noble prospect is beheld from its summit, comprising every historic scene connected with Athenian greatness. The Acropolis commands a still more magnificent view; and the amazed traveller for a moment heeds not the surpassing beauty of the ruins themselves, in contemplating the majesty of their position. Our guide pointed out the Gulf of Salamis—the Morea—Mounts Paries, Hymettus, and Pentelicus—the Pnix—Monument of Philopappus, &c. The broad staircase, leading from the Propylea to the Parthenon, has been restored according to its original plan. The Erectheum is divided into two chambers, one of

* Acts xvii, 22.

which was dedicated to Minerva Polias, the other to Pandrosus, and its southern portico is supported by Caryatides. The little Temple of Victory—built entirely of Parian marble—has two façades, and its eight Ionic columns are surmounted by a sculptured frieze, to represent the Battle of Marathon. There is a Museum on the Acropolis, containing curious specimens of bronze and clay figures, vases and other antiquities; while, between the temples, are collected—and placed in the neatest order—exquisite fragments of sculpture, bas reliefs, capitals of columns, and small marble statues—one of which (a Bear) is admirably executed! A guard of soldiers is constantly on the watch, to prevent theft or mutilation. On the south western base of this celebrated Cecropian hill appear some vestiges of the Theatre of Herodes Atticus, who erected it in honour of his wife, Regilla. Before visiting the Acropolis, it is necessary to procure a written pass, available for twenty-four hours. The cost is very trifling, and the money thus received forms a small fund in aid of carrying on excavations, and improving the museum.

The weather was tremendously hot, and we returned to the Hotel for a short time. *Athens of the past* had fully engrossed our morning's attention: we were now to regard *her present abject slavery*—and see King Otho's Palace! Accordingly, we drove thither at five o'clock; and waited about half an hour near the Grand entrance, until their Majesties had started on their daily ride. The apartments are showily decorated, and in the picture gallery is a collection of portraits and historical paintings relating to Greece. The state bedrooms are meanly furnished; and from one end of the palace to the other, a certain air of negligence is strikingly apparent, exhibiting in painful contrast, the tinsel glitter of royalty bereft of sufficient means to sustain its grandeur. The floors are sadly in need of a good scrubbing, and the windows disgracefully dirty! The gardens and shrubberies are, however, very pretty, and admirably kept: openings between the trees—most judiciously arranged—afford charming vistas on

all sides. In the conservatory is an ancient and well preserved mosaic pavement, discovered on the spot within the last few years.

Wednesday, May 17th. Breakfasted early, and took our final departure from Athens. Crossing the Cephissus, we shortly entered the defile of Daphne, where is a finely situated Greek monastery—now in ruins—erected upon the site of the temple of Apollo. The church is said to be the oldest in Attica, and some curious antique paintings adorn its screen. The neighbouring Temple of Venus supplied materials for the construction of these buildings. Our attention was next directed to the tomb of Strabo (?); and a little further, we came to an ancient aqueduct and cistern.^a We also stopped to examine a small stone structure, containing statues; the most remarkable of which is a colossal figure of Jupiter, whose head is broken off, and lies upon the ground. On our right was the Via Sacra. Arrived at the ruined Acropolis of Eleusis—which city claimed the distinction of being the place where corn was first sown—we ascended a steep and lofty height, from whose summit we beheld the open bay and port of Salamis; and the Eleusinian Plain, with its scattered columns, blocks of marble, and other vestiges of a proud and mighty city. We wandered about among the remains of the Temple of Ceres, the aqueduct, and portions of walls that once extended from the Acropolis to the sea shore—half a mile distant. A picturesque country inn, with a wooden bench and table outside, tempted us to sit down and have some coffee. Both men and women were attired in the national Greek dress, but none of them wore coins in the manner described by Mr. Willis.* We passed a succession of splendid crops of ripe grain,† and also the ruins of a small church. At the Piræus, we found Vincenzo, with a boat in readiness, to convey us to a rocky

* “Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean.”—Page 157.

† Throughout Greece, the corn is generally cut early in the morning, *while still green*, and ripens in the sun before night. We saw quantities of barley thus spread upon the ground.

promontory at the harbour's mouth, where the Tomb of Themistocles overlooks that scene of his glory—the Gulf of Salamis! The sarcophagus is open and oblong, lying between slippery rocks, and the Ægean sea washes completely over it. I happened to have a fine *bouquet* of flowers in my hand, and fancied I could not dispose of it more *romantically* than by throwing it into the Athenian warrior's grave; but all Mr. T.'s efforts were vain to fix it firmly in the sand, and I doubt not that my unworthy offering was soon borne to a distance by the waves. We gathered seaweed and tiny shells from within the tomb, as a valuable addition to our stock of treasures; and left the Piræus at half-past four p. m. in the French steamer "Pericles." There are too many passengers for *comfort*, but fortunately the weather continues fine. I never saw anything so magnificent as our last glimpse of the Parthenon, at sunset this evening.

Sunday, May 21st. We did not land at Syra*—that most flourishing of Grecian seaports—so famous for its healthy climate and fertile soil. The sea had become gradually rougher; and a wretched attempt at breakfast was immediately followed by a *tossing* from the "Pericles" into the "Osiris"—another French vessel—crowded with passengers and kegs of leeches from stem to stern. The only advantage we gained by the exchange, was the pleasure of finding Mr. Starkie and Mr. Crosse on board. Our companions *below* consisted of two French, and five Greek ladies: one of the latter nearly died from sea sickness; indeed, there was hardly a single individual, except the ship's crew, who did not suffer more or less on this particularly disagreeable voyage. A head wind blew directly against us until we reached the harbour of Valetta at eleven o'clock to-day. Here we were met by Salvo—who had made a stormy passage from Smyrna—with a boat ready to take us at once on shore.

* We arrived at Syra about two in the morning, and remained there until late in the afternoon.

We landed at the very spot, and walked up the same flight of broad stone steps, by which we groped our way on the evening of our former hurried visit. We drove at once to Dunsford's Hotel, (the Clarence), where we enjoyed the luxury of warm baths, made our *toilettes*, ordered the carriage again, and drove round the Quarantine Harbour to Miss Graham's pretty Villa at Sliema. There was a refreshing sea breeze all day, which tempered the otherwise excessive heat of the weather. The streets of Valetta are remarkably handsome, and their extreme cleanliness is most striking to those just returned from the East; but the glaring sun, reflected upon so many yellow buildings, distresses one's eyes in a painful manner, and must be very injurious to the sight.

Monday, May 22nd. This day has been devoted to shopping, and seeing the beautiful Cathedral of St. John. I need not here repeat what has already been so often ably described, and is universally known. We passed from one gorgeous chapel to another; admired Caravaggio's celebrated picture—Beheading of St. John; and the splendid Monuments of the Grand Masters. The mosaic pavement—displaying effigies of the Knights, in white marble—is kept covered with matting, and only exhibited twice a month: however, at our request a small portion was shown to us. The French steamer "*Mérovée*," in which our passage is taken to Marseilles, has sustained some injury, and cannot start before to-morrow afternoon.

Tuesday, May 23rd. Drove through a flat uninteresting country to Città Vecchia, situated in the centre of the island, of which it was formerly the capital. Its Cathedral is dedicated to St. Paul, and *is said* to occupy the site of the house of Publius, who was Roman governor at the time of that Apostle's shipwreck.* Here are some curious tombs of the old Bishops, and a Byzantine full length figure of St. Paul, painted on wood, and in *bas-relief*; the drapery is ornamented with silver. The "Room

* Acts xxviii. 7.

of the Synod" contains several antique chairs, and its walls are hung with a series of quaint portraits. A church was erected, about two hundred years ago, over the Grotto wherein *they say* St. Paul lived during his three months' residence at Melita; and which cave enshrines his marble statue, executed by Gaffa. The Catacombs are well worth visiting; they are very extensive, and divided into chambers and passages—the former generally arranged for the reception of two bodies. These excavations were probably made by the early Christians, and intended for places of refuge. We had not time to drive to St. Paul's bay;* nor to Crendi, where large Cyclopean remains were discovered by Sir Henry Bouyerie. The Gardens of St. Antonio—the Governor's summer Palace—are prettily laid out, and we found their shade exceedingly agreeable after several hours' exposure to the heat of a broiling sun. In the coach-house is preserved the unwieldy carriage—160 years old—of the last Grand Master of Malta; which, with its costly adornments of gilding, carved work, and white satin lining, must have been a marvellously grand vehicle in its day.

We have made a deplorable exchange from Mrs. Dunsford's most comfortable Hotel to the dirty crowded "*Mérovée*;" and have also taken leave of our fellow travellers, Mr. Crosse and Mr. Starkie, with great regret; for to their invariable good humour and kindness we owe a considerable share of our enjoyment during a long and interesting tour. We left Valetta harbour this lovely evening at seven o'clock; the quay was crowded with people.

Wednesday, May 24th. I awoke betimes with Mount Etna fall in view; and was only too glad to leave my narrow sofa, and the absolute suffocation of our cabin—notwithstanding the manifold *désagréments* I necessarily encountered on deck—of noise, confusion and bad smells. Shortly after one o'clock we anchored in the spacious harbour of Messina;

* Introduction to Murray's "*Hand-Book for Travellers in the East*."—XLV.

and, waiting patiently until all doubts were cleared up as to whether we should be allowed to land, we finally went on shore. A broad terrace, called "Marina," follows the curve of the coast, and forms a noble promenade above a mile in length; the buildings suffered materially from the earthquake of 1783, but have been in some measure restored. The Cathedral—erected at different periods—was founded by Count Robert the Norman, in 1698; and those magnificent granite columns, supporting the nave, were taken from a Temple of Neptune at the Faro.* The elegant and elaborately carved pulpit is constructed of two solid pieces of white marble: a light staircase of bronze leads to its octagonal rostrum. This Cathedral also contains a few admirable Florentine mosaics, rich in *lapis lazuli*. The altars were decked out with vases of artificial flowers and numerous wax tapers—tomorrow being the Feast of Ascension. We met several droves of fine oxen on the quay, with splendid horns.

Towards sunset, most exquisite lights and shadows were thrown along the beautiful mountain range that nearly encircles Messina. The sea was of a deeper blue than ever; and as evening advanced, we beheld phosphoric lights dancing upon the water, and occasionally a falling star. The volcanic island of Stromboli lay directly in our course.

Thursday, May 25th. We entered the Bay of Naples at a very early hour this morning. A light smoke issued from the crater of Vesuvius; while Ischia, Capri, Baiæ, Pozzuoli, Sorrento, and the gay luxurious city, with its extensive suburbs—all these well remembered objects rose gradually before us like a passing dream. The streets of Naples are wonderfully improved in cleanliness, and many old unsightly houses have been demolished within the last ten years. Most of the shops were closed, but we gained admittance into an excellent one, on the Chiaja, famous for its assortment of coral and lava. We saw a large

* "Belgium, The Rhine, Italy, Greece, and the Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean."
Vol. II. page 71.

procession of priests, carrying the Host; and likewise a troop of remarkably well mounted cavalry.

Friday, May 26th. Cività Vecchia by daybreak—and then began all the dirt and confusion inseparable from *coaling*. We went on shore as soon as possible, hired a carriage, and drove six miles to see some ancient Baths, which are filled from a boiling spring, and even now used, although in ruinous condition. From its retired situation, this spot was formerly a chosen haunt of banditti. Cività Vecchia is a more important looking place than I expected. In one of the Churches we saw an immense wooden crucifix, the carving of which is entirely spoiled by bad painting and a high varnish.

There has been a fearful increase of passengers on board the “*Mérovée*.” These French steamers are allowed to convey unlimited numbers; consequently, mattresses lie side by side upon the cabin floors, as close as they *can* be put; while many people prefer the open deck, for the weather continues calm and clear. We have passed the Island of Elba.

Saturday, May 27th. Reached Leghorn—whose harbour was crowded with shipping—by five a. m., and landed before breakfast—the instant our passport was returned. The *Duomo* is chiefly interesting to English travellers, from its *façade* having been designed by Inigo Jones. We also went into the Jews’ Synagogue during service. The officiating rabbi was attired like a Roman Catholic priest; the men did not take off their hats, and wore white scarfs; and the women sat by themselves in a latticed gallery. The present Grand Duke of Tuscany has wrought manifold changes for the better in the appearance of Leghorn. We drove to look at a great Cistern which supplies the whole town with water, brought thither by an aqueduct, from a distance of twelve miles: the depth of water in the cistern is about thirty feet.

To our inexpressible comfort, several passengers have left the “*Mérovée*,” and to-night we shall probably have our cabin nearly to

ourselves. Soon after six o'clock we lay at anchor in the Bay of Genoa. It was the second time we had thus approached "Genova la Superba." Now, we beheld the "city of palaces" and its mountain background, studded with villas, on a lovely Italian summer's evening; while *before*—many years ago, in the month of February—we saw pale moonlight slowly and beautifully blending into break of day. Our passport was delayed so long that we were unable to land, which was a sad disappointment to us; and we were obliged to console ourselves with listening to a party of musicians, principally women, who came close to the steamer in a boat. One of them played the violin, another the guitar, and they all sang tolerably well in chorus, selections from different operas.

Friday, May 26th. The sea became rougher during the night than was by any means agreeable, owing to the mutual flow of the Gulf of Lyons and Bay of Genoa. We landed at Marseilles about four this afternoon, have secured comfortable apartments at the Hôtel Beauvais, and were politely treated *à la Douane*—the only duty charged being £1 upon Vincenzo's box of cigars, which he has wisely left in safe custody until his return.

Saturday, May 27th. Left Marseilles by railroad at one o'clock to-day. The neighbourhood is very pretty, interspersed with handsome *châteaux*, and abounding in mulberry and olive trees—the latter are, however, mere shrubs compared with those we have seen elsewhere. At Avignon, we have taken up our abode until to-morrow evening at the excellent Hôtel du Palais Royal, kept by Madame Pieron, one of the most attentive landladies I ever knew. Before dinner, we accompanied Mrs. Kennedy and her sons in a ramble through this interesting old town; and first passed the ancient Mint of Papal times, at present used as a Police barrack. The Cathedral contains the tombs of John XXII. and Benedict XII.; the former is richly carved, but has been dreadfully mutilated by

the Revolutionists. In the choir stands the Popes' Throne—of white marble, carved with the Lion of St. Mark, and the Winged Bull of St. Luke. The Papal Palace is of vast extent, but no longer shown to strangers, being now converted into a barrack and prison. We next ascended the Rocher des Doms—upon whose cliffs the Cathedral is founded—to a broad rocky platform; and advancing towards the Telegraph—erected near the edge of a frightful precipice—we enjoyed what is universally acknowledged to be one of the most magnificent views in France; comprising—the city of Avignon—the confluence of the Rhone and Durance—numerous country houses—the fertile valley, bounded on the south by a range of barren hills, and on the north east by the distant mountains of Vaucluse—and the towers of the old frontier fortress of Villeneuve. From thence we descended to the *Hospice des Insénées*, for the purpose of seeing a beautiful Ivory Crucifix—by making which the artist not only saved his nephew from execution, but obtained the privilege during his own lifetime, of redeeming a condemned criminal once in every year. We did not go over the Hospital, which is said to be admirably conducted under the superintendence of *les Sœurs de Charité*.

Monday, May 29th. The railroad is still unfinished between Avignon and Chalons; we therefore secured the *coupé* of the Diligence, and reached Lyons early this afternoon. Since our arrival, we have visited the *Palais des Beaux Arts*—in the *Place des Terreaux*—which contains a valuable collection of Paintings; a superb Mosaic Pavement, discovered on the site of the temple of Augustus, at Ainay;* some smaller Pavements, found at Lyons, or in the immediate neighbourhood; Roman

* “The middle age name of Ainay is Athenæum, and most of the historians of Lyons are unanimous in supposing that it is built upon the site of the Athenæum founded by Caligula, and the buildings of which joined to or included the Augustan altar.”—Murray's Hand Book for France.—Page 368.

Bronzes ; curious old China ; an Egyptian Sarcophagus ; Mummies in glass cases ; &c. At the *Hôtel de Ville* we saw two famous bronze statues representing the rivers Rhone and Saone, whose pedestals are decorated with appropriate trophies.

Tuesday, May 30th. Breakfasted at Chalons, while the Diligence—divested of its wheels—was hoisted upon the railway truck ; and before five p. m. were at Paris, in our apartments at the *Hôtel de Windsor*.

Thursday, June 1st. We proceeded to Calais—per rail—last night, had a frightfully rough passage to Dover, and arrived in London about seven this morning. I am truly grieved to feel that our delightful tour is now ended. It has been fraught with unbounded interest and gratification : I trust, also with lasting benefit to our hearts and minds. We have been graciously protected from dangers, and enabled to endure certain hardships which *must* fall to the lot of every Eastern traveller.

NOTE.

It may prove interesting to the reader, who has not yet travelled in the East, to be informed of what we found essentially important towards lessening those *desagrémens* inseparable from such a journey as I have imperfectly endeavoured to describe in the foregoing pages. With this conviction, I will briefly add a few suggestions; premising, that in my humble opinion, no person should pass through these countries otherwise than as we did ourselves—not compromising the honour of his nation, either by parsimonious closeness, or wasteful extravagance—but as accords with the proper position which a lady or gentleman ought always to maintain, while resolving to secure every comfort that money can provide, and the different localities afford.

The routes to Egypt are these:—First, by the Peninsular and Oriental steamers—very fine and fast vessels—sailing from Southampton to Alexandria, calling at Gibraltar and Malta. Secondly, through France to Marseilles—thence, by very large and swift steamers, belonging to the same Company, to Malta, in two days and a half—then to Alexandria, and (if required) joining the Peninsular and Oriental Indian steamer. Thirdly, by vessels belonging to *Les Messageries Impériales*—French Company—calling at Malta—to Alexandria. Fourthly, through Austria to Trieste; and from thence by Austrian Lloyd's steamers. Both of these Companies have excellent vessels on that line.

The most independent manner of proceeding is to make a contract with a Dragoman or Interpreter—either Maltese, Arab, or Greek—any of whom may be found by enquiry at Muir's Library, or Dunsford's Hotel, Malta—having good recommendations from other travellers—to provide everything necessary for the journey. In this agreement, whatever is expected from the Dragoman should be explicitly defined. I have given a copy of Mr. T.'s contract with Vincenzo Belluti, for the guidance of

NOTE.

those who may hereafter wish to adopt a similar plan ; simply remarking, that during a nine months' tour, not once had we occasion to find fault with our Dragoman's arrangements ; and as to our table, he very often put *too much* upon it. Mr. T. never had a dispute with him about money matters, to the amount of a single para. English sovereigns, or French napoleons, are the most convenient coins ; but for so long a journey, the quantity required would be too great to carry, and a temptation to robbery. Coutts' circular notes for £20 and £25 each, are best. In silver coins, five franc and smaller pieces must be taken. Before leaving Alexandria, Turkish or Egyptian Megeedis (silver) or five franc pieces ; and also Paras—small copper money—particularly for Egypt, Syria, and Palestine—where the peasantry are so poor that they cannot exchange, and prefer to keep their goods unsold, rather than not receive the exact sum in *small* coin. The arrangements for receiving and forwarding letters in the East are exceedingly slow and defective. The safest plan is to have them sent via Marseilles, to the care of the Banker on whom you have circular notes ; giving him instructions where to transmit them.

The sudden changes of temperature in these climates render an ample supply of both warm and light clothing absolutely necessary. I would recommend flannel shirts and woollen clothes even in hot weather ; and avoid exposure to those heavy mists which fall at night.

Carefully guard against giving grounds of offence to the Arabs. Conciliate them, and they will do all they can for you. The merest trifle, judiciously offered, will secure their favour ; and undoubtedly it lies in their power to make your journey agreeable or very much the reverse. Treat them firmly, but in the spirit of kindness ; and, like the rest of the world, they will behave well to you. Treat them harshly, and their savage nature knows no bounds to revenge.

THE END.

ALEXANDRIA, 3rd October, 1853.

The following agreement has been entered into between Thomas Tobin and Vincenzo Belluti—Dragoman of Malta :—

CLAUSE I.—Vincenzo Belluti to accompany Thomas Tobin and his family as guide and interpreter, cook, and general servant, in their Tour up the Nile, through Egypt, across the Long Desert to Mount Sinai, by Nakhel (Sakhel) to Gaza, to Jaffa, to Jerusalem; from thence to Jericho, the Jordan, the Dead Sea, Mar Saba, the Pools of Solomon, Bethlehem, back to Jerusalem; from thence to Nazareth and Tiberias; to Damascus, Palmyra, Baalbec, and by Cedars of Lebanon to Beiroot; thence to Smyrna, to Constantinople and Turkey, to Greece and the Ionian Isles, to Malta, and to any other places the said Thomas Tobin may wish to go to. The route to be taken, the time, place, and duration of halts and stoppages, to be entirely under the direction of said Thomas Tobin.

CLAUSE II.—The said Vincenzo Belluti is to provide food and lodging—both as good as can be procured—and a sufficient number of camels, horses, and mules; to travel with the greatest possible despatch; also water carriage when necessary; tents and bedding, and every thing required for the journey.

CLAUSE III.—Vincenzo Belluti is to pay all expenses of this journey of any kind whatever, and is to provide guards when necessary—all backsheesh or tribute of every kind is to be paid by him; excepting that in the case of said Thomas Tobin and his family visiting Palmyra, the Sheikh of the Palmyra Arabs is to be paid by him, the said Thomas Tobin.

CLAUSE IV.—It is agreed between the said Thomas Tobin and Vincenzo Belluti that this contract shall remain in force and effect for four months from this date, provided said Thomas Tobin be satisfied

with the manner said Vincenzo Belluti fulfils his part of this agreement; and if said Thomas Tobin wishes it, it is agreed that he shall be at liberty to extend the duration of this contract to any longer period he may desire, not exceeding nine months, at the same rate of payment to Vincenzo Belluti as is specified in next clause.

CLAUSE V.—In consideration of the faithful performance of this agreement by the said Vincenzo Belluti, Thomas Tobin agrees to pay to him, the said Vincenzo Belluti, twenty-five shillings sterling per day for each and every person of his party—consisting of four persons—beyond which no further sum is to be asked on any pretence whatever.

CLAUSE VI.—If from illness or any other cause said Thomas Tobin should not wish to proceed on this tour, he is to pay to said Vincenzo Belluti thirty pounds sterling for his travelling expenses back to Malta.

CLAUSE VII.—It is distinctly understood between said Thomas Tobin and said Vincenzo Belluti, that the Clause VI in this contract shall only be in force and effect in case that from illness or any other cause said Thomas Tobin shall not prosecute his journey, and fully complete the four months specified in Clause IV in this contract.

CLAUSE VIII.—It is agreed that this contract shall commence this third day of October, 1853.

Signed, THOMAS TOBIN,

Signed, VINCENZO BELLUTI.

£150, 4th October, 1853, received one hundred and fifty pounds.

50, 13th October, 1853, received fifty pounds.

100, 12th December, 1853, received one hundred pounds.

100, 13th December, 1853, received one hundred pounds.

600, 21st June, 1854, received six hundred pounds.

£1,000.

Signed, VINCENZO BELLUTI.

CHURCH AND HÔSPICE OF MOUNT. CARMEL.

I HAVE translated these particulars relating to the Convent on Mount Carmel, from an Italian pamphlet given to me by "Brother Charles," during our delightful visit to that beautiful and interesting locality.

C. T.

BROTHER GIOVANNI BATTISTA,

ARCHITECT OF CARMEL.

Perchance, one of these days, you may meet in the streets of Paris a handsome Carmelite monk, of grave countenance, with long grizzly beard; his shoulders covered with a levantine mantle, and his loins girded with an Arab belt: * should you address him, he would answer you in the purest Roman; since he is a native of Frascati, and a member of the Casini family: moreover, if urged by curiosity on perceiving his rich and imposing costume, nearly forgotten in our own France, you were to ask him his religion; he would reply that he is of the same creed which conducted Godfrey de Bouillon to Jerusalem and Saint Louis to Tunis.

The history of this man, although a perfectly simple one, is extremely edifying to ourselves, with whom *Fidelity* begins once again to raise her head. It is as follows:—

In 1819, Brother Giovanni Battista, then living at Rome, received an order to set out for Palestine, and investigate minutely, in his

* Brother Giovanni Battista subsequently wore the proper dress of his Order.

capacity of architect, what means should be employed to rebuild the Convent on Mount Carmel.

Carmel, as everybody knows, is one of the Holy Mountains ; and, like Horeb and Sinai, has been hallowed by God's presence. Its lofty ridge rises between Tyre and Cæsarea, and is separated from St. Jean d'Acre by the Gulf of Caifa only. It is five hours distant from Nazareth, and two days' journey from Jerusalem. When the Twelve Tribes were separated, the northern division of Carmel fell to the lot of Asher, who built houses there ; Zabulon made his dwelling on the eastern slopes ; and Issachar pitched his tents towards the south. The sea washes its base to the westward, where Carmel juts boldly into the waves ; and, as the European pilgrim advances, he hails from afar that first boundary of the Holy Land, upon whose sacred soil he may bend the knee.

Precisely there, on the summit of Carmel, did Elijah meet eight hundred and fifty false prophets, sent by Ahab ; in order that a miracle should decide which was the true God, Baal or Jehovah. There, on that mountain top, were erected two altars, and victims were laid upon each of them. The false prophets invoked their idols, who remained deaf to every supplication. Elijah called upon the Lord, and had hardly prostrated himself in prayer, when fire descending from heaven at once consumed, not merely the wood and sacrifice, but even the stones of Baal's altar. The vanquished prophets were immediately put to death, and God's righteous name was glorified. This event occurred nine hundred years before Christ.

From that day Carmel continued in possession of the Faithful. Elijah left to Elisha, not only his cloak, but his cave likewise ; and to Elisha succeeded the Sons of the Prophets, who were the ancestors of St. John. After the Crucifixion of Jesus Christ, the Carmelite brotherhood exchanged the written law for that of grace ; and, three hundred years subsequently, San Basilio gave these pious recluses an especial code of regulations. At

the period of the Crusades, the monks of Carmel abandoned the Greek ritual for that of Rome; and, from the days of St. Louis to those of Bonaparte, this convent, founded upon the identical spot where the inspired prophet built his altar, was free to travellers of every nation and religious creed: gratuitously open, to the glory of God, and also of Elijah—who was held in equal veneration by the Rabbin, because they believed him occupied in writing the history of all ages of the world; by the Persian Magi, who affirm that their master, Zoroaster, was his disciple; and finally, by the Muslims, who imagine he dwelt within a delightful oasis, containing the Fountain and Tree of Life, which rendered him immortal.

Thus was this holy mountain dedicated to the worship of God for two thousand six hundred years, until Napoleon besieged St. Jean d'Acre; and then, as usual, Carmel opened wide her gates, no longer to pilgrims and travellers, but to the wounded and the dying. During an interval of eight hundred years, had arrived thither—Titus, Louis IX., and Napoleon.

These three incursions from the West to the East were productive of fatal consequences. After Titus had succeeded in taking Jerusalem, the Roman soldiers pillaged the convent of Mount Carmel; subsequent to the abandonment of Palestine by the Christians, the Saracens murdered its inmates; lastly, after Bonaparte's defeat before St. Jean d'Acre, the Turks made themselves masters of the place, turned out the wounded French, dispersed the monks, broke the doors and windows, and reduced the holy asylum to an uninhabitable condition.

From that day nothing remained of the Convent but its shattered walls; and of the community one brother only, who had retired to Caifa; when Brother Giovanni Battista received orders from his Superior to visit Carmel, observe in what state the infidels had left God's holy dwelling, and ascertain the best means of rebuilding it.

Unfortunately, the moment was ill chosen : Abdallah Pasha commanded for the Porte ; and that remorseless minister of the Sultan entertained the most profound hatred towards Christians, which the Greek revolution still further augmented. He wrote to the Sublime Emperor of the Ottomans that the Carmelite convent would serve as an enemy's stronghold, and craved permission to demolish it altogether. The desired leave was willingly granted : Abdallah undermined the monastery ; and the Roman envoy beheld the last vestiges of an edifice, which he had come purposely to reconstruct, blown up into the air with gunpowder. Every inch of cultivated ground about Carmel was now again infested with wild animals : tigers and panthers, whom the vicinity of mankind had heretofore driven away, reappeared there with impunity ; wandering Arabs, those children of the Desert, pitched their tents or dwelt in dreary caves among the ruins of the House of God ; and on the very spot where was formerly exercised hospitality like that of St. Bernard and Certosa, travellers were doomed to perish, massacred by the Bedouins or devoured by savage beasts. All this happened in 1821. Nothing more could be done at Carmel, and Brother Giovanni Battista returned to Rome.

However, he had not abandoned his design. In 1826, he started for Constantinople ; where, through the interest of France and the intercession of her ambassador, he obtained from Sultan Mahmoud, a firman which permitted the reconstruction of the monastery. Brother Giovanni Battista then repaired to Caifa, but the last monk of Carmel was already dead.

Without delay, he ascended the Holy Mountain alone, sat down upon the fragment of a Byzantine column, and there—pencil in hand—this clever architect, chosen to rebuild the Lord's House, made his plan for a new convent, handsomer than any of its predecessors : after he had finished the design, he calculated its expenses, which amounted to three hundred and fifty thousand francs ; and then this extraordinary man, who thus wrought mentally, without immediately occupying himself in regard to the actual

execution, knocked at the first cottage door to which he came, and craved a morsel of bread for his evening meal.

The next day, he began to think how it would be possible to obtain the three hundred and fifty thousand francs, necessary for the completion of his meritorious undertaking.

The first idea that entered his mind, was to provide a revenue for the yet non-existent community: he had observed, five hours from Carmel and three hours from Nazareth, two deserted mills, abandoned probably on account of the war, or because the water which turned them now flowed in another direction; and so diligent was his search, that at the distance of one league he discovered a spring, which, by means of an aqueduct, could be easily conducted thither. Having found this spring, and certain that it would be quite practicable to set the mills in motion, Brother Giovanni Battista lost no time in obtaining them.

These mills belonged to a Druse family: a tribe, descended from those Israelites who worshipped the Golden Calf, they have preserved the idolatry of their forefathers; their women wear, even at the present day, a buffalo's horn for a head ornament; the poor wear it as it is taken from the animal, the rich have it plated or gilt. This family, composed of twenty persons, refused to part with land inherited from their ancestors, although the soil was entirely barren; they considered such an act would be a grievous sin. Brother Giovanni Battista therefore proposed that they should let the land which they declined to sell: to this arrangement their Chief gave his consent, and it was settled that the income derived from the mills should be divided into three portions; one for the owners, the remainder for the tenants.

Whereas the tenants must necessarily be two in number, one of them—viz., Giovanni Battista—contributed, as his proper share, his own industry; but it was requisite that another should supply the sum of money needful to restore the mills and construct the aqueduct. Brother Giovanni

Battista remembered a friendly Turk, with whom he became acquainted during his first journey, and asked him for nine thousand francs in aid of his laborious enterprize. The Turk led him into his treasury; for the Turks, who have neither revenues nor industry, possess even still, as in the "Thousand and one Nights," their hoards of gold and silver coins. From thence Brother Giovanni Battista took the sum he wanted, assigning towards its repayment one third of the profits from the mills; and, thanks to this earliest contribution, made by a Mussulman, the architect was enabled to lay the foundation of his important work. Respecting the returns, there was no occasion for complaint; for in less than twelve years, that portion set aside to repay the Christian deed of a follower of Mohammed, amply fulfilled all his expectations.

Did you ever hear of anything more simply grand than the act of this Christian Brother, who was induced to ask money from a Turk to rebuild the House of God? or more noble than the conduct of him who so readily lent it?

Verily, the reconstruction of Carmel was not merely a work of religion, but also of humanity. Carmel is, in fact, a sacred hotel; where are received, free of charge, pilgrims of every creed, the unfortunate of all countries; and where whoever comes has only to say—and he will receive food and lodging—"Brother, I am weary and hungry."

Brother Giovanni Battista soon started on his first mendicancy, leaving the task of constructing the aqueduct and restoring the mills to an intelligent new convert; and, on the eve of departure, he wrote, that all those who were willing to unite themselves with the Superior of the Oriental Carmelites, should repair thither, and that in a short time a

Every person of whatever religion he may chance to be, is there received, lodged, and fed, gratuitously, for the space of three days; and in cases of illness he likewise receives all the succour that his situation demands. Besides, to the poor are given, at the moment of departure, victuals for their journey.

monastery would be erected to receive them. He then passed along the coasts of Asia Minor, the Ionian Isles, and the streets of Constantinople, asking alms from everyone in our Lord's name; and at the end of six months he returned to Carmel, bringing with him the sum of twenty thousand francs, sufficient to defray the first expenses of his edifice. Finally, on the feast of Corpus Domini, exactly seven years from the period of Abdallah Pasha's blowing up the walls of the old building, Brother Giovanni Battista laid the foundation stone of the new one.

But, at the close of that year, this money was exhausted: Brother Giovanni Battista accordingly went to Greece; and, bearer of another considerable sum of money, he for the second time returned, to direct the progress of a structure which continued augmenting, and was already sufficiently advanced to afford hospitality. Lamartine, Taylor, Champmartin, and Douzatz, were lodged there when they travelled through Palestine.

And in this manner did Brother Giovanni Battista—although he had reached the age of sixty years—steadily prosecute his undertaking. Eleven times did he set out from Carmel, and eleven times came back thither. During the six years' duration of his pilgrimages, he visited the entire of one hemisphere: he went to Jerusalem, Damascus, Beyrout, Tyre, Sidon, Jaffa, Rosetta, Alexandria, Cairo, Rome, Tripoli of Syria, Mount Lebanon, Smyrna, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, Tripoli of Africa, Syracuse, Girgenti, Palermo, Taranto, Algiers, Tunis, Gibraltar, and even penetrated within the states of Marocco. He travelled over all Italy, Corsica, Sardinia, the whole of Spain, part of England—and lastly, France, who, unwilling to appear less pious than the rest of the world, has also given her assistance towards this humane object, now striving for accomplishment upon the same soil which witnessed the far more perfect work of our Redemption.

At present, Brother Giovanni Battista has already collected two hundred and thirty thousand francs.

And now, when you may accidentally see this holy man pass by, enquire of him—how, in the midst of our hardened age of unbelief, there can still survive within himself a truly faithful heart!

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Having reprinted, during the present year, 1846, the eloquent story you have here perused—and which powerfully assisted Brother Giovanni Battista to obtain extensive alms—it is right to add, that the venerable monk returned to Carmel October 24th, 1838, but only to recommence his travels very soon afterwards, for the purpose of collecting funds needful to complete the work he had undertaken.

In 1839, he again went to Constantinople and into Egypt, returning to Carmel in 1840. In the month of June, 1841, he embarked at Beyrout for Rome, traversed a great portion of Italy, and revisited France—where he had the honour of an interview with their Majesties the King and Queen of the French—and returning to Rome, was admitted to a conference with the August Head of the Church. On his journey back to Carmel, he made a short stay at Constantinople, travelled through Syria, and went to Athens—where King Otho and the Queen his consort deigned to grant him an audience and pecuniary succour. From thence, having gone again to Alexandria in Egypt, he was generously allowed a passage on board an English Man of War, the “London,” and taken to Beyrout. When he re-entered his convent—that holy asylum which his own untiring energy had raised from a heap of ruins—he hoped never more to be obliged to leave it.

But the long desired period of rest had not yet arrived: the number of strangers constantly increasing, rendered the buildings of the *hospice*—especially intended for that purpose—insufficient to contain them. Moreover, the entire edifice required to be surrounded by a wall, as a security from the attacks of wild beasts and robbers. It likewise became

necessary to amass funds which would place the monks in a position to receive, lodge, and feed, the numerous travellers who flocked thither.

And thus, on the strength of that urgent necessity—and fortified by his own indomitable courage, and the holy zeal which animated his noble spirit—he undertook, for the last time, in 1844—after eighteen months' sojourn at Carmel—to go once again to Europe. Upon his arrival at Rome, he threw himself at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff, Gregory XVI.; and having conferred with their Eminences, the Cardinals Lambruschini, first Secretary of State, and Franson, Prefect of the Propaganda, and also with the General of his Order, he obtained permission to undertake a fresh almsbegging. By authority of a commission so exactly in accordance with his design, which for thirty years has had no other aim than the glory of Carmel, Brother Giovanni Battista visited part of Germany, Holland, and Belgium, which countries he first saw in 1836.

He was favoured with a reception equally gracious and generous at the Courts of Vienna and Berlin, as well as at those of Munich and Dresden. The Queen of the Belgians, also the King of Holland and the princes of his family, gave substantial proofs of their earnest sympathy in a cause which is becoming so useful to all classes of society. And even now, the worthy monk—who is near his seventieth year—traverses anew—always asking alms—part of the German Empire, Bohemia, thence to the kingdom of Venetian Lombardy, Piedmont and other Italian States; and lastly, after imploring a final blessing from the Father of all the Faithful, and the General of his own Order—his immediate Head—he hopes to rest from his labours, and welcome to Carmel those travellers who visit the desert soil of Syria; doubly fortunate if he shall be permitted to clasp one hand which proffered him assistance during his many arduous pilgrimages.

Venice, 1846.

ERRATA.

- Page 24.—*For* Salah-e'-deer, *read* Salá-e'-deen.
Note, Page 33.—*For* trailed, *read* trailed.
Page 38.—*For* innundation, *read* inundation.
Page 40.—*For* wore, *read* were.
Page 46.—*For* first, *read* sixth November.
Page 56.—*For* Capitol, *read* Capital.
Page 67.—*For* odly, *read* oddly.
Page 105.—*For* shewn, *read* shown.
Page 180.—*For* Bethlemite, *read* Bethlehemite.
Page 199.—*For* Sebeste, *read* Sebaste.
Page 230.—*For* hirtherto, *read* hitherto.
Page 255.—*For* Insencées, *read* Insensées.