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Biography

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# ANASTASIUS,

## MEMOIRS OF A GREEK;

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF

## THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY THOMAS HOPE, ESQ.

VOL. I.

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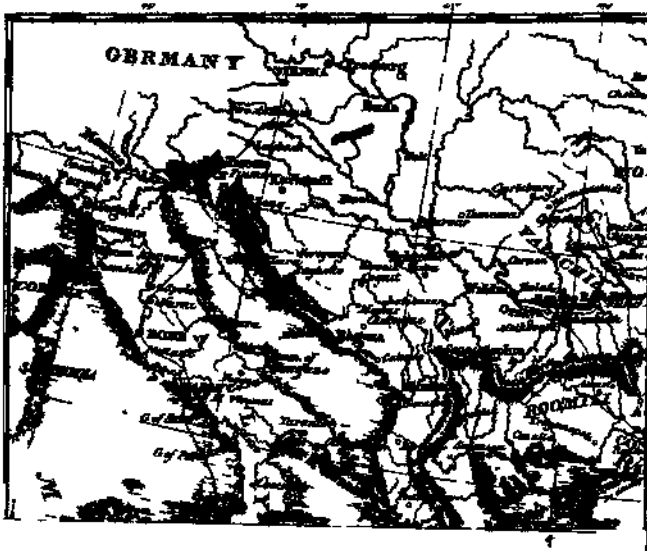
GERMANY

# MEMOIRS

OF THE

# LIFE OF THOMAS HOPE.

THOMAS HOPE, Esq. was one of the family of the Hopes of Amsterdam, proverbial for wealth, for liberality, for the splendour of their mansion, and for their extensive and valuable collections of works of art. Mr. Hope, possessing an ample fortune, had travelled over various parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa; having, with a refined taste, acquired a facility of drawing, he brought home a large collection of sketches, principally of the architecture and sculpture of the different scenes.

Soon after his return to, and settlement in London, he published "A Letter, addressed to F. Annesley, Esq., on a series of Designs for Downing College, Cambridge;" in which, founding his pretensions of what he had seen and examined in the course of his travels, especially with reference to architecture, he criticised with considerable severity the series of plans, elevations, etc., which had been produced by Mr. Wyatt. In consequence, as it has been said, of these

iticisms, Mr. Wyatt's designs were rejected; and Mr. Wilns was afterwards employed to commence the college.

Mr. Hope married the Hon. Louisa Hope, the fifteenth child d youngest daughter of the late Lord Decies, Archbishop of Tuam, and brother to the late Marquis of Waterford. By this lady * he had three sons, who survive their father.

Mr. Hope devoted much time and study in finishing and fitting up the interior of his house, partly from his own drawings, and partly in imitation of the best specimens of ancient and modern buildings in Italy. He made designs for the whole, and also for the furniture. The house (of which a brief account, with two plates, is given in the first volume of Britton's "Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London") consists of a picture-gallery, a statue-gallery, drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, cabinets for vases and other antique curiosities, which Mr. Hope had collected in the course of his travels.

Alluding to the style of this mansion, and that of his country residence, at Deepden, near Dorking, Mr. Hope thus expresses himself:—"In forming my collection, and in fitting up my houses, my object has neither been an idle parade of *virtù*, nor an ostentatious display of finery. I have observed, with regret, that most persons employed in our manufactures, or in furnishing our habitations, are rarely initiated even in the simplest rudiments of design; whence it has happened, that immense expense has been employed in producing furniture without character, beauty, or appropriate meaning."

* Of Mrs. Hope, eminent for beauty, grace, and accomplishments, a finely-engraved portrait, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's celebrated painting, was published last year in "La Belle Assemblée"

In 1805, Mr. Hope published the drawings which he had made for his furniture, etc., in a folio volume, entitled, "*Household Furniture and internal Decorations.*"

Notwithstanding the sneers of the Edinburgh Review, Mr. Hope's work speedily effected a complete revolution in the upholstery and all the interior decoration of houses.

Mr. Hope was, in all respects, a munificent patron of art and of artists, and even of the humbler mechanic; for he has been known to traverse obscure alleys, lanes, and courts, to find out and employ men of skill and talent in their respective pursuits. Thorwaldsen, the celebrated Danish sculptor, was chiefly indebted to him for the early support and patronage which he experienced. Flaxman was extensively employed by him; and he enjoyed the satisfaction of having excited the genius and fostered the talents of Chantrey.

These are only a few among the numerous instances in which his liberality was nobly and advantageously employed. In one case, however, the patronage of Mr. Hope was returned by an act of the basest ingratitude. Some disputes having arisen between Mr. Hope and a man named Dubost, respecting the price and execution of a painting, the artist vented his spleen by the exhibition of an infamous caricature —a picture which he entitled Beauty and the Beast. It is in the recollection of many that, in this pictorial libel, Mrs. Hope was drawn as the Beauty, and her husband as the Beast, laying his treasures at her feet, and addressing her in the language of the French tale.

The picture was publicly exhibited, and drew such crowds of loungers and scandal-lovers to view it, that from 20*l.* to 30*l.* a day was sometimes taken at the doors. It was at

length cut to pieces in the room, with a very proper spirit, by Mr. Beresford, the brother of Mrs. Hope. For this, Dubost brought an action against him, laying his damages at 1000*l.* The jury, however, gave him a verdict for 5*l.*, as the worth of the canvass and colours; and even that would not have been awarded had Mr. Beresford put in a plea that he destroyed the picture as a nuisance, instead of putting in a general plea of "not guilty."

In 1809, Mr. Hope published "The Costumes of the Ancients," in two volumes, royal 8vo; and that it might be the more easily purchased, and thus more extensively circulated, he generously caused it to be sold at a price by which he is said to have made a sacrifice to the amount of 1000*l.* Three years afterwards, he published his "Designs of Modern Costumes," in folio.

These works evinced a profound research into the works of antiquity, and a familiarity with all that is graceful and elegant. In the improvement of female costume in this country, he may be said to have wrought wonders.

Even in this prolific age of authorship, a work of more varied, lively, and intense interest than Mr. Hope's "Anastasius, or Memoirs of a modern Greek," has scarcely been known. It is one of the few novels of the time, with the exception of those of Sir Walter Scott, which will survive for long years to come.

At the time of Mr. Hope's decease (which occurred at his house in Duchess-street, on the 3d of February), he was engaged in passing through the press a publication, "On the Origin and Prospects of Man;" since published in four volumes, 8vo.

He has left an extensive collection of drawings and engravings, illustrative of buildings and scenery in Greece, Turkey, Italy, France, and Germany; and several plates of his antique sculpture, vases, etc.

Anastasius first appeared without a name. When the real author was known, every body exclaimed with the Edinburgh Review: "Is this Mr. Thomas Hope? is this the man of chairs and tables—the gentleman of sphinxes—the Œdipus of coal-boxes—he who meditated on muffineers and planned pokers?—Where has he hidden all this eloquence and poetry up to this hour?—how is it that he has, all of a sudden, burst out into descriptions which would not disgrace the pen of Tacitus—and displayed a depth of feeling, and a vigour of imagination, which Lord Byron could not excel!"

A critic in Blackwood's Magazine contrived to extort from Mr. Hope the open avowal of his authorship as a romance-writer, by attributing *Anastasius* to Lord Byron

According to him, Mr. Hope had been beguiled to stand godfather to the abandoned progeny of the noble poet. None but a man who was conscious of previously possessing some influence on public opinion, would have dared to send out such a book.

The same critic called the attention of the readers to a few circumstances that, he conceived, were constituting strong proofs that *Anastasius* was the production of Byron, who chuckled at the success of the device.

"In the first place, one of the great features of the work is an intimate knowledge of the localities of many of the scenes, and an easy applicable familiarity with the vernacular terms for all Greek and Ottoman things, grades, and offices. Who

ever heard of Hope possessing any such knowledge? The localities, it is true, might be described from books of travels —some of them are—but those which are so borrowed can be easily discriminated from the allusions to places which the author actually visited. With respect to the vernacular terms, they too might be obtained from dictionaries; but where are such dictionaries to be found? They have no existence in any Pagan, Christian, or Mahomedan language. Is it not, then, probable that this minute kind of knowledge was acquired by the author himself? and it is known that Lord Byron, during his residence in Turkey, made considerable progress in the languages of the country. Besides, it is quite in his lordship's way to employ the original names of things in the scenes where he places his actions. No other author has adopted this fashion so much on principle; indeed few, from their own knowledge, were able to do it with true effect. Is it probable that such a man as Hope could so well assume one of the most decided peculiarities of so peculiar an author as Byron? He is not qualified—he has neither the minute knowledge, nor is it in his power, or that of any other man, through so long a story as Anastasius, to take upon himself such an undeniable criterion of identity. Short essays, characteristic of the blemishes and originalities of writers, have been often well executed; but such sports of fancy have ever been easily discovered from genuine productions—caricature is always obvious. But that any other than the original author should be able to treat at so much length, and with such circumstantiality, of such a variety of things, considering them as Byron alone would argue a resemblance in mind without parallel; or rather an assumption of character, more extraordinary than that transfusion of

nature, habits, and propensities, which is supposed to accompany a transfusion of the blood of one animal into the veins of another.—I will as soon believe, that by the operation of transfusion, a frog can be made to sing like Catalani, as that any nick-knacky gentleman, like Hope, could so inhale from Byron's works, the spirit of his bold, satirical, and libertine genius, as to be able to write a book, so like a book of his as the work in question.

"The conception of the story, and the general style of the narrative, is decidedly like Byron's conceptions and execution. The character, too, of Anastasius, is exactly of a piece with Lord Byron's; that is, with the one which pervades all his works, and so charitably considered as his own. The spirit of Anastasius is that of Don Juan. Would Lord Byron have made so obvious a copy from the work of any other artist? The whole story seems the chalk sketch of the poem; and Anastasius himself, in his riper years, is but another version of all the varieties of his Lordship's poetical progeny, from Childe Harold to Beppo. Is it likely that any other but the original author would imagine such a character? or rather, have so melted all Byron's characters into one? for Anastasius is a compilation of all those which, under different names, have been spoken of as different individuals, but which are, in reality, but different aspects of the same liberal, licentious, learned, brave, impassioned, and misanthropic being."

Such arguments *ad hominem* did not miss the aim. Mr. Thomas Hope could not help sending the following answer to the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.

"Sir,

"As an article in the last number of your Magazine, entitled, 'On Anastasius—by Lord Byron,' contains some assertions which, though probably only meant by the writer as facetiousness, might be mistaken by some simple reader for fact, I beg to state, that, in the course of long and various travels, I resided nearly a twelvemonth at Constantinople; visited the arsenal and bagnio frequently; witnessed the festival of St. George; saw Rhodes; was in Egypt, in Syria, and in every other place which I have attempted to describe minutely; collected my Eastern Vocabulary (notwithstanding the gentleman at Gordon's Hotel may be ignorant of the circumstance) on the spot, and whilst writing my work, had at one time an Albanian in my service, as well as the celebrated poet for whom, by a high literary compliment, I have been mistaken; adopted a fictitious hero, in order to embody my observations on the East in a form less trite than that of a journal; avoided all antiquarian descriptions studiously, as inconsistent with the character assumed; for the same reason, omitted my own name in the title-page; had finished my novel (or whatever else you may be pleased to call it), as to the matter, long before Lord Byron's admirable productions appeared; and need scarcely add, though I do explicitly, that I am the sole author of Anastasius,—

"And your very humble servant,

"Thomas Hope.

"Duchess street, Oct. 9, 1821.

"*To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.*"

In this letter Mr. Hope asserted his right to be ranked among well-informed travellers as much as among novel-writers; for it seems the object of the author of *Anastasius* had been to unite the entertainment of a novel with the information of a book of travels, and instead of giving a didactic description of the customs and characters of the different countries in which the scene is laid, to leave his readers to collect this knowledge for themselves, while he rivets their attention by the deep interest which many of the adventures of his profligate hero cannot fail to excite.

The plan of the work may perhaps have been suggested by the Travels of Anacharsis, which set before the reader very happily the state of ancient Greece at its most interesting period; but the Abbé Barthélemy makes his traveller, like the showman of a spectacle, the mere instrument of exhibiting his pictures, while the narrator himself is kept altogether in the back-ground. The hero of Mr. Hope, on the contrary, is a prominent Figaro on the canvass, and the model may therefore be rather supposed to have been taken from Le Sage or from Smollet. Altogether, it is a work of ability, but the inequalities in matter and manner are so remarkable that, until the name of Mr. Hope was prefixed, every body was led to conclude that it was not the production of a single mind but a compilation from a variety of sources; and indeed, to support the idea, it must be confessed that there are many parts which seem to have more than the semblance of translation. Still, whatever be the history of its origin, it is an extraordinary performance; displaying not only an intimate acquaintance with every thing peculiar to the East, but a knowledge of mankind in general.

But what a revolution must have been made in the habits

of his pen, before it could have achieved the sparkling manner in which the history of the adventurer Anastasius is told! It is not enough to say that he makes his first appearance as a novelist without the constraint and awkwardness of a beginner, for nothing can surpass the unembarrassed address with which he writes: he has a facile command over the resources of his language, an easy condensation, an epigrammatic and most searching wit, and a ready mastery in accomplishing his intentions, which altogether, we apprehend, are possessed by no other living writer.

The best description we could give of his genius would be to say that it has something in it of Le Sage, of Byron, of Voltaire, and of Godwin. Of Le Sage in the conduct and character of his novel, in his sly latent humour, and sharp penetration into the motives of people in ordinary life; of Byron in his laughing recklessness, and the might with which he describes resentment and the dark turmoil of the passions; of Voltaire in his biting and honest sneers at the impositions and dogmas of exclusive creeds, and the laughable exposures of those who trade in them; of Godwin in his tendency towards mental anatomy, abstract speculations, and the force of some of his gloomy pictures. But, excepting Byron, he has more genuine pathos than all of them put together; and his vein, like Byron's, being of the mixed kind, is more agreeable than that of the others singly.

Our author's region is the wide one of human nature and its concerns. He has little or no imagination of the merely poetical or abstract kind. His sympathy with external nature is imperfect and reflected; he goes to work, in his descriptions of natural scenery, after some approved model; his spirit does not prostrate itself with involuntary adoration be-

fore the majesty and loveliness of the world. He would pass through the heavy shadows of a forest into the sudden splendour of the heavens, and afterwards career over the great sea, occupied all the time, not in devout admiration of these glories of the universe, but in untwisting some metaphysical knot, or in elaborating a caustic piece of satire. One of the remarkable parts of Mr. Hope's genius is his entire freedom from cant; a virtue of most precious estimation in this canting age. It would be worth while to read Anastasius immediately after the Excursion of Mr. Wordsworth. Mr. Hope is no face-maker; no professional *melancholy* Androw. He knows that the "web of our life is of a mingled yarn;" that the emotions of our nature are fugitive, and succeed each other in a motley procession; that a sanctified face is an artifice to conceal something hollow and worthless; and, therefore, in the undisguised spirit of nature, he will pass at once from his laughing satire to reflections melancholy and profound.

As a novel, *Anastasius* is too long. It is next to impossible, even with the talent of Mr. Hope, to preserve a single chain of interesting narrative through three corpulent volumes: our author, therefore, has been obliged to eke out his second volume with a series of state papers, or something very like them, detailing the political intrigues and warfare of the beys; which are, all and several, downright inflictions on the reader.

Yet it would seem, after all, that these portions of the work are considered by Mr. Hope to be more valuable than the rest; for we are told in the advertisement to the second edition of Anastasius, that "the only excuse that the author could plead for sending so unpruned a performance into the

world, was the desire of adding his mite to the information so eagerly sought at this moment respecting the ever-interesting regions once adorned by the Greeks, and now defaced by the Turks. He therefore observes, that the historical and statistical parts are (as far as his knowledge extends) strictly correct." It would seem by this, that the narrative is to be considered as an altogether subordinate matter: but, Attic as we are, and much as we go hand and heart with Mr. Hope in his sympathy with the Greek cause, we do not scruple to confess that, in our novel-reading propensities, we are pretty much of the same taste as those respectable old ladies of yore, who used to be so addicted to all matters connected with love and murder; the gallantries and the deaths are, accordingly, our favourite things in Anastasius, and there luckily is a plentiful supply of these articles throughout the book. In the first volume, for instance, we meet with one or two very sufficing specimens in the love-line, particularly the affair with Esmé; and the death of Anagnosti is in the author's best manner—powerful without effort.

Constantinople is well described in all its details. The scene of the bostandjee-bashee, the Turkish censor, putting to flight the trainbearers and attendants of his mistress, a scene to which Anastasius owes his disgrace and dismissal, is divertingly pourtrayed.

The revolution of the wheel of fortune which removes Anastasius from the service of the drogueman, to plunge him into the lowest depth of misery, affords Mr. Hope an opportunity of introducing us to the prisons and the hospitals. Anastasius's first attempt to better his condition after his fall is as the assistant of an itinerant apothecary, and the course

of their practice conducts them at last, owing to the enmity of 'the regular practitioners of the killing college,' to a dungeon in the bagnio—or great prison of the city.

The horrors of the prison are increased by the breaking out of the plague, which is described in the same vivid style, at once picturesque and poetical, which distinguishes many parts of the work.

The author looks at nature with the eye of a painter and a poet; and his scenes, particularly his sea-pieces, are as perfect as any verbal description can be. The effect of such descriptions, however, must always be faint and indistinct; for light and shade, hill and dale, wood and water, are subjects better suited to the pencil than the pen;—but it is otherwise with his living scenes. The phrenzy of passion, the bloody business of war, the pining misery of captivity, the hopes and fears of love, the agonies of remorse, and the lust of vengeance, are placed before our eyes with a terrible reality, surpassing what the pencil of the painter could hope to achieve. Though there is throughout the book 'a learned spirit in human dealing,' and a deep insight into character, yet it is the bold and the bad, the savage and the sanguinary traits of our nature which Anastasius seems to take most pleasure in pourtraying; and this is often done in that bitter and deriding tone of ridicule and sarcasm, in which the selfish and unprincipled libertine delights to indulge, who, conscious of no virtuous sentiment in his own breast, enjoys a malignant satisfaction in endeavouring to demonstrate that no such quality exists in any other bosom, and that all mankind may be summarily divided into two classes—knaves and fools.

A great mistake, we conceive, has been made by some critics, who have called Mr. Hope's book a heartless one, like Don Juan. The impressions it has left on us, in spite of its smart epigrams, have been melancholy; misadventure and trouble of mind perpetually haunt its hero; and the catastrophe, which is, in point of fact, the death of Alexis, is as deep in sentiment, as full of all the sacred affections and yearnings of the heart, and as oppressive in its sadness, as any thing with which we are acquainted in the whole compass of fiction. Then, what can be more heart-rending than that [redacted] scene where the violated Euphrosine, sinking under her wrongs, is described staggering along the streets, and followed by a troop of hooting boys, as she comes to the lodgings of Anastasius (who, like another Tarquin, had abused her sleep), not indeed to upbraid his villany, but to throw herself and her forlorn weight of misery at his feet, and supplicate his compassion of the state to which his own lawless violence had brought her. It is such passages as these which place our author by Le Sage; and, indeed, his book altogether recall to memory the French *Gil Blas*, from which the plan of it has been in great measure derived. His rivalising his model is the more extraordinary, in as much as Spanish customs and scenery are, by early association, more interesting, certainly less perplexing, than those of Turkey and modern Greece. Every thing in the latter places seems mixed and confused; and it requires an expenditure of time, equal to the reading of half a dozen romances, to master the strange terms and unwonted allusions in the narrative. This, however, it must be confessed, increases the curiosity of Anastasius. Our imagination, filled by accounts of the scenery and

manners of the Greek Islands, and the glittering pomp of Turkey, returns with a feeling of delicious repose and contrast to native recollections.

The sarcastic vein of our author's jokes is nicely linked, one piece of wit seldom failing to generate another; so that the reader becomes at length dazzled by the unrelieved continuity of the brilliancy, and longs, though in vain, for a few plain, artless pages; for when Mr. Hope is neither satirical nor epigrammatic, he becomes rhetorical: he appears not to understand simplicity. A capital specimen of his caustic humour may be found in his account of the fasting Turk; and the incident of the dying Hungarian furnishes a proof of his almost unconquerable tendency which indeed obtains, more or less, throughout the book. But when Anastasius comes to watch over the death of his child, he seems at last in earnest. "Where are his quips now?" Alas! the buoyancy of his intellect, the flashes of his gaiety, which never before deserted him, are gone, utterly gone! He wails and murmurs over his boy, like a heart-broken man. His affections are ruined; and even his readers become involuntary companions in his tears.

V. R.

To YOU, MY LOUISA; to you, the sole partner of all my joys and sorrows; to you whose fair form but enshrines a mind far fairer, I inscribe NOT these pages. Composed of materials collected ere I knew you, ere I was inspired by your virtues or could pourtray your perfections, they are not worthy of bearing your name:—they were not even intended to divulge that of the writer, had his secret been preserved as inviolate as he wished. Should they, thus avowed, continue to meet with an indulgent reception, I may then feel encouraged at some future period to publish, with the sanction of your beloved name, that which, suggested by the contemplation of your excellence, and written under the guidance of your unerring taste, is in truth your own work.

To the public at large I can only plead, for sending forth into the world this unpruned performance, the desire of imparting a few perhaps unimportant notices—but the result of personal observation—with respect to the ever-interesting regions, once adorned by the Greeks, and now defaced by the Turks. I shall therefore ob-

serve, that the historical and statistical parts are (as far as my knowledge extends) strictly correct. and that the fictitious superstructure is as conformable as I could make it to the manners of the nations whom it was my aim to describe; and as the form of biographical memoirs was adopted solely with the view of affording greater facility for the introduction of minute and characteristic details, I trust that I shall not be considered as identifying myself with all the opinions which the peculiar nature of the work has obliged me to bestow upon my hero.

# ANASTASIUS.

## CHAPTER I.

My family came originally from Epirus: my father settled at Chios. His parentage was neither exalted nor yet low. In his own opinion he could boast of purer blood than any of the Palæologi, the Cantacusenes, or the Comneni of the present day. "These mongrel descendants," he used to observe, "of Greeks, Venetians, and Genoese, had only picked up the fine names of former ages when the real owners dropped off: he wore his own;" and Signor Sotiri saw no reason why he should not, when he went forth into public, toss his head, swing his jubbee[1] like a pendulum from side to side, and shuffle along in his papooshes, with all the airs of quality.

This worthy man combined in his single person the various characters of diplomatist, husbandman, merchant, manufacturer, and master of a privateer. To be more explicit—he was drogueman[2] to the French consul at Chios; in town he kept a silk-loom at work; in the country he had a plantation of *agrumi*;[3] he exported his stuffs and fruits to the principal seaports in the Archipelago, and, in the first Russian war, he employed all his spare money in fitting out a small vessel to cruise against the enemy—for

so he chose to consider the Russians, in spite of all their amicable professions towards the Greeks. As a loyal subject of the Porte, and an old servant of the French government, he felt no sort of wish to be delivered from the yoke of the Turks; and he looked upon those barbarians of the north, who cared no more for the patriarch of Constantinople than for the pope of Rome, as little better than rank heretics, not worthy of being treated even like his silk-worms, which he got every year carefully exorcised before their spinning time. I however remember, when a child, some buzz in the family about my father's partner in the privateer —an Isparíote reis[4]—having one day made a mistake, in capturing under the rocks of Jura a rich Turkish vessel, which he went and sold to the Russians themselves, then stationed at Paros. Signor Sotiri shook his head at this intelligence as if he did not approve of the transaction, and observed, "the less that was said about it, the better." —I suppose therefore it was out of sheer humanity that he preferred receiving his share of the prize money, to the sterile and barbarous satisfaction of hanging his associate.

Much improved in his circumstances by this untoward accident, my father would now willingly have given up his interpretership. Besides rendering him more or less dependent, it was uncomfortable in as far as, being very deaf, he never heard what it was his business to repeat. But my mother liked the title of droguemaness. She had never heard of the necessity of a drogueman reporting speeches as he received them; and she reminded her husband how essential the protection of the French mission might be to some of his Greek speculations.

My mother was a native of Naxos, and esteemed a great heiress in her country. She possessed an estate of three hundred piastres a year clear, managed by a relation of her own, Marco Politi—very wealthy himself, primate of all the Greek villages of the island, and a very great rogue.

My brothers and sisters,—and there came, one by one, just three of each,—all contrived to take precedence of me at their birth, and consequently throughout the whole of their subsequent lives. The punctilio of the thing I should not have minded; but, among my countrymen, a foolish family pride exhausts people's fortunes in their lifetime in portioning their daughters: the elder sons ran away with what remained, and poor Anastasius brought up the rear with but an indifferent prospect. My kind parents, however, determined to make up for leaving me destitute at their death, by spoiling me as much as possible during their lives.

My eldest sister (I begin, as is proper, with the ladies) married a physician of the country, graduated at Padua. Robust as a hamal,[5] and never till her marriage having known a moment's illness, Epiphania seemed to bid defiance to her husband's utmost skill in medicine. But she was not proof against her own imaginations. Signor Sozimo expressed such constant anxiety about his "dear wife's" precious health, and gave her so much viper broth to keep up her strength, that she soon began to fancy herself in a bad way, and died at last of the mere apprehension of not living.

My sister Roxana, who would have been a beauty, but for a scar which she chose to call a dimple, at an early age fell desperately in love with a Turk; and, spite of all the remonstrances of her friends, bestowed her hand upon this unbeliever. Nor was it until the very last of her offended relations had been prevailed upon to grant her an unlimited pardon, that she became conscious of the heinousness of her crime, and began to feel an unconquerable desire to re-enter the pale of our holy communion. This she at length effected, by never ceasing to bewail her apostacy, till her husband, in disgust, allowed her a divorce. Immediately she flew back at once into the arms of the church and into those of a young Greek, who, an effective instrument in her

reformation, obliterated every trace of her first unhallowed wedlock by a more canonical union. He truly laboured for the church; for he was by trade an agio-graphis, or painter of Saints; and connoisseurs esteemed him the Apelles of our district, in that line. His spouse sat for all his Virgins, and, accordingly as she behaved well or ill, he used to paint them handsome or ugly: a practice which kept her very much upon her good behaviour. She was conceited about her looks, and wasted as much paint upon her cheeks as her husband did upon his canvas; a circumstance, however, which produced a striking resemblance between the copies and the original.

As to my youngest sister, she deemed a two years obedience, well or ill performed, to a single lord and master, quite trial enough for a woman in this nether world. Her husband dying, she took the habit of a caloyera,[6] in a nunnery near the delightful district of the Lentiscs. There, the interest of her portion, together with the produce of her handiwork, enabled her to set up, according to the practice of our religious communities, an independent establishment, and to entertain her friends of both sexes in a manner at once comfortable and decorous.

What shall I say of my brothers? The eldest was a loose and dissipated youth. To cure him of his extravagance, my father had him nailed to the desk of the strictest merchant in Smyrna. The consequence was that, instead of the clerk staying at home, desk, contents, and all, followed him out of doors, till, in a notorious tavern, the well-tempered Brescia blade of a Zantiote captain put an end to his prowess, and saved him the mortification of being returned on our hands as a hopeless profligate. Of all the family I felt the most grieved for his loss. He had a dark complexion and a fine commanding figure. I looked upon Theodore with a certain veneration, as the prop of the house; and had proposed some day to take him for my model.

The dove is not more distinguished from the game-cock, than differed from the noisy blustering Theodore the sly demure Eustathius, destined to succeed my father in his place of drogueman. A sleek, smooth-spoken, sanctified jad, with a round face and a red and white complexion, Eustathius, beside that little treasure his own dear self, which he always kept with the utmost care, valued but one other thing in this world—namely, money. Of this article his good fortune, or rather his unabating perseverance, enabled him at last to wed a prodigious heap; encumbered, however, with a wary widow its mistress, who, after four distinct refusals, finally condescended to accept my brother as her slave, under the name of her husband. But the chains worn by this admirer of solid worth were of gold; and all he wanted was the pleasure of contemplating their refulgence.

Constantine, my third brother, managed the farm. This hopeful youth, only a few years older than myself, used to hate me with singular asperity. I never could understand the cause of this aversion. He was crooked indeed, and I unfortunately walked straight. *If this however could be* called an offence, so many others shared it with me, that he must have hated nearly the whole human race:—perhaps he did. It is true I much aggravated my crime by one day observing, on his talking slightingly of the advantages of a handsome person, that "they were what no one affected to despise, who could make good his claim to them;" —I thought he would have stabbed me.

After all the rest of the brood had taken wing, I remained alone at home to solace my parents. Too fond of their favourite to damp my youthful spirits by fitting me for a profession, they kindly put off from day to day every species of instruction—probably, till I should beg for it; which my discretion forbade. Unfortunately nature chose not, in the meantime, to be equally dilatory with my parents; and from an angel of an infant, I became by de-

grees a great lubberly boy, without any other accomplishment but that of flogging my top with the left hand, while with the right I despatched my sign of the cross—for in some things I understood the value of time. My parents, as may be supposed, were great sticklers for punctuality in every sort of devout practice; mass-going, confession, lent observance, etc. Of moral duties—less tangible in their nature—they had, poor souls! but a vague and confused notion; and the criminality of actions, in reference to one's neighbour, they taught me chiefly to estimate according to the greater or smaller risk connected with them of incurring the bastinado from the Turks. As to manual correction at the hands of my own father, it seemed so desirable a circumstance, from the ample amends my mother never failed to make her "poor, dear, ill-used boy," that my only regret on the subject arose from being able to obtain it so seldom.

These good people having contented themselves for a reasonable number of years with wistfully contemplating —the drogueman my active make and well-set limbs, and the droguemaness my dark eyes, ruddy cheeks, and raven locks—they at last began to ponder how they might turn these gifts to the best advantage. Both agreed that something should be done, but neither knew exactly what; and the one never proposed a profession, which the other did not immediately object to,—till an old relation stepped in between, and recommended the church, as a never-failing resource to those who can think of no other. My cousin had set the example by making his own son a little caloyer at twelve. Prohibited by the Turks from the trade of a soldier, and by my parents from that of a sailor, I myself saw nothing better, and agreed to the proposal. It now became necessary to give me a smattering of learning, and I was put under the tuition of a teacher of the Hellenic language, who assumed the title of logiotatos, and only averred himself inferior to Demosthenes, out of sheer modesty. My

idleness got the better of my preceptor's learning and diligence. All the gold that flowed from the lips of his favourite St. Chrysostom could not, to my taste, gild the bitter pill of his own tiresome comments; and even Homer, much as I liked fighting out of doors, found but an indifferent welcome in the study. The truth is, I had a dislike to reading in the abstract:—but when away from my books, I affected a great admiration for Achilles; called him in reference to Epirus the land of my ancestors, "my countryman," and regretted that I was not born two thousand years ago, for no other purpose but to be his Patroclus. In my fits of heroism I swore to treat the Turks as he had done the Trojans, and for a time dreamt of nothing but putting to the sword the whole Seraglio—dwarfs, eunuchs, and all. These dreams my parents highly admired, but advised me not to disclose in common. "Just rancour," they said, "gathers strength by being repressed."—Upon this principle they cringed to the ground to every Moslemin[7] they met.

The inclinations of the little future papas[8] for the church militant began meantime to appear more prominently. I had collected a troop of ragamuffins of my own age, of whom I got myself dubbed captain; and, having purloined from my uncle, the painter, one of his most smirking Madonnas for a banner, took the field under the auspices of the Panagia,[9] and set about robbing orchards, and laying under contribution the villagers, with all the devotion imaginable. So great was the terror which our crusades inspired, that the sufferers durst not even complain, except in a body. Whenever as chief of the band I became the marked object of animadversion, I kept out of the way till my father had paid the damage, and had moreover sued my pardon for his backwardness in doing so. Once indeed when, tired of my pranks, he swore I would be his ruin, I suggested to him an effectual mode of quieting his fears, by granting me an unlimited leave of

absence; and pledged myself not to return till doomsday. This was too much for a doting parent. Sooner than part with his Anastasius, Dimitri Sotiri would have bribed the peasants beforchand to suffer all my future depredations.

Thus early disposed and trained to the business of tithing, my father felt a little surprised when, on the eve of taking orders, I begged to be excused. For the first time in his life Signor Sotiri insisted on implicit obedience; but that first time came too late. I made it the last, by swearing that if he forced me to take the mitre,[10] I would hide it under a turban. He yielded, and contented himself with quietly asking what I finally meant to do. "Nothing," was the answer of my heart: but the profession of doing nothing requires ample means. I therefore pretended a wish to learn a trade. My father assented, and forthwith wrote to a Smyrna merchant of his acquaintance to receive me into his counting-house.

Meantime I found an employment for my leisure hours which put an end to all childish pastimes. Signor Sotiri, though, as before-mentioned, a little hard of hearing, wanted not fluency of speech. His oratory had chiefly been exerted to render his patron dumb. He constantly represented to him how absolutely the dignity of his station forbade his having the least conversation with the natives; and how incumbent upon him it was, though born and bred in the Levant, to appear not to understand a single word of its idioms. By this device he kept all the speechifying to himself; and in truth, with the Turks in office, at all times more prone than strict politeness permits to compliment the representatives of Christian powers with the titles of "infidel, yaoor," and Christian dog;" and at this particular juncture more than usually out of humour in consequence of the Russian war,[11] this was often the only way to save the consular pride from some little rubs, otherwise unavoidable in the necessary intercourse with the local government. Hence Mr. de M—— not only never

stirred from home without his interpreter by his side, but had him constantly at his elbow within doors, and made him the sole channel of his official transactions: a circumstance which my father perfectly knew how to turn to the best advantage.

I too, in my capacity as the Drogueman's chief assistant and messenger, was in daily attendance at the consular mansion; which proved useful to me in one respect, as it gave me an opportunity of learning the French language,—and that with the greater fluency, from the circumstance of no one offering expressly to teach me. The old consul had, between his dignity with the Greeks and his punctilio with the Turks, but little society, and I therefore soon became by the sprightliness of my repartees a very great favourite. Mr. de M—— not only encouraged me to take a part in conversation, but would even condescend to laugh most heartily both at my witticisms and my practical jokes, whenever neither himself, nor his servants, nor his relations, nor his friends, nor his protegés, were made to smart from their keenness, or involved in their consequences.

Mr. de M—— had an only daughter, the blue-eyed Helena, the child of his old age. Deprived of the watchful care of a mother, this lovely girl was allowed in her father's house an unrestrained latitude, and availed herself of her privilege with all the freedom of unsuspecting innocence. The consul, without being fond of music, loved the sound of an instrument. Helena had been taught the harpsichord, but, full of life and spirits, she hated the mechanical drudgery of running over the cold clumsy keys of a huge cumbrous fixture, to which the performer, she thought, looked like a mere appendage. Our light portable lyre, which the arms encircle so gracefully, and the fingers seem scarcely to touch, she would learn to play upon most readily—could she but find a proper master! "Who more so," thought I, "than the son of the father's interpreter?"—and forthwith offered my services. Though

but a moderate performer, I had the advantage of always being at hand, and without being positively either accepted or refused, was soon employed.

Parents! who do not particularly wish your daughters to fall in love with their teachers, be cautious of admitting under your roof any music masters, except such as are positive antidotes to that passion. Where harmony alone is to rule the sense, can souls remain unattuned to each other? The boy's hand, in guiding the taper fingers of his pupil, will sometimes make them stray from her chords to his heart, and mistake for the vibrations of the one the pulsations of the other. The very lips of the fair one, accustomed to re-echo the sounds of her teacher's voice, will by degrees respond to his feelings; and he who has so many means of disclosing his passion, and of insinuating a reciprocal warmth, without any imputation of forwardness or violation of respect, will be more anxious to interpret the sounds he utters, than to disavow their sense.

For my part, I almost immediately felt my heart on fire, and soon Helena too caught the consuming flame. *Nothing could tear us away from each other.* The duets, begun in the heat of the day within doors, were repeated in the cool of the evening on the stone seat before the house. Sighs interrupted the songs; and when the advancing night forced Helena to retire, her blue eyes looked like drooping violets steeped in dew.

The consul had destined his little favourite, as soon as arrived at a suitable age, to a rich young Smyrniote, nephew to his correspondent. He dreamt not of the possibility of her falling in love with a Greek boy, habited in the dress of the country, and the son of his interpreter. It was rather a gratification to him, on seeing us so much together, to think that in her solitude his darling child should have found the harmless pastime of our concerts.

My father saw deeper into the business. Had he conceived it likely to end in a marriage, and that marriage

likely to bring his family any accession of weight or of fortune, he would, I make no doubt, have become as blind as he was deaf; but this he by no means thought probable. The old consul was a good deal distressed; his salary must cease with his life, and he had nothing to leave his daughter at his death but his consular pride;—"and with that portion," observed my father, "she might indeed become a gem of the first water in the hands of a rich Smyrna merchant, who would set her in gold; but round our bare necks she could only prove a millstone." He therefore warned me against carrying the intimacy too far.

His caution came too late. The less experience my pupil at first brought to her lessons, the more rapid was the progress she made under my tuition. Love's fullest harmony was struck, almost ere she suspected it whispered in our sighs. Indeed, so much was she still in the first spring of her innocence, that she scarce seemed aware that in due time blossoms turned to fruits, till taught by experience. On this discovery the timid girl at first sobbed incessantly; but, by degrees, persuading herself that our attachment, when divulged, must end in our permanent union, she recovered a kind of composure, and resolved to let the disclosure take its course—neither hastening nor yet trying to avert it; and rather rejoicing than dismayed that the slim Perote[13] dress, which belonged to her father's dignity, must betray the secret of his villa sooner than the ample involutions of silk and cotton, of which our own more wary females so well know the advantages.

I by no means sympathised in this calmness or agreed in these wishes. What the too confiding Helena looked upon as the harbour in which her inquietudes must end, my father had taught me to consider as the quicksand on which all my hopes must perish. I therefore tried to impress Helena with my utter inability to support her as my wife, and with the expedience of such a timely confession,

on her part, as should enable the consul to save her honour without my inadequate assistance.

To the fair one flushed with love the least proffer of prudential considerations is an insult. Exasperated at my discreet suggestions, Helena treated me with haughtiness—with contempt.—"When she could bring herself to stoop to my lowness, did I fear any sacrifice that raised me to her level?"

Feelings so proud as mine could ill brook this taunting speech. To be told that I was to consider as an honour beyond my deserts, the pennyless hand of one whose heart had attested too warmly my merits,—was this to be endured? All the blood of Achilles rose within me; I ran to the quay, and there let it rage in unison with the foaming breakers.

As long as the Smyrna scheme had remained in suspense, I saw an opening through which to escape; but my father had just received an unqualified refusal in that quarter. The merchant to whom he applied in my behalf, being acquainted with my brother's adventures, felt little anxious for another scion of the same hopeful stock.

This disappointment had soured my father's temper, and disposed him to visit on me the sins of my brother. Having begun my education at the wrong end, by permitting me every species of latitude when he might easily have curbed my licentious disposition, he now gave it the finishing touch with equal sagacity, by trying, after my unbridled habits had become confirmed, to restrain me even in what I considered as reasonable freedom. I now was thwarted in every wish, deprived of every indulgence,—and all this, apparently, for no other fault, except that from a chubby prattling child, to be hushed with toys and sweetmeats, I had not prevented myself from growing into a slouching, thoughtful youth, who too often demanded a supply of solid cash.

My mother, too, was to me an altered woman. The

moment I no longer submitted to be fondled like a baby, she transferred her affections—against all rule and precedent—from the former darling of her heart to the one among us who had neither the claims of the youngest nor of the eldest—to Constantine. His hump had evidently operated the revolution in his favour; but whether by making my mother wish to console him for this defect, or by causing her to consider him as endowed with an additional perfection, I never could determine. Certain it is, that she used to gaze on his back as she before had done on my face, until her admiration sometimes put his own modesty to the blush.

Not habituated early enough to filial submission, I no sooner felt the weight of parental authority than I began to question its justice, and, able to deduce its rights only from the voluntary concession of the child, while its feebleness forces it to barter obedience for food, I considered its continuance beyond that period as an usurpation. Long, therefore, had I been meditating to seize some opportunity of eluding the parental yoke, even before I got entangled in the snares of love. The wound which my mistress inflicted on my pride added new incentives to my desire of liberty, and, after her mortifying speech, the only wish of my mind was to abandon father, mother, mistress, friends, relations, and home for ever. Indeed, no way in which I might sever myself from Helena seemed to me unfair, when I considered the stamp of humiliating selfishness which she had chosen to imprint upon my constancy.

My brain thus in a ferment, I entered the first tavern I found open, and, though by no means addicted to intemperance, drank off draught after draught of our strongest wine, till the houses in the street seemed familiarly to nod to the ships in the harbour.

Among these latter was a Venetian brig, ready for its departure. While I sat pondering over my grievances, the evening breeze sprung up, and the song of the sailors on

board marked the heaving of the anchor. I accepted it as the summons for putting my design into execution. Running out of the house, I was soon rowed to the vessel, and reached it just as the sails were unfurling. I offered my services to the captain. He had lost half his crew in his last Egyptian caravan,[14] but still would only receive me as a simple cabin-boy. The office seemed little suited to the son of a drogueman, whose garment alone, I thought, should sweep the deck; but it was not a time to bargain, and I submitted. I crept into the hold among the ballast, until we should be out of reach of pursuit, and, when informed of my safety, jumped aloft, and ran to the stern to see what way we had made.

The moon was just rising in all her splendour, and a bar of silvery light shot along the spangled waves. The gradually increasing breeze carried us rapidly out of the straits of Chios. The different objects on the shore—mountains, valleys, villages, and steeples—seemed in swift succession first advancing to meet us, then halting an instant alongside our vessel as if to greet us on our passage, and lastly again gliding off with equal speed—till, launched into the open main, we saw the whole line of coast gradually dissolve in distant darkness.

Various and opposite were the feelings which, as I stood contemplating the luminous track we left in the rippling wave, agitated my bosom: but, whatever direction I tried to give to my thoughts, they always reverted to Helena. In vain I sought to banish from my guilt-struck fancy her upbraiding image. As if in mockery of my endeavours, it seemed to assume a tangible shape. I persuaded myself that I actually saw the pale form of my mistress, half rising from the boisterous billows, follow, with piteous moans, the fleeting vessel, and call back her Anastasius to her outstretched arms. I wished I could have stayed the mighty mass,—could have converted the swiftly moving keel, which hurried away my person and my fate, into a

solid motionless rock—in order to enable the dear phantom to join me, or, at least, in order to have a few instants more to reflect on my conduct, and to retract my errors, ere the opportunity should pass by for ever. In vain! I felt as if an uncontrollable force kept impelling me on,—and at last, "It is useless," I exclaimed, "to contend! I must yield to my destiny: I must perform the things set down for me—be they good, or be they evil!"

As the dawn began to dispel the dark visions of the night; as the sun rose in all his glory to pervade the blue expanse of the heavens, and the returning day showed Chios like a faint cloud, floating on the utmost verge of the waters, my thoughts assumed a brighter hue, my heart felt the weight which hung upon it lightened, and the idea that I now was going to explore those distant realms after which I had yearned so long filled me with expectation and delight.

Yet even this new joy was mixed with a terror of its own. At no period of my life had I yet outstepped the narrow pale of my native island, or obtained so much as a peep at the nearest objects beyond the straits by which it was bounded. A passage to the neighbouring islets seemed to me a long voyage. Smyrna had been, in my imagination, the utmost limit of the habitable globe; and as to Europe, I deemed it to lie somewhere not far from the antipodes. The unbounded prospect of the whole wide world bursting all at once upon me struck my young heart with awe; and the sight of nothing around me but strangers, utterly unknown, and indifferent to my fate, was sad and appalling.

Soon, however, I was recalled from these vague and indistinct reflections, by feelings more definite and more immediately connected with my present situation. I had scarce closed my eyes, when the captain, unwilling that I should have unpleasant dreams, or any dreams at all, reminded me, with a familiar tap on the shoulder, that it was time to begin earning my passage; and handed me over to his crew to instruct me in my task. Mine were no longer

indulgent teachers, and, from being the little tyrant of my father's domestics, I now found myself the slave of every common sailor. While my companions—my masters, I should say—sat down to their meals, I had to fast, and when they slept, I must watch. Their scanty leavings were my food, and it was only now and then that I could snatch from my constant toil a few moments of hurried and broken rest. Whatever awkwardness I showed was followed by immediate blows; nay, it became a standing joke of the unfeeling wretches to call me to different places at once, that I might in some incur the punishment of unavoidable delay. My appeals to the mercy or the justice of my comrades were treated with equal derision.

As I found it useless to complain, I stifled my feelings, and only kept watching an opportunity for escape or revenge. This made me particularly observant of all the manœuvres of the captain; some of which seemed sufficiently strange. At times, for instance, when not a cloud was to be seen in the sky, he would pretend to expect foul weather, and run for shelter under some lonely cliff, where he seemed more intent upon looking out for something on the water than in the air; and though he affected vast displeasure at the unceasing drunkenness of his crew, one could almost have sworn that he put flasks of brandy purposely in their way.

One evening, in a profound calm, and while all the sailors, drunk as fishes, were capering round a tall pole crowned with myrtle, a boat full of Maynote[15] pirates, concealed behind the frowning rocks of Antiparos, stole unperceived under our stern, and climbed up by the poop into the cabin. The master, who just before had gone below on some errand, and had been seized in the midst of his business with a most unaccountable fit of sleeping, was soon laid hold of and gagged. All the stand of arms, neatly arranged round the room, were next secured; and the pirates, now rushing up stairs, easily mastered the few among

the sailors who were still able to stand upon their legs,—after which they had nothing to do but to bind, hands and feet, the remainder, lying about the deck in a state of perfect insensibility.

Amid the general intoxication, I had been kept sober by my grief, and happened to stand near the cabin door, just when, at the window opposite, appeared the ugly features of the foremost of the Maynotes, ready to slip in. My figure caught his vigilant eye as he advanced his head, when, drawing it back, he put his finger on his mouth, and frowned most formidable threats, should I disobey the sign. To this I felt not in the least inclined. I might indeed, by giving the alarm immediately, have saved the crew from the captain's treachery; but all had used me ill alike. I therefore answered the command by a gesture of ready compliance, and let things take their course.

In the beginning of the fray the pirates affected to treat the captain very outrageously; but this appearance of enmity soon subsided, and by degrees they sat down amicably together, like old friends who understand each other's ways. Having so handsomely performed my neutral part in the business, I now was thinking to approach and put in my claim, if not for poundage, at least for hush-money, —when a new incident most provokingly blew up the well concerted scheme.

It happened that just at this juncture the famous Hassan capitan-pasha[16] was in the act of delivering the Morea from its Arnaoot[17] oppressors. One of his caravellas,[18] stationed before Nauplia, by chance espied our doings, and immediately gave us chase. She soon obliged us to bring to; but, instead of liberating the vessel, treated her as a lawful prize. It is true that while the Turks tied the pirates back to back, they only had the real owners of the ship pinioned singly. The captain shared the fate of his crew. Thus was poetical justice dealt out to all, except myself; and thus was I, hapless Greek, compelled, in the space of four days, to bear

the yoke of four different nations — French, Venetians, Maynotes, and Turks. Whether I gained by the last change, or only fell from Charybdis upon Scylla, must remain untold till I have premised a short account of the celebrated expedition which I was so unexpectedly made to witness.

## CHAPTER II.

In the first war between the Russians and the Turks, the most natural proceeding for Russia would have been to attack Turkey from its southern frontier, where the two countries joined:—the most surprising was to send an armament from its northern extremity, whence the whole circumference of Europe must be sailed round ere Turks and Muscovites could meet. This latter, therefore, was the measure preferred; and the Russian fleet had passed, in its progress, a whole winter at Leghorn, ere its commanders were determined in what part of Turkey to strike the first blow. The Greeks themselves decided the question for the avengers they expected. A few turbulent codgea-bashees[1] of the Morea, fearing the lash of their Turkish governor, sent to the Russian commanders a forged plan of insurrection, as one already organised, and on the return of the deputation, employed the promise of Russian assistance thus fraudulently obtained, to produce the commotion which they had described as already on the point of breaking out. Their labour was assisted by the Turks themselves. Suspecting a plot against their tyranny, these pusillanimous oppressors acted like men who, from the very fear of a precipice, plunge headlong down the steep. In their panic they massacred a whole troop of Zaccuniote peasants, peaceably returning from a fair at Patras, whom they

mistook for an army of rebels marching to attack them. The cry of revenge now resounded from all quarters: and when therefore, in the spring of 1770, the Russian fleet cast anchor in the bay of Vitulo, its commanders were received with open arms by the bishops of Lacedemon[2] and of Christianopolis, followed by Greeks of all descriptions, eager to enlist under the Russian banners. Fair as seemed this beginning, the understanding between the two nations was short-lived. The Greeks expected the Russians alone to accomplish the whole task of their deliverance. The Russians had laid their account with a powerful co-operation on the part of the Greeks. Each alike disappointed, threw on the other the whole blame of every failure. Their squabbles gave large troops of Arnaoots time to pour from every neighbouring point of Roumili into the peninsula; and the Russian commanders, seeing all chance of success vanish in that unpromising quarter, sailed higher up the Archipelago,—leaving the Moreotes to their fate, and carrying away no other fruits of the momentary contact of Greeks and Russians, but an increase of rancour between the two nations,—too nearly allied in faith not to feel to each other the most cordial aversion.

The ferocious mountaineers of Albania, who, under the name of Arnaoots, form a chief part of the forces of the Othoman empire, and of the body-guard of its various pashas, present in their rugged and yet colourless countenances the greatest possible contrast to the regular features and rich complexions of the Greeks. In the faith of the two nations the difference is less marked. Wavering for the most part between Christ and Mohammed, the worship of the Arnaoots is generally determined by the master whom they serve; and many a buskined hero[3] who came on the spur of pay and plunder to assist the Moreote Moslemen against the Christians, himself professed the Christian faith. The total number of these savages was computed at about twenty thousand; and when their work was

achieved, they demanded their wages. The money was wanting, or at least the pay was withheld. This furnished them with a plausible pretence for disbanding on the spot, and paying themselves by pillaging the country. Some, after laying waste the villages, drove the inhabitants before them like herds of cattle through the derwens or defiles that guard the entrance of their peninsula, and thus regained, with their new slaves, their native mountains. Others remained stationary in the Morea: by installing themselves in the houses and lands of the Greek peasantry, deprived the soil of its husbandmen, and the Turks of their subjects; and at last, finding no more rayahs[4] to oppress, turned their violence against the Moslemen themselves, and treated like the vanquished foe those whom they had come to defend.

Nine following years had seen eleven different governors arrive, one after the other, with the most peremptory instructions to exterminate the banditti, and again depart without succeeding; some for want of sufficient force to repress their outrages; others, it is said, for want of sufficient resolution to resist their bribes. At last the Porte sent Hassan.

By birth a Persian, by the fate of war a Turkish slave, by choice received among the recruits yearly raised at Smyrna for the Barbary powers, and by his own merit advanced to the rank of port-admiral of Algiers, Hassan-bey became in a short time at variance with the Dey. Justice was so entirely on his side, that prudence urged his immediate flight. After many wanderings, he found a patron at Constantinople in the famous Raghib, grand visier[5] under two successive sultans, and who yet has been permitted to die in his bed. In the memorable battle which the Russians, after abandoning the Morea, gave the Turks in the straits of Chios, he commanded the admiral-ship of the Turks, which was attacked by that of the Russians, while the commanders of both the fleets, Khassim and Orlow,

kept with equal prudence aloof from the fight. Prevented by his instructions from unmooring, Hassan towed his ship on its anchors, boarded the Russian vessel, and, only when both hulks, blown up together, mingled their wrecks in the sky, sought his safety in the sea, and swam ashore. The sultan, seeing his navy annihilated and his person threatened in his seraglio by a fleet from the Baltic, now named Hassan his capitan-pasha,—and was saved.

At the peace, this commander exerted himself to form a new navy, and to introduce among the Turks as much of European tactics as their prejudices could bear. He had not very soon an opportunity to try the effect of his improvements against a foreign enemy; but, in an empire so extensive as that founded by Othman, when age has enfeebled its head, some distant extremity will always refuse obedience, and call for compulsory measures. Hassan constantly found in some quarter disturbances to quell. In 1776, he made the Arab Daher—usurper of the sovereignty of Acre—atone with his life for the league he had formed with the Egyptian rebel Aly. The year following he punished Daher's sons for continuing the rebellion of their father; and finally, in 1779, he received the Sultan's orders to expel from the Morea the refractory Arnaoots. Already was his army encamped in the plains of Argos, when one of the caravellas of his fleet, stationed before Nauplia, conveyed our mixed party to that port, where, with my companions, I was—unceremoniously enough—stowed away for the night under a strong guard in a crazy barn: wondering what was to be our fate the next morning.

The place of our confinement had long been the undisturbed domain of swarms of musquitoes, who, ignorant of our unwillingness to trespass on their premises, seemed determined to resist the encroachment to the utmost. The constant buzzing and stings of these troublesome insects would alone have sufficed to deprive us of all chance of repose, even had we not been so closely paired, through

means of good stout ropes, each with a companion by no means of his choice; whence the blows which each intended for his winged enemies in general only fell upon his pinioned associate. Excuses indeed followed the undesigned offence, but were of little use in composing us to sleep. My other, but not my better half, in this forced union, seemed to be the person most endowed with philosophic resignation of our whole party. On my throwing out a few hints respecting the inconvenience of our bedchamber, he assured me that I was fastidious:—he had often seen worse apartments, and without the comfort of so much good company. This excited my curiosity; and, observing that it was impossible to think of sleeping, I entreated my patient friend to favour me with the description of some of those habitations, compared with which our present abode was such a fairy palace.

"And so you wish," he cried, "to know my adventures? —Well! and why not? You are young, and seem of a promising disposition. My example and my precepts cannot fail to benefit your inexperience, and I will therefore this once do violence to my natural modesty, in order to gratify your wish for instruction. What in fact is the use of great achievements but to tell them? Only let me entreat that your feeling heart may not be too deeply touched by the distressing tale of my ill-rewarded virtues.

"My early years," continued the person with whom I was any thing but in *tête-à-tête*, "offer nothing remarkable. They were spent in the inglorious occupation of cultivating my paternal soil. I thought it rather hard upon me that, whether I sowed my field or let it lie fallow, and whether it was I that reaped its produce or the locusts, the waywode[6] should equally exact the same enormous yearly tithe, should look upon the destruction of my crops by hail and tempests as the mere effects of my own malice, and should seize upon my instruments of husbandry, in order to make me more industrious. I thought it harder still

that, on hearing how the conflagration of my hovel had consumed all my haratsh tickets[7] for ten years back, he should demand the whole sum, already paid, over again; and I thought it hard beyond all bearing, when, having gone abroad to scrape together the money exacted by my tyrant, I found, on coming home again, my little patrimony confiscated to his profit, as a punishment for abandoning that to which I returned. In my rage I flung myself on the ground, with my teeth gnawed the earth, that I might at least carry away some morsel of my paternal inheritance, and swore to make every Mohammedan I could lay hands on, however innocent, pay for the murderous waywode.

"This oath brought me good fortune. I succeeded in sacrificing several victims to my just resentment; and, as I chose by preference such as, being in good circumstances, had most to lose, I always made a point of retaining what I found about them, lest other Mussulmen should profit by my performance.

"Steadfast attention to this particular gave my task a double interest. The only individual whom I admitted to share with me was the magistrate of the district; except, of course, where he himself happened to be the person stopped. Justice was much the gainer by this proceeding. Instead of the usual process of hanging a single wretch, the cadee[8] generally fined the whole community, for not being able to produce the offender.

"I had a distant cousin at Zante,—the flower of the family, and so much admired by all ranks for his bravery, that people used to contend for his assistance in settling their affairs of honour. The nobleness of his sentiments equalled his courage. He only killed, as it were, to oblige his friends; and so nice were his feelings, where his character was concerned, that on being paid one day beforehand by a certain nobleman, to chastise another sprig of nobility, and, on mature deliberation, thinking the reward too

ample for the service, he despatched his man outright, and so quieted his scruples—to the great delight and surprise of his employer. But these too disinterested sentiments at last obliging him to quit Zante, where merit excites envy, he came and joined me at Patras. From that period we only went out in search of adventures together, like Theseus and Pirithous, Orestes and Pylades, and all the other worthies of old, whom my cousin had at his fingers' ends; —and astonishing was the number of monsters of which we rid the world, not only above ground but under: for one night, in a cellar, we killed half a dozen Arnaoots, lying dead drunk on the spoils of our country; and that without any body the next day being the wiser, or thinking but that the scoundrels had done the deed themselves, in a frolic. Never did we take a fellow's booty whom we did not also rid of a life thus become worthless to him. To do otherwise would have been tempting Providence, and was against my oath. My conscience being thus kept clear of premeditated sin, and my mind regularly unburthened, by confession, of unintentional offences, I continued to prosper, until justice, entirely disregarding gratitude, chose maliciously to turn against me. In disgust I joined some Dulcignotes, who, with the help of Algerine colours, avoided some awkwardness in taking Christian vessels. I myself had now begun to consider religious prejudices as unworthy of a liberal mind, and to view all men as equal before God. What right had I to indulge in partialities founded upon my own fallible judgment?—On this principle I no longer made a difference between Turks and Christians, and most conscientiously treated both alike. Still, such is the force of habit, that I own I always felt a particular zest in stripping an heretic. To this moment my mouth waters at the thoughts of the broad-bottomed Hollander, full of the richest spice and dainties, which I once helped to unload. Its crew had not—the reprobate wretches!—a single image of a saint on board; and accordingly they only went, with

the wind right astern, at the rate of two knots an hour; but the idols of their heart seemed to be their short black tobacco-pipes. Even when chucked into the sea, they still kept puffing on, as long as their blubber-cheeks remained above water. Their cargo set me up for a while, until fresh misfortunes led back the way to my old trade. The greatest piece of ill luck I reckon to have been my partnership with our present captain. Had I foreseen the bungler he would prove, I should have carried my wits to a better market. But no matter!—The most laudable intentions are sometimes defeated; and a little rub disconcerts not Panayoti."

Highly edified with the incidents of this worthy man's history, and still more with his candid and unassuming manner of relating them, I almost regretted that the dawn should so soon, through the chinks of the wall, break in upon his artless and unvarnished tale, to announce a speedy change of scene. In fact, a few moments after, the doors of our saloon were thrown open, and our party called out to be formed into marching order. The separate pairs, all strung together on a good thick mediate rope, into a single body of small width but handsome length, were thus made to add to the beauty of distinctness of parts that of unity of whole; and, all set in motion by the simple mechanism of a kick, bestowed in the rear of the foremost pair, immediately advanced, guided by a few spahees before, while others followed behind. Argos was the place of our destination, and in less than four hours our column reached Hassan's camp. Not only all the troops of the province had flocked round the commander's standard, but several Greeks even had obtained permission to join the Turks against those very Arnaoots whom, some years before, the Turks had called in to save them from the Greeks.

I had never seen an encampment, and the novel and striking sight absorbed all my faculties in astonishment and awe. There seemed to me to be forces sufficient to

subdue the whole world; and I knew not which most to admire, the endless clusters of tents, the enormous piles of armour, and the rows of threatening cannon, which I met at every step, or the troops of well-mounted spahees,* who, like dazzling meteors, darted by us on every side, amid clouds of stifling dust. The very dirt with which the nearer horsemen bespattered our humble troop was, as I thought, imposing; and every thing upon which I cast my eyes gave me a feeling of nothingness, which made me shrink within myself like a snail in its cell. I envied not only those who were destined to share in all the glory and success of the expedition, but even the meanest follower of the camp, as a being of a superior order to myself; and, when suddenly there arose a loud flourish of trumpets, which, [illegible]ing in a concert of cymbals and other warlike instruments, re-echoed in long peals from all the surrounding mountains, the clang shook every nerve in my body, thrilled me to the very soul, and infused in all my veins a species of martial ardour so resistless, that it made me struggle with my fetters, and try to tear them asunder. Proud as I was by nature, I would have knelt to whoever had offered to liberate my limbs, and to arm my hands with a sword or a battle-axe.

The tumult of my senses had not yet subsided, when, leaving the camp on our right, we were ushered into the open court of a small habitation, in the town of Argos, there to undergo an interrogatory from Hassan's drogueman. Fixtures as were we under the azure canopy of the heavens, the sun-dials on our faces had time to shift their shadows from right to left before the gentleman came. At last he arrived.

How widely things often differ in reality, that bear the same names! In the drogueman of the capitan-pasha I had figured to myself a personage nearly of the same stamp with the consular interpreter at Chios, who had the honour of being my father. I might as well have compared a

wren to an eagle. The individual of the Tergiumanic genus before whom I now stood came with the state of a little prince, and seemed surrounded by a miniature court of his own. When he spoke, his attendants only answered in a whisper; at his slightest commands, they flew as if the fate of the empire were at stake; and when he smiled at a joke of his own, they all shook with laughter. As his movements were abrupt and rather eccentric, it was amusing to see them scamper after him, trying to keep close to his heels, and not to be thrown out of their ranks by his sudden vagaries.

From what cause it so happened I know not, but the moment this great man addressed our captain, who stood first and foremost of our troop, his eye fell upon me, though one of the very last in the many-jointed column; and from that time forward he never more changed the object of his attention. For the space of half a second or so, indeed, he might glance at the intervening individuals whom he successively interrogated; but, uniformly, after addressing two or three words to them, his eyes again began to wander, to seek something further off, and, when they had found me, they fixed themselves with their former steadfastness upon my humble person. My business was to have looked respectfully away from so exalted a personage, or to have modestly dropped my eye-lids, as if I durst not encounter his sublime aspect. But this I attempted in vain. As if under a fascination, I scarce could keep myself from gazing on him with the same steadiness with which he perseveringly eyed me. I felt as if my future fate was to depend upon his nod.

At last came my turn to speak. Questioned respecting my birth, parentage, country, cause of absence from home, and other topics, I told my little tale with tolerable ease as well as veracity; and my candour particularly shone in my strictures on the captain, who had not perhaps yet had so impartial and so observant a biographer. My recital

amused its noble auditor, and when finished: "You little Greek rascal," exclaimed the drogueman, "you will corrupt all these worthy Roman catholics, if I leave you among them; so I'll keep you here, and let them go home, to swing on St. Mark's after their own fashion." With this compliment my companions were dismissed. They slunk away, muttering some curses, which under the drogueman's mighty wing I could afford to disregard.

Mavroyeni belonged to the most distinguished family in the island of Paros. He had from a child felt a spirit too expansive tamely to brook the restraint of his confined birth-place. The restlessness of his temper was increased by the predictions of a priest of Saint-Irene,—one who foretold so much, that it was impossible but something now and then must fall out as he predicted. Fixing his eyes on the little tacoshan:[10] "Young man," cried he, as if inspired, "brilliant will be thy career; but may thy end be happy!" The first part of this twofold oracle gave an additional stimulus to the youth's ambition, the latter a new motive to his parents for checking its sallies: but, like other predictions, the one in question at last worked its own accomplishment. When Hassan capitan-pasha made the harbour of Drio the summer station of his squadron, in its yearly cruise through the Archipelago, young Mavroyeni threw himself so frequently in his way, so anxiously implored his accepting an entertainment from his father, and so successfully paid his court during the feast, as to obtain from the pasha the promise of his protection at Constantinople. Upon this he immediately went forth, plunged headlong into all the intrigues of the Fanar," and, through his own dexterity, and the patronage of the high-admiral, in less than three years supplanted Argiropoli, the old and long-respected drogueman of the navy. He soon contrived to give his new situation an importance which it never yet had known. Former droguemen were nothing more than interpreters and spokesmen, even to the most

imbecile and stupid of commanders. To the most energetic and quicksighted of pashas whom the Turkish navy had yet obeyed, Mavroyeni became an adviser and a friend. The lion at whose roar Moslemen trembled, showed with the subtle Greek the meekness of a lamb; and even when, informed of his interpreter's unlawful transactions, Hassan for a moment felt his anger rise, and swore he would cut off the head that thus mocked his commands, Mavroyeni's appearance was sufficient to turn his master's wrath into complacency, and to draw down new favours on that head just devoted to irrevocable destruction. Every outrage of Mavroyeni on the laws and the habits of the Turks only seemed to increase his influence with his patron; and the Greeks, still as prone as of old to ascribe each strange effect to some supernatural cause, ceased wondering at the drogueman's sway, only to wonder at the drugs of which he composed his philtre.

## CHAPTER III.

Received among the suite of the important tergiuman aforesaid,[1] I was soon made to exchange my miserable tarred jacket of the sailor for an ample beneesh[2] of finest broadcloth, the first mark of my promotion; but I could not help regretting the loss of my "raven" locks, indifferently replaced, in the owner's opinion, by the short black lamb's wool of a clumsy calpack.[3] I swore I would some day, cost what might, doff my uncouth head-dress for one of those smart turbans of gilt brocade, worn with such a saucy air over one ear by the pasha's tshawooshes,[4]—gentlemen who were seen every where, lounging about as if they had nothing to do but to display their handsome legs,

their vests stiff with gold lace, and their impudent bullying faces.

I had confidently expected that my first apprenticeship in my new service would have been to the use of the carbine and the sabre. Great, therefore, was my mortification, when, instead of learning to shoot an enemy, or to cut down a rebel, I had to practise carrying a coffee-pot, or presenting a tobacco-pipe: and once, when a young fellow attendant displayed his wit in jokes on my awkwardness, my wrath waxed so high, that I thrust the lighted pipe head foremost into his grinning mouth, and made his pert tongue smart for his petulance. An oldish mild-looking man, a privileged domestic, who, having served his time out, now earned his salary as a sort of pedagogue to the new comers, witnessed the act, and took me aside.

"Listen, young man," said he, "whether you like it or not. For my own part, I have always had too much indolence not to make it my study throughout life rather to secure ease than to labour for distinction. It has therefore been my rule to avoid cherishing in my patron any outrageous admiration of my capacity, which would have increased my dependence while it lasted, and exposed me to persecution on wearing out:—but you, I see, are of a different mettle: I therefore may point out to you the surest way to that more perilous height, short of which your ambition I doubt will not rest satisfied. When you have compassed it, you may remember old Demo, if you please.

"Know first that all masters, even the least lovable, like to be loved. All wish to be served from affection rather than duty. It flatters their pride, and it gratifies their selfishness. They expect from this personal motive a greater devotion to their interest, and a more unlimited obedience to their commands. A master looks upon mere fidelity in his servant as his due,—as a thing scarce worth his thanks: but attachment he considers as a compliment to his merit,

and, if at all generous, he will reward it with liberality. Mavroyeni is more open than any body to this species of flattery. Spare it not, therefore. If he speak to you kindly, let your face brighten up. If he talk to you of his own affairs, though it should only be to dispel the tedium of conveying all day long other men's thoughts, listen with the greatest eagerness. A single yawn, and you are undone! Yet let not curiosity appear your motive, but the delight only of being honoured with his confidence. The more you appear grateful for the least kindness, the oftener you will receive important favours. Our ostentatious drogueman will feel a pleasure in raising your astonishment. His vanity knows no bounds. Give it scope, therefore. When he comes home choking with its suppressed ebullitions, be their ready and patient receptacle:—do more; discreetly help him on in venting his conceit; provide him with a cue; hint what you heard certain people, not knowing you to be so near, say of his capacity, his merit, and his influence. He wishes to persuade the world that he completely rules the pasha. Tell him not flatly he does, but assume it as a thing of general notoriety. Be neither too candid in your remarks nor too fulsome in your flattery. Too palpable deviations from fact might appear a satire on your master's understanding. Should some disappointment evidently ruffle his temper, appear not to conceive the possibility of his vanity having received a mortification. Preserve the exact medium between too cold a respect and too presumptuous a forwardness. However much Mavroyeni may caress you in private, never seem quite at ease with him in public. A master still likes to remain master, or at least to appear so to others. Should you get into some scrape, wait not to confess your imprudence until concealment becomes impossible; nor try to excuse the offence. Rather than that you should, by so doing, appear to make light of your guilt, exaggerate your self-upbraidings, and throw yourself entirely upon

the drogueman's mercy. On all occasions take care how you appear cleverer than your lord, even in the splitting of a pen: or if you cannot avoid excelling him in some trifle, give his own tuition all the credit of your proficiency. Many things he will dislike, only because they come not from himself. Vindicate not your innocence when unjustly rebuked: rather submit for the moment; and trust that, though Mavroyeni never will expressly acknowledge his error, he will in due time pay you for your forbearance."

As it was not "*a single*" yawn with which I answered this long speech, good old Demo vouchsafed to spare me its sequel; but, though I thanked not my adviser, I took care in due time to profit by his advice.

Mavroyeni's situation subjected him to a species of persecution which almost balanced the pleasure—great as it was—of beholding the proudest agas of the country daily cringe at his levee, perhaps more lowly than at that of the pasha himself. It was the annoyance of being visited by all his own relations and kindred, from every island of the Archipelago, far or near, large or small. He had not, in the remotest corner of the Levant, a cousin in the fiftieth degree, known or unknown, whom the fame of his favour drew not out of his den to Argos, for the purpose of sharing in the good things which it was supposed the drogueman had nothing to do but to give for the asking; and relationships, before dormant, or wholly obliterated, were now brought to light, and supported by oral and written proof, so as sometimes absolutely to confound even his not easily shaken sturdiness.—Nor could these anxious kinsfolks and friends be made to comprehend why the particular time when Mavroyeni went forth into public, or was surrounded by his whole court, should not be the very best for bustling up to their cousin, and roaring out their claims, or reminding him of their former intimacies. All day long they beset the drogueman's door when he was at home, or lay in ambush for him when he went out; and so great became

at last the persecution, that at every new disembarking of passengers at Nauplia he used to be seized with a fit of the ague.

There is a danger in doing things too well. What was at first volunteered as an extraordinary feat, is soon assigned as an every day task. I once happened to dismiss one of these troublesome visitors too dexterously, and from that time it became my regular office. The appointment, it is true, could not have been in better hands. Without troubling the drogueman for particular instructions, or annoying him with awkward messages, painful to the delicacy of a man who would rather have been thought only allied to Jove, I knew at once when a new face presented itself at the door, by its cut and dimensions, whether it could conveniently be suffered to pass the threshold or not; and on finding it either too long or too wide, or too red or too shining, or otherwise inadmissible or questionable, I resolutely defended the pass committed to my care, was as formidably repulsive as Cerberus himself, and minded not even a little scuffle in the cause: sure of never being taxed by my master for disrespect to his blood. Hence it happened that, once or twice, on the drogueman's expressing a fear that certain of these visitors might call, I had the pleasure to inform him that they had called, and would call no more; after which, whenever a stranger was announced, the answer, "let Anastasius go to him," was quite sufficient to explain the reception he was to meet with, and the way in which his importunities were to be treated.

By thus anticipating my master's sentiments, I rose to such a degree of favour, that often, after having in public caused Turks of the highest rank to stare at his haughtiness, he would in private put his humble cafedjee[5] in no fear but from his excess of familiarity; for frequently it left me almost unable to bear in mind the old preceptor's caution, and to refrain from overstepping my station. One evening, after other conversation, "Anastasius," said the

drogueman, "I told the pasha to-day what a graceless stripling I had picked up. He will see you to-morrow."

A person so terrible as this pasha, and who so filled the world with the mere sound of his name, must, I thought, equal Homer's heroes in size. I estimated his stature at the least at eight feet; and accordingly, when ushered into his presence, kept looking up at the ceiling till I nearly fell over a little man squatted on the floor, whom I only recognised by the commotion which my heedlessness excited as the formidable Hassan. I know not whether the pasha felt nettled at the abruptness of my approach, or had been discomposed before; but when, ready to sink into the ground with dismay, I stepped back to repair my blunder and kiss the hem of his garment, he no more heeded me than the dust of his feet, which I respectfully brought to my forehead. Mavroyeni soon perceived that the moment was inauspicious, and made me a sign to withdraw. I immediately slunk away.

There is a something in my nature which revolts at every act of humiliation performed towards a fellow-creature. Nothing but the extreme kindness of Mavroyeni could reconcile me to my servile situation; and his indulgence had made me expect equal caresses from Hassan himself: "I only stoop," thought I, when appearing before him, "to rise the higher." But when I found myself left in the dust in which I had been cringing, without gaining any thing by my submission but a contemptuous look, how deep in my heart sunk the mortification! Scarce could I contain myself while hurrying out of the room. On the very threshold I burst into a flood of tears.

Fresh constraint, however, soon again became necessary. My fellow-attendants, to whom I had been boasting of my summons, were all waiting in a row, to know the result of my visit. Lest its luckless termination should make them too happy, I had to convert my sobs into smiles, at the inexpressible graciousness of my reception.

The principal tribe of the rebellious Arnaoots, the Beckinrees, established to the number of about ten thousand in the very capital of the Morea, kept its governor, Mehemet Pasha, as some supposed, a willing prisoner. Hassan, ere he engaged in actual hostilities, once more offered them, on condition of immediately quitting the country, an unqualified pardon; but the hardened banditti, whether confiding in their numbers, or in other less apparent means of averting the blow, rejected all compromise, intrenched themselves under the walls of the city, and bade defiance to the pasha's forces.

Probably they expected to awe him by this show of resolution. They were deceived. On the tenth of June, about noon, Hassan set out with four thousand picked men for Tripolizza, and continued on the march the whole night. Mavroyeni followed the pasha, and I followed Mavroyeni. In my capacity of Greek, and still more of cafedjee, I had not the least hope of personally contending with the foe, and all my solace was the chance of a sly thrust at some runaway. But my master, desirous to let me have my share of all the good things that offered, after whispering something in the pasha's ear, suddenly turned round to me: "Anastasius," he cried, "I have obtained his highness's permission for you to shoulder a musket, and to join in the fight, like an Osmanlee."[6]

The favour, no doubt, was inestimable; but its suddenness somewhat confounded me. I felt, however, that I must seemed delighted, and though with something of a flutter about my heart, endeavoured to look all joy in the face. In order to confirm my assurance of unutterable satisfaction, I kept singing all the way—though now and then, perhaps, a little out of tune. But let it be recollected what I was:—a Greek, in whose unlicensed hands a musket had been deemed, until that moment, a sacrilege, and who had only learnt by stealth to take aim at a sparrow.

I shall therefore not attempt to deny that when the early

dawn showed in front of our column, between ourselves and Tripolizza, at the distance of only a few hundred yards, the whole Albanese encampment, my stout heart began to beat; and that when, the next moment, I heard Hassan give orders for the charge, breath seemed for a moment to forsake my frame. Shame, however, supplied the place of bravery. The danger which I could not avoid I determined not to think of; and, following the example of the more experienced warriors around me, I swallowed in a hurried manner several copious draughts of a certain nameless liquor, which, on particular occasions, the high-admiral wisely allowed himself to distribute among his followers; whereupon, whether it be that the inspiring potation did its duty, or that courage is infectious like cowardice, my heart, the very moment before almost sunk to my heels, rebounded with such energy, that in its ebullitions of bravery, I could scarce refrain from breaking from the ranks, and engaging some hero of the adverse party in single combat, even before the line was formed;—and when the trumpet sounded the charge, when the onset began, and the whole body of cavalry at once rushed forward, causing the earth to shake under the horses' hoofs, such grew my delirium, that I scarce saw, heard, or felt; much less had senses to think.

Mavroyeni had taken care to confide his cafedjee, excellently mounted, to a trusty spahee, whose side he enjoined me not to quit. But at that moment not heaven itself could have prevented my giving the reins to my warlike spirit. The cloud of smoke which arose soon baffling the vigilance of my guardian, I gave him the slip, and spurring my steed with all my might, at once plunged into the thickest of the fray. There, finding the loading of my pistols too tedious a process, I began hacking and hewing with my yatagan;[7]—consoling myself for any mistake I might make in the objects of my ire with the thought that my blows never could fall amiss, where all alike were ene

mies to Christianity, and oppressors of the Greeks. If upon this principle I hit one or two of our own men, too much engaged to heed whence came the compliment, I made amends by cutting down as grim an Arnaoot as ever wore red whiskers, in the very act of measuring one of our spahees for a back-handed blow; and by this feat, so happily timed, and more happily observed, gained prodigious credit. It elated me to such a degree, that, thinking myself quite invulnerable, I was going next to rush headlong amidst the only little knot of Lalleotes which still maintained its ground,—when my guardian, again catching a glimpse of my person, stopped my mad career, grasped me by the arm, and, spite of my despair at not seeing the end of an affair in which I had taken such an active part, began dragging me away: but the rout of the Arnaoots becoming decisive just at that very moment, he listened to the entreaties of those who had witnessed my behaviour, and again let me go. I darted forward like an arrow from the bow, and gave chase to the now dispersing foe.

Foremost in the attack, I was soon foremost in the pursuit. Among the Albanians flying before us like chaff before the wind, two particularly caught my eye, while apart from the rest they sought concealment behind a small patch of furzes. Steadfastly watching their progress, and tracing their route by the motion of the bushes, I left the rest of the troop, to follow this promising scent. Fortunately my fugitives, instead of turning short upon me to punish my imprudence, in their panic only pushed forward, until the hindmost getting entangled among the briars, presented his side to the contents of my carbine, and bit the dust; while the other only ran the faster for his comrade's groans.

My great ambition had been to take a prisoner,—to possess a slave. I therefore left the disabled man, as secure, to his own meditations, and with my biggest voice called to his companion to surrender. Luckily he did *not* even look

round at the stripling who addressed him; but presently, leaping down a little eminence, disappeared in a thicket, where I thought it prudent to give up the hazardous chase.

I now returned to the fellow whom I had left writhing on the ground, apparently at the last gasp; and when sufficiently near, lest there should still lurk about him some latent spark of life, which might only wait to spend itself in a last home-thrust, swiftly sprung forward, and, for fear of foul play, put an extinguisher upon it, ere I ventured to take any other liberties with his person. This done, I deliberately proceeded to the work of spoliation. With a hand all trembling with joy, I first took the silver-mounted pistols, and glittering poniard, and costly yatagan; I next collected the massy knobs of the jacket, and clasps of the buskins, and still more valuable sequins laying perdue in the folds of the sash; and lastly, feeling my appetite for plunder increase in proportion as it was gratified, thought it such a pity to leave any part of so showy an attire a prey to corruption, that I undressed the dead man completely.

When, however, the business which engaged all my attention was entirely achieved, and that human body, of which, in the eagerness for its spoil, I had only thus far noticed the separate limbs one by one, as I stripped them, all at once struck my sight in its full dimensions, as it lay naked before me—when I contemplated that fine athletic frame, but a moment before full of life and vigour unto its fingers' ends, now rendered an insensible corpse by the random shot of a raw youth whom in close combat its little finger might have crushed—I could not help feeling, mixed with my exultation, a sort of shame, as if for a cowardly advantage obtained over a superior being; and in order to make a kind of atonement to the shade of an Epirote—of a kinsman—I exclaimed with outstretched hands, "Cursed be the paltry dust which turns the warrior's arm into a mere engine, and striking from afar an invisible

blow, carries death no one knows whence to no one knows whom; levels the strong with the weak, the brave with the dastardly; and, enabling the feeblest hand to wield its fatal lightning, makes the conqueror slay without anger, and the conquered die without glory!"

On the very point of departing after this sort of expiatory effusion, with my heavy but valuable trophy huddled on my back, the thought struck me that I might incur a suspicion of sporting plumes not my own, unless I brought my vouchers. With that view I began detaching from my Arnaoot's shaggy skull both the ears, as pledges for the remainder of the head, when I should be at leisure to fetch it; but considering how many gleaners stalked the harvest field, and that if I lost my own head, none other might be found to make me amends, I determined to take at once all I meant to keep. The work was a tough one, and the operator at best still a bungler, but I succeeded at last; —and now, in an ecstasy of delight, though almost afraid to look at my bundle, I returned to our party—for ever cured, by an almost instantaneous transition to temerity, of every sentiment of fear. Indeed, such remained for some time the ferment of my spirits, that, while I carried my load on one arm, I kept brandishing my sword with the other, still eager to lay about me, and to cut down whomsoever I met.

My master—already informed of my prowess, and on the look-out for my return—seeing me arrive thus fierce and turbulent, immediately cried out: "Bravo, Anastasius! At your first outset you are become a complete hero.—But," added he, laughing, "since the fight is over, and the enemy routed, suppose you put up your sword, and wash your face!"

The advice was seasonable. I had in the heat of the engagement received, I know not how, a cut across the jaw, of which the scar remains to this day, and shows a shining white ridge across my strong black beard.

The head[8] which, in imitation of my companions, I laid before the pasha, he only treated as a football; an usage which made me feel vexed for its dignity and my own: but when the whole harvest was got in, he ordered the produce to be built into the base of a handsome pyramid. The remaining Arnaoots of the peninsula, cut off at the dervens, afterwards supplied its top, and thus afforded the inhabitants of Tripolizza a most agreeable vista, which they enjoy to this day. One of our men, indeed, attempted to keep back from the common store a skull of his own collecting, meaning to turn it into a drinking cup for private use; but the pasha severely censured an idea "so disgraceful," he observed, "to a civilised nation like the Turks;" and was near making its author, in punishment of his offence, contribute to the building materials from his own stock. As for myself, when I came to offer my mite, I found that same Hassan, before so supercilious, all condescension. Bravery was with him the first of virtues: some said the only one!—Mine he paid in ready money, with a handful of sequins; adding: "You are a lad of spirit; and if you will but become a true believer, you may rely upon me for promotion."

At this flattering offer my heart rose to my lips. At once I would have answered: "Moslemin, or heathen, or whatever your highness pleases!"—but a look from my master stopped my complying speech. I read in it a positive prohibition, and durst not disobey. Prostrating myself on the ground, I begged the pasha would command his servant any thing but to renounce his precious faith. This behaviour had the good luck not to displease the visier, and much to gratify the interpreter. It entirely gained me the heart of a nephew of Mavroyeni, his uncle's agent, named Stephan;—a man who was said to keep his accounts between this world and the next much more even than his older relation. Indeed, so little had the drogueman the reputation of being tenacious on the score of religion,

that I could not refrain from asking him, the first instant we were alone together, "why he should thus have stood in the way of his servant's fortune?"

"You fool," was his answer, "I only stood in the way of your ruin. Had you accepted the high-admiral's proposal, you would immediately have received some inferior appointment, and in that you would have been left to waste the remainder of your life. Your first promotion would have been your last. Despised by the Turks and shunned by the Greeks, you would have found support nowhere; and must henceforth have lived not only degraded, but, what is worse, forgotten. Has it never struck you," added he in a whisper, and as if afraid of being overheard, "that if much were to be gained by a Christian turning Moslemin, there are others besides yourself sufficiently reasonable not to stick at the difference between Kyrie eleison, and Allah, Illah, Allah?"

This observation set all reply at defiance. I laid by my sword, and resumed my coffee-tray.

The interior of the Morea being liberated from the Albanians, Hassan determined to spend the remainder of the season in clearing its seas of the Maynotes. A strong detachment was sent with instructions to force the passes of mount Taygetus, the abode of those miscreants; and our encampment was in the meantime removed from the plain of Argos to that of Nauplia. Precisely the small slip of this otherwise delightful valley which is closest to the city, and extends under the tremendous rock of the Palamida, had, by the sea water constantly oozing in, been rendered a swamp, vying, for noxious exhalations, with the opposite morass of Lerna. Hassan, while waiting the issue of the expedition to Mayno, resolved, without knowing much of the garden of the Hesperides, to make this pestilential nook its fac-simile,—and, by way of restoring to their pristine innocence and purity the somewhat deteriorated minds of his Arnaoot prisoners, had them conveyed on shore every

morning, chained two and two, to forward this rural design. Hands that never yet had wielded any thing but weapons of war and destruction were now reluctantly seen to grasp instruments of peace and husbandry, and to exchange the sword and the carbine for the rake and the spade; and men only accustomed to cut and clip human limbs gnashed their teeth with rage, at being compelled to prune orange-trees, and to tie up carnations.

Like other distinguished personages, Hassan had his enemies in the capital. They represented his attempt on the impregnable fastnesses of Mayno as a mad scheme; they ceased not to inveigh against his extortions: but the crime they dwelt upon with peculiar eloquence and pathos was his atrocity in employing Mohammedan captives to lay out his vile shrubberies; and one morning that Hassan, in the midst of his works, was inhaling in copious streams the incense of his courtiers vying in compliments on his taste, came a fulminating hattisherif from the Porte, to enjoin the immediate liberation of all his prisoners, and the return of his squadron to Constantinople.

Vain would be the attempt to paint the pasha's rage. Striking his forehead with the imperial mandate, he swore he would obey its commands—would deliver his prisoners from their bondage: but only in death! and ordered them to be marshalled for immediate execution. The signal was given; and at each waving of his hand fell a head. Every beholder looked aghast, but none durst breathe even a syllable of intercession for the victims. Fifteen heads already lay gasping amidst the parterres which their wearers had planted, and seemed only a prelude to the fall of as many hundreds; when Mavroyeni at last stepped forward, and, throwing himself at his master's feet, begged he would have mercy, not on the culprits, who deserved their fate, but on his own innocent lilies and jessamines, which had done nothing to deserve being deluged in blood, instead of moistened only by the dews from heaven.

Perhaps the pasha himself had already begun to reflect, not on the cruelty of his conduct, but on its consequences; —perhaps he was not sorry for an excuse to desist from his rash vow. His jocularity, between each new act of the disgusting spectacle, might only in reality be intended to slacken the progress of the slaughter. The flowers were pitied, the massacre stopped, the garden abandoned, and the not yet pollarded Arnaoots conveyed to the passes out of the Morea, there to be turned loose upon the remainder of the Turkish empire.

By the sacrifice of a few of the purses which he had collected, Hassan still obtained leave only to resign the command of the Morea to Hadgee Ibrahim, his own kehaya:[10] a man who, in turns pilgrim at Mecca, chief of banditti in Roumili,[11] slave-merchant on the Black Sea, and soldier at the Dardanelles, was by no means the pasha's unapt representative; but who nevertheless was only allowed to succeed him with the subordinate rank of moohassil,[12]— the exhausted state of the peninsula disabling it from supporting, in a governor, the burthensome weight of the three tails.

The news of the entire failure of the Maynote expedition became the signal for our departure. In my impatience to behold the capital, I had been counting the days and hours till we should sail, and had been frightened by many a report of our wintering at Nauplia. Inexpressible therefore was my joy when, on the fifteenth of November, 1779, I actually saw the anchors heaving, and the sails unfurled.

Behold me now at sea a second time, not like the first on board a paltry trading vessel, only surrounded by tarred sailors, and myself toiling like a galley-slave, but in a superb three-decker—a positive moving city on the waves: basking in the sunshine of a visier of the first class; viewing, whichever way I turned my eyes, glittering officers and guards; and having nothing myself to do but to wonder at all I saw. This I did abundantly. Not a hole or

corner of the vessel was left unexplored; and though exceedingly wroth on board the Venetian at being obliged to bear a part in working the ship, which I then thought an intolerable drudgery, I here, on the contrary, from being very much discouraged by the sailors in my attempts to assist them, found no pleasure so great; and was constantly lending a hand in setting the sails, bracing the yards, and imitating like a monkey all I saw others do. Frequently, when my master sent for me to my birth below, I was up in the main-top; and I seldom came down from this favourite station, except to listen open-mouthed on the carriage of a gun to the glowing descriptions of the wonders and delights of the capital—the city, by pre-eminence—which some one or other of my companions was constantly praising. It seemed to me, though the wind continued unabatingly fair, that we never were to reach this earthly paradise.

On one occasion, indeed, the current of my thoughts, thus far uninterruptedly directed toward Stambool,[13] experienced a sudden stop, a total reflux. The intellectual tide, till then only flowing in one direction, at once ebbed, and set the contrary way. It was when we came in sight of my native land, of my beloved Chios. While rapidly sailing before the wind along its verdant shores, a pang shot to my heart—an indescribable yearning seized upon my soul. At the back of that ridge of purple crags which I could almost touch with my hand, lived my aged parents; lived, sighed—perhaps, sighed no longer—my injured Helena, the first loved of my heart! Were not the rocky screen betwixt, I might actually at that instant behold their now melancholy homes, and in less than an hour I might restore the mourning tenants to their wonted serenity. I might receive and bestow the embraces of love and of duty; I might again possess the united blessings of those whom I had so cruelly abandoned; I might tell them, "Anastasius has fought, Anastasius has vanquished, Anastasius returns

to you. He returns to deposit at your adored feet, and to sacrifice to your love and your pardon, the laurels he has gathered, and the praise and promises he has gained." "Now is," thought I—"but soon irretrievably to vanish —the moment in which to recover kindred, country, peace of mind, and connubial happiness. If again cast away, they must be lost for ever!"

Frantic at this thought, I hastily left the deck, and hurried to the drogueman, to entreat that I might be put ashore, and allowed to return among my friends.

On what trifling circumstances depends the fate of our lives! Had I felt less anxious, I should have succeeded: I should have reached my master's presence, have preferred my petition, have obtained my suit, have been reinstated in my filial privileges, and probably at this time have been the happy father of a numerous progeny, with the soothing prospect of a tranquil and respected old age.

A nail-head made the difference!—A nail-head causes me, by remote consequences, at the distance of many years, to die in a strange land a premature and painful death, unowned by a friend, unwept by a child! This unfortunate iron (on which may lie all my sins) not being sufficiently clenched, protruded most unwarrantably from the steps of the cabin. Several times already it had caught my flowing dress; and each time condemned to decapitation, it had only been reprieved from sheer thoughtlessness. In the eagerness of the moment, I hooked it with my shakshoor,[14] as I ran down stairs, and losing my balance, fell, and struck my skull against the floor of the cabin.

Senseless from the shock, I only recovered to find myself lying on the deck, with my head in the lap of one of the pasha's tshawooshes. The first thing upon which my eyes opened was the officer's vest,—one of those gorgeous specimens of embroidery, which I had so greedily coveted, and had so fully determined some day to obtain: the first

thing I heard was a condescending message of inquiry from the pasha himself! So much glare dazzled my senses; so great an honour overpowered my weak brain. For some time, indeed, I scarce could remember what had occupied my thoughts prior to my accident. All in my mind was confusion and darkness; and when I again began with some clearness to retrace my ideas, the contact was too immediate with one species of object near my heart, not to feel the attraction of other more distant treasures weak in comparison. It now seemed to me a womanly act to cast away all the fruit of the perils I had past, of the reputation I had gained, and of the favour I had earned;—to exchange the fame and greatness that awaited me, for obscurity and oblivion; to prefer to the destinies of the eagle, soaring from region to region, those of the worm, content to die in the same clod of clay in which he was born, and perhaps crushed to death before his time by the more bold and aspiring. I knew I should be laughed at by all on board only for hinting such a whim; and on further reflection, I even felt it a filial duty to seek at Constantinople that rank, which might be so powerful a protection to my parents on their little island.

Still, however, some inward doubt remained. As soon as I was able to move, I rose, and ran to the side of the ship, to see what way she had been making since my accident, and whether there still was time to execute my design. Chios had already dwindled away into a scarce visible speck. The magnet ceased to act; my lately excited feelings subsided, and my no longer distracted mind gradually resumed its former hopes, its vanities, and its ambition. Its current again, as before, only flowed whither our prow was tending. Stambool again became, as before, its polar star;—and if some natural regrets still arose in my mind at intervals, the new and bustling scene which ensued, during the few days we lay at anchor before Mitylene and Tenedos, completely dispelled them. These days appeared

to me so many ages, only from their delaying our arrival in the capital.

At last we entered the boghaz![15] Stunned by the incessant thundering of the almost uninterrupted succession of batteries, which line the whole of its shore, I felt not the less as if sharing all the honours of their salutes, and could scarce repress my joy and exultation. In a few hours I was to behold that celebrated city, whose origin lay hid in the obscurity of ages, whose ancient greatness had often been the theme of my infant wonder, and whose humiliation under the Othoman yoke I had, in concert with my didaskalos[16] of Chios, frequently lamented with tears; but which—even in its present degraded state, and groaning under the despotism of the Turks—had from a child been the final object of all my views and wishes.

A most favourable wind continued to swell our sails. Our mighty keel shot rapidly through the waves of the Propontis, foaming before our prow. Every instant the vessel seemed to advance with accelerated speed; as if—become animated—it felt the near approach to its place of rest; and at last Constantinople rose, in all its grandeur, before us.

With eyes riveted on the expanding splendours, I watched, as they rose out of the bosom of the surrounding waters, the pointed minarets, the swelling cupolas, and the innumerable habitations, either stretching along the jagged shore, and reflecting their image in the mirror of the deep, or creeping up the crested mountain, and tracing their outline on the expanse of the sky. At first agglomerated in a single confused mass, the lesser parts of this immense whole seemed, as we advanced, by degrees to unfold, to disengage themselves from each other, and to grow into various groups, divided by wide chasms and deep indentures,—until at last the clusters, thus far still distantly connected, became transformed, as if by magic, into three distinct cities,[17] each individually of prodigious extent, and

each separated from the other two by a wide arm of that sea whose silver tide encompassed their base, and made its vast circuit rest half on Europe, and half on Asia. Entranced by the magnificent spectacle, I felt as if all the faculties of my soul were insufficient fully to embrace its glories: I hardly retained power to breathe; and almost apprehended that in doing so I might dispel the gorgeous vision, and find its whole vast fabric only a delusive dream!

## CHAPTER IV.

It was with difficulty that I could collect my scattered senses when the time came to step down into the nut-shell, all azure and gold, which waited to convey the drogueman's suite to the Fanar, where, with the other principal Greeks, Mavroyeni had his residence. Each stroke of the oar, after we had pushed off from the ship, made our light caïck[1] glide by some new palace, more splendid than those which preceded it; and every fresh edifice I beheld, grander in its appearance than the former, was immediately set down in my mind as my master's habitation. I began to feel uneasy when I perceived that we had passed the handsomest district, and were advancing towards a less showy quarter. My pangs increased as we were made to step ashore on a mean-looking quay, and to turn into a narrow dirty lane; and I attained the acme of my dismay, when, arrived opposite a house of a dark and dingy hue, apparently crumbling to pieces with age and neglect,[2] I was told that there lived the Lord Mavroyeni. At first I tried to persuade myself that my companions were joking: but too soon assured they only spoke the truth, I entered with a fainting heart. A new surprise awaited me within. That

mean fir-wood case, of such forbidding exterior, contained rooms furnished in all the splendour of eastern magnificence. Persian carpets covered the floors, Genoa velvets clothed the walls, and gilt trellis-work overcast the lofty ceilings. Clouds of rich perfumes rose on all sides from silver censers; and soon I found that this dismal outside appearance was an homage paid by the cunning of the Greek gentry to the fanaticism of the Turkish mob, impatient of whatever may in Christians savour of luxury and ostentation. The persons of the Fanariote grandees were of a piece with their habitations. Within doors, sinking under the weight of rich furs, costly shawls, jewels, and trinkets, they went forth into the streets wrapped in coarse, and dingy, and often threadbare clothing.

My arrival in the capital was almost immediately followed by an advancement from my private situation to a more public office. Whether the drogueman of the capitan-pasha thought it unbecoming a sprig of his own body —a drogueman's son—to appear in the capacity of a domestic, or whether he conceived that a taooshan like himself, unconnected with his rivals in office, and entirely dependent on his nod, was in point of trust-worthiness the next thing to a mameluke;[3] or whether, finally, he considered my acquirements and my capabilities as above being confined within the compass of a coffee-tray or the extent of a Persian pipe, he had scarce had time to look about him ere he conferred upon me the employment—or rather the dignity—of relieving him in some of the lesser details of his business. These chiefly consisted in attending every day at the arsenal, there to introduce to the high-admiral the persons and to interpret the petitions of Greeks and of foreigners; for, in the style of the Turkish diplomacy, a Christian ambassador demanding an audience was introduced as a supplicant preferring a suit.

While, to perform the duties of his office, Mavroyeni himself held his usual station in the capitan-pasha's own

apartment, I was installed in a small adjoining room, where I had to hear, to understand if I could, or, whether I understood or not, to set down and to condense into the shortest possible written abstract, the long stories of petitioners, and the endless dialogues of disputants; a duty which I always performed the better in proportion as I understood the business brought before me the less. It was here I learnt that art of generalising my ideas, so esteemed, as I am told, among Frank[4] philosophers.

Undoubtedly, had the choice been laid before me, I should have preferred the truncheon to the pen. But the drogueman had not the former in his gift; and the tedium of the latter was materially relieved by certain circumstances attached to its exercise. For it soon became notorious that nothing assisted me so much in giving weight to a case as a few sequins slipped from sheer absence of mind between the pages of the report; and in this respect, the difference between my master and myself only consisted in his receiving purses[5] where I received single pieces.

Still, to one who loved money only as the means of pleasure, my confinement could not but be irksome; and the moment Mavroyeni disappeared, I too used to break up my levees, and to saunter about. Whenever my master was employed by the pasha in some long-winded expedition, I proceeded either to spend the money already earned in the Tchartchees and Bezesteens,[6] or to procure new customers for my own shop, by boasting in the coffee-houses and taverns of my influence in higher quarters. Was Mavroyeni, on the contrary, only expected to make a short absence, I contented myself with taking a turn round the precincts of the arsenal.

In one of these rambles I remember being shown two highly esteemed productions of the pictorial art, presented by the drogueman to the pasha. They were representations of two of Hassan's most memorable achievements;

the surprisal of the Russians at Lemnos, and the bombardment of Daher at Acre. In these chef-d'œuvres all was depicted with the utmost faithfulness—the vessels, the batteries, the guns, the very balls whizzing through the air, and the shells falling on the buildings. One feature alone was omitted in compliment to Turkish prejudices; a mere trifle, no doubt, in the eyes of the painter—the combatants themselves!—but this very circumstance—as I told the Turkish officer my *cicerone*—so far from lessening its value, was, in my opinion, the most judicious thing I had ever beheld. The great point in works of art, my language-master at Chios had assured me, was only to bring forward the leading objects, the essential supporters of the action; and to discard all insignificant and superfluous accessories. Now, what was it that in engagements by land or by water did all the execution? The men?—By no means! They only stood aloof. It was the shells, the bullets, the grapeshot. These therefore filled the whole fore-ground more properly.

So much did the acuteness of this remark delight the officer, that in his rapture he clapped his broad whiskers on my face, and swore I was the only sensible Greek he ever had met with. It was evident that he knew not a countryman of mine, whom I found one morning in excessive wrath with a Perote artist—a Frank—for having painted him a Madonna with such force of light and shade as absolutely to stand out from the canvas. He swore it was a scandalous production—almost as bad as an image! and the poor artist could not even obtain praise for his talent, much less payment for his labour.

I had been several weeks at Constantinople without yet seeing my patron's lady. Not that, like Turkish wives, she was kept secluded in a harem,[7] but, on the contrary, because, in order to enjoy greater freedom, she preferred spending her autumn at a villa on the Bosphorus. One afternoon Mavroyeni took me to Therapiah[8] in his caïck,

and I was there presented to the domina. She happened to be sunning her plump charms on the quay. Nothing could exceed the stateliness of her appearance; and had she not been somewhat broader than she was long, her carriage would have been very dignified. Half a dozen surrounding attendants had no other employment but to support her august person, much too important to support itself on ordinary occasions. One walked on before with a peacock-tail fan, to keep the flies from her glossy face; and another behind, to shake the dust off her still more lustrous gown.

An untoward accident was fated to happen, just as every thing seemed disposed to strike a new comer with all possible awe and admiration. At the furthest outlet of the channel, in the very middle of its silvery expanse, and on the verge of the horizon, was descried a dark speck that looked endowed with motion. Rapidly the opaque body advanced, skimming the fleecy surface of the waters; and as it approached it increased in size and consequence. Its wide extending fins dipped into the waves like the pinions of the swallow, while its sharp and prominent beak cut its way through the billows like the shark or the sword-fish. All eyes were riveted upon the threatening monster, and presently no one but myself any longer remained in ignorance of its nature. It stood confessed—O horror!—not exactly a dragon come to devour our princess on the sea-shore, like another Andromeda, in order to give me an opportunity of signalising my gallantry as her Perseus; but something full as savage, and much more inglorious: the bostandjee-bashee[9] in his police-boat, coming to nibble at the trains of the Greek princesses, which exceeded the standard of the Turkish sumptuary laws. At this terrific sight, the arms of the six suivantes all dropped with one accord by their sides, and with them dropped to the ground their mistress's train. The snow-white ermine swept the dust of the road; while its wearer—who just before had

appeared scarce able to move without assistance—suddenly recovered the entire use of her short legs, and waddled away by herself as nimbly as any duck pursued by a kite, until the friendly screen of a wall enabled her to stop, to face about, and to take breath after the immense exertion.

As soon as the terrified party had safely reached the house, the fault of the precipitate retreat was laid on an impending shower. I had the imprudence—fool that I was—to run and search for a cloud. The only one I could find was that gathering on the lady's own brow; and my officiousness got me a look in that quarter, which boded more storms than ever lashed the Bosphorus in March.

What could the company do, in the uncertain state of the sky, but collect round the tandoor?[10]—that safe refuge against the winter's rigours, that eastern nondescript, which in the angle of the mitred sofa holds a middle character between the table and the bed, and underneath whose gaudy coverlet all the legs of the snug party converge round a pot of lighted charcoal, there to stew for the evening. Like the rest, I crept under the bed-clothes.

This was my first admission to a gossiping party of quality; and I must in justice to its members confess that it yielded not to those of inferior rank. In the course of an hour or two I heard a very reasonable quantity of scandal. There was no recent occurrence in church or state, army or navy, boards or bed-chambers, the bab-humayoon,[11] or the back stairs, but was properly collected, combined, compared, dissected, analysed, and circulated. I now for the first time learnt, to my infinite satisfaction, both the precise offence of the last vizier beheaded, and the precise length of the last feridjee[12] curtailed. I was informed in the same breath, how the great Morosi managed his principality, and how the little Manolacki conducted his courtship; how the patriarch had quarrelled with the archons,[13] and how the spatar[14] had beaten his wife; how the mortgages of the church were redeeming,

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and how the slipper-money[15] of the sultanas was engaged; and I so confidently heard it asserted by a gentleman on my right, that the conference between a certain embassador and the reïs-effendee[16] would produce a new war; and by a lady on my left, that the meeting between a certain archimandrite and his ghostly daughter would produce a new christening, that I no longer doubted that the fumes of the brazier over which we sat must have all the oracular virtues which issued from the cave of Delphi. On going to bed I expected from them very surprising effects, but to my *disappointment* I experienced none other than a dream, in which I beheld the sultan pounding the grand mufti in a mortar,[17] and the pope of Rome standing by, crying bravo!—"bravo," echoed I with all my might,—when my own voice waking me just in good time, I got up to return with my master to the capital.

"Well, Anastasius," said the drogueman to me, as we were cleaving the waves of the Bosphorus, "how do you like our Constantinople life?"

"Very much;" was the answer evidently expected, but which I did not give,—feeling little edified with my visit to Therapiah, where I had had my share of the second-hand insolence which the Fanariotes take very quietly from the Turks, only to put it off less quietly among the taooshans. "Not at all," was therefore the short reply I made.

The drogueman stared. I felt I had been too laconic. "Were the rest of the Greeks I see here," added I, "at all like your highness, the place would indeed be a paradise; but this capital seems to change the nature of whatever it harbours; and my countrymen, so gay, so light-hearted at Chios, seem at the Fanar at once dull and important. Besides, the difference made between Christians and Mohammedans here is too great, too mortifying. The few Moslemen of Chios mingle with its rayahs on a footing of equality. They almost reckon it a favour to be admitted

to their junketings. But here, the very noblest of the Greeks—your highness alone excepted—are daily exposed to the insults of the meanest Turk. Were it not for my principles, I would rather be a Turkish porter than a Greek prince."

Mavroyeni looked thoughtful. After a little pause, "You mistake, Anastasius," replied he, "in thinking the Greek of Constantinople different from the Greek of Chios. Our nation is every where the same. The same at Petersburg as at Cairo; the same now that it was twenty centuries ago."

I stared in my turn.

"What I say," continued my master, "is perfectly true. The complexion of the modern Greek may receive a different cast from different surrounding objects: the core still is the same as in the days of Pericles. Credulity, versatility, and thirst of distinctions from the earliest periods, formed, still form, and ever will continue to form, the basis of the Greek character; and the dissimilarity in the external appearance of the nation arises, not from any radical change in its temper and disposition, but only from the incidental variation in the means through which the same propensities are to be gratified. The ancient Greeks worshipped an hundred gods, the modern Greeks adore as many saints. The ancient Greeks believed in oracles and prodigies, in incantations and spells; the modern Greeks have faith in relics and miracles, in amulets and divinations. The ancient Greeks brought rich offerings and gifts to the shrines of their deities, for the purpose of obtaining success in war and pre-eminence in peace; the modern Greeks hang up dirty rags round the sanctuaries of their saints, to shake off an ague or to propitiate a mistress. The former were stanch patriots at home, and subtle courtiers in Persia; the latter defy the Turks in Mayno, and fawn upon them at the Fanar. Besides, was not every commonwealth of ancient Greece as much a prey to cabals and factions

as every community of modern Greece? Does not every modern Greek preserve the same desire for supremacy, the same readiness to undermine by every means, fair or foul, his competitors, which was displayed by his ancestors? Do not the Turks of the present day resemble the Romans of past ages in their respect for the ingenuity, and, at the same time, in their contempt for the character of their Greek subjects? And does the Greek of the Fanar show the least inferiority to the Greek of the Piræus in quickness of perception, in fluency of tongue, and in fondness for quibbles, for disputation, and for sophistry?—Believe me, the very difference between the Greeks of time past and of the present day arises only from their thorough resemblance; from that equal pliability of temper and of faculties in both, which has ever made them receive with equal readiness the impression of every mould and the impulse of every agent. When patriotism, public spirit, and pre-eminence in arts, science, literature, and warfare, were the road to distinction, the Greeks shone the first of patriots, of heroes, of painters, of poets, and of philosophers. Now that craft and subtlety, adulation and intrigue, are the only paths to greatness, these same Greeks are—what you see them!"

To me it mattered little whether the modern Greeks resembled the ancient or not, as long as I was not reckoned on a footing with my neighbours the Fanariotes. I therefore paid Mavroyeni a compliment on his oratory, and let the subject drop; still muttering to myself, "Stambool was a detestable place!"

It remained not always so. The Fanariotes—whose defect is not want of quicksightedness—soon perceived that I was a great favourite with the favourite of the favourite *par excellence*: and as no ramifications of this genus, however minute, were to be neglected, I began to enjoy my due share of adulation and of consequence. Those who before were deaf when I spoke to them, now

addressed me the first, and the identical joke which for merly left the muscles of every face unmoved, now had the power to set a whole table in a roar. With my situation my manners underwent a total change. The rude exterior of the islander had been exchanged among the caleondjees[18] of the capitan-pasha for a swaggering braggadocio air. The martial strut was now laid aside for the smooth simpering smile of the courtier. Instead of spluttering out my unpolished sentences by half dozens in a breath, as if I had more words crammed in my throat than could issue one by one from my mouth, I now practised with a nonchalant air to drop only now and then a significant monosyllable, so profound in its meaning that nobody could get at it;—and as to the mother tongue, the Romaïc[19] idiom, it was no longer to be used except interlarded with such scraps of French, Italian, and Turkish, as to render it almost unintelligible to the vulgar auditor. Athwart my borrowed languor and effeminacy, however, the native vigour and raciness of the soil would break forth occasionally with such energetic bursts as both astonished and delighted the Fanariote fair. To them my rough-cast homage presented an acceptable contrast to the mawkish tenderness of their every-day admirers. My freedom passed for naïveté, my neglect of forms evinced a flattering devotedness, and my rustic exterior promised affections more robust and lasting than could be expected from the sickly natives of a large capital. Flattered by the men and smiled upon by the women, I now said to myself—"Stambool is a charming place!"

So greatly indeed did I become the fashion, that had my fastidiousness been less, I might have adapted my court ships, as our great men suit their pelisses, to the different seasons of the year: for while autumn still continued to pour forth her golden treasures, a grocer's fair spouse —herself the image of ripeness and of plenty—offered to feed my good-will with figs and raisins, to pay in comfits

for the sweets of my converse, and to support the ardour of my affections with rosoglio and spice: when winter began to chill the blood, the sleek helpmate of a furrier would fain have dispelled my freezing coldness, even at the expense of all her husband's rarest ermines; and when returning spring enamelled every field with fresh flowers, I beheld at my feet a whole bevy of beauties, fresh as the violet and the daisy, and, to own the truth, not much more exalted in the scale of human flowerets:—but comfits were only lures for boys; ermine had no charms except as the garb of royalty; and beauty itself lost its attractions in my eyes when destitute of rank and fashion.

The first lady possessed of these latter attributes whom I found disposed to cast an eye of compassion on my sufferings, was of the devout order, and the very domina who had excited the oracular ingenuity of one of the party on my first visit to Therapiah. The worthy archimandrite, to whom were intrusted her spiritual concerns, had, on the application of her husband, been exiled by the patriarch to the holy mountain,[20] in order to pursue his spiritual meditations with less interruption. The lady, now finding that even the long beard of a priest was unable to screen her reputation, resolved to try whether the beardless face of a boy would protect it.

A first success obtained in a distinguished quarter from real preference leads to others granted by vanity. But with my fashion increased my fastidiousness. All could not catch that laid snares for me; nor could all keep that caught me. My favour was precarious, and—a little tyrant in love—I treated the tender passion quite in the Turkish style.

Still I continued undistinguished, nay, unheeded, by the proud Theophania. Not even by accident could the looks of this lofty lady descend to my level. She appeared unconscious that a being so insignificant as myself existed, filled its portion of space, and breathed the same air with

her noble lungs. If she wished to move from one part of the room so another, and I happened to stand in her way, her hand would mechanically push me aside, without the participation of her mind, like a chair or a table; while her averted eye was directed to some more distant point of space. In vain might I lay myself out for her approbation, —I could not even obtain her satire. The very ridicule of Theophania would have been too much notice for one so low as me. It was positive condescension in her, one day when in an humbler quarter I showed myself insatiate of adulation, to turn round to me, and with some impatience to say, "it is the privilege of the great, sir, to receive praise: the insignificant should be at the trouble of praising themselves!"—So violent indeed was her temper, and so sarcastic her conversation with individuals of every rank and degree, that even the most distinguished among the Fanariotes only approached her with fear and trembling, and, as soon as the indispensable rites of politeness had been performed, hastened away, ere, like the drones in a hive, they felt the sting of this intractable queen bee. The shafts of Cupid she had usually turned aside by her petulance; but the few times they happened to draw blood she had loved as others hate.

Undismayed by these difficulties, I swore she should be at the feet of the taooshan whom she vouchsafed not to suffer at her own, and thenceforward bent the whole force of my genius toward attracting her attention, and exciting her interest. When therefore she, who at first had feared to disgrace her pretty pouting lips with the mere sound of my name, began to abuse my person and my character with most loquacious virulence, I considered my triumph as secure. "Theophania," cried I—though not yet loud enough to be heard by herself—"you only pursue me with contemptuous looks, to feast your eye on my person; and you only load me with opprobrious epithets, to fix your mind on my image!"

If at last—which love and discretion forbid my ever boasting!—the prize rewarded my pains, yet troublesome was its tenure. The Euxine passes not more quickly from tranquillity to storms, than from serenity to passion changed my tempestuous and variable mistress. One moment, infatuated to perfect forgetfulness of her pride and station, she would clasp my knees in ecstasy, and, humbling herself unto my very feet, glory in her debasement; the next, choking with rage, she would suddenly start up again, rail at her degradation, wonder what she saw in me to admire, and charge me, on my life, to disclose by what spell I had compelled her affections; but again, after having heaped upon me every direst execration which her fertile fancy could suggest, her passion would take another turn, and, bursting into a flood of tears, she would conjure me by all that was most sacred, if I could not return her love, at least to pity her agony, and assist in breaking the charm I had wrought, by rendering myself purposedly as hateful as possible.

What more could I do than I did? The only thing she ever saw me coax were my own little budding mustachios, whose education and growth I watched over with the tenderness of an anxious parent: the only thing she ever heard me praise were the qualities to which she had the least pretension; self-command, endurance, meekness. The preferences I felt in other quarters I freely owned; and the consolations I found when she banished me her presence I regularly enumerated. In my vulgar exultation (for vulgar it was), I treated with the familiarity of a clown one who had been used to the deference of a queen; and to all such as had formerly suffered from Theophania's insolence I boasted of being their avenger. Yet, in spite of my conduct, her love lessened not; it only became more conspicuous; it afforded a sneering public a richer treat; and at mass every eye in the church seemed constantly vibrating between the grated gallery above, where Theophania sat

with the other women, and the part of the nave below where, by her express desire, I took my station, in order that she might see me during her devout prayers.

Let man make his confidential friend of no woman, except such an one as he cannot possibly make his mistress;—namely, his mother, his sister, or his aunt. If she happen not to stand with him in any of these forbidden degrees, be she ever so old, or ugly, or infirm, she will end by feeling disappointed; and will accuse her unsuspecting friend of both too much and too little reserve.

A quiet demure looking woman—one of those persons with whom one feels as much at ease the first time of seeing them as with an old acquaintance—once or twice so good-naturedly cautioned me against the consequences, when on the point of imprudently courting public censure, that I determined professedly to open to her my whole heart and circumstances. Why not? "She herself had renounced all love engagements. They gave more trouble than they were worth; and she infinitely preferred to the feverish enjoyments of passion the calm pleasures of friendship—that is, of stable male friendship, which one could depend upon. A tenderer intercourse she only contemplated in others, at a distance, by way of amusement, and in order to study human nature in its different varieties and shades. As to female friendship, she held it in the contempt it deserved." The looks of this good lady had informed me that she perfectly knew all my doings. Giving her my confidence, therefore, was only binding her to discretion; and at first I saw every reason to congratulate myself upon this determination. The tone of my new friend with me was that of a mother with her son; overflowing only with parental tenderness. Her whole mind seemed only bent upon keeping an unexperienced youth out of difficulties. But I soon found that from her appeals to my prudence the company present was always excepted. Incensed at this discovery, I spoke in anger, and was answered with

asperity. We parted, no more to meet in friendship;—but I continued not the less to live in the remembrance of this excellent person.

Theophania's husband held one of the highest offices at the court of Moldavia. He was wont to date his days of repose from those of my attentions to his wife. He could have raised a statue to my merits from sheer gratitude, were statues ever raised in modern times from such an antiquated motive. All he prayed for was the permission to keep his eyes shut;—and this was precisely the only favour which my little friend would not grant him. Qualified for the task she undertook by my former confidence, she kindly forced upon him such irrefragable proofs of his wife's imprudence as permitted him no longer to be blind to her conduct.

I was so accustomed always to be the last in my appointments with Theophania, that one day, in the verdant valley of Kiad-hané,* the favourite haunt of the Cupids of Constantinople, I felt rather nettled at finding myself, though much after my time, the first at the place of rendezvous. Still I waited and waited on; until impatience began to fan my languid flame, and Theophania's star began to mount. Alas! while I was trying to cool my ardour by contemplating the gurgling brook, in which the weeping willow was lightly dipping its delicate spray, as if striving to steal a last parting caress from the stream that fled its embrace, little did I imagine that the proud Theophania was jogging along in a rumbling kotshi—screaming until she was able to scream no longer—to the borders of the Black Sea; thence to be conveyed in an open boat—much too sick with the motion even to scold—to the port of Galatsch, where a stout mule waited to carry her, bumping in a wicker basket, to the presence of her loving husband! He gave her a tender embrace, assured her she had a decided vocation for the monastic life, and accordingly whisked her off the next morning to the most secluded convent in the

province of Valachia; where, I understand, she has continued ever since, fasting, praying, and scolding, by turns. As soon as I heard of her adventure, I failed not to thank my little friend for the great service she had unintentionally rendered me.

My own day of retribution from the hands of my master was approaching. Neither my affair with Theophania, nor even, I believe, my daily neglect of my official duties, was the cause of my disgrace. It was the cloud, the fatal cloud, which I could not see when the bostandjee bashee passed by Therapiah, but which nothing could dispel from *madame*'s angered mind except my dismission. Her husband would have preferred to have kept me; but, among the tongues he commanded, that of his loving helpmate had never been numbered. He neither could stop it, nor yet had acquired the facility of listening to its explosions as to the softer murmur of a mill. He therefore might rule in great affairs abroad, but always ended by obeying in little matters at home: content to save his credit, by pretending to do from choice what he did from necessity.

One evening, after playing truant the whole day, I went up to submit to the accustomed lecture. Instead of blustering as usual, Mavroyeni asked, in the most placid tone imaginable, the cause of my long absence. I now gave myself up for lost beyond redemption. It was precisely the tone which the drogueman was wont to assume, when, fully resolved to have no further dealings with the person who had offended him, he deemed reproach an useless waste of breath. Still I made out a little story, to which Mavroyeni listened very patiently,—after which, without further reply, pointing to the door, he desired me to walk out and never to walk in again.

I knew him too well to have the least hope of his recalling a sentence uttered in this manner. My only remaining solicitude, therefore, was to make a dignified retreat. After a profound bow—of defiance rather than of

respect—I strutted away, carrying my head so high, that I knocked it against the soffit of the door.

But in spite of my seeming indifference, I felt injured, if not degraded; for in surveying my conduct, I only took into account the last drop that rose above the brim; the rest was hid within the vessel.

I need not observe that what to me appeared the height of injustice was deemed by the remainder of the family only a tardy act of bare equity. Such as it was, however, it caused great jubilation, and in the twinkling of an eye the whole Fanar was informed of the secretary's disgrace: —only it was ascribed to my having, with a pistol in one hand and a sword in the other, made such proposals to madame la drogueman as she could not possibly listen to from her husband's clerk.

Eaves-dropping never was among my fancies. Nor was I fond enough of puzzles to put together broken sentences, which in general may be made to bear any signification; but one's own name is a great stumbling-block in the way of one's discretion: and when, crossing a dark passage as I went out of the house, I heard mine pronounced with great vehemence, the sound acted like a talisman. It riveted me to the spot. I stopped to hear my panegyric. All I could collect, however, was only, that most abundantly hated while, in the fresh zeal of my service, I chose to perform more than was set down for me, and to do better than others, I had since retrieved my character in the family by mending my ways and neglecting my business. On that account I now carried away a certain portion of good will. The party present regretted my fall; but the chief orator consoled himself by thinking me such a daring and dexterous fellow, that, happen what might, I was always sure to come down upon my legs.

"Amen!" cried I, walking out; "I accept the welcome omen

## CHAPTER V.

As the night was already far advanced, I went, till the next morning, to one of those temples of hospitality ever opened to the stranger who sues for admission with a silver tongue. It was sheer churlishness in me, no doubt, to defer for so many hours affording my numerous friends the often wished-for opportunity of testifying the sincerity of their regard. As soon, however, as the sun had risen high enough to shine upon its testimonials, I determined no longer to delay their happiness. I even resolved, in order that no one should complain of being omitted, to begin my visits methodically at one end of the Fanar, and not to leave off till I had reached the other. In the course of this experimental round, I found the warmth of my well-wishers precisely in an inverse ratio to their means. The higher classes made it a matter of conscience not to receive a servant discarded by his master. Those of a lower degree expressed their willingness to continue my friends as long as I had a piastre left; only reserving to themselves the privilege of dropping me the moment their poor assistance became of real consequence. Nothing however stopped me in my circuit until I had knocked at the last door in the district;— for I still bore in mind the last word I had heard under my master's roof, and wished to preserve an authentic record of my obligations to each of my friends. When no one remained to apply to, I cast up the sum total, and finding it a cipher, wished them all at the devil, and crossed over to Galata.'

I here got for my money a new set of cronies:—jolly souls, who, not possessing a para[2] of their own in the world, never inquired what others were worth, but lived

from hand to mouth, banished care, and set melancholy at defiance. They initiated me into a lower and more riotous species of intemperance than the decorum of my former situation had permitted. Every day we met in some of the taverns of the neighbourhood, where my new friends contributed their share of the entertainment in sallies at the expense of my old ones—and I, in ready cash. It was quite consoling to hear how they pitied the drogue man for losing such a treasure as myself; how they laughed at my wit even before I spoke, and how they drank every instant to my health and the success of my schemes. No day passed without a party of pleasure being proposed, for the sole purpose of keeping up my spirits: and, lest I should not be aware how entirely they all joined in it for my sake, no one ever ventured to inquire the cost. Indeed, so far from presuming to offend my delicacy by requesting to share in the expense, they thought it a proper compliment to my liberality to borrow from me whatever money they wanted. Not for the world would they give another the preference!

As soon as my finances were exhausted, my companions of course disappeared; not, however—to do them justice—from choice, but from sheer necessity, and because, having been entirely supported by me, they now had to shift for themselves. When my embarrassment became known, one person only came forward to relieve me, and that a female too, and one who had not much reason to be pleased with my proceedings—the little grocer's wife, whose figs and raisins I had disdained. Hearing an exaggerated account of my distress, and thinking me absolutely starving, she trundled away with all her pristine affection still next her heart, and a large pot of marmalade under each arm. These, and all else her shop contained, she pressed me to dispose of. Too proud to owe to charity what I could not earn by love, I pointed to my dress, which had cost a great deal, and was still, in its ruins, worth a few sequins, and

begged she would not urge me. "I will not receive," cried I, "where I can make no return; but when you thought I wanted bread, you brought me conserve of roses; and if any fresh ones ever strew my path, the deed shall be found recorded in the very kernel of my heart!"

Without leaving the poor little woman time to answer so flowery a speech, I ran off to the only one of my dispersed associates whom I knew where to find. I wanted his advice, and felt sure that he would not refuse what even those who will give nothing else often bestow with such readiness.

An ascent of about fifty steps brought me to his exalted abode. Its tenant might truly be said to look down upon the world. To him it was a journey to descend to the level of his fellow-citizens; and he therefore conformed but little to their hours. Just at mid-day Signor Vasili was awaking from his night's repose. On entering his aerial apartment, I still found him sprawling on his couch,—stretching one arm, putting one leg to the ground, rubbing his eyes, and giving such a yawn that I thought he would have swallowed at least half Constantinople, spread out like a map before him. At my unlooked-for visit he stared, shook himself as if to be certain he was not dreaming, and disposed his ears in silence to listen to my story.

"I came," I said, "to ask how people lived, who had not any ostensible means of subsistence?" This feat Vasili had performed so long, that it never struck him it could puzzle any body. He therefore still continued some time staring at me in utter silence as before, in order to collect his thoughts. At last, jumping up in such a fury as almost to startle me, he seized hold of my arm, and led me to the window. The prospect from it extended over the immense city of Stamboul unto its utmost boundaries, and showed the inside like a prodigious ant's nest, where, far below the eye, myriads of little insects were bestirring themselves, crossing and jostling each other in every pos-

sible direction. I praised the view, said it was undoubtedly delightful to the eye, but still I could not see how it was to feed an empty stomach. "It may teach how to fill it with something else though," cried my friend Vasili,—now for the first time breaking his portentous silence. "Of the thousands you behold in those streets, on those quays, in those boats, on the land, and on the water, scarce one half knew this morning how to get a meal at noon and a place of rest at night; yet I will engage that every block-head of them by this time has broken his fast, and will find a hole to sleep in! Why therefore should you fail, but from possessing too superior abilities? Only scare not away your invention by your fears, and—depend upon it—some means of livelihood will present themselves! However, what leisure I can give to help such measures forward I shall willingly bestow."

So saying, Vasili thrust his hand in his pocket, and hauled forth a heap of the smallest coin of the realm. This treasure he poured on the sofa, and divided into three equal parts. Then laying his finger on each in succession, "The first," said he, "we shall drink together this morning, in order to whet our invention; the next I reserve for my own wants to-morrow; the third is yours, until you find it particularly convenient to repay me. Your brain will by that means have an entire holiday before you need call upon your wits for your livelihood; and when you are thus upon a par with myself, the deuce is in it if you cannot do as well!"

I thanked my generous friend; but just as we sallied forth to fulfil the first article of this partition treaty, he cast his eye upon my attire. It was no longer the flowing robe of the Fanar[3]—the anteree of state: I had exchanged that for the more dashing short dress of my last intimates. A rich embroidery covered the seams, and a costly velvet formed the ground-work. "I am thinking," said Vasili, "that your present wardrobe ill suits your purpose. Who

can fancy a purse stiff with gold outside, to be empty within? Supposing, therefore, that on this occasion we give business precedence over pleasure, and, reversing the dreams of the alchymists, change gold into baser substances. We may afterwards adjourn to a tavern, to drink success to your metamorphosis. The showiest caterpillar, you know, must become a chrysalis ere it can soar a butterfly."

I could have dispensed with the chrysalis state; for, though poor, I still liked to look well; but I yielded to my friend's arguments, and hied with him to Sultan-Bayezid to change the outward man. While we were looking for something suitable to our purpose, in stepped a worthy Israelite, who came, like ourselves, not to sell, but to buy. A still decent beneesh—but of a dusky hue—hidden under a heap of gaudier dresses, seemed to catch his fancy; which the salesman no sooner perceived, than all the powers of his oratory were summoned to extol the article in question. He had better have been modest about its merits. The jew—both by nature and by cultivation an adept in the business—now put upon his mettle, at once began to pour forth such a torrent of profound observations on the art of old clothes dealing, that the seller was glad at last to give him the cloak for nothing, ere he let all the bystanders into every deepest mystery of the trade.

In truth, it was diamond cutting diamond. The Hebrew had himself professed, in the elegant quarter of Hash-keui, the noble trade of old clothesman, till bankruptcy forced him to quit his district and his business. Having early in life served an Esculapius of his own nation, with whom he learnt a few terms of medicine, he now resolved to turn physician himself. The thing was easy enough at Constantinople, where a man need only stalk about in a furred cap[6] and a dark-coloured gown, followed by an attendant with a small square chest, to have all the men hold out

their wrists and all the women put out their tongues to him—in consultation.

The cap had already been provided. The bencesh was immediately put on, and the very attendant chosen *in petto*. For to the hawk's eye of my Israelite my anxious look at once bespoke me the very thing he wanted. Calling me aside, he made the proposal without much ceremony. I was ostensibly to be his servant, but in reality his partner. Even that clause, however, could not sweeten the nauseous draught. I felt so indignant at being proposed too for an apothecary's apprentice, that, without making any answer, I went and imparted the impertinent offer to my friend Vasili. But in that quarter I found little sympathy. "See," said he, laughing, "how fortune throws herself in your way. I wish you joy of your good luck." This speech I was willing to take as a joke, but I found it to be serious; and more incensed than before, "Sooner," I cried, "if all other trades fail, would I, in one of those coarse and dingy lahse[7] jackets there, work for my bread in the fields! The earth cannot degrade its children, and no one requires a character to plough the ground." "True," replied Vasili: "but one may require a constitution, though; and who in their senses, pray, would take such a spindleshanked fellow as you are just now, with a face as pale as a turnip already, and an eye round which 'rake' is written in most legible black letters, to dig his garden for him? Ere you had half done, he would expect to have your own grave to dig! For my part, I would try what requires neither stock, nor capital, nor labour, nor even science, as I take it, nor any thing but the impudence of which you possess a sufficient stock; were it only for the fun, and to see what no one but a physician ever sees;—for, more potent even than gold, medicine will open to you the deepest recesses of the harem; and who can tell but, like our friend Lorenzo,[8] you may feel Sultanas' pulses."

This was setting the masquerade in its most tempting light. It tickled my fancy, and I struck the bargain with the jew. He was to carry his own Galen, in the shape of the best half of an old missal, stolen from a capuchin; I undertook the medicine-chest, with all its pills of starch and all its powders of pipe-clay. The only thing I insisted upon as a *sine qua non* in the treaty, was not to appear in my new character in any of the streets I had before frequented; and to this ultimatum the jew readily enough agreed. Matters thus settled between us, I somewhat dolefully exchanged my gaudy apparel for a dress in unison with that of my principal; and after vainly begging, in gratitude for my friend Vasili's advice, to have the honour of making upon him my first experiment in my new profession, walked away with my grotesque patron.

Immediately we began stalking through all the lanes and by-streets of the capital; I, with a pace exactly regulated by that of my master, who walked before me, and both of us turning our heads constantly from right to left and from left to right, like weather-cocks, to watch every call from a door or signal from a window; but full as much on the alert to avoid old faces as to court the notice of new ones. Now and then, when we had time for idle chat, I used to advise Yacoob —that was my principal's name—to provide himself with a proper licence for killing the grand signor's subjects, in the shape of a diploma from the hekim-bashee.[9] He denied not the expediency of the measure, but he always found some pretence for delaying the performance. At first his poverty prevented the purchase; afterwards, the pressure of business; and so long did we go on, without any inconvenience from the neglect of the said formality, that at last we began to think we never should feel the want of it, and totally forgot there was such a person as the hekim-bashee.

Ours was an off-hand method of practice. As all cases were pretty much alike in reference to our skill, a single

feel of the pulse generally decided the most difficult treatments. Our patients—chiefly of the industrious class—could not afford long illnesses, and these we certainly prevented. What most annoyed us was the headstrong obstinacy of some individuals, who sometimes insisted that they still felt disordered when we positively assured them they were cured. Had they been killed instead, they would not have complained! Still more disagreeable incidents occasionally occurred. Called in one day to a woman in convulsions, Yacoob, I know not why, prescribed a remedy which the Turks regard as an insult. In her rage, the woman flew at him, and bit off half his ear. It was all I could do to save the other half. Another day (a Mahommedan festival), a set of merry-making Osmanlees insisted on Yacoob's putting on an European dress, which they carried about on a pole, that they might kick him through the streets as a Frank; and though he actually refused a fee for gratifying their whim, he nevertheless was made to go through the whole ceremony.

I remember a quieter but more impressive scene. One evening, as we were returning from the Blacquernes,[10] an old woman threw herself in our way, and taking hold of my master's garment, dragged him almost by main force after her into a mean-looking habitation just by, where lay on a couch, apparently at the last gasp, a man of foreign features. "I have brought a physician," said the female to the patient, "who perhaps may relieve you." "Why will you," answered he faintly, "still persist to feed idle hopes? I have lived an outcast: suffer me at least to die in peace, nor disturb my last moments by vain illusions. My soul pants to rejoin the supreme Spirit; arrest not its flight: it would only be delaying my eternal bliss!"

As the stranger spoke these words—which struck even Yacoob sufficiently to make him suspend his professional grimace—the last beams of the setting sun darted across the casement of the window upon his pale yet swarthy fea-

tures. Thus visited, he seemed for a moment to revive. "I have always," said he, "considered my fate as connected with the great luminary that rules the creation. I have always paid it due worship, and firmly believed I could not breathe my last whilst its rays shone upon me. Carry me therefore out, that I may take my last farewell of the heavenly ruler of my earthly destinies!"

We all rushed forward to obey the mandate: but the stairs being too narrow, the woman only opened the window, and placed the dying man before it, so as to enjoy the full view of the glorious orb, just in the act of dropping beneath the horizon. He remained a few moments in silent adoration, and mechanically we all joined him in fixing our eyes on the object of his worship. It set in all its splendour; and when its golden disc had entirely disappeared, we looked round at the parsee. He too had sunk into everlasting rest.

Our easy successes amongst the lower orders made us by degrees aspire to higher patients. We took to attending the poor gratis, in order to appear qualified to try the constitutions of the rich; and, by appearing to have respectable customers, we got them. A beglier-bey[11] of Roumili—the great-grandson of a sultan on the mother's side (for on the father's such filiations are stifled in the birth), was passing through Constantinople. One of his Armenian grooms chose to thank Yacoob for having been relieved by nature from a troublesome quinsy, and recommended him to his master's kehaya. The kehaya also—in spite of Yacoob's attendance—got the better of his rheumatism, and praised us to the head eunuch. The head eunuch, left by us as we found him, spoke of us in high terms to his master; and the visier, on being seized with an indigestion for which he had laboured very hard, himself condescended to send for us. He however determined to have two strings to his bow, and to consult the stars as well as the faculty: so that my master found himself pitted against a

moouedjim,[12] who recommended an emetic, while Yacoob insisted on a contrary remedy. The visier, determined to be right, slily took both, thinking thus to make the opposite opinions meet. The medicines certainly did, and by their conflict kept us for a while in as violent a perspiration as the pasha himself. As, however, the disorder only proceeded from too free an indulgence of a good appetite, the double remedy, though a little violent, in the end proved beneficial; and after suffering a few sympathetic pangs, we ultimately reaped both reputation and profit from our treatment of this three-tailed patient.

Thus we were enabled to quit our itinerant mode of life, and to set up near the Backtché-capoossee[13] a shop of decent appearance, furnished with jars and phials of all sorts and sizes. These we inscribed with the names of the most costly medicines, while the inside bore witness to their rarity. Instead of going in pursuit of patients, we now waited till they came or sent. In the course of his practice my principal had discovered that, if some ailments will only obey a face furrowed with age, youth and freshness best dispel certain others; and these he left to my sole management.

Our visier (he was ours body and soul) had his two regular wives—fixtures in the capital. But to his home establishment he added a lighter travelling equipage of half a dozen slaves, Circassians and others. Among this latter troop, the stag-eyed Fathmé shone like the full moon among the stars. Besides her patron of eighty or thereabouts, this fair one boasted two other equally strenuous admirers; the black eunuch who guarded the harem, and the old governess who kept its contents in order. Those two personages used to devote half their time to the cares of their own persons, and the other half to watching that of their rival. Both having entrusted us with their health, each took an opportunity of hinting how agreeable I might make myself by putting that of the other beyond the

reach of contingencies. It was a glorious hint! Without going the whole length of the modest request, I might contrive to keep Signor Suleiman and Signora Zelidah confined to their beds, while I made my inquiries after the health of their prisoners; but unlooked-for incidents marred this bright scheme.

Disappointed at Yacoob's not being able to restore him at fourscore to the vigour of forty, the visier had, unknown to his jew doctor, called in a new ally;—the very person whose lynx-eye Yacoob dreaded more than the spectacles of all the imperial moonedjims put together, namely, the chief physician of the seraglio. Just as my master was coming in triumphantly one morning to his patron, with a phial of soap-suds and cinnamon, which he swore would renovate the last defunct mufti himself, he unexpectedly beheld the crabbed visage of the crusty Triestene the very first thing on the threshold. Poor Yacoob looked as if he had seen the Medusa in person! He however had presence of mind enough left to dash his phial to pieces, and then to be in despair at the accident. It afforded him an opportunity of making an immediate retreat, under the pretence of running home to repair the grievous loss; but with the full determination never more to go near the pasha's door. This availed him little. The old devil of a Triestene —who at his exit had sent after him the ugliest grin I ever beheld—satisfied that we practised unlawfully, denounced our doings to the president of the killing college. The visier—the more incensed at being duped, from the pleasure he promised himself in bringing together two such luminaries of the profession—threw in his weight against us, and the consequence was our being sentenced to an exemplary punishment. As we sat brooding over the misfortune of the pasha's proving less a fool than we thought, a posse of police myrmidons invaded our shop, and summoned us to prison. These gentlemen, however, as usual, began their official functions by emptying all our phials and

gallipots into their capacious stomachs. This proceeding, and its natural consequences, caused us a short respite.

While our first guardians were engaged, a new set was to be sent for: but these conveyed us without further delay to the place of our confinement. The very hour which I had destined for consoling the fair Fathmé in her prison saw me ushered into that of the bagnio."

## CHAPTER VI.

The vast and high enclosure of the bagnio, situated contiguously to the arsenal and the docks, contains a little world of its own, but a world of wailing. One part is tenanted by the prisoners made on board the enemy's ships, who, with an iron ring round their legs, await in this dismal repository their transference on board the Turkish fleet. This part may only be called a sort of purgatory. The other is hell in perfection. It is the larger division, filled with the natural subjects of the grand signor, whom their real or supposed misdemeanors have brought to this abode of unavailing tears. Here are confined alike the ragged beggar urged by famine to steal a loaf, and the rich banker instigated by avarice to deny a deposit; the bandit who uses open violence, and the baker who employs false weights; the land robber and the pirate of the seas, the assassin and the cheat. Here, as in the infernal regions, are mingled natives of every country—Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Gipsies; and are confounded individuals of every creed—the Mohammedan, the Christian, the Hebrew, and the Heathen. Here the proud and the humble, the opulent and the necessitous, are reduced to the direst of equalities, the equality of torture. But I err:

for should some hapless victim—perhaps guilty of no other crime but that of having excited the sultan's cupidity—still wear on his first entrance the livery of better days, his more decent appearance will only expose him to harsher treatment. Loaded with the heaviest fetters, linked to the most loathsome of malefactors, he is compelled to purchase every alleviation of his burthen, every mitigation of his pain, at the most exorbitant price; until the total exhaustion of his slender store has acquired him the privilege of being at least on a level with the lowest of his fellow-sufferers, and spared additional torments, no longer lucrative to their inflicters.

Every day a capital fertile in crimes pours new offenders into this dread receptacle; and its high walls and deep recesses resound every instant with imprecations and curses, uttered in all the various idioms of the Othoman empire. Deep moans and dismal yells leave not its frightful echoes a moment's repose. From morning till night and from night till morning the ear is stunned with the clang of chains, which the galley-slaves wear while confined in their cells, and which they still drag about when toiling at their tasks. Linked together two and two for life, should they sink under their sufferings, they still continue unsevered after death; and the man doomed to live on, drags after him the corpse of his dead companion. In no direction can the eye escape the spectacle of atrocious punishments and of indescribable agonies. Here perhaps you see a wretch, whose stiffened limbs refuse their office, stop suddenly short in the midst of his labour, and, as if already impossible, defy the stripes that lay open his flesh, and wait in total immobility the last merciful blow that is to end his misery; while there you view his companion, foaming with rage and madness, turn against his own person his desperate hands, tear his clotted hair, rend his bleeding bosom, and strike his skull until it burst against the wall of his dungeon.

A long unpunished pirate, a liberated galley-slave, Achmet-reïs by name, was the fiend of hell who, by his ingenuity in contriving new tortures, and his infernal delight in beholding new sufferings, had deserved to become the chief inspector of this place, and the chief minister of its terrors. His joys were great, but they were not yet complete. Only permitted thus far to exercise his craft on mortals, he was still obliged to calculate what degree of agony the human frame could bear, and to proportion his inflictions to man's powers of suffering, lest, by despatching his victims too soon, he should defeat his own aim. He was not yet received among his brother demons in the blissful abodes where torments do not kill, and where pangs may be increased in an infinite ratio.

Of this truth the very hour of my arrival had afforded him a sorely lamented proof! An Armenian cashier, suspected of withholding from the sultan—sole heir to all his officers—the deposit of a deceased pasha, had just been delivered over into Achmet's hands; and many were the days of bliss to which the executioner looked forward in the *diligent* performance of his office. On the very first application of the rack, out of sheer malice, the seraff expired!

Two days later the whole of Achmet's prospects of sublunary happiness were near coming to a close. Some wretches, driven by his cruelty to a state of madness, had sworn his destruction. Their hands, tied behind their backs, could be of no use to them in effecting their purpose:—they determined to crush him with their bodies. All at the same instant fell with their whole weight upon the executioner, or upon their own companions already heaped upon the monster, in hopes of burying his corpse under a living tumulus. But Achmet's good star prevailed. Ere yet his suffocation was completed, soldiers rescued the miscreant. He recovered, to wreak on his disappointed enemies his fiercest vengeance. Their punishment was

dreadful! Sanguinary but not cruel, prone to shed blood in anger, yet shuddering at torture, I was horror-struck at the scene, and the yells of the victims still ring in my ears.

Characters meet at large in the world which may almost count as sure their meeting again, some time or other, within the narrow precincts of the bagnio. Of this species was the captain of the Maynote pirates, who took our Venetian cutter. He now occupied his winter quarters among the galley-slaves. Though I had had but little time on our first interview to cultivate his acquaintance, I could not help remembering that from the moment his tall commanding figure rose above the side of our vessel, and stepped on board, my stars had assumed a milder aspect, and my situation had been improved. Each, therefore, was glad of the *rencontre*; each expressed his sincere pleasure at meeting the other; each politely hoped the other might be destined to make a long sojourn in the place.

There are men so gifted, that in whatever situation fate may place them, they still inspire a certain awe and respect; and, though fallen through dint of adverse circumstances into the most abject condition, still retain over all around them an innate superiority. Of this sort was Mackari. He had been one of the chieftains of that small tribe of mountaineers, pent up in the peninsula of Mayno, who like greater nations claim dominion over the seas that gird their native rocks. Mackari, therefore, had only considered himself as acting conformably to his natural right, in capturing the vessels that trespassed on his domain without purchasing his permission; and in his conduct he discerned neither injustice nor treachery. Hence his lofty soul still preserved all its dignity amid his fallen fortunes. Patient under every insult, unruffled by the direst torture, he was never heard to utter a sigh, to offer a remonstrance, or to beg a mitigation of the agonies inflicted on him. Even when his keepers, unable to wrest from his scornful lip the

smallest acknowledgment of their ingenuity in torturing, began to doubt their own powers, and—irritated at his very forbearance—resolved to conquer by a last and highest outrage his immoveable firmness; when with weights and pullies they forced down to the ground that countenance, which, serene in the midst of suffering, seemed only fit to face the heavens; when they compelled him, whose mental independence defied all their means of coercion, constantly to behold the fetters that contracted his body, they only succeeded to depress his earthly frame; they were not able to lower his unbending spirit. Still calm, still serene as before, he only smiled at the fresh chains with which he was loaded; and at each new fetter added to his former shackles, his mind only seemed to take a loftier flight.

Yet, impassible as he appeared to his own woes, was he most feelingly alive to those of his companions. Of every new hardship with which they were threatened, he uniformly stood forward to court the preference; and while his fortitude awed into silence the useless complaints of his troop, his self-devotion still relieved its real misery. One day, when a ferocious soldier was going to fell with his club the comrade of Mackari's fetters, whom his manacled hands could not save from the blow, he opposed to the frightful weapon all he could command, his arm; which, broken by the stroke, fell by his side a wreck.

Thus did the Maynote captain's former crew still view in their chief, though loaded with irons like themselves, not only the master to whom they continued to pay all the obedience they could show, but the protector on whom they depended for all the comfort they could receive. His very keepers were unable in his sight to shake off the awe felt by all who approached him. They confessed by their fears their nothingness in his presence: they scarce could derive a sufficient sense of security from all the fetters which they had heaped upon their victim. In vain would

he himself, with a bitter and disdainful smile, point to his forlorn state, and ask what they apprehended from one on whom they might trample with impunity? The mere sound of his voice seemed to belie his words. It was the roar of a lion, dreaded even through the bars of his cage. And when his shackles were loosened in order that his daily labours might begin; when Mackari was enabled to raise for a moment his long-depressed head; when his majestic brow soared above the humbler height of his tallest companions,—he looked like the cedar of Lebanon, which, though scathed by the lightning from heaven, still overtops all the trees of the forest; and the wretches to whose care he was committed used immediately to recede to a fearful distance.

Unendowed with any of the forbearance of the Maynote chief, I had scarcely been an hour in the bagnio before I began to measure with my eye the height of its walls, to consider the strength of its gates, and to count the number of its guards. A good-natured fellow-sufferer, who guessed my thoughts, called me aside. "Take care what you do," whispered he; "there is danger even in looking at these walls. The mere suspicion of a plan to escape from this place meets with the severest punishment; the execution is impossible. Should you have succeeded so far as to clear every impediment, every barrier, every sentinel; should you have reached the very heart of the city; should you in its seemingly impenetrable vortex think yourself most secure from any search, you have yet achieved nothing; you have not advanced a single step toward your liberation. Many inmates of the bagnio, possessing families in the city, enjoy unrestrained egress on the express condition of bringing back the missing, or of taking their place. The most active and watchful of the spies they employ are stationed precisely wherever the security from discovery seems the greatest; and the sufferings of those whose attempts at evasion have been baffled by their vigi-

lance are so cruelly aggravated, that a man must have lost all hope of any other deliverance on this side the grave ere he attempt so desperate a mode of regaining his freedom."

Not such was my case. As soon as, recovering from my first dismay, I had begun to cast my eye around, it had been arrested by a neat little spire with a handsome gilded top, peeping over the battlements of the western enclosure, and which somehow struck me as an old acquaintance. No wonder that it should! It crowned that very pavilion of the arsenal where the drogueman held his office; where sat Mavroyeni; where I myself had performed with applause my first part on the stage of the capital. An immediate gleam of hope beamed from its golden ball, and glanced on my mind. "How!" thought I, "Mavroyeni, my old master, shall spend all his mornings within a stone's throw of the place in which pines his Anastasius; shall only be impeded by the thickness of a wall from seeing his hapless favourite; shall almost in the midst of his business hear the moans of his suffering servant, and, if applied to, can he refuse to relieve me!—Impossible! He needs only know where I am, and what miseries I experience, to restore me, not perhaps to his pristine favour, but to the common privilege of living, or at least of dying, where I choose."

My only doubt was whether I should demean myself so far as to implore his intercession. This scruple, however, one of my satellites soon helped me to get over by an opportune application of his switch—only to keep his hand in practice—just as I sat down in deep deliberation. Accordingly I adjured the first fellow-prisoner who was liberated, by all that he held sacred, to acquaint the drogueman with my confinement, and to lay before him my petition. I must confess that there was nothing the good-natured creature did not promise in his joy to do for me; but there I rather imagine his generosity stopped. Though he had sworn that the sun should not set before he spoke in my behalf, the sun set and rose, and set and rose again,

and nothing more was heard of the fate of my request. I hereupon repeated it to another person allowed to leave the bagnio, and after him to a third and to a fourth: but always with the same result. All professed equal readiness to serve me, but all were either alike forgetful of their promise, or unsuccessful in their application: for no notice was taken of me by Mavroyeni. In vain I lingered day after day in feverish expectation: in vain I questioned every new face that appeared. No one knew any thing of my business; no one had heard my name mentioned. At last I became convinced that the drogueman was determined to leave me to my fate, and resolved to give up all further hopes of being freed, at least by the hand of man. I say "by the hand of man;"—for a higher power was beginning to manifest its awful presence, which held out a prospect of speedy release, not only to me, but to the whole bagnio.

This was the plague.

The scourge had been expected for some time. By several of the prisoners had the frightful hag, its harbinger, been distinctly seen hovering with her bat's wings over our drear abode, and with her hooked talons numbering one by one her intended but still unsuspecting victims. In the silence of the night she had been heard leisurely calling them by their names, knocking at their several doors, and marking with livid spots the damp walls of their cells.'

Nothing but the visitation of this destructive monster seemed wanting to complete the horrors which surrounded me:—for if even, when only stalking forth among men free to fly from its approach and to shrink from its contact, the gaunt spectre mows down whole nations like the ripe corn in the field, it may be imagined what havock ensues when it is permitted to burst forth from the inmost bowels of hell, in the midst of wretches close-wedged in their dungeons, or linked together at their tasks, whom it must trample down

to the last, ere it can find a vent in space. It is there that—with a focus of infection ready formed, a train of miasma ready laid on every side—though this prime minister of death strike at random, it never misses its aim, and its progress outstrips the quickness of lightning or of thought. It is there that even those who thus far retain full possession of health, already calculate the hours they still may live; that those who to-day drag to their last abode their lifeless companions, to-morrow are laid beside them; and that those who are dying, make themselves pillows of the bodies, not yet cold, of those already dead. It is there that we may behold the grim destroyer in one place awaited in gloomy silence, in another encountered with fell imprecations; here implored with anxious cries, there welcomed with eager thanks, and now perhaps received with convulsive laughter and mockery, by such as, trying to drink away its terrors, totter on the brink of the grave from drunkenness as well as from disease.

The before busy hechive of the bagnio, therefore, soon became a dreadful solitude. Its spacious inclosures, so lately teeming with tenants of every description, now began to present a void still more frightful than its former fulness. Universal silence pervaded those endless galleries, but a few days before re-echoing with the confused din of thousands of prisoners, fighting for an inch of ground on which to lay their aching heads; and nothing any longer appeared that wore a human shape, except here and there some livid skeleton, which, as if again cast up by the grave, slowly crept along the clammy walls. When, however, the disease had devoured all that could offer food to its voracity, it gradually fell like the flame which has consumed its fuel, and at last became extinct. What few miserable remains of the former population of the bagnio had escaped its fury, were again restored to the regular sufferings of the place, suspended during the utmost height of the desolation.

I was among these scanty relics. I who, indifferent to life, had never stooped to avoid the shafts of death, even when they flew thickest around me, had more than once laid my finger on the livid wound they inflicted, had probed it as it festered, I yet remained unhurt: for sometimes the plague is a magnanimous enemy, and while it seldom spares the pusillanimous victim, whose blood running cold ere it is tainted lacks the energy necessary to repel the infection when at hand, it will pass him by who dares its utmost fury, and advances undaunted to meet its raised dart.

Not that my old master Yacoob can be quoted as another instance in point. He too escaped indeed; but it was from any thing but excess of courage. Probably the plague thought his former campaigns in her cause as an old clothesman should not be forgotten in his later acts of hostility as a physician. Little trusting, however, to the generosity of his old ally, who might consider the obligation fully repaid by the ample stock of goods she had occasionally procured him, his mind had, during the progress of the disease, brought forth nothing but plans of evasion. Each later device indeed miscarried, as all the former contrivances had done before it; but this was only to give birth to some plan still later and more preposterous. One day, astride on the lofty summit of the outer wall which surrounds the prison, he had nearly given his enfeebled guardians the slip, by softly letting himself down upon a heap of rubbish thrown up outside as if on purpose to break his fall, when, most unluckily espied, he was hauled down to receive a hundred lashes on the soles of his feet, for the nimble use he had made of them. This castigation, if inflicted, must have ended his troubles. Fortunately, he had laboured before under a suspicion of madness; and so violent a paroxysm of raving now suddenly seized him, that some of the by-standers began to think an hospital fitter for his residence than a prison. The sacredness of insanity

saved his skin. The keepers durst not execute the sentence passed upon him; and Achmet, to whom a treat in his own way was, since the ravages of the plague, become quite a rarity, walked off sorely disappointed, and devoutly praying God to deliver the bagnio from all such madmen!

Yacoob's contrivances to be released from his confinement did not end here. He had got by heart all the prayers of the Mohammedans, and secretly made himself perfect in all the accompanying gestures. One morning, after he had attracted the eye of a Turkish visitor of some distinction, he suddenly fell on his face, crying: "he saw the prophet, and was not only bidden by him to embrace Islamism,[2] but actually instructed how to perform its rites;" —of which indeed he forthwith acquitted himself with great dexterity. The bait took with the stranger; but the farce was laughed at by the familiars of the place, who told Yacoob he might go to the mosque if he chose, but reminded him that there was one in the bagnio. This damped his religious ardour, and the vision sneaked off, as visions do. Still did he from time to time repeat his grimaces, and he was always observed to invoke Allah most lustily when a stranger came in sight. It was curious to see the holy violence with which on these occasions he went through his namaz,[3] until large drops of perspiration trickled down his greasy face. No disappointments had power to stop these pious but unavailing exercises.

He and I herded little together. The ordinary companion of my toil was a young Greek, nearly of my own age, but from his less elevated stature, his rounder features, and his more delicate complexion, seemingly three or four years younger. His dress, though at the time rather the worse for wear, preserved an appearance of something beyond mere neatness, or even costliness: it had a sort of studied and what would be called in Christendom theatrical elegance. His gait and manners corresponded. They too were, not an air of quality, but a species of *recherche*

carried beyond natural grace. This artificial exterior, this refinement of appearance, were the more remarkable from the simplicity of mind, the singleness of heart, on which they seemed superstructed. The varnish penetrated not beyond the surface. Yet there it adhered pertinaciously, and amidst sentiments of the sincerest piety. Anagnosti never fell upon his knees to say his prayers without an air, and never rose from his devotions without a grace. He himself, when aware of these superfluous ornaments, blushed, and would have given all he possessed to shake them off: but they clung to him in his own despite. Sometimes I used to rally him on a semblance of affectation so little suited to our abode, and so discordant with his real character. "Is it my fault?" cried he one day. "If the plant has so long been trained to formal symmetry, can the utmost neglect itself immediately recal its primitive ease and wildness?" The subject, as you may have observed, is one which I think of reluctantly, and hitherto have avoided with care: but your good-nature assures me of your pity. Hear my story, and judge."

## CHAPTER VII.

"My father," continued Anagnosti, "was proëstì[1] of Stavro: Phonea gave birth to my revered mother....."

"No doubt," cried I, interrupting him, "all the world knows those two important places; but fancy me very ignorant, and tell me where they lie?"

"Near Corinth," answered the youth, somewhat surprised, and resumed his tale.

"The inhabitants of Phonea," said he, "justly boast of their proficiency in the mysteries of divination. This

art formed my mother's principal portion. Unfortunately her skill made her foresee every calamity, but it found a cure for none; and she spent her life in bewailing her sorrowful endowments. Those of my father were of a different cast. They consisted not so much in doubling present evils by the fear of future mischiefs, as in making the best of the ills under which we unavoidably laboured. When therefore one evening a troop of Arnaoots—in order to pay themselves for the unwelcome protection they had afforded us against the Russians—plundered our house, made fire-wood of our olive-trees, and turned out our cattle into our vineyards, my much respected father observed how fortunate was this misfortune, as we possessed at Salonica a rich relation who would do better for us than we could do for ourselves—unless, as my mother added, with a shake of the head, he should be dead or ruined.

"This kinsman we determined to seek. Leaving our patrimony at the mercy of the waywode, as an acknowledgment for his trouble in selling us to the robbers, we bade adieu to our native land—which never had looked more lovely than it did at that moment—and set out upon our journey. My father trusted for our travelling expenses to the charity with which he was sure Providence would inspire every mortal we met, while my mother trembled lest we should only meet banditti. If any thing could move the hardest heart, it certainly was our procession. Imagine, first, a man already in years, loaded with the scanty wrecks of his property; next, a woman, pale, emaciated and borne down by illness, with a baby at the breast, and leading another by the hand, hardly able to follow; while myself, between two little girls, one of ten and one of twelve, in a most tattered condition, brought up the rear. We did not beg, for we knew not the way; but we looked wretchedness itself: and sometimes we found relief, and to those that bestowed it we gave in return all we had to give,—our blessing. As however we advanced on the jour-

ney, we began to need less assistance. This my mother had said would happen, and she herself was the one that accomplished her prediction. Sinking under her grief, she turned out of the path, sat down upon a stone, and urged us to proceed—for she could go no further. I threw my arms round her neck, tried to cheer her, and sobbed. 'O my Anagnosti!' said she, as she pressed my little fingers within her clammy hand, and fixed on my countenance her anxious boding look,—'O my curly-headed boy! remember your poor mother's last words: let others fear their foes; you, my sweet innocent, beware only of your friends!' Then, in convulsive agony, she clasped me to her breast, laid down her head, and died.

"Much as my mother's weakness had retarded our progress, her decease was the only event in which my father could not at first see any advantage. Long he wept for his loss, and at last, assisted by us all, he dug a grave by the road-side. In it was buried my poor mother,—all but this lock of hair, which shall only return to dust with her child.

"Just as we again set forward from the dismal spot, the baby, which had long been pining, expired for want of sustenance. We would not divide in death what in life had thus far still been as one; and turning back, deposited the child in the lap of its parent:—they sleep together!

"My father now observed, 'it was better for my mother to be dead than to suffer; and my little brother was provided for.' Still he never ceased to weep until we arrived at Volo. A lady of that place, who had lost an only child, took such a fancy to my rosy face that she begged to have it. Her nauseous kisses had stamped it hers already! After my mother's, could I bear them? My father too was but indifferently inclined to part with his Anagnosti—the only one of his children who in all his looks and sayings reminded him of his Zoë: but he was poor, he thought that

his loss would be my advantage, and he only proceeded on with the other three. I staid, to cry and to be kissed.

"At Salonica, my father found that his affluent relation had died a bankrupt, as my mother had foretold. 'This,' he observed, 'must make him return to the labours of the field, which after all were the healthiest.' Alas! in the damp deleterious country to whose climate he was unaccustomed, they carried him off. It was what my mother knew would happen. In a quarrel between my father and his waywode, she had heard the spiteful wretch wish his worthier neighbour a seven years' ague.[2] The disease only took seven months to bring him to the grave; and this he thought a great mercy. While ill too, he remembered that one day in the fields, on suddenly turning round, he had seen his fellow-labourers, jealous of a stranger, stamp on his shadow. How could he after that be expected to live? At the last gasp, his eye lit up at the thoughts of rejoining his Zoë!—and his poor Anagnosti, he was sure, would not long stay behind. Charitable persons took in the other little orphans: I sent them the few pence I had collected; but alas, my little hoard was lost by the way!

"My own good fortune lasted not. The old lady at Volo, who had promised to adopt me, changed her fondness into aversion when she found how dearly I loved to play in puddles, and how little I liked to be kissed. She scolded me for being a boy; and sighed to think what a tidy little girl she might have had in my place, who never for an instant would have quitted her side. The first of these faults I acknowledged, and observed that she might have been aware of it before; and as for the other grievance, I told her, 'if I could not always stay by her side, I could do the next best thing, which was never to go near her again.' She made no reply, and I ran away.

"As I had always promised the Holy Virgin faithfully to divide with her whatever I might earn, I made no doubt

that she would direct me well in my search for a livelihood. I cannot think she did; though it might be for my good. She made me engage on board a hydriote,[3] laden with corn for the Black Sea. A single family formed the crew, from the captain down to the lowest cabin-boy. But to that family poor Anagnosti belonged not; and when all the rest of the sailors used in a calm to dance on the deck, I alone was left out to listen to their mirth in the hold. Alas, I have since had dancing enough! At the time, however, I thought the hardship so great, that on my knees I begged the captain to let me too have my share of dancing, and to flog me afterwards as much as he pleased. Had he granted my petition, I might not have had leisure to discover, as I did, how ill a sailor's task suited my abilities, or agreed with my duty to the panagia. I therefore resolved to abandon my amphibious life. The moment we touched at Constantinople I took to my heels, not doubting to find an easy subsistence in a place, where, as I had heard, the streets were paved with silver, and the houses roofed with gold. For two long days I waded knee-deep in mire—sleeping at night among the cinders of the public baths, and waking in the morning without a morsel of bread to break my fast. So great became my hunger, that, at a sudden turn which brought me opposite a cook-shop near the Tophana,[4] the sight of a plate of kiebabs[5] hot from the oven almost bereft me of my senses. Not daring to approach, I involuntarily fell on my knees, and half worshipped the dear hissing cutlets at a respectful distance. An ill-looking fellow saw the action, and guessing the motive, told me, 'if I was hungry, to come along with him:—I should not want for bread, as he was a baker.' He wanted a shop-boy; and hard as it might seem for the son of a proësti of Stavro to sell rolls at Constantinople, my stomach audibly groaned the words: 'necessity had no law!'

"My apprenticeship was short. The very second day of my ministry, after a flying visit from a Turk, my master

came up to me, and said 'he liked me so well that he had determined immediately to give me a share in the business; and I had nothing to do—whoever might call—but to say that the concern was my own.' On this my principal ran out, leaving me in astonishment at my speedy promotion.

"A person did call, and I did say that the concern was my own: but as that person was the stambool effendee,[6] who had set apart that day for weighing the weights and for measuring the measures of the different tradesmen, the deficiency he found in ours made him—though very condescending and familiar at first—end by ordering that I should be dealt by as I dealt by my loaves; namely, baked in my own oven. In this consisted the chief advantage I was to derive from the partnership.

"My cries of 'aman'[7] at this intemperate sentence, brought out the whole neighbourhood. It well knew my master's character, vouched for mine without knowing it, and through dint of strenuous intercession moved the effendee to such excess of lenity, as, in regard for my innocence, only to order me three dozen strokes on the soles of my feet.

"The change, undoubtedly, was to my advantage: yet did I feel so angry that I swore rather to go without bread all the days of my life than ever again to trust to a baker. Lame as I was, I tried to hobble away. An odd-looking man, who had been eyeing me all along from head to foot, asked me whether I loved dancing. The question seemed insulting; but, lest I should commit myself, I neither answered yes nor no 'You have been ill-used,' added he. 'My compassionate heart moves me to take you home, there to cure your bruises.' I fancied not the man's countenance, but my feet told me not to mind his face, and I saw the less of it as he took me on his back. While riding along I conceived very sinister forebodings; but when set down where we stopped I smiled at my fears. Nothing could look less terrific than the place of my desti-

nation. Around the walls hung, suspended by elegant cords and tassels, lutes, cymbals, guitars, and other musical instruments, beautifully inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The richest dresses were airing at the windows, and if the habitation resembled any one thing more than another, it was a temple of mirth. In fact, when, restored by wholesome applications, both outward and inward, I asked what return I could make for so much hospitality? the answer was, 'to dance.'

"I immediately began capering. But this was not the thing meant. My host—a Greek of Scyra—had in his youth been a dancer by profession. Age having stiffened his joints, he now gained his livelihood by giving suppleness to younger limbs. He had a number of boys whom he trained to perform ballet in the conacks or palaces of the great. His eye had been caught by my nimbleness when about to be put into the oven, and he roused my ambition by pledging himself to make me a first-rate dancer.

"The greatest natural genius still requires cultivation. For a while I toiled beyond all belief. But as I never attempted a difficult step without addressing the panagia, I succeeded at last. I may say without vanity that I acquired the perfection of the art. The exactness of my poise, the precision of my movements, the apparent ease with which I performed the most difficult steps, were pronounced positively sublime. From the ends of my fingers to the tip of my toes, all was expression. The best connoisseurs declared that in me alone they had found the poetry of the heel; and my very shadow was lighter than other people's shadows. But I do not wish to praise myself!

"That I became celebrated I need not tell. Every other dancer was voted execrable. Whenever I appeared, I was stunned with applause before I moved a step; and the spectators were entranced at my performance of what in others would have been hissed: for it was not always

that I exerted my best abilities. With indifferent judges I would scarcely stir; and even with the best I sometimes had my bad days, when all the coaxing in the world could not draw out my powers. I once felt so ill in reality, that another dancer was sent out in my clothes, who, accomplishing with evident effort what I performed with ease, made the blockheads declare that I never yet had danced so well as I did that evening.

"My emoluments kept pace with my celebrity. At each pause in my exhibitions my forehead used to be studded with gold coins,[8] and at the conclusion of the performance, heaps of sequins showered from all sides into my spangled cap. Who then could have fancied me otherwise than happy? But it is one thing to divert others, and it is another to taste of joy one's self! The constant fatigue, the sense of dependence, the fear of not succeeding, the liability to the humours of a capricious audience, the danger of losing the attraction of novelty, the chance of being eclipsed by some abler competitor, are alone dreadful drawbacks on a profession like mine. Yet with me they were minor evils. Keener sufferings peculiar to myself assailed me, and that in general by preference just when my situation seemed most enviable; for it was almost always in the intoxication and flurry of spirits produced by the exertions I made, by the bravos I excited, and by the crowds of people, the glare of lights, and the din of instruments I moved among, that the image of my deceased mother, as she appeared in her last moments, would rise with most distinctness to my heated fancy. And often have I between the several acts of the entertainment retired to some lonely corner to weep at liberty, while the whole assembly seemed in ecstasies of pleasure. It is true that, if dancing produced melancholy, melancholy more than once in its turn produced dancing. Sometimes, in the sort of phrensy brought on by the clang of a full band, I have started up, and, like the Mewlewi derwishes,[9] have

reeled round a room full of people, until, completely exhausted, I fell senseless on the floor.

"To add to the discomforts of my situation, I was not even allowed to retain the heard-earned fruits of my labour. Of the gold which I gained by the sweat of my brow not a para remained my own, except what in the evening, when I crossed the cemetery of Galata, I had the address to slip into a hollow tree, or to drop behind a mouldering tombstone, where the crows often were the first to find my little store. The moment I got home from our nightly exhibition I was regularly searched, and every farthing found about me went into my master's pocket as his pay for my board, lodging, and maintenance. Enraged at his illiberality, I one evening threw my gilt jacket in his face, saying I wished to keep nothing that was his, but would go and exercise my talent, naked as I stood, on my own account. Hereupon the vampire—the odious blood-sucker—brought against me such a bill for bestowing that talent of which he said I wanted to rob him, as must have left me all my life a mere drudge—a puppet moving at his nod—had I not determined to settle the account in my own way.

"In fact, now clearly discerning the whole drift of the hospitality which the Scyrote had so kindly afforded me, I henceforth watched my opportunity to slip away from the ballet-master at Galata, as I had done from the lady at Volo, the hydriote captain, and the fraudulent baker. This was not an easy matter. Our manager was vigilance personified, and never allowed me to go out of his sight. An accident befriended me. One of my companions had long cherished the greatest envy of my superiority. In a *pas-de-deux* which we performed together, as a lover and his mistress, he kicked my shins; I boxed his ears; he retorted by breaking on my head the guitar with which he was serenading me, and scratching my face in such a manner that the next time the troop went out I was left at home

as unfit to be seen. Whatever might ail my head, my heels were in good order: I took to them as usual, and never stopped till I had reached the quarter most remote from where the Scyrote lived.

"Here I might dance on my own account as much as I pleased, but found nobody to dance to except the lowest rabble. In retiring out of my master's latitude I had outstepped my own vantage-ground. From exhibiting in palaces to assemblies of the great, amid showers of gold, I was reduced to toil in taverns for the amusement of ruffians, who thought a few paras a very liberal reward, after perhaps mortifying my pride into the bargain, by invidious comparisons with some arrant posture-maker. Obliged to lower the tone of my performance to the standard of my new patrons, I lost all that finish and delicacy of movement for which my dancing had been celebrated, and dwindled into little better than a tumbler.

"Nor was this all. One night, after drudging to amuse a set of brutes, I met with such ill treatment from the Bacchantes their companions, as to make me expect with my poor lyre the end of Orpheus. Thank God! the panagia—knowing how observant I always had been of her festivals—protected me even against her own sex, and my poor life was saved, little worth as it was. This signal escape led me to serious reflections.

"I had always been punctual in my prayers, both before dancing and after; and had as yet committed no very heinous sin, save once on a fast-day eating some nice yaoort," which a Turk gave me after a long performance; but I did not know what worse might happen in my daily intercourse with infidels; and I determined to avoid the danger by quitting a profession, which, if distinguished, is also dangerous, and full of hasard to one's faith and morals.

"Alas! it was too late to execute my good intentions! My special admirers, brought in contact at a tavern with

the professed supporters of a rival dancer, the two factions came to a pitched battle, in which a life or two were lost, while I—the innocent cause of the disturbance—was taken up by the patrole, and thrown into this place of wretchedness; more than ever convinced of the truth of all my honoured mother's predictions:—for what were the old lady of Volo, who washed her hands of me when I would kiss her no longer; the Hydriote captain, who would not let me dance with my messmates, after giving me shelter on board his ship; the baker who first fed, and next slily destined me to a snug corner in his oven; the Scyrote, who cured, who entertained, and afterwards robbed me of all my lawful gains; and the caleondjees, who went about my zealous champions, in order to get me almost torn to pieces limb by limb, and locked up in the bagnio—but so many persons, at first all professing themselves my stanch and trusty friends! and such is the horror with which that word now inspires me, that were I to hear the panagia herself say she was my friend, great as hitherto has been the holy lady's goodness, I should expect her to end by playing me some scurvy trick!"

Here ended my companion's tale—the faithful picture of his mind, in which moral rectitude and affection were strangely combined with conceit, credulity, and bigotry. In the wide range of social intercourse this odd mixture might not, perhaps, have taken much hold on my harder compound; nor should I greatly have coveted an intimacy with the character of a stage-dancer grafted on a peasant; but in the narrow precincts of the bagnio fastidiousness wears out, and constant propinquity produced different sentiments; and the more, as athwart Anagnosti's apparent facility of temper and tenderness of heart there broke forth a sort of determined sturdiness on certain points, which all the laxity of his education and companions had never removed, and which, inclined as one might be to smile at his studied exterior, induced a sort of respect for the stuff

within. Insensibly, therefore, an attachment grew between us, which, though it daily increased, gave my companion no alarm, until one day I remarked how great an alleviation our misery had derived from our friendship. At this unguarded speech Anagnosti turned pale. "Friendship!" repeated he; "Say not so! It will again bring me ill fortune. Like the rest of my friends, you will ultimately be my bane."

"Words," answered I, laughing, "cannot alter the nature of things. We certainly at this moment are friends, and warm ones too: for I believe each would willingly lay down his life for the other; and even if the dangers of friendship should now make us resolve to become bitter enemies, it would already be too late;—already would the present evil fail to insure redemption from the future one! The mischief is done; the spell is upon you."

"Then," said Anagnosti, after ruminating a little, "if we cannot be less than friends, let us be more! Let us become brothers; let religion sanctify our intimacy, so as to divest it of its dangers;"—and upon this he proposed to me the solemn ceremony, "which, in our church, unites two friends of either sex in the face of the altar by solemn vows, gives them the endearing appellation of brothers or sisters, and imposes upon them the sacred obligation to stand by each other in life and in death.

Anagnosti, though he certainly had in his different avocations run away full as often as he had stood his ground, and had derived from his last mode of life a certain outward tinge of effeminacy, yet in reality was as brave as affectionate. He had more than once resisted his guardians most manfully in their unjust behests; he had even defended his new friend at the risk of his life:—for, one day that, disabled by illness, I lay at the mercy of every aggressor, he had wrested from a fellow slave the dagger levelled at my breast for the sake of the worn-out capote on my back; and from his disposition there was every reason

to expect that the fruits and the burthens of our alliance would ever be equally shared. The first day, therefore, that we could obtain the permission, we went to a priest in the bagnio, and desired the holy man, after the short service which our straitened means permitted, to accomplish the indissoluble union. At first the venerable papas treated the request as a jest. "The practice," he said, "was quite obsolete, except among the most barbarous clans of the remotest provinces. Epirotes, and other savages who like them lived in eternal strife, might indeed still retain such old customs,[12] but the people at Constantinople were sufficiently employed in minding their own concerns, without gratuitously engaging to risk their lives for others." This remonstrance producing no effect, the priest warned us more earnestly to consider the consequences, before we irrevocably bound ourselves by so serious an engagement. Still we insisted, and he at last complied. He enveloped us in the sacred veil, symbol of the holy ties we contracted, and made us swear on our knees, in the face of Heaven, to share together like brothers, while we breathed, both good and adverse fortune.

The solemn vow pronounced, and Heaven fervently implored to bless it, we again arose. I shook Anagnosti by the hand, and could not refrain from saying, "though now brothers, still friends as before."

He involuntarily shuddered. All his fears recurred; and on casting off the sacred zone, we found on it a fresh stain of blood. How it came there neither of us could guess. Both searched for the cause: none could be discovered; and we at last forgot the evil omen.

The very period which saw our intimacy indissolubly riveted was fated to be that of our separation. Whether at the time of my imprisonment the length of my detention had been fixed, or whether (as I afterwards suspected) Mavroyeni, while apparently rejecting my application, in reality had procured my deliverance,—one morn

ing, when *I least* expected my freedom, I was bidden to quit the bagnio. I say "bidden;" for, thinking the thing optional, I at first, in conformity with my sacred engagement, refused to accept the boon offered, unless shared by my friend. But I now found myself as little allowed to stay in, as I had before been to stay out of the bagnio, at my pleasure. I must resume my liberty whether I chose or not, and was very near being driven by force out of prison,—a somewhat unusual circumstance! Anagnosti tried to sweeten the bitterness of my release, by observing, that it might be rendered instrumental in procuring his own. "Remember," said he, "that in losing you, I lose all. O Anastasius, O my—*friend!* remember,".....

Here his sobs interrupted his speech, and the guards, tired of our tedious leave-taking, tore us asunder. After proceeding on a few yards, I turned round to cast one more last look after my companion: but already the gates had been shut behind me; and I went forth—shaking off indeed the dust of my prison, and with all Constantinople open before me,—but without a single particle of that rapturous joy of heart which I always fancied must crown the hour of my liberation.

## CHAPTER VIII.

To enjoy liberty one must live, and to live one must eat, and I had not a para in the world to purchase me a meal. In this embarrassing situation I thought of my old patron. If he really had procured my freedom, it was proper to thank him; if not, it still was wise to do so. In the first case, he might be induced by my sense of past kindness to seek still greater claims to my future gratitude —since benefactors often resemble gamblers, who double

their stakes rather than lose the benefit of a first throw; and in the latter case, the thanks I gave for imaginary services would make the drogueman wish to deserve them by real obligations. Gratitude I had often found most productive when it preceded the benefit. Besides, I had my friend Anagnosti to intercede for; and I was desirous to strike the iron while it was hot.

Most willingly would I have smartened myself up a little for the visit. Not only a tattered appearance smooths the way but indifferently athwart the outpost of pampered domestics, who guard the approaches of the great man's citadel; it often makes the master himself ashamed of his petitioner. The rich are ever ready to accuse the poor of wanting proper respect, when they offend the fastidious eye of pride by the display of their wretchedness. The utmost I could do, however, was to arrange my rags gracefully; and—repeating to myself, as I strutted along, that a man's innate dignity of mien and manners were a sufficient passport even to the presence of a king—I boldly went to the fanar, and with the least possible tremor knocked at Mavroyeni's door.

It certainly opened at my summons, but not to let me enter. The porter who answered, holding it cautiously ajar, contrived to fill the whole aperture with his own person, until he had most leisurely surveyed mine. While thus examined, I recognised in my surveyor an old acquaintance. So it seems he did in me; for when I asked to see his master, he banged the door in my face, without a syllable of reply. It was just what I myself had done a dozen times, when with Mavroyeni at Argos. The uncouthness of the janitor's reception, therefore, I thought, must originate higher. Servants behaved not thus, unless they felt their conduct sanctioned by their masters; for dependants know the antipathies of their patrons by instinct. "Hie thee hence, therefore, Anastasius," exclaimed I;

"thou hast no longer any business near this threshold:" and hereupon I walked away.

At that instant the same door burst open again, and almost flew off its hinges. I looked back. It was to let out Mavroyeni himself. Convinced that an attempt to accost him would only expose me to fresh mortifications, I now felt as solicitous to avoid his eye as I had been before to be admitted to his presence. Hastily drawing back my head, I passed on, or rather ran away, as if it had been an ignominy even to be seen near the drogueman's abode.

Heated with my race, I rushed into the first coffee-house on my way, and observing a large bowl of hoshab' most invitingly set out on the counter, greedily lifted it to my lips, and gulped down the icy beverage. I had no earthly means of payment; but heaven came to my assistance. Exhausted with inanition, I felt too weak to resist the sudden chill: it struck me to the heart. I reeled backwards, and fell senseless on the floor.

How long the fit lasted I am unable to tell. All I know is, that when my senses returned I found myself in a smart jog trot, bumping at the back of a hamal, and travelling in this inconvenient posture at the rate of a league an hour, up one dirty lane and down another;—but whither was beyond my power to guess.

I therefore made free to ask the question, and was but little pleased with the information obtained. Convicted in the shop by my sudden seizure of a confirmed plague, the master had only felt desirous to get rid as soon as possible of so unwelcome a customer, and had called in the porter aforesaid, to convey me to the hospital. Thither I was speeding as fast as another man's legs could carry my person: for even during the above account my bearer slackened not his pace, but kept jogging on as lustily as before.

I took the liberty of representing that there was a mistake in the case. However weak and exhausted, I was

totally free from any infectious disorder. "Nothing more likely," answered the hamal; "but he was paid for the job, and must earn his fare;" and upon this he only grasped me somewhat tighter than he had done before, for fear that, being less ill than he had imagined, I might contrive more easily to give him the slip. In vain I insisted upon being let loose, and excused from going where, if I brought not the plague, I was sure to find it. My expostulations were of no avail; and I therefore tried to liberate myself by pummelling my vehicle with all my might:—but the feeble impression of my unnerved fist on the tough hide of my obstinate beast, instead of making him throw me off, only served to quicken his pace.

I now resorted to the last means of salvation in my power, fixed my claws in the brawny throat of the miscreant, and squeezed him almost to suffocation. Finding his load became too troublesome, he at last let me slip down from his back to the ground, swore I was the most refractory piece of goods he ever had carried, and left me, in order to seek elsewhere an easier fare.

One street appeared to me as good as another to die in;—and my present sensations foreboded nothing else. I crawled to a stepping-stone near the place where I had been deposited, and on that pillow resigned myself to my fate.

So near, in fact, seemed my exit, that a novelist writing my history would have availed himself of the circumstance happily to terminate his first volume, and to leave me irretrievably for dead in the opinion of his reader, until my unexpected resurrection at the beginning of volume the second. Writing in the first person, I cannot keep my friends in this state of agreeable suspense, or conceal from them one single moment that I lived on: but it was for some time in such wretchedness as would not even leave the most fastidious critic any pretence to find fault with the proceeding. One man passed by me and another,

and another, and several stopped and looked; but, when their curiosity was satisfied, all went on again, only shrugging up their shoulders. No one of my own sex offered me the least assistance. At last came two females. For several minutes ere they reached my resting-place, their incessant loquacity had warned me of their approach; but I was too ill to look up, and had closed my eyes. "Bless me," said the one, "I see something alive there!" "Bless me," said the other, "and so do I!" "A man!" cried the first. "A handsome youth, I declare!" cried the second. "Unwell," rejoined the little one: "Dying, I fear," resumed the tall one. "How like Anastasius!" exclaimed the former. "Himself, as I live!" replied the latter. "Then, indeed!" continued the other, in a sagacious whisper, "I am very much afraid, neighbour, that he is not dying, but only dead drunk."—Enviable effects of a good name.

My character was now to me a matter of life and death. "No," said I, therefore—making an effort to speak, but in a scarce audible voice;—"it is not drunkenness that oppresses me: it is suffering—it is starvation."

At this speech, the women both scream out in astonishment; both talk at the same time. They want to know the how, the when, the where. "Torment me not with questions," cried I; "but if you have any humanity, get me conveyed to St. Demetrius.[2] Pay the five piastres required for my admission; and expect not to be repaid in this world." Saying this, I again fainted away.

The first perception which followed this second fit was that of an entirely new change of objects. The women had succeeded in their humane endeavours, and I was lying under a filthy coverlet, on a filthy pallet, in the filthy hospital in question, next to a dead man, whose pulse, the would-be physician of the place was just in the act of feeling,—assuring some by-standers that it was perfectly quiet, and no longer showed any symptom of fever.

I shall not finish the picture of the disgusting abode, where nevertheless I had been introduced only out of sheer humanity. Suffice it to say, that under its truly hospitable roof every nuisance found a home, medicine alone excepted. A scanty charity was the chief support of the institution, and an unwieldy governor the chief object supported. Yet, after a fair contest between my constitution and my pleurisy, in which neither side received the least assistance from doubtful prescriptions, the former got the better. The father of nine helpless orphans expired by my side, and I recovered.

It was during my convalescence that I most forcibly felt all the wretchedness of my receptacle: it was during my convalescence also, that I most fully owned my unworthiness of a better. "But," cried I, tossing about on my hard couch, "the deadliest poisons compose the most salutiferous medicines, and the direst calamities produce the best resolves. It will be my own fault if I rise not from this bed of sickness and suffering both wiser and worthier!" Thus I spoke while my pulse still beat low, and my passions were still weak.

At last came the day which I fancied would never come —that of my release from the hospital. It dawned about a month after I had entered the dismal place. I sallied forth at mid-day; and indescribable was the rapture with which I first again breathed a pure air, and beheld the whole expanse of an azure sky.

Still was I as much as ever at a loss how to subsist. Absorbed in this weighty consideration, I slowly walked down the hill of St. Demetrius, when I fancied I discerned at a distance a caravan of travellers, who with a slow and steady pace were advancing towards Pera, the residence of the Franks at Constantinople. I mechanically quickened my steps, in order to survey the procession more closely.

First in the order of march came a clumsy calash, stowed as full as it could hold of wondering travellers; next

came a heavy araba,[3] loaded with as many trunks, portmanteaus, parcels, and packages, as it could well carry; and lastly led up the rear a grim-looking Tartar,[4] keeping order among half a dozen Frank servants of every description, jogging heavily along on their worn-out jades. At this sight the droguemanic blood began to speak within me. "These are strangers, Anastasius," it whispered: "be thou their interpreter, and thy livelihood is secured." I obeyed the inward voice as an inspiration from heaven, and, after smartening myself up a little, approached the first carriage.

"Welcome to Pera, excellencies!" said I, with a profound bow, to the party within. At these words up started two gaunt figures in nightcaps, with spectacles on their noses, and German pipes in their mouths—whose respective corners still kept mechanically puffing whiffs of smoke at each other. The first action which followed was to lay their hands on the blunderbusses hung round the carriage; but seeing me alone, on foot, and to all appearance not very formidable, they seemed after some consultation to think they might venture not to fire, and only kept staring at me in profound silence. I therefore repeated my salute in a more articulate manner, and again said, "Welcome, excellencies, to Pera, where you are most anxiously expected. As you will probably want a skilful interpreter, give me leave to recommend a most unexceptionable person —I mean myself. Respectable references, I know, are indispensable in a place where every one is on the watch to impose upon the unwary traveller; but such I think I can name. As to what character they may give me; *that*,"—added I with a modest bow,—"*that* it would ill become your humble servant himself to enlarge upon."

At so Christian-like a speech, uttered in the very heart of Turkey, the travellers grinned from ear to ear with delight. It produced another short consultation; after which the two chiefs cried out in chorus "*Oui, chai pesoin;*" and

bade me mount by their side. This enabled me, after a little compliment on Germany, their birth-place, and on their proficiency in the French idiom, immediately to enter upon the duties of my office—for which I thought myself sufficiently qualified, by the squibs which I had heard the drogueman of the Porte, Morosi, let off, in company with my patron, at the diplomatic corps of Pera.

"This edifice," said I, pointing to the first building of note in the suburb which we met in our way, "is the palace of the ich-oglans — the sultan's pages. It is the most fruitful seminary of favourites, of pashas, and of sultanas' husbands.[5] In that direction lives that most respectable of characters the imperial internuncio[6]—the Baron Herbert; who, with all the shrewdness of a thorough-paced minister, combines all the playful simplicity of a child. Further on dwells the French ambassador, Monsieur de Choiseul-Gouffier—a very great man in little things; and opposite him lives his antagonist in taste, politics and country, the English envoy, Sir Robert Ainslie—of whom the world maintains exactly the reverse. Quite at the bottom of the street, likewise facing each other, live the envoys of Russia and of Sweden.[7] The former I feel bound to respect, whatever be his merit; the latter really possesses much. He is an Armenian, who writes in French a history of Turkey. He has lately made with his bookseller an exchange profitable to both,—he having given his manuscript, and the other his daughter: that is to say, the Armenian a single voluminous work, and the Frenchman a brief epitome of his whole shop. Wedged in between the palaces of Spain and Portugal is that of the Dutch ambassador, whose name, Vandendiddem-tolgelder,[8] is almost too long for these short autumn days, and whose head is thought to be almost as long as his name: inasmuch as he regularly receives, twice a week, the Leyden gazette; which renders him beyond all controversy the best informed of the whole Christian *corps diplomatique*, with

regard to Turkish politics. You see, gentlemen, the representatives of all the potentates of Christendom, from Petersburgh to Lisbon, and from Stockholm to Naples, are here penned up together in this single narrow street, where they have the advantage of living as far as possible from the Turks among whom they come to reside, and of watching all day long the motions of their own colleagues, from their most distant journies to the sublime Porte, to their most ordinary visits to the recesses of their gardens."

These little specimens of my *savoir-dire* seemed to please my German friends. They immediately noted them down in their huge memorandum-books, which, no more than their short pipes, were never left an instant unemployed. Scarce had the party stopped into the inn which I was allowed to recommend, when they engaged me for the whole fortnight which they meant to devote to the survey of the Turkish capital.

My travellers were of the true inquisitive sort. Every body used to fly at their approach; a circumstance highly favourable to my interest. Under the notion of always applying for information at the fountain-head, they would stop the surliest Turk they met, to ask why Moslemen locked up their women. One day they begged the imperial minister, at his own table, to tell them confidentially whether Austria was to be trusted. They were very solicitous to know from the Russian envoy the number of Catherine's lovers; and they pressed hard for an audience of the kislar aga,[9] only to inquire whence came the best black eunuchs. Had they been in company with the grand mufti, they certainly would have asked his honest opinion of the mission of Mohammed; and they would scarce have neglected the opportunity, had it offered, of inquiring of the sultan himself whether he was legitimate heir to the califate, as he asserted. In consequence of this straight-forward system I was every moment obliged to interfere, and to pledge myself for the guiltless intentions of our travellers. The sta-

tistics of the empire, its government, politics, finances, etc. they indeed troubled themselves little about. All such things they thought might be learnt much more compendiously at home from the Leipsic gazetteer; but the botany and mineralogy of the country were what they studied both with body and soul. Every day we brought home from our excursions such heaps of what the ignorant chose to call hay and stones, that the wags whom we met on our way used to ask whether these were for food and lodging: while the more fanatical among the Turks swore we carried away patterns of the country, in order to sell it to the infidels; and one party, by way of giving us enough of what we wanted, was near stoning us to death. Hereupon, to elude observation, my cunning travellers determined to dress after the country fashion: but this only made bad worse; for they wore their new garb so awkwardly, that the natives began to think they put it on in mockery, and were frequently near stripping them to the skin; independent of which, whenever they went out, they got so entangled in their shaksheers and trowsers, their shawls and their papooshes, that our progress might be traced by the mere relics of their habiliments which strewed the road. Sole manager both of the home and foreign department, I however tried to give all possible respectability to their appearance, and never would suffer their dignity to be committed by paltry savings; at the same time, that, to show them how careful I was of their money, I took care sometimes to detain them an hour or two in driving a close bargain about a few paras,—especially when I saw them in a hurry. Accordingly, if they had any fault to find with me, it was for my over-scrupulous economy. That failing alone excepted, they thought me a treasure; and so I certainly found them.

The fortnight of their intended stay having elapsed, they were all impatience to depart. Out of pure regard for science I contrived to prolong their sojourn another fort-

night, by various little delays, which, with a little industry, I brought about in the most natural way imaginable, but which I joined them in lamenting exceedingly: and when at last they set off—which I saw with very sincere regret—I was left by them in possession of a most flattering written testimonial of my zeal and fidelity. As to their behaviour to me, its liberality might be sufficiently inferred from the change in my appearance.

This first experiment gave me a taste for the tergiumanic life. It also increased my means of success in that department. Till I took up my residence at Pera, I had little intercourse with that odd race of people yclept Franks, except through the stray specimens that now and then crossed the harbour, on a visit of curiosity or business to Constantinople. I now got acquainted with their ways, while they became familiarised with my person. This gradually procured me the advantage of seeing and serving, in my new capacity, samples of almost every nation of Europe. Thus I formed a sort of polyglot collection of certificates of my own ability and merits, which I filed very neatly on a red tape according to the order of their dates, and to a sight of which I treated every new comer whom I thought worthy of that distinction.

Once, however, the lofty manner and the imperious tone of an English traveller, newly arrived, completely deceived me. From his fastidiousness I made no doubt I was addressing some great mylordo: it was a button-maker to whom I had the honour of bowing. He came red hot from a place called Birmingham, to show the Turks samples of his manufacture. Unfortunately Turks wear no buttons, at least such as he dealt in; at which discovery he felt exceedingly wroth. My ill-fated back was destined to feel the first brunt of his ill-humour. After spending nearly two hours in spelling every word of every one of my certificates —"This then," said he, in a scarce intelligible idiom, which he fancied to be French, "is the evidence of your deserts?"

"It is," answered I, with an inclination of the head. "And I am to make it the rule of my behaviour?" "If your excellency be pleased to have that goodness," replied I, smirking most agreeably. "Very well," resumed the traitor, never moving a muscle of his insipid countenance, "my excellency will have that goodness." And up he gets, gravely walks—without uttering another syllable—to the door, turns the key in the lock, takes a little bit of a pistol scarce five inches long—also from Birmingham, I suppose—out of his pocket, snatches up a cudgel as thick as my wrist, and turning short upon me, who stood wondering in what this strange prelude was to end, holds the pistol to my throat, and lays the cane across my back.

This operation performed to his satisfaction: "It was No. 5," coolly said the miscreant, "whose contents I thought it right to comply with first; as being written by one of my countrymen, and because I make it a rule, in every species of business, to get the worst part over first. Had you understood our language—as an interpreter by profession ought—you might have known the certificate in question to be a solemn adjuration to all the writer's countrymen to treat you as I have had the pleasure of doing; and all that remains for you to perform is to give me a regular receipt, such as I may have to show."

The pistol was still tickling my throat, I jammed up against the wall, and the button-maker six feet high, and as strong as a horse. All therefore I could do in the way of heroism would have been to have let him blow out my brains at once;—after which, adieu my turn, at least here below! I therefore signed, had the satisfaction of seeing the receipt neatly folded up and deposited in a little red morocco pocket-book with silver clasps, was offered a sequin for the exercise I had afforded, took the money, and, leaving the button-maker to write home what mean rascals the Greeks were, departed fully impressed with the usefulness of learning languages.

Almost every evening the man of buttons used to walk from Pera, where he had his lodgings, to a merchant's at Galata, from whence he frequently returned home pretty late at night, without any escort—trusting to his small pocket instrument, and to his own colossal stature, for his safety. A dexterous thrust, at an unexpected turn, might easily have sent him to the shades below; but this would not have sufficed to assuage my thirst for just revenge. I wished to inflict a shame more deep, more lasting than my own, and which, like Prometheus's vulture, should keep gnawing the traitor's heart while he lived. His great ambition at Constantinople was to boast the good graces of some Turkish female—young or old, fair or ugly, no matter! On this laudable wish I founded my scheme.

Muffled up in the feridjee which conceals the figure of the Mohammedan fair, and the veil which covers their faces, I went and seated myself, immediately after dusk, on one of the tombstones of the extensive cemetery of Galata, where my traveller had to pass.

He soon arrived, and, as I expected, stopped to survey the lonely fair one, whose appearance seemed to invite a comforter. The bait took. My friend, on his nearer approach, aware that his pantomime was more intelligible than his idiom, had recourse to the universal language: he held up a sequin—and on the strength of this gift becomes more enterprising. Profane hands are laid on my veil. I resist:—but by way of compromise for keeping concealed my features, I show my necklace, my bracelets, my girdle. In an infantine manner I slip the manacles from my own wrists over those of my amorous shepherd, and, before his suspicions are aroused, have the satisfaction to see him fast bound in chains, not only of airy love, but of good solid brass; and with a soft lisp wish him joy of being at once handcuffed and pinioned. It was now I showed my face, and drew out my handjar.[70] Perceiving an inclination to remonstrate, "No noise," cried I, "or

you die; but return me the receipt." Unable to stir, my prisoner in a surly tone bade me take it myself. I did so, and thanked him; "but," added I, "as we have not here—as with you—all the conveniences for writing, accept the acknowledgment of the poor and illiterate:" saying which, I drew the holy mark of the cross after the Greek form, neatly but indelibly, with the button-maker's own sequin, on his clumsy forehead; poured into the wound some of the gunpowder out of his pouch; and, apologising for the poorness of the entertainment, bade him good-night, and walked off.

A troop of caleondjees of my acquaintance, reeling home from a tavern, happened to come up just as I retired, and took all that I had left. The next morning the man of buttons departed from Constantinople without sound of trumpet, before sunrise; and never since has been heard of in the Turkish dominions.

This little frolic, at the expense of the English speculator, recommended me to a French chevalier, come to Stamboul on a visit to his kinsman, the ambassador. The lively young gentleman swore he wanted no other certificate of my character than my prowess. His object in undertaking the long journey to Turkey seemed to be to play on the guitar, and to compose French love songs. Twice a week a messenger of the embassy was despatched to Paris, with M. de Vial's effusions, in order that his friends at home might see how he employed his time abroad. *Par contre*, he had determined, as soon as he returned to France, and found himself at leisure, to write a detailed account of Turkey—rather, however, as it ought to be, than as it was. For M. de Vial disapproved of the Othoman system *in toto:* and hence he deemed it sheer loss of time to visit the curiosities of its capital. The only thing he could have liked—had he not been too busy learning the romeika—was an *affaire de cœur* with the favourite sultana; and for a long while he continued exceedingly

anxious to give the ladies of the imperial harem a fête *on* the Black Sea; but that project failing, from their sending no answers to his notes, he wondered who could bear the dowdies of Constantinople, that had seen the *Trois Sultanes* of Marmontel at the Paris opera. In truth, M. de Vial had no patience with the barbarians. Their language was a gibberish, *où l'on n'entendait rien;* and they had so little *savoir vivre*, that they let their heads be chopped off like cabbage-tops. Desirous, however, of treating them to a sight of the last Paris fashions, he decked out his nether man in pea-green coloured cloth, and got himself chastised by a hot-headed emir," for thus profaning the forbidden colour—almost too sacred with the Turks for the head itself. In his turn M. de Vial sent the cousin of Mohammed a challenge, with which the emir lit his pipe. At last, after a whole day uselessly employed in ogling the sultana mother through a huge telescope, from the tower of Galata, the chevalier felt seized with a desperate fit of ennui, laid in a reasonable stock of embroidered handkerchiefs, to throw to the Paris belles after a Turkish fashion, which the Turks know nothing of, and determined to bid adieu to Pera. My services and talents he transferred ere he went to a flaxen-headed Swedish baron, whose ruddy face had inflamed the susceptible heart of the droguemaness of the Venetian mission, and who was so highly favoured by his doting mistress, that every night she allowed him to pay her whole loss at *tresette*. This lady was an uncommon proficient in writing. Proud of an accomplishment which so few of her colleagues possessed, she used every morning to fire at her lover a little billet-doux of three or four pages. These refreshing epistles I came to call for as regularly as for the water from the well, the moment the husband was supposed to have gone forth to the reis-effendee, with the scarce shorter memorials of the Serenissima Republica—at that period any thing but serene. This same husband, though only four feet high, presumed

to be jealous; and the correspondence, therefore, was to be kept from his knowledge—a circumstance which rendered my office of Mercury an employment of some trust.

I acted accordingly. Tired of being postman without pay, I one day hinted to the lady that I should expect some species of acknowledgment for my trouble. Madame D——i was one of those fair ones for whom Cupid must tip his darts with gold, or they recoiled unfelt. She resented my freedom, called me a low-born fellow, and forbade me her presence. The tide of amorous billets now ceased to flow for want of a channel. Nothing but my forgiveness of the insult could make it resume its course. On the part of the lady, accordingly, advances were soon made towards a reconciliation, and on mine, every spark of resentment was magnanimously extinguished until further occasion. I saw myself formally reinstated in my daily office.

The Hyperborean lover—not quite so brisk a correspondent as his mistress—used to answer about one letter in three or four. This, however, in the course of a few weeks began to form a very respectable amatory collection. The pink-edged, perfumed epistles—regularly endorsed—were all deposited by the delighted droguemaness in a little mother-of-pearl casket, which she kept for the benefit of her heirs by the side of her reliquary. From one of those strange incidents which will happen in the course of things, this casket, though most carefully locked up, fell into my hands; but no contrivance of mine could conjure the key out of the lady's unfathomable pocket. She used to sleep with the huge receptacle under her pillow, in order to obtain pleasant dreams. It mattered little: I had no sort of curiosity to peruse the correspondence. I contented myself with carefully wrapping up the box, sealing the cover, and begging the signor drogueman—that is to say, the signora's husband—to keep the parcel in trust for me, as most valuable property, and such as could not be com-

mitted to fitter hands. The rod thus kept suspended over his faithless spouse, the reward of my discretion past and future was demanded with becoming humility; and to do Madame D——i justice, when she found that no other way of extricating herself was left, she showed every readiness to listen to the voice of reason.

By some accident, however, the baron got wind of these transactions, and so far from feeling flattered, as he ought to have been, with the anxiety which his mistress evinced to recover his letters, had the ingratitude to cavil about the mode, and left the fair one to find what consolation she could in the perusal of his correspondence. Jupiter's retreat became the signal for that of Mercury. I wanted nothing more of the commonwealth of Venice, and, with a mock farewell, left the droguemaness punished alike in her pride and her avarice.

## CHAPTER IX.

No sooner had my various little trades rendered me a person of some substance, than I began to think of purchasing a berath:'—I mean one of those patents of exemption from the rigour of Turkish despotism, which the sultan originally granted to foreign ministers, in behalf only of such rayahs as they had occasion to engage in their immediate service, but which these excellent economists now readily sell to whatever other subjects of the grand signor are disposed to pay the current price of the article. To a youth like me it was highly desirable to possess a paper, through whose magic power a native might in the very capital of his natural sovereign outstep the limits of his jurisdiction, brave his authority, put himself on the footing of

a stranger, and from being heretofore an Armenian or a Greek, at once find himself transformed into a reputed Italian, or German, or Frenchman, wear the gaudiest colours in competition with the Turks themselves, and strut about the streets in that *summum bonum*, a pair of yellow papooshes.

The thing had been put into my head by an Italian missionary of the Propaganda, who, considering me as a sort of stray from the Greeks, had determined to stow me safely within the pale of the Romans. On first perceiving his drift I gave his pious exertions small encouragement; observing that early habits, as well of belief as of action, could only be rooted out later in life, either by the most irresistible arguments, or the most palpable interest to adopt different tenets. To this remark the missionary only replied, that he had a very general acquaintance at Pera, and, consequently, possessed many opportunities of recommending a well-disposed youth to travellers. The observation was in point. Impressed with its full weight, I began to indulge Padre Ambrogio, whenever I happened to be out of place, with a little conference on the disputed articles; and for every Greek variation from the Latin creed which I yielded up, he used to find me a new situation. Unfortunately, the discussion of the Greek liturgy ran so parallel with that of the Signora D—i's correspondence, and the interviews with the friar were so interwoven with those of the lady, that I sometimes confounded the two subjects, and more than once, in a fit of absence, let Padre Ambrogio into the mysteries of my negotiation, instead of learning from him those of his faith. The ghostly conferences, however, only ceased entirely when the friar very nefariously disappointed me, in favour of another neophyte, of an excellent employment, for which I had sacrificed the whole procession according to the Greeks. Hearing of this flagrant act of bad faith, I called upon him in a very great passion; told him I again disbelieved all

that he had enticed me to believe; and, leaving him exceedingly dismayed at my unexpected rebellion, went to dispel the confusion in my head by a walk on the road to Dolma-backtché.

The snow which had lain several days on the ground having entirely disappeared, I met a good many people taking the air; but who all looked, I thought, as if, like me, they had been bewildered by some friar or derwish. At last came a Turkish woman of rank, accompanied by a long train of females. The pavement being narrow, I stood up against the wall to let her pass. As she brushed by me, her hand, gently pressing against the back of mine, gave me reason to think that I had not been unnoticed. A gay adventure seldom found me slow to engage in it, be what it might the peril of the enterprise. I therefore let the lively group trot on a few yards, and then turned back hastily myself, in the manner of a person who recollects having left something behind. Thus, without casting right or left a single glance which might savour of design, I gave the lady an opportunity of minutely scrutinising my appearance, should she be disposed to cultivate my merits. That done, I crossed over to the other side, and stole away into a by-lane, for fear of rousing the suspicions of her suite.

The next day, however, I failed not at the same hour to take a walk in the same street, and again did the same the next day, and the next; in the full expectation, each time, of meeting with some faithful Iris, commissioned to give me the verbal assurance of my good fortune.

During a whole week, my punctuality continued without the least abatement. As sure as the clock struck one, I used to sally forth, and display my handsomely attired person before every woman, young or old, fair or ugly, who bore the least appearance of coming on my business. Vain and fruitless diligence! The busier females passed on with

out noticing my disconsolate figure at all; the less diligent baggages, who remarked my airs and graces, only answered them with laughing. Some, who had become familiar with my forlorn perambulations, ironically pitied me for the cruelty of my mistress. It was worse when two or three *goutes*, that haunted the same street, seriously undertook to console me under my disappointment, and put me in the greatest fright, lest, by their unconcealed advances in the broad glare of day, they should drive away any messenger of love that might be on the wing.

At last I lost all patience, and was going in good earnest to execute the resolution fifty times solemnly taken, and as often again broken, of giving up the vain pursuit, when, just as for the last time I paced down the oft-trodden pavement, looking anxiously round on all sides to see what good tidings might still be in the wind, I perceived a jewess—seemingly equally on the alert with myself—who eyed me with a promising air. I coughed once or twice; and this signal inducing the old dame to approach, we opened a parley. My answers tallying with her private tokens, she soon became confidential.

"You must know," said she, "I am a tradeswoman, one who goes about to ladies' houses to provide them with . . . ."

"What signifies, my dear," cried I, interrupting her, "what you are, and what you provide your customers with? That speaks for itself. Only tell me who the lady is, who graciously condescends to make me the object of your embassy."

"The lady," answered the jewess, "is the young wife of an old Turkish effendee of very high rank. Her own birth and fortune made her parents stipulate that her spouse should have no other wife but herself. Nor has he; but while he adheres to the letter of the agreement, he violates its spirit. In short, he totally neglects his handsome helpmate. This the fair Esmé properly resents—and. . . "

"And in me," cried I, interrupting my informer, "she shall find the avenger she deserves. Let us forthwith go!"

"Gently, gently," now whispered the old beldam. "It is not thus that matters of this sort are conducted. If the lady by whom I have the honour of being employed were one of your ordinary women on whom the wind blows as freely as on the weeds of the desert, all would be easy enough. Females who go out at all hours to the bath, and to the market-place, and to the bezesteen, or to visit their friends, do whatever they please. But Cádin Esmé is none of those, I'll warrant you. This exalted fair one has in her own apartment baths of marble and gold; twenty slaves are always ready at her nod to execute whatever whim may cross her fancy; the richest goods of every country are brought from every quarter to be spread out before her at her toilet; her own chamber opens on gardens whose roses make those of Sheeraz look pale. In short—poor thing!—she can find nothing to want abroad; and when she does go out, it seems rather for the sole purpose of seeing how superior is all that she leaves at home. Then she generally only travels about in a close carriage. Her visits are confined to two or three of her near relations; and she so seldom finds an excuse for stirring out on foot, that the day you met her was the first time these six months she had stepped across her own threshold. Even when she indulges in a little excursion of the sort, she only moves, as you see, accompanied by a swarm of servants, or rather of spies."

"You only add fuel to my flame," cried I. "The more difficult the enterprise, the nobler the victory!"—and immediately we fell to discussing the ways and means. A hundred different schemes were alternately proposed and rejected. At last a contrivance was hit upon, only liable to half a dozen radical objections. Still it was the best, and therefore adopted. A friend of the jewess's, equipped

as a woman of rank, was to spend the day on a visit to the lady, Esmé, whose husband could not, during that period, intrude upon the privacy of his wife's apartment. Esmé would thus obtain an opportunity of slipping out in the attire of a slave, of stopping at the jewess's own abode, there to put on Greek habiliments, and of thence going to meet me at some selected house in Galata. After the interview, she would have nothing to do but to resume her Turkish dress, in order to release by her return her pretended visitor. The plan required some preparation, and the day after the next was fixed upon for its execution.

Matters being thus all apparently settled:—"One word more," added the jewess. "You are aware that we embark upon an adventure of life and death. In this nether world the joys of paradise can only be sipped with the secrecy of the grave. The least indiscretion brings ruin to us all."

I begged my instructress to make herself easy on that score;—"and," added I in my turn, "there is one circumstance which the lady may not be sorry to learn; namely, that in me she will find a youth not only of the greatest discretion, but of the most respectable birth and connexions."

I thought the peal of laughter never would have ended into which the old hag broke out at this intimation. "And pray," cried she, "do you imagine the fair Esmé is in love with you for your musty ancestors, or means to show you off to her acquaintances? For my part, I mistook you for little better than a porter. If you be a prince, so much the worse! It will require consideration."—Here the beldam hobbled off.

"Can I have marred my hopes by my vanity?" thought I, after the woman was gone. But though this idea gave me a little uneasiness, it prevented me not from bestowing the utmost pains, on the day appointed, in adorning my person.

ere I went to a place conveniently situated for watching the entrance of the party into the house agreed upon.

Here minute after minute rolled on, without my perceiving the least symptom of the looked-for couple. But what I very clearly discerned instead were loud titterings behind a latticed window, which presently left no doubt in my mind that the whole interview was a mere waggery of some of the females who had found me out, and were determined to have a laugh at my expense. The very description of the lady's grandeur now made that matter palpable by its exaggeration; and I held myself assured that the greatest real danger I had to apprehend was that of becoming the laughing-stock of the whole district. In this conviction I cursed my credulity, and set my wits to work in order to devise how I might turn the joke against its authors,—when a faint murmur made me look round, and behold two females, carefully muffled up, glide into the place of our appointment.

"Shall I follow or not?" was now my only thought,—"and take my chance of whatever good or evil may offer?"

The jewess suffered not my suspense to last. Coming out again:—"What are you waiting for?" whispered she impatiently in my ear; and, without staying for my answer, took me by the hand and led me up stairs, where, having bidden me not to be frightened, she left me, and ran down again to keep watch while I remained.

By some strange perverseness of human nature, the jewess's seemingly superfluous caution had the contrary effect from that which was intended; and, combined with Esmé's apparent backwardness to throw off her feridjee, made me fancy I had been entrapped with a perfect monster. Full of this idea, I cursed the Israelite for leaving me thus committed, would have given the world to have seen her return, even with the account of some most urgent danger, and stood rivcted near the door like a statue,—

until my expectant fair one, losing all patience, tore off her envelopes more in anger than in love, and convinced me of my error in doubting her attractions.

As her wrath did not continue inexorable, I trust I may pass over the remaining details of this interview, without any great violation of my duty as a biographer:—they presented strong features of resemblance with many others of the same description; and in truth, though the rare beauties of my mistress—her soft black eyes, her coral lips, and her carriage more graceful than the movements of the sailing swan—might have obtained at other times a more elaborate encomium, thoughts of a sedater hue occupy my mind at present.

Irksome as I had thought the departure of the jewess, I thought her return still a thousand times more barbarous, when, ere we had time to think of her existence, she reappeared, and with relentless cruelty summoned us to separate.

It seemed as if we had only just met, and it also seemed as if we never were to meet again. For the expedient resorted to could not be repeated, and our faculties were too much bewildered to think of any other. Like people just awaking from a rapturous dream, or rather just shaking off a deep intoxication, we reeled about, lost in a maze of confused feelings, and able to reflect neither on the past, the present, nor the future. The vain attempt to think was soon given up, and we settled to communicate through the channel of the Israelite, when our minds should be sobered by separation. At the moment of parting, however, and when casting on each other the last farewell glance:—"What can I do," cried the grateful Esmé, "to repay my more than preserver, my sovereign, and my god; what gifts worth acceptance can I bestow? Take this, and this, and this: it is nothing to what I owe for the felicity conferred; it is all I can give in return;" and so saying, she tore off her richest jewels, and heaped upon me—in spite

of my resistance—strings of pearls, clasps of rubies, and girdles of diamonds.

"And do you then imagine," cried I, "that one honoured by your smiles can expect or can want a recompense of this sort?"

"What signifies," replied the fair one, "what you expected or what you want!—You wanted not the poor recluse Esmé, when you vouchsafed to come to me. I have my burthen of gratitude to lessen. For my sake I must give, and for mine you must receive."

Still I refused. But a cloud began to gather on the brow thus far serene: gleams of ominous lightning flashed from those eyes that before glowed only with unmixed tenderness. "I see it," cried Esmé. "You love me not. You fear to take an earnest. You intend not to return to my arms!"—and upon this she tore her jetty locks. The jewess now stepped forward. "For God's sake," said she, "pocket all, as I do. It may cost us our lives thus to stand upon ceremony." I therefore yielded, took the proffered gifts, for this magnanimous act received a last rapturous glance, and tore myself away.

Scarce deigning to lower my looks to the earth, scarce feeling the ground that bore my feet, gliding along on invisible pinions rather than walking, I proceeded at random, intoxicated with my good fortune. In my own mind, I soared at that moment above all the monarchs of the globe. Constantinople seemed too small to contain my exultation, and, oppressed within its walls by the excess of my happiness, I went forth at the gates, and poured out into the country the ebullitions of my joy and the ferment of my spirits.

Three good hours of uninterrupted exercise were requisite to allay them; after which I went home through the street which had been the scene of my forlorn perambulations, for the purpose of showing its familiars the difference in my air!

Here, however, let me for an instant interrupt the thread of my subject, in order to observe that, though my courtships have thus far occupied a great portion of my narrative, it is not the history of my loves, but that of my life, which I wish to record. Instead, therefore, of detailing the scheme through means of which was effected our next meeting, and the many others which followed, I shall only in general state, that each interview seemed to increase the fondness of my mistress. Every circumstance of my situation which gradually unfolded itself to her knowledge, only gave me new attractions in her eyes. Above all, she delighted in that inferiority of my condition to her own, which enabled me to become indebted for ease, affluence, and whatever else appeared desirable, to her sole affection. Hers was the mighty bliss of giving me all I possessed; of making me all I was.

Out of compliment to her taste, I bestowed upon my person the utmost attention. The bath which before I had coveted I now failed not to purchase, and the gold which I accepted for the sake of peace, I laid out in such a way as to make the liberalities of the donor yield her eyes at least an ample return. Every time I appeared anew in her presence, it was with some fresh improvement in my ostensible person. Now and then, indeed, too plentiful supplies proved hostile to my prudence; but if an opulence to which I had not been accustomed often got me into scrapes, it always got me out again; nor left me, like modern friends, in the difficulties into which it had lured me. In one of my midnight orgies—for instance—being summoned by the parole before the waywode, "I was actually on my way to his worship," I forthwith exclaimed, "in order to discharge an old debt. Pray, gentlemen, have the goodness to take charge of these few sequins; but only pay them at your own convenience;"—and immediately my freedom was restored to me with a hundred bows and scrapes. In another frolicsome mood, making so great

a noise on the canal that the bostanjee bashee had me handcuffed in spite of my berath—on the plea that it was too dark to read it:—"I have heard," I cried, "that a fine carbuncle will throw out as much light as a lamp. Vouchsafe, mighty sir, to try the experiment with this ring;"—and all at once the officer saw so clearly I was a berathlee, as to grant me the entire range of the Bosphorus.

These occasional frolics were necessary to keep up my spirits under the depression which they began to experience. For my intrigue cast upon my free agency a constraint which I had never felt before. I, who until that period knew not what it was to abstain or to conceal; who even with the haughtiest of the archondessas of the fanar used to assert my liberty, and to mock the fair one's rage, now felt anxious, with the prisoner of a harem, to dissemble the least act of inconstancy, however unpremeditated. Nor let it be supposed that this conduct proceeded from any fear of stopping the current of the lady's bounty. It is true that where I gave my love, and would have given my utmost largess, had the means been mine, I scrupled not, with the affections, to receive the gifts of my wealthy mistress: but all the gold of Peru could not have purchased my person, had not my heart fully ratified the bargain; and Esmé owed to her situation—not to my selfishness—a consideration which never yet had accompanied my preferences. The archon's wife, a free agent like myself, like me had been mistress of her choice, and where I sinned against her, had possessed all the means to retaliate. It was not so with Esmé. She was a helpless captive, who could not punish my offences by following my example. What with the one seemed a justifiable proceeding, with the other became wanton cruelty.

And most acutely would the fair Mohammedan have felt any unnecessary wound inflicted by my hand: most alive was her susceptible mind to all the fellest pangs of jealousy. "When first I loved you," she said, "you had

never beheld me, you knew not whether I was fair or hideous, you could not harbour the least spark of reciprocal affection; you might, without the smallest sacrifice on your part, for ever have kept out of my sight, and left my hopeless flame, unfed, to die away. This, indeed—had not your heart been free, and able to return all the warmth of my feelings— honour, justice, and humanity required. You acted otherwise; ere yet you felt a spark of reciprocal tenderness, you threw yourself purposely in my way; you sedulously nourished my passion, and you have carried my madness to that pitch where it must find yours commensurate, or end in my perdition. You now are bound to sustain the affection which you have gratuitously raised: you are pledged to save me from despair. If, after having fanned my love into a resistless blaze, you should think of forsaking me, I die; but the blow by which I fall—that same blow shall kill us both."

The same blow did not kill both! For when long impunity had made me so daring as to invade the effendee's own roof; when suspicions arose in the husband's mind which he resolved to verify; when on he rushed to his harem; when right and left flew the woman's slippers, placed as a spell at its threshold; when open burst the door of the sanctuary, and jealousy carried its search into the inmost recesses of the gynecæum; when what became of the hapless Esmé, heaven, the effendee, and the Black Sea alone can tell,—not a hair of my head received the smallest injury. That very impetuosity of my enemy which seemed to doom me to certain and immediate destruction, proved the means of my preservation. In the very act of making my escape, the door, which turned back upon its hinges, turned back upon my person, and concealed the intruder behind its friendly screen, till the effendee and his troop had passed by. I then slipped away, unperceived by any creature within. Some slaves, however, who kept watch on the outside, seeing me run, and in evident confusion, set up a hue and cry. Find-

ing they gave me chase, I darted into a mosque, whose open gate seemed to invite my entrance. All I wanted was to throw my pursuers off the scent. A few old Moslemen were in the djamee[2] mumbling their evening prayers; and while the mob outside howled after the adulterer, the congregation within began to scream at the yaour. Thus placed between two fires, all hopes of escape forsook me. I felt as if I must—but for some special miracle—soon be torn to pieces!

One human measure only remained to save my life. I drew my dagger, threw my cloak over my face, leaned my back against the mihrab,[3] and cried, "I am a Moslemin!"

If there existed not even any positive evidence of guilt having found its way at all into the effendee's harem, still less did there exist any direct proof of my being the offender. All that could be alleged against me was merely circumstantial. So far from being found in the wife's faithless arms, I had not even been caught under the injured husband's roof. At most I had displayed my activity somewhat near the dwelling disturbed; but though this might be reason enough to massacre an infidel, a follower of the true faith—however recent his conversion—demanded greater respect.

From the moment, therefore, in which I invoked the name of the prophet, every breath of accusation was hushed, every hand became suspended. A magic power seemed to arrest the daggers on my very breast. A fanatical mob instantly took under its protection the new, the fervent proselyte.

But this proselyte I had bound myself to be. I had proclaimed myself one of the faithful; and on the spot, in the very mosque, I went through the various forms which mark the reclaimed infidel, and announce his admission into the bosom of islamism.

## CHAPTER X.

Historians often err in attributing to a single great cause the effect of many minute circumstances combined. My sagacious biographer, for instance, would not fail to place my abjuration of the Christian faith entirely and solely to the account of my intrigue with a Turkish fair one, and the desperate alternative between life and death which ensued. Nothing would be more erroneous. The seemingly bold measure had long been preparing in *petto;* and the unexpected dilemma to which I was reduced may only be said to have fixed the period for its execution.

There had arrived at Pera a foreigner whom I shall call Eugenius. His ostensible object was to acquire the ancient lore of the East, in return for which he most liberally dealt out the new creed of the West. I cannot better describe him than as the antipode to Father Ambrogio. For as the one was a missionary of a society for the propagation of belief, so was the other an emissary of a sect for the diffusion of disbelief. He meditated indeed a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but with the view to prove more scientifically the fatuity of all things holy. Reason, philosophy, and universal toleration were the only objects of his reverence; and some of his tenets, which I picked up by the way, had in them something plausible to my mind, and, if not true, seemed to my inexperience *ben trovati.* He conceived that there might exist offences between man and man, such as adultery, murder, etc., of a blacker dye than the imperfect performance of certain devout practices—eating pork steaks in Lent included; and, above all, he thought that, whatever number of crimes a man might, on

using his utmost diligence, crowd in the short span of this life, they still might possibly be atoned for in the next by only five hundred thousand million of centuries (he would not abate a single second) of the most excruciating tor ture; though this period was absolutely nothing compared with eternity. As to his other tenets, they were too heinous to mention.

Ere Father Ambrogio was aware that Eugenius broached such abominable doctrines, he had introduced me to him in the quality of drogueman, or rather of cicerone; and the tone in which I was received might have made the father suspect that all was not right. But the father's range of intellectual vision extended not further than his own nose,[2] and that nose was a snub one.

"It was you quibbling, sophistical Greeks," cried Eugenius, laughing, "who, proud, at the commencement of the Christian era, of your recently imported gnosticism, perverted by its mystic doctrine the simple tenets of Christianity. It was you who, ever preferring the improbable and the marvellous to the natural and the probable, have contended for taking in a literal, and therefore in an absurd sense, a thousand expressions which, in the phraseology of the East, were only meant as figurative and symbolical; and it was you who have set the baneful example of admitting, in religious matters, the most extraordinary deviations from the course of nature and from human experience, on such partial and questionable evidence, as, in the ordinary affairs of man, and in a modern court of justice, would not be received on the most common and probable occurrence."

Father Ambrogio, who conceived that every reflection upon the Greeks must be in favour of the Romans, was delighted with this speech, and, as he went away, earnestly recommended to me to treasure up in my memory all the sagacious sayings of the wise man whom I had the happiness to serve.

But it was not long before he changed his mind. The very next day, when I called on Eugenius, I found Padre Ambrogio in most angry discussion with him about the doctrine of divine clemency, which the friar could not abide. Eugenius at last was obliged to say, in his laughing way, that since the father appeared so incurably anxious for endless punishment, all he could do for him was to pray that, by a single exception in his favour, he at least might be damned to all eternity. Father Ambrogio, who never laughed, and who hated Eugenius the more for always laughing, upon this speech left the room: but the next time he met me alone, he very seriously cautioned me against one who, he was sure, must be a devil incarnate.

"If so," thought I, "he preaches against his own trade; and his principal is little obliged to him for making his dominion a mere leasehold, instead of a perpetuity." Meanwhile I resolved not to be too sure, and, when Eugenius took off his clothes, watched whether I could perceive the cloven foot. Nothing appearing at all like it, and his disposition seeming gentle, obliging, and humane, I began to be fond of his company,—until, from liking the man, I unfortunately by degrees came not to dislike some parts of the doctrine of which he was the apostle.

Eugenius differed in one respect from his brethren of the new school. While they wished to subvert all former systems *in toto*, ere they began to re-edify according to their new plan, he, on the contrary, only contended for the appeal to reason on points of internal faith, and urged, in external practices, the propriety of conforming to the established worship;—and this, not from selfish but philanthropic motives; "for," said he, "while the vulgar retain a peculiar belief, they will close their eyes and hearts against whatever practical good those wish to do them who join not in their creed; and should they, in imitation of their betters, give up some of their idle tenets—unable immediately, like those they imitate, to replace the checks

of superstition by the powers of reason—they will only from bad lapse into worse, let loose the reins to their passions, and exchange errors for crimes."

Now, in conformity to this doctrine of my master, what could be clearer than that it behoved me, where the koran was become the supreme law,—as a quiet orderly citizen, zealous in support of the establishment—with all possible speed to become a Mohammedan? Should there happen to be any personal advantage connected with this public duty; should my conforming to it open the door to places and preferments from which I otherwise must remain shut out; should it raise me from the rank of the vanquished to that of the victors, and enable me, instead of being treated with contempt by the Turkish beggar, to elbow the Greek prince, was that my fault? or could it be a motive to abstain from what was right, that it was also profitable?

The arguments appeared to me so conclusive, that I had only been watching for an opportunity to throw off the contemptuous appellation of Nazarene, and to become associated to the great aristocracy of islamism, some time before the fair Esmé lent the peculiar grace of her accent to its Allah Illah Allah; and though, for the credit of my sincerity, I could wish my conversion not exactly to have taken place at the particular moment at which the light of truth happened to shine upon me, yet, all things considered, I thought it wiser not to quibble about punctilios, than to be sewed in a sack, and served up for breakfast to some Turkish shark.

Thus it was that the doctrine of pure reason ended in making me a Mohammedan:—but with a pang I quitted for the strange sound of Selim my old and beloved name of Anastasius, given me by my father, and so often and so sweetly repeated by my Helena.

I was scarce a Mohammedan skin-deep, when I again met Padre Ambrogio, whom, since my affair with Esmé, I had entirely lost sight of, and who knew not my apostacy.

"Son," said he in a placid tone, "we are all at times prone to passion. I myself, meek as you now see me, have had my unguarded moments: but it is impossible that you should not wish to achieve the glorious work so well begun. Suppose, therefore, we resume our spiritual exercises. You are already so far advanced in the right road, that we cannot fail ultimately to make you an exemplary Roman catholic."

"Father," answered I, "what may ultimately happen it is not in man to foresee: meantime, since we met last, another trifling impediment has arisen to my embracing the Latin creed. I am become a Moslemin."

At this unlooked-for obstacle, Father Ambrogio started back full three yards. "Holy virgin!" exclaimed he, "how could you make such a mistake?"

Not caring to assign the true cause, "I wanted," said I, "to secure in the next world a little harem of black-eyed girls."

At this speech Father Ambrogio fetched a deep sigh; and began to muse, looking alternately at his habit and at mine.—"Well!" said he, after a pause; "at least you no longer are a Greek, and that is something;" and hereupon he departed,—wondering, I suppose, where, in his paradise, Mohammed meant to dispose of the angels whose eyes were blue.

I never was very ambitious of learning, but my new godfather, a formal Turkish gray-beard, could not brook my total ignorance of my new religion. "You are not here among Scheyis,"[2] said he, "who under the name of Mohammedans live the lives of yaoors, drink wine as freely as we swallow opium, and make as little scruple of having in their possession paintings of pretty faces,[3] as if at the day of judgment they were not to find souls for all those bodies of their own creating. You are—Allah be praised!—among strict and orthodox sunnees; and however an old

believer may have had time to forget his creed, a young neophyte should have it at his fingers' ends."

So I had to learn my catechism afresh. Great indeed was my inclination to expostulate:—but all I could obtain was to be provided with a teacher who, for my twenty paras a lesson, should put me in the way of passing over the bridge Seerath[4] as speedily as possible. And this I was promised.

Nothing therefore could exceed my surprise, when in walked the gravest of the whole grave body of doctors of law—the very pink and quintessence of true believers; one who would not miss saying his namaz regularly four times a day, three hundred and sixty days in the year,[5] for all the treasures of the devas:[6] who, to obtain the epithet of hafeez,[7] had learnt his whole koran by heart unto the last stop; and who, not satisfied with praying to God like other people, had linked himself to a set of dancing derwishes, for the sole purpose of addressing the Deity with more effect in a sugar-loaf cap, and spinning round the room like a top:—a personage who, in a devout fit, would plump down upon his knees in the midst of the most crowded street, without turning his head round before he had finished the last reckath[8] of his orison, if all Constantinople were trembling in an earthquake; who, considering all amusements as equally heinous, made no difference between a game of chess or mangala and illicit attentions to one's own great-grandmother; and once, in his devout fury, with his enormous chaplet positively demolished Karagheuz[9] in the midst of all his drollery: a personage who, at the end of the Ramadan,[10] looked like a walking spectre, and the very last time of this fast absolutely doubled its length, only for having snuffed up with pleasure, before the hours of abstinence were over, the fumes of a kiebab on its passage out of a cook-shop: a personage who had an absolute horror of all representations of the human

figure—those of St. Mark on the Venetian sequin only excepted: a personage, in fine, who already was surnamed in his own district the wely or saint; and whom all his neighbours were dying to see dead, only that they might hang their rags round his grave, and so get cured of the ague.

When this reverend moollah[11] first made his appearance, his face was still bedewed with tears of sympathy, occasioned by a most heart-rending scene of domestic woe, which his charitable hand had just assuaged. In an adjoining street he had found, stretched out on the bare pavement, a whole miserable family—father, mother, brothers, sisters, together with at least a dozen children of tender age—in a state of complete starvation. The very description of such a piteous sight harrowed up my soul. Lest, however, the holy man should incur a suspicion of having been betrayed into a weakness so reprehensible as that of pity for the human species—for which he felt all the contempt it deserved, and which he never presumed to solace under any of the visitations inflicted by Providence—I should add, that the wretched objects of his present compassion were of that less reprobated sort, the canine species! They belonged to those troops of unowned dogs which the Turks of Constantinople allow to live in their streets on the public bounty, in order to have the pleasure of seeing them bark at the Christians whom their Frank dress betrays. To these, and other beings of the irrational genus, were confined the benefactions of my tutor; but if his own species had few obligations to acknowledge from him, he was recorded as having purchased the liberty of three hundred and fifty canary-birds in cages, granted pensions to the baker and butcher for the maintenance of fifty cats, and left at least a dozen dogs, whom he found on the *pavé*, handsomely provided for in his will.

No sooner was my venerable instructor comfortably seated on his heels in the angle of my sofa, than, looking

around him with an air of complacency, as if he liked my lodgings, he told me, to my infinite satisfaction, that, provided he only took his station there for two hours every day, he pledged himself before the end of the first year to instruct me thoroughly in all the diversities of the four orthodox rituals — the Hanefy, Schafey, Hanbaly, and Malcky; together with all that belonged to the ninety-nine epithets of the Deity, represented by the ninety-nine beads of the chaplet. In the space of another twelvemonth he ventured to hope that he might go over with me the principal difference between the two hundred and eighty most canonical mufessirs or commentators on the koran, as well as examine the two hundred and thirty-five articles of the creed, concerning which theologians disagree; and in the third year of our course, he promised to enable me completely to refute all the objections which the alewys and other dissenters make to the sunnee creed; and to give me a general idea of the tenets of the seventy-two leading heretical sects, from that of Ata-hakem-Mookanna, or the one-eyed prophet with the golden mask, to Khaud-Hassan, the fanatic who eat pork and drank wine in the public market-place like any Christian: so as, through dint of so much diligence, on the fourth and last year to have nothing to do but to go over the whole again, and imprint it indelibly on my memory. By way of a little foretaste of the method of disputation in which he promised to instruct me, he took up one of the controverted points; first raised his own objections against it; and then—as he had an indubitable right to do with his undisputed property—again completely overset them by the irresistible force of his arguments; after which—having entirely silenced his adversary—he rose, equally proud of the acuteness of his own rhetoric, and charmed with the sagacity with which I had listened.

The truth is, I had fallen asleep; for which reason, when I suddenly awoke on the din of his argumentation ceasing, I shook my head with a profound air, and by way of show

ing how much in earnest I meant to be, with a very wise look said, I could not give my unqualified assent until I heard both sides of the question. Thus far I had heard neither.

This determination rather surprised my doctor, who seemed to have relied on my faculty of implicit credence. "Hear both sides of the question!" exclaimed he in utter astonishment. "Why, that is just the way never to come to a conclusion, and to remain in suspense all the days of one's life! Wise men first adopt an opinion, and then learn to defend it. For my part I make it a rule never to hear but one side, and so do all who wish to settle their belief."

The thing had never occurred to me before; but I thought it had in it a something plausible, which at any rate made me resolve not to lengthen the four years' course by idle doubts. Accordingly, in the three first lessons I agreed to every thing the doctor said or meant to say, even before he opened his mouth, and only wondered how things so simple, for instance, as the prophet's ascent to the third heaven on the horse Borak, with a peacock's tail and a woman's face (I mean the horse), could be called in question. Unfortunately, when in the fourth lesson the moollah asserted that islamism was destined ultimately to pervade the whole globe, a preposterous longing seized me to show my learning. I asked how that could be, when, as Eugenius had asserted, an uninterrupted day of several months put the fast of the Ramadan wholly out of the question near the poles? This difficulty, which the doctor could not solve, of course put him into a great rage. He reddened, rubbed his forehead, repeated my query, and at last told me, in a violent perspiration, that if I mixed travellers' tales with theology, he must give up my instruction.

I was too happy to take him at his word; instantly paid what I owed for the lessons received, and begged henceforth to remain in contented ignorance. Lest, how-

ever, I should appear petulant to my godfather, I went and desired him to find me a moollah that was reasonable.

"A moolah that is reasonable!" exclaimed an old gentleman present, who happened to belong to the order himself. "Why, young man, that is a most unreasonable request. The koran itself declares the ink of the learned to be equal in value to the blood of martyrs; and where will a single drop be shed in disputation, if all agree to be reasonable? But come," added he, laughing, "I will undertake, without a fee, to teach you in one word all that is necessary to appear a thorough-bred Moslemin; and if you doubt my receipt, you may even get a fethwa of the mufti, if you please, to confirm its efficacy. Whenever you meet with an infidel, abuse him with all your might, and no one will doubt you are yourself a stanch believer." I promised to follow the advice.

## CHAPTER XI.

Stern winter had breathed his last: his churlish progeny had fled. The waves were no longer lashed by storms, nor was the earth fettered by frost. Constantinople hailed the day, revered alike by Greeks and Turks, when St. George opens in state the gaudy portals of the spring. The north wind had ceased to howl through Stambool's thin habitations. Mild zephyr reigned alone; and as his fragrant breath went forth in gentle sighs, the white winding sheet of snow shrunk on the swelling mountain, while a soft and verdant carpet of young herbage spread along the hollow valley. The taller trees of the forest might stil

slumber awhile; the lesser shrubs and plants of the garden were all waking, to resume their summer robes of rich and varied dye. Blushing blossoms crowned their heads, and every transient gale was loaded with their fragrance. Over fields enamelled with the crimson anemone fluttered millions of azure butterflies, just broke forth from their shells with the flowers on which they fed, and hardly able yet to unfurl their wings in air: while on every bough was heard some feathered songster, hailing the new season of joy and of love. The very steeds of the imperial stables, liberated that day from their dark winter stalls, measured with mad delight the verdant meads of Kiadhané, while their joyful neighing re-echoed from the hills around. Under each dazzling portico reflected in the Bosphorus, were seen groups of ich-oglans and pages, sporting their new spring suits, like gilded beetles, in the sun. All eyes seemed riveted on the Othoman fleet, which in gay and gallant trim issued forth from the harbour, and, with every snowy sail swelling in the breeze, majestically advanced towards Marmora's wider basin, there to commence its yearly cruise through the mazy Archipelago. Of the immense population of Constantinople a part was skimming, in barges glittering like gold-fish, the scarce ruffled surface of the channel, while the remainder gaily sauntered on the fringed terraces that overhang its mirror, and in the woody vales that branch out from its banks. On all sides resounded the tuneful lyre and the noisy cymbal, animating the steps of the joyous dancers. Nature and art, the human race and the brute creation, seemed alike to enjoy in every form of diversified festivity the epoch when recommence the hopes, the labours, and the delights of summer.

I too was one of the mirthful throng. In company with a few Osmanlees, not the most rigid of their race, I had been indulging in the orgies of the day outside the gate of Selivria. Somewhat flushed with the juice of the berry which Bacchus first planted in my country, we were re-

turning toward the Top Capoossee,[1] when close beside us came prancing an exceeding bad horseman mounted on a worse steed. At Constantinople it often occurs that an old menial, whose rambles never extended beyond the village of St. Stephen's, and whose foot never pressed a stirrup, is rewarded for his domestic services by a military fief or zeeameth,[2] at ten or twenty days' journey from the capital. He then first learns to ride in the plains outside the gate of Andrinople,—in order that he may know how to cling to his saddle, when constrained to present himself before his distant vassals. Of this description seemed to be the equestrian whose pleasure it was to annoy us. Proud of his newly acquired horsemanship, he was incessantly in our way, now trotting, now prancing, now galloping at full speed; so as to keep us involved in a constant cloud of dust, with the additional advantage of expecting every instant a nearer participation in his horse's kicks and curvetings. Whether we went slow or fast, or turned to the right or the left to avoid him, still he haunted us like our shadow; or, if for a moment he seemed to have taken his leave, it was only to raise a fallacious hope, and to return to the charge, like the forest fly, when least expected. Vexatious as was the fellow's behaviour, my either less irritable or more sober companions agreed not to notice it. They would have nothing to do, they said, with a saucy *green-head*, only amenable before his own officers, and sure to be supported—be his behaviour what it might—by all his comrades. Less patient, or less awed by the prophet's kindred, I swore I would grapple with the emir, and soil with the crimson of his own blood the green rag round his thick skull, upon which he presumed with such insolence,—when, guessing my intentions, he buried his sharp stirrups[3] in his lank and harassed steed, and scampered away: but not before he had succeeded in what seemed throughout to be the sole aim of all his labour: namely, in bespattering me from head to foot with all the

mud of almost the only puddle which the sun's daily increasing power had left in the road.

Who that—in the full pride of an entire new suit, of which the colour has long been pondered over, the stuff chosen after infinite consideration, the making only intrusted to the most skilful artists, the fitting tried in all its various stages, and the final possession obtained only at the very period destined for its display—is fated to see the work of so much thought and labour irretrievably spoilt in its first bloom, and ere yet the world has been dazzled by its splendour;—who, I say, that is fated to undergo such a trial ever preserved his temper unruffled, and was blessed with feelings sufficiently torpid to abstain from falling out even with blind undesigning chance?

Then fancy my impatient spirit submitted to this trial, and that by the unprovoked malice of a fellow mortal! But a few moments before, alas! the vest of purple broad cloth, the velvet jacket of emerald green, the scarlet bernoos[4] lined with sky-blue satin, and the ample trowsers of a blushing lilac, still shone through the mazy net-work of gold cast over every seam, in the full perfection of their primitive purity. After parading their beauties all day long, like a peacock, in the country, I was only going homewards to display them all the evening, to still greater advantage, in the most brilliant coffee-houses in the town, when all my honours fell blasted in the bud, and—through the insolence of a paltry serving-man—every item of my gay attire was made to drip with a black offensive mud; so that I looked like a once gaudy tulip, whose erect splendour has been crushed by some ass's heedless hoof. Such was my indignation at the insult, and still more at the escape of the culprit, that I felt a positive want of some luckless wight, on whom to vent my ungovernable rage.

At that inauspicious moment, who should suddenly start up, as from the very bowels of the earth, but Anagnosti, whom I had left a prisoner in the bagnio!

On quitting that hideous place, I was fully determined not to let an hour elapse without applying for my friend's liberation, nor to rest until I had procured it. For that purpose chiefly I had gone to Mavroyeni. The reader may remember how I was received at his door. The fainting fit which followed this ineffectual visit, the illness in the hospital, and the indigence I had to encounter on first being thrown anew upon the world, were circumstances which combined to prevent for several weeks all furtherance of my design. When my condition improved, other impediments arose. I then thought it advisable to wait till I had earned a character, had acquired friends among the Franks, and had purchased the berath which might give greater independence to my movements in behalf of a rayah. These desiderata came in due time, but with them also unfortunately came the infatuation of my Turkish amour, during which I was obliged, for my mistress's sake, carefully to avoid attracting the public attention; and this affair only ended in that apostacy which made me, bold as I was, dread the reproachful sight of Anagnosti,—of him whose faith neither fear, nor interest, nor even pleasure had had power to shake. Yet I had not abandoned my purpose; and had determined, the very day after St. George, to undertake the seemingly arduous work of my friend's release, when he thus unexpectedly crossed my way.

The very presence of Anagnosti—of Anagnosti so long neglected in his forlorn situation, and of Anagnosti freed at last from his fetters without my assistance—was in itself a severe rebuke. Convicted by my friend's enlargement of a culpable neglect, I almost regretted his liberation as premature. I felt it as an event expressly brought about to shame me. Though in reality the poor youth only came from celebrating—somewhat more devoutly, no doubt,—the same festival[5] with myself, he seemed only to rush thus full upon me, while yet ignorant of his liberty and unpre-

pared for his appearance, in order to take me by surprise, and to enjoy my confusion.

And this idea, mortifying in itself, became doubly galling at a moment when, had even my conscience proclaimed me Anagnosti's sole deliverer, I still would have wished to be spared all expression of his gratitude. Thrown among Osmanlees proud of their untainted blood, I had but just asserted a perfect equality with my lofty companions. I had sworn, indeed, that I was not one of those Candiote Turks[6] who, though three parts Greek, are yet regarded as among the highest mettled of the sultan's Mohammedan subjects: but I had sworn to this truth in a jesting tone; had in consequence been disbelieved as I wished, and had thus found means to combine with pretensions to strict veracity the benefit of a lie: I had even, in conformity with the moollah's advice, most vehemently abused the whole race of Christian dogs; and, in the midst of my success and my exultation, I now stood most unexpectedly confronted with the only person who must, by his familiar address, not only overturn the whole fabric of my raising, but proclaim me a mere renegado,—a downright outcast from the very bagnio!

A circumstance so provoking—so subversive of all my views and wishes—was sufficient to give Anagnosti, in my already ruffled mind, the character of an enemy rather than a friend. The instant I perceived him, shame set my cheek on fire; I tried to avoid his irksome notice: but already I had caught his watchful eye.

In this situation I felt that a mere retreating movement would only invite a more eager advance; and conceived that nothing but a coolness so marked on my part as to chill on that of Anagnosti every demonstration of warmth, and perhaps even to make him scorn in his contempt of me all signs of recognition, could save me from his fearful familiarity. Upon this principle, instead of either darting forward to meet his embrace, or shrinking from his approach,

I stopped suddenly short, stood entirely motionless, and, with all the dignity of the turban, merely put out my hand, to receive the homage of his respectful lip.

His first glance, alighting only on my features, had made him rush forward to press me to his bosom. His second look, falling on my dress and companions, again arrested his progress, and seemed to rivet his feet to the ground. Hence, judging him sufficiently awed by my mere appearance, I now ventured to utter some condescending expressions: but my words he heeded not. Keeping his haggard eyes fixed on my person, he asked me whether a spell fascinated his senses, or whether in reality I was become..... a Moslemin, he would have said; but the hateful appellation he had not power to utter. Not caring for the completion of the sentence—"be Selim what he may," I hastily cried, "proceed thou, without fear."

The pious ceremonies of the morning had even carried beyond its usual exalted pitch my friend's religious enthusiam. At this mortifying speech, resentment of my neglect, indignation at my apostacy, wounded pride, and disappointed affection took possession of his soul.

"Fear!" exclaimed he,—repeating my last words with an hysteric laugh; while his eye darted lightning, and his lip curled up in scorn;—"Fear suits only the deserter of his country and his God!"

So proud a taunt completed the rising ferment of my blood. Enraged at the invective; still more enraged at its coming from a rayah, from a man of mean appearance, and in the presence of sneering Osmanlees, I mechanically thrust my hand in my girdle, and drew out my handjar. It was an unmeaning and half involuntary action: I had no fatal purpose; I intended not—no! upon the solemn word of one again prostrate before the cross—I intended not to hurt a hair of my friend's sacred head. A flourish, to dazzle the Osmanlee eyes which were watching all my motions, was all I had in view. Frantic, Anagnosti rushed forward and

fell—fell upon the too diligently sharpened weapon! Feeling that its point had entered, he with one hand pressed it home to his heart, while with the other he struck me convulsively away. The dagger—slipping through my palsied fingers—remained, as he intended, deep buried in his side!

Leisurely he drew it out, and with a sort of complacency viewed his blood as it trickled from the blade: but presently his eyes filling with tears,—tears not flowing for his present sufferings, but from the remembrance of things gone by—"O my mother, my mother," he exclaimed, "thy dying words prove true! My friends alone have been my perdition; and the small crimson speck found on the bands of our brotherhood is grown into the stream that now gushes from my heart!—but at least, Anastasius," added he, with a look which pierced my very soul, "I have prevented him, who made a vow to defend me to his last dying breath, from being himself the destroyer of my wretched life. When released from the bagnio through the kindness of strangers, I wondered what event caused the neglect of my friend,—wondered why Anastasius alone had abandoned his Anagnosti. Alas! I knew not that thou hadst forsaken thy God!—May he pardon thee as I do. Life to me has long been bitterness; death is a welcome guest: I rejoin those that love me,—and in a better place. Already, methinks, watching my flight, they stretch out their arms from heaven to their dying Anagnosti. Thou,—if there be in thy breast one spark of pity left for him thou once namedst thy brother; for him to whom a holy tie, a sacred vow . . . . . Ah! suffer not the starving hounds in the street . . . . . See a little hallowed earth thrown over my wretched corpse."

These words were his last: he staggered; his body fell lifeless across the highway, and his spotless soul flew to heaven.

In the day of battle, so mighty are the preparations for hurling death at thousands; by so many are the shafts of

the grim destroyer expected, launched, and felt, so rapidly are the slain often followed by their slayers, and the mourned by their mourners, that the harvest of the grave, however dire and sudden, scarce finds leisure to be noticed; and no longer appals an imagination already dizzy with excitement, or stunned with repeated blows: but, when, in the hour of mirth and revelry, a single living frame of exquisite perfection is, by some unforeseen shaft of fate, suddenly snatched away from the gay scene, and in the full exercise of all its energies transformed to a lump of insensible clay—when we behold it stretched out, equally unconscious of insult and of pity, in the kindred dust—how drear, how awful is the sudden change!

Then add that this frame thus transformed was that of my friend—of my brother;—and that my own thrice cursed dagger had wrought the deadly change!

Oppressed at this spectacle beyond the power of a human pen to describe, I long continued fixed in intent amazement on the spot; I long continued gazing on my friend's lifeless form; and at last—late at night, and after every curious bystander had insensibly dropped off—returned, exhausted with anguish, into the city, by the same gate through which in the morning I had sought the country, brimful of thoughtless mirth.

Sad, indeed, was now my soul! I felt the hand of the Almighty growing heavy upon me. I felt the long series of chastisements beginning which awaited my apostacy. Precisely where the religion of my fathers had imposed upon me the most sacred ties, where by my change I had most grievously sinned against its high behests, and where the punishment of my infidelity must give my heart the deepest wound, there the first blow had been struck! It was because I had abandoned my God that I had been doomed to lose my friend—the friend to whom I had been sworn in his holy name!—and doomed to lose that friend by my own baleful hand! And so great became, from the bitter

taste of its first fruits, the sense of my guilt, that, could I only have avoided the dismal fate of an utter outcast, forced for ever to fly from home and country, I should willingly have forfeited all else which I possessed, even now to abjure my new errors and to return to my forsaken faith. Nor did any fear of the consequences which awaited my rashness mix itself with the feelings called forth by my misfortune. Had I even been most unquestionably guilty of the premeditated murder of an infidel, my life, as a Moslemin, could run no risk from the award of the Turkish law. But the numerous circle which had witnessed the scene united in asserting my entire innocence of the deed which I bewailed; and when, on the morning ensuing, I presented myself of my own accord at the nearest mek-kiemé[7] to take my trial, the cadee, after exchanging a few words with his naib,[8] dismissed me fully acquitted.

Not so my own conscience! Loud and ceaseless were its upbraidings. "Thy dagger," it cried, "has been lifted on thy friend; it has killed thy brother; it has struck him to the heart, whom it ought to have defended while thy hand could grasp its hilt; its accursed edge has cut through the holiest of engagements, and doomed to destruction the sincerest piety and the tenderest affection. To the last day of thy life, the wound inflicted by thee on Anagnosti shall continue to fester in thine own distracted bosom; it shall remain fresh and green when his mouldering remains have fallen into dust; it shall follow thee beyond the grave; it shall make thee dread to meet thy friend even in the regions of eternal bliss,—if it should not eternally close against thee their inexorable doors."

To hush the relentless monitor, to honour my ill-fated friend's remains, and to appease his shade, I did all that I now could do. I not only had his body carried to the grave in splendid procession, masses performed for his unspotted soul, the boiled wheat[9] handed round among the congregation, the purest marble sought for a gorgeous

tombstone; I myself—clothed as I was in Mohammed's hateful livery—followed at a distance the dismal pomp, with my garments soiled, my feet bare, and my head strewed with ashes. From an obscure aisle in the church I beheld the solemn service; saw on the field of death the pale stiff corpse lowered into its narrow cell, and hoping to exhaust sorrow's bitter cup, at night, when all mankind hushed its griefs, went back to my friend's final resting-place, lay down upon his silent grave, and watered with my tears the fresh raised hollow mound.

In vain! Nor my tears nor my sorrows could avail. No offerings nor penance could purchase me repose. Wherever I went, the beginning of our friendship and its issue still alike rose in view; the fatal spot of blood still danced before my steps, and the reeking dagger hovered before my aching eyes. In the silent darkness of the night I saw the pale phantom of my friend stalk round my watchful couch, covered with gore and dust; and even during the unavailing riots of the day, I still beheld the spectre rise over the festive board, glare on me with piteous look, and hand me whatever I attempted to reach. But whatever it presented seemed blasted by its touch. To my wine it gave the taste of blood, and to my bread the rank flavour of death!

I who before had set at nought even the sober creed of the sage, now sought comfort in the silly superstitions of the vulgar. I made offerings to the inexorable Fates. I supplicated the awful *Moirai*[10] to withhold from me their scourges. Thinking by swift motion to fly from the vision which every where pursued my steps, I bestrode the swiftest coursers, and roamed the country over. I flew across hill and dale, both early in the morning and late at night —now descending headlong the steep banks of the Propontis, now rushing along the rugged shores of the Euxine.

Among my acquaintance was a rich Armenian. The fondness for handsome horses, prevalent among his nation,

in him was a perfect passion; but a passion which the jealous laws of the Turks only suffered a rayah to indulge in secret. He might keep, at an immense cost, the most magnificent coursers that came from his own country: bestride them he durst not—except in their stalls. To ride and to enjoy them he was obliged to hire some mean Mohammedan; and, as the noble animals often wanted exercise, he was glad to assist me in flying from my sorrows, by giving me the unrestrained use of his costly stud.

Thus enjoying the command of the fleetest horses and the most active grooms, I took care that neither should want exercise. I devoted my whole time to drawing the bow, and flinging the djereed.[11] No where was I seen, but at the Ocmeidan and in the Hippodrome;[12] where I endeavoured to raise my oppressed spirits, by sending them on the wing after a barbed arrow or a staff that cleft the air. In order to concentrate on one point all my faculties and feelings, I used to set myself a task. I resolved to hit a particular mark at an assigned distance, and I left not the spot until I had performed the feat. This practice gave me a dexterity in warlike exercises, of which at a later period I reaped the benefit. At the time of its acquirement, the swiftest motion of my body was not sufficient to afford my mind repose. The instant I vaulted into my saddle, the gaunt spectre of death leaped up behind me. I might walk or I might gallop, saunter along or fly at full speed; yet would the avenging spirit alike goad my galled heart, and with his iron gripe wring my breast to suffocation. If for an instant I breathed more freely—if sometimes I conceived a transient hope that my gloom was wearing out, it soon proved a mere delusion; and even in Beotia's swamps, and where autumn seres the leaf, the sun's enfeebled rays find not greater difficulty to pierce the chilling mist, than did the least glimpse of hilarity to penetrate the shroud of anguish which surrounded my heart.

As a last and desperate resource, I tried to drive away my frightful visions by gayer dreams, the children of drowsy opium. I found my way to the great mart of that deleterious drug, the Theriakee-tchartchee.[13] There, in elegant coffee-houses, adorned with trellised awnings, the dose of delusion is measured out to each customer according to his wishes. But lest its visitors should forget to what place they are hieing, directly facing its painted porticoes stands the great receptacle of mental imbecility, erected by Sultan Suleiman for the use of his capital.

In this tchartchee might be seen any day a numerous collection of those whom private sorrows have driven to a public exhibition of insanity. There each reeling idiot might take his neighbour by the hand, and say: "Brother, and what ailed thee, to seek so dire a cure?" There did I with the rest of its familiars now take my habitual station in my solitary niche, like an insensible motionless idol, sitting with sightless eye-balls staring on vacuity.

One day, as I lay in less entire absence than usual under the purple vines of the porch, admiring the gold-tipped domes of the majestic Sulimanye, the appearance of an old man with a snow-white beard, reclining on the couch beside me, caught my attention. Half plunged in stupor, he every now and then burst out into a wild laugh, occasioned by the grotesque phantasms which the ample dose of madjoon[14] he had just swallowed was sending up to his brain. I sat contemplating him with mixed curiosity and dismay, when, as if for a moment roused from his torpor, he took me by the hand, and fixing on my countenance his dim vacant eyes, said in an impressive tone: "Young man, thy days are yet few; take the advice of one who, alas! has counted many. Lose no time; hie thee hence, nor cast behind one lingering look: but if thou hast not the strength, why tarry even here? Thy journey is but half achieved. At once go on to that large mansion before thee. It is thy

ultimate destination; and by thus beginning where thou must end at last, thou mayest at least save both thy time and thy money."

The old man here fell back into his apathy, but I was roused effectually. I resolved to renounce the slow poison of whose havock my neighbour presented so woful a specimen; and, in order not to preserve even a memento of the sin I abjured, presented him, as a reward for his advice, with the little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug which I used to make my solace. He took the bauble without appearing sensible of the gift, while I, running into the middle of the square, pronounced with outstretched hands,[15] against the execrable market where insanity was sold by the ounce, a solemn malediction.

The curse, I believe, took effect. Certain it is, that with me seemed to depart for ever the prosperity of the Theriakee-tchartchee. From the day I turned my back upon its fatal abodes, the use of wine and spirits may be said in Constantinople to have superseded that of opium. Every succeeding year has seen the trade of madjoon decline faster, and the customers of those that sell it diminish more rapidly. The old worshippers of the poppy juice have dropped off like the leaves in autumn, and no young devotees have sprung up in their stead. The preparation has not even preserved its adherents among those men of the law, formerly anxious to combine, through means of a drug that may be taken unperceived, the pleasures of intoxication with the honours of sobriety.

## CHAPTER XII.

By degrees my purse, exhausted in the daily purchase of ready-made mirth, had—by the ill-wearing of that commodity—begun to partake of the depression of my spirits; and on this occasion I found pecuniary embarrassments an excellent remedy for a settled melancholy. When a man knows not how to support life, he has little leisure for feeding sorrow. To replenish, however, my empty coffers, I commenced upon a novel pursuit, which, if it completed the waste of present resources, made me amends by the brilliancy it cast over my future prospects.

This I shall explain.

My melancholy, my retirement, and my endeavours to find relief from my sorrow in superstitious practices, had brought me in contact with a personage who long since had exchanged the society of man for habitual converse with spirits, and who, disclaiming all further intercourse with the inhabitants of the earth, employed himself solely in cultivating an extensive acquaintance in the different regions of the heavens. The only easy and familiar chit-chat in which my friend Derwish might be said to indulge was with the stars. His accurate information respecting the various occurrences in the firmament, it is true, gave him so superior an insight into the affairs of this globe itself, that he could not help feeling mortified as well as surprised at seeing both in potentates and private individuals so unaccountable a backwardness to profit by his wisdom: for he was as fond of giving advice as those who have not the stars to back their opinion;—and indeed, who more capable than Derwish of directing every concern of man? He un-

derstood the composition of cabalistic sentences capable of baffling the subtlest witchcraft, and disarming the most determined evil eye: he could tell to a second the precise period for every critical measure, from the giving a battle to the taking a dose of rhubarb; and in casting nativities and predicting seasons, the Venice calendar itself must yield to the all-comprehending Derwish. It is well known what innumerable little devils float in air, always on the watch, when people inadvertently yawn, to whip into their mouths and slip down their throats, when they make sad intestine commotion in their stomachs. These he possessed the art of expelling with rare success, and, soon preparing to soar far beyond his former flights, he was at the eve, when I made his acquaintance, of a discovery which promised mines of wealth to whoever might choose to join him in its pursuit. It consisted in ascertaining, by the itching of one's fingers, what heaps of gold lay buried under those ancient piles which—like the arches of Backtchekeui,[1] the ruins in Greece, and the pyramids of Egypt —are mistaken by the ignorant for aqueducts, and temples, and mausolea, but by the wise are known to be the secret treasuries of the Constantines, the Suleimans, and the Pharaohs of old. The exact situation of the deposits known, what so easy as to pull down the buildings over them!

Ere, however, this measure could be quite accomplished, other resources, less splendid, no doubt, but more acceptable, and in which Eblis[2] had no hand, lent me their seasonable aid.

One day when walking through Galata with a brother in distress; "See," said I to my companion," all those bales of costly goods tossed about on the quay like common ware! For whom think you they are landing? Why, for some old churl, to be sure, immured in his dingy counting-house, and who perhaps will never behold with his own eyes either their contents, or even their final produce. Fortune reserves all her favours for those who only know their

amount by a cipher more or less in their ledger. Young fellows like us, who would proclaim her bounty by sound of trumpet, and sow its golden fruits far and wide in the world, the churlish prude leaves to starve."

"Fortune, gentlemen," observed the caravokeiri[3] of the ship, who had overheard my speech, "cannot, if she be a lady, dislike her votaries more than other females do, for being young: but perhaps, like other ladies, to be won, she must be courted."

I now recognised in the captain one of our islanders: he knew me before. "You, sir," added he, "might have had the goddess in question on your own terms, as much as any body. Who so petted as you were by your worthy deceased mother?"

"What! my mother dead?" exclaimed I, both shocked and surprised.

"To be sure," rejoined the reis; "and had she known where to find you, ere that accident happened, who doubts that she would have left her wealth to you rather than to that cross-grained minx—pardon my boldness—your elder sister?"

"All left to my eldest sister?" cried I, drying up the tears that had begun to flow profusely. "Ah, if I too had but scolded her all the day long!—That at least is a proceeding which shows attention, and, it seems, meets with adequate thanks. Or rather," added I, on thinking of her ruinous lenity with regard to my youthful aberrations, "if she had but scolded me, when I deserved reproof! But she is gone to a better place than her son must hope to see her in: Peace be to my own soul, as it is sure to be to hers!"

"It would not much perhaps disturb its repose," observed my companion, "to make a little inroad on that of your sister, and try, in your quality as Moslemin, which went furthest, your mother's partiality or that of the law."

Next to her mother and her husband, Roxana (now the

eldest female of the family) had always made poor me the favourite object of her ill-humour. I owed her a longer score of petty spites than I had hoped ever to pay off. It would have been a pleasure to me to hustle her out of the inheritance, had it even been for a stranger. Finding, therefore, that the accumulated produce of my mother's estate at Naxia was in the hands of a merchant in Constantinople, and in ready cash, I went to claim it. My sole regret on my way was my not having provided sacks and porters sufficient to carry away the whole treasure at once.

There was little occasion for such a hurry. At first my mother's fortune seemed little easier to get at than the wealth of the Pharaohs, which my friend Derwish meant slily to pocket, by displacing the pyramids. In order to obtain the much-valued memorial, I found legal forms to go through, certificates to sign, petitions to present, securities to give, and accounts to settle, which only allowed me at the end of several weeks to pocket my money, or rather the half of my money which had not been melted away in the interval, in law expenses, merchants' commissions, presents distributed among men in power, and fees paid to men in office. Even that half, however, my necessities rendered a most welcome supply.

To the landed property at Naxia I could only enforce my right by personal appearance; and a little voyage round the Archipelago seemed to promise a pleasing as well as profitable change of scene. Accordingly I bargained for my passage in a Greek vessel bound for Ragusa, but which was intended to touch at Chios. I should thus once more behold, under the protection of the turban, my home and friends; and, having gratified that wish, an open boat could easily convey me, whenever I pleased, from my father's birth-place to my mother's native shore.

With all these arrangements settled in my mind, I sent my baggage on board; meaning myself to go by land as far as Gallipoli, where the sacoleva[4] was to ballast. Al-

ready, with one foot in the stirrup, was I taking my last leave of all my acquaintance, collected in a merry circle around me, when from a distance resounded a loud cry of—"Stop him, stop him!" Accordingly I was going to set off as fast as possible—cursing the fellow who had girt my saddle ill, and now detained me to rectify his awkwardness—when, ere I could get away, who should burst through the opening crowd and seize my bridle like one frantic, but the star-gazer Derwish!

"Can you," said he in an angry whisper—almost biting off my ear—"can you think of going after a paltry rabbit warren, when placed by my skill on the very threshold of all the treasures of the universe?"

"Friend," answered I, "accuse the stars; they have been so dilatory in performing their promises, that I disclaim all further engagement with their highnesses."

"Foolish impatience of youth!" resumed Derwish. "But if hope cannot stop you, at least listen to fear. For your sake I have spent the whole night on my roof, watching your perplexing planet. It looks all spleen and malice. Therefore at any rate go not till Saturday. Besides, who in his senses sets out upon a journey on any other day of the week?"

"Every day is auspicious," replied I, laughing, "to those who go after their money."

"Hark!" exclaimed the persevering star-gazer, "there is the muezzeem[5] of Sultan Achmed, just calling to prayers. Before you go, say your namaz."—"I have said it three times over," replied I.—"And the bag of garlic against witchcraft?"—"There it dangles from my horse's throat!" "And the amulets against the evil eye?"—"Head, stomach, arms, all are stiff with them." "I see," observed my friend, deeply sighing, "you have done every thing for yourself: now do something for me, whom you desert with all my excavations on my hands. It will not cost less than fifty thousand piastres only to undermine the aqueduct,

and I have not five paras in the world! Give me at least in advance a couple of sequins."

Derwish had now completely worn out my patience. In order to get rid of him—"This good gentleman," cried I to the bystanders, "only wants to deprive the capital of every drop of water. Pray assist him in this good work, as I have not time to stop." Derwish at these words grew frightened; he let go my reins, and slunk away. I rode off, rested during the heat of the day at a village on the road, and in the evening arrived at Gallipoli.

The captain had already taken in his ballast; so we set sail immediately. At the Dardanelles we were detained several hours by private jobs of the crew, of which the custom-house officers unconsciously bore the blame. Just as we got under sail again, an Israelite, who had heroically determined to go by water whither he could not get by land, begged admittance. He pleaded poverty so piteously, that no other conditions were attached to the granting of this favour, save the diversion which he might afford. Another Jew, seeing his countryman so readily taken in, begged hard for the same boon; but the sailors, thinking they had provided sufficient pastime for the voyage, now became obdurate, and, when the supplicant attempted to creep up the sides of the vessel, stoutly beat him off. In this ungracious operation no one was more active than his brother Jew, who, concealed behind the sailors, gave him with his stick the last rap over the knuckles, which put an end to his attempts. I could not help noticing this want of charity in one who had experienced ours so recently: but on imparting to Mordecai my feelings on that subject, I found that he was acting from the very impulse of that virtue in which I thought him deficient. The other Jew, he informed us, was an arrant rogue, and, if admitted, no one could tell what mischief he might do.

We now thought ourselves secure from further intrusion, when a light wherry, skimming the waters like a swallow,

shot alongside of us, and flung upon our deck, without even a show of waiting for our permission, a smart caleondjec, whose high behest was to be conveyed to Tenedos. The captain immediately bowed submission.

In this new passenger I soon recognised a personage with whom I had made acquaintance on board the Turkish fleet, during the expedition to the Morea. Never had we met since the failure of the attempt on Mayno. The consequential marine, therefore, felt great pleasure in boasting of the more successful cruise against the same nest of pirates, undertaken the ensuing year. The delight with which he described how the Moohassil of the Morea forced the little peninsula by land, and the capitan-pasha blockaded it by sea, and how the inhabitants, driven by the one out of their strong holds, fell with their boats into the clutches of the other, could only be exceeded by the rapture with which he painted the males all hanged, and the women and children all drowned, in order to reconcile them to the Turkish yoke.—"You," he concluded, "who are going to take possession of your estates, mean henceforth, I suppose, to lead a sober country life, and have done with all such frolics. May you prosper! For my part, I hate innocent amusements, and want a little vice to season my pleasures!" Tenedos now being near, my friend called for the boat, and got himself rowed ashore; while I wished him at parting a great deal of pleasure, with all manner of vice.

The current had faithfully escorted our vessel out of the straits; but, having seen us fairly launched in the open sea, it now made a deep obeisance, and bade us farewell; leaving our further conveyance to the care of the winds. These apparently had business elsewhere; at least they attended not our summons; and for several days we were left to confront a dead calm.

Should any one be so fortunate as to have had no acquaintance before with the monster ennui, the most favourable situation without doubt for witnessing all its powers

is, when on board a small boat in a sea almost boundless, one lies for hours watching a cloudless sky for a breeze which stays away, and a waveless sea for a ripple which chooses not to come. In this situation, while all else is entirely at a stand, time itself seems to roll on so heavily, that though every hour of one's short life runs wholly to waste, one still wishes that waste to be more rapid. I who could only exist in a bustle, and thrive in a whirlwind, found myself so completely weighed down by this obstinate stillness of every surrounding element, as absolutely to gasp for breath; to persuade myself that even a sense of pain would be a welcome relief from so horrible a tedium, and at last to cry out in an evil moment, "O for an end to this misery, even by the worst storm which the heavens have in store!"

Just such a storm happened to be within hearing. It took me at my word. Scarce had I uttered the wish, than it hastened with all possible alacrity to attend the invitation. A white fleece arose in the distant sky; a dark streak shot across the furthest wave; a breeze was felt. This breeze became a gale, and this gale grew to a hurricane. Angry clouds, gathering on all sides, began to travel in every opposite direction. They met, they crossed, and stopped each other as if to parley, until the whole heavenly vault became a continuous mass of darkness. It would have been difficult to decide which howled the most dismally—the frightened sailors, in the act of lowering the yards, closing the hatchways, and clearing the deck—or the frightful blast, while mocking their petty endeavours, and tearing and tumbling every thing about our ears. It kept lashing the roaring waves, until they alternately hove us up to the sky, or almost left us aground at the bottom of the sea.

When the tempest became so furious that a crew ten times more numerous than ours would have found ample employment, each sailor wisely left off his work, to fall

upon his knees, and say his prayers. Had Saint Spiridion, the protector-general of ships in distress, been ears all over, he scarce could have heard or have heeded half the vows addressed to him on this occasion. But the more we prayed the more the blast increased, until our ship must inevitably have sunk, had not the sailors at last most providentially hit upon an infallible expedient for appeasing the tempest.

The Jew, content with making sport for us most handsomely on deck, during the whole of the fine weather, had, at the very first lowering of the sky, taken care to dive into the hold. Entirely forgotten for a while, he happened just to be remembered at this critical period. All now plainly saw the whole cause of the hurricane, but with it also the remedy. The Hebrew must be sacrificed to appease the angry waves.

From his very hiding-place the wretch heard his doom. He strove to creep between the stones of the ballast: but had he nestled, like a toad, in their heart, he could not have escaped. He was dragged upon the deck, to be tossed into the sea. When indeed held absolutely over the brink of eternity, he begged to ransom his life for that article of which he had pretended to be entirely destitute—for money; and offered, first, one piastre, then two, then five-and-twenty! The sum was tempting:—but existence was at stake with the sailors themselves, and gold had lost its power. They let the Hebrew drop.

Meanwhile I had fancied that the storm began to slacken:—wherefore, catching the sinking wretch by his coat; "Hark ye, palikaria,"[6] said I to the crew, "the question is not what the cheating scoundrel may deserve; it is only what further evils we may suffer by bringing him to punishment. Now if the mere sight of his uncouth figure is sufficient to frighten the sea into these fits, what will she do when his whole ugly carcass, skin and all, is crammed down her throat? Worse, depend upon it, than when, on a similar occasion, she threw up near Saint Irene, amidst

fire and flames, a raging volcano! Let us therefore appease the ruffled elements by only quietly squeezing the miscreant's soul—doubtless composed of good sequins—out of his dirty body. In my quality as Moslemin, I fear I must encumber myself with half the load."

The wind having slackened by this time, the proposal was approved of by the majority: the few that looked askance at me were frowned into silence; and the Jew, tossed back into the vessel, was submitted to our search.

His vest, trowsers, and shirt—attacked first—yielded nothing. His enormous leather belt, therefore, became the next object of our scrutiny: and for fear of losing aught of the wealth its weight bespoke, we spread a small ihram[7] on the deck, ere we began its dissection.

Scarce was its paunch opened, by the most delicate puncture which the point of my sabre could inflict, than out rushed, with resistless impetuosity, such a stream of clattering coin, as lasted full five minutes, ere it was quite exhausted: but the highest pieces were paras, and the whole amount of the heap scarce a piastre!

The sailors turned pale with disappointment: nor was I myself greatly pleased. "Son of Satan and of the witch of Endor," exclaimed I, with furious gesture, "do you wish me to treat your own body like your belt, and to seek for your treasure in your bowels?" Mordecai was not put to the trouble of answering; for, on my clawing his head to give it a shake, his caul remained in my hands—a positive musket-proof helmet of conglomerate sequins! I now had my cue, and it struck me that, where the head was so well furnished, the heels might also be worth investigating. Like the dirty caul, the clumsy buskins offered a solid stratum of gold!

As soon as stripped of his pelf, the Jew begged to be killed outright: he was worth nothing now! We thought otherwise. Another vessel hailing us at that moment for

some water, we sent two casks:—in one of them was Mordecai.

The gale, which had not entirely fallen, soon carried us full sail into the straits of Chio, and the distant sound of bells, so long unheard, again struck my ears. Though now become a Mohammedan, it affected me with inexpressible rapture. The impression of approaching home, however, as it strengthened became sadder. From what I still hoped to find under the paternal roof, I turned my thoughts to what I was to find no more. My mother had not been the wisest of mothers: as a son I owed her not unlimited gratitude. Instead of skimming off the dross of my disposition, she had, by injudicious treatment, only added new alloy to its ore, and then cast the compound away, as utterly worthless: yet she had been my mother; and however lightly all the later ties of choice or of chance were wont to sit upon my mind—however often I may wantonly have broken the social bands of friendship and of love—the primary claims of nature and of instinct seemed, spite of my own reasoning, still to maintain their roots firm in my heart.

Absorbed in my musing, I found myself opposite the town of Chio, ere I fancied it in sight. A boat from the island soon took me ashore. When setting foot on the beach, I threw myself on my knees, with both hands gathered up the loved dust of my native land, and, bringing it with ecstasy to my lips; "Ah, my own parental soil!" cried I in a wild rapture; "defiled as thou art by the tread of rank barbarians, and by the yoke of ruthless Tartars, still do I bear thee devout worship; still does thy arid surface more entrance my longing eyes than all the gilded domes of Eyoob, and all the gaudy gardens of Sultanieh!"[a]

As, advancing with hurried steps, I beheld in quick succession the various spots endeared by the incidents of my early years, the agitation of my mind still increased.

Here was the corner of the quay where, with other boys of my age, I used to watch the ships unloading. There, at the turn of the street, stood the house in which on St. John's eve we played at kleidon rysika.[9] A little further on I passed by the abode of our ancient paramana,[10] whose nursery tales I still could listen to with pleasure. Right over the way my eye fell on the fatal window whence, at Easter, a whole load of broken pots and pans—the wrecks of a twelvemonth—fell on my devoted head.[11] Ere I had quite done looking—with some still remaining fright—at its threatening aperture, I stumbled over the steps of the cross old papadia's[12] hovel, whose flesh-pot I filled one day with glue, in revenge for her complaints of my prior frolics. I was still inwardly laughing at the remembrance of her fruitless attempts to unclose her toothless gums, after tasting her broth, when I grazed the stone seat of a house where..... but at present pass we on! Suffice it to say, that out of the open entrance of this forlorn mansion there seemed to rush a chilling blast, which, hastily as I darted by, changed the warm moisture on my forehead into a cold clammy dew!

In this way did an uninterrupted chain of recollections carry me on from the water-side to my paternal threshold. There all seemed solitude and desolation. The only acquaintance remaining—the only being that gave me welcome, was Xeno, the old dog; procured when a puppy from the consul, and reared by myself. Many a time he had stood sentinel during my meetings with the donor's daughter; and when I fled from my home, I had been obliged to tie him to a post on the quay, lest he should follow me to the ship, and betray me by his fidelity. He still seemed to remember his old master, looked up in my face as if to say, "what had he done to be thus deserted;" and, wagging his tail, licked my hand. His joyous yelping brought down an unknown female of uncourteous appearance, who asked my business. Having told her its na-

ture, she desired me to go to the garden in the Campo, where the signor droguoman at present resided.

The objects I met in my way to the country were no less interesting than those which I had passed in the town. But in the one as in the other, I perceived a change which quite confounded all my calculations. Every thing still stood in the same place, and still preserved the same shape, as before; but the dimensions of every object appeared totally altered. What I thought I had left huge, gigantic, vast as the tower of Babel, now, to my infinite surprise, seemed paltry, diminutive, reduced to the size of a child's plaything. Houses, gardens, hills, and dales, all looked as if, since my childhood, they had shrunk to half their primitive size. A few steps brought me to the end of what I thought covered acres; and what formerly I fancied reared its head in the sky now hardly rose out of the ground. I had left my home, impressed with the magnitude of every object: to the first images imprinted in my memory I had assimilated all the vaster scenes which I had since beheld; and only now I first perceived the difference, and from the comparison thought what I saw even smaller than it was.

My long strides soon brought me abreast with a little man, advanced in years, who was hobbling on before me. The few additional wrinkles that furrowed his face could not prevent my recognising in him the Signor Polizoï, an old friend of the family; while, to his failing eyesight, my change from boy to man left me an entire stranger. As I must in that capacity have the more to learn, he seemed to increase in the same proportion the natural communicativeness of his disposition. At my request he went regularly over all the members of the paternal house, until he came to a certain graceless youth named Anastasius, who—he informed me in a sort of confidential whisper—was the saddest reprobate that ever had disgraced Chio; insomuch that even he, Polizoï—a primate as he was—never felt safe from his pranks, while yet only a mere boy;

and if he met him now, would, he verily believed, die with positive terror.

Far be from me all suspicion of an intent to commit murder, in acquainting the old gentleman that this dreaded reprobate actually stood before him. Thunderstruck at the intelligence, he stared at me some time in silent horror; then suddenly wheeled about and scampered away. My calling to him to quiet his apprehensions, till I grew hoarse, could neither bring him back nor stop his progress. Some block or stone I fancy was more persuasive; for I heard a loud tumble, and would have gone to his assistance, when the sight of our door drove all other thoughts away.

I paused a few seconds on the threshold. Signor Polizoi's speech had taught me to expect little kindness; "And might it not," thought I, "be preferable to fancy what was best, than to be certain of the worst?" But *that* worst—filial piety suggested—"I might make the best by my change of deportment!" I therefore entered.

As I ascended the steps, and, near the trellis of the landing, caught my father's voice, grown tremulous with age—my heart began to throb. He was conversing with his friends, and the ceaseless grinding of the water-wheel[1] in the yard, prevented his hearing my approach. Unprepared, he saw me stand before him. Perceiving his surprise at the appearance of one in the Moslemin dress walking in thus familiarly; "Sir," said I, "you see your son." At these words my father started:—yet he seemed moved, and made a sort of gesture to bid me welcome; but again suddenly checking himself, as he caught my brother Constantine's eye, eagerly scanning his countenance: "The sons I know," observed he drily, "when they greet me, begin by kissing my hands: I know none other. Perhaps you are only come to wrest from them their remaining property, and to leave me, in my old age, to beg my bread."

I was going to make the only fit reply in my power;

to throw myself on the ground; to kiss, not my father's hands, but his feet; to beg his blessing, and to renounce his property; when my ungracious brother stepped in between the purpose and the deed, to mar all my good intent. "I made no doubt," said he in a brutal tone, "that, after disgracing your family by your conduct, you would also wish to brave it by your presence; but truly you should avoid the air of Christian houses. It can do you no good, and to us your breath is pestilence."

At any other time such a speech would instantly have been resented. But I felt this the decisive moment of my life. I stood at the turn between good and evil. I determined to repress my rising wrath, though I should choke in the attempt.

"Sir," said I to my father—looking earnestly in his face, while the tears ran down my cheeks—"is it your pleasure that I should be treated thus?"

This unexpected appeal to his feelings seemed for a moment to stagger my not yet impenetrable parent. But whether it was that he felt awed by my brother, who ruled him with a rod of iron, or that his own heart had entirely ceased to plead for Anastasius: "Stanco," said he coldly, "is in the right. You ought ere this to have perceived that your company is not acceptable. We can have nothing to interchange with each other. Go, therefore, and disturb us no longer."

At these harsh words my heart swelled till it was ready to burst. Lest my enemies should have the pleasure of beholding me unmanned, I turned away, and leaned over the stone parapet. Had Constantine not been by, I should have made another attempt to soothe my less inexorable father. In the presence of this unnatural relation I knew it must be fruitless. Yet I lingered on. I could not bring myself to depart. I still hoped to be called back. Alas! I only staid to hear my brother propose, in an audible whisper, to have me turned out.

Turned out of my father's house! It was too much. I rushed away.

Sacred walls of the parental mansion, I call you to witness! By your moaning echoes denounce me a wretch to all future ages: be the name of Anastasius in my native land the name of guilt, and among foreign nations a title of disgrace, if I entered not your sacred threshold with feelings of love, of peace, and of submission! They were rejected: they were spurned. Let those thank themselves for other sentiments, who strove to obtain them!

In three strides I cleared—I do not know how—the fourteen steps of the stone flight at whose top I had lingered, and got out at the gate. Then, turning round to the unkind habitation, I stopped, once more to contemplate—but for the last time—its well-remembered features, whose former smiles now were changed into everlasting frowns! "Dear abode!" exclaimed I, "where first I received the boon of life, too soon become irksome, adieu for ever! Anastasius shall no more approach thy loved shade! If he do, may it prove to his perjured soul the shade of death!" This said, I hurried away, as if pursued by all the fiends of hell; and in less than half an hour again reached the town.

Ah! how often does it happen in life, that the most blissful moments of our return to a long left home are those only that just precede the instant of our arrival; those during which the imagination still is allowed to paint, in its own unblended colours, the promised sweets of our reception! How often, after this glowing picture of the phantasy, does the reality which follows appear cold and dreary! How often do even those who grieved to see us depart grieve more to see us return; and how often do we ourselves encounter nothing but sorrow on again beholding the once happy, gay, promoters of our own hilarity, now mournful, disappointed, and themselves needing what consolation we may bring!

## CHAPTER XIII.

The visit to my father was not the only fearful duty I had to perform. Another and more appalling task remained to be achieved. Of this, however, the nature was such as no longer to leave room either for hope or fear. I knew the worst, and grievously did that worst oppress my heart. Helena, my first love—Helena was no more! At Constantinople, in the heyday of my devotion to the fair Esmé, I had heard her mournful fate. The moment my flight from Chios was known, she made a full confession. To avoid unavailing exposure, the consul sent her for change of air to Samos. There she was attended by one of those nuns of St. Ursula who, in our islands, double the merit of their chastity by disclaiming the defence of a convent. Wretched from the first, Helena, as the hour of maternal anguish approached, became every day more impressed with the idea that she should not survive it. In this persuasion she wrote me a letter, which she confided to the nun; and soon became the unhappy mother of a lifeless child. In conformity with her foreboding fears, or rather, perhaps, in consequence of her apprehensions, she only survived the birth of her babe a few hours. The nun had made a solemn promise not to part with her trust except into my own hands. She however sent me word at Constantinople that it only waited my return to my deserted home. Hearing that she now lived on my own island, and only a short distance from the town, I went to claim the melancholy bequest. I found sister Agnes at home, and alone. The people with whom she boarded were gone to a neighbouring fair.

The nun had heard me described as a fair complexioned Greek boy, with a smooth skin and flowing locks. No wonder, therefore, that in the swarthy rough-cheeked Moslemin, with forehead bare, and shaded lip, she should not recognise the original of her fancied portrait. The first sight of my fierce figure, standing unannounced before the lonely maiden, made her start with evident surprise; but when I showed her a note from Anastasius—whose handwriting, treasured up by her friend, had met her eye before—she became more composed, and gave me the history of Helena's sufferings. Touched with a sense of shame for the ruin heaped by my lawlessness upon this innocent girl, I had determined, while I remained in the presence of her friend, not to deposit my assumed character, but to hear the tale of woe to the end with pretended unconcern. Soon, however, unbidden tears would start, and began to flow so fast, that, for fear of betraying my feelings, I hid my face in my cloak. Even that could not conceal from the quick-sighted nun the anguish which throbbed beneath the gaudy mantle. "I wonder not, sir," said she, "to see you moved. In truth the story is touching, and calculated to affect even the stout heart of an Osmanlee. But, to behold such deep emotion in a stranger! while the author of so much woe, while Anastasius himself . . . . ."

Here all control over my tongue forsook me. "I am that Anastasius," cried I: "could you a moment doubt it?"

The nun appeared confounded. Shuddering with horror at finding herself thus unconsciously in the actual presence of him whom she looked upon as her friend's murderer—as little less than a devil incarnate, a complete fiend—she darted at me the gesture of anathema, and to the dread sign added such dire imprecations, that I could not help mechanically uncovering my breast, and wetting it with the moisture of my lips,[1] to avert the evil influence. This action, however, did not prevent a torrent of more explicit abuse from following the first vague explosion of anger;

and a full quarter of an hour did Sister Agnes rant, and rave, and curse, ere I could find an opportunity of claiming the letter I had been promised. With a hand still trembling with rage she at last took it out of a small casket, and bade me read—with compunction if I could—the last words of my lovely and murdered mistress.

They were these:

"I neither reproach you with my ruin, which was my own fault, nor with your want of love, which was not yours. It depends not on ourselves to love; but it does to be merciful, and you were inhuman: you deliberately pierced that heart in which you were worshipped; and of this deed I die. On a foreign shore I soon shall breathe my last, and my wretched father, who expected in me the comfort of his old age, shall see me no more. Thanks be to God! the author of my unfortunate existence shall not have to blush at the sight of his daughter; nor shall I, wont to look up with the confidence of innocence, have to avert my eyes with shame from a parent. For the unfortunate offspring —I dare not say of our love—which perhaps may survive me, I must not claim a father's care. You have trod under foot the duties which you owed her who in the eyes of heaven was your wife, and had committed no offence except loving you too ardently. My child will be abandoned to the hands of strangers; will live in contempt, and die in misery. But should heaven ever bestow upon you the pledges of a less ill-requited affection, fear, ah fear lest my infant's wrongs be visited upon them! Yet, if the last words of a wretch, who is afraid her love will only cease with her life, can find entrance into your too impenetrable heart, ah, Anastasius! ah, my Anastasius! repent of your sins, run not from crime to crime, and revenge not my woes so severely on yourself, as to render it impossible that we should ever meet again!"

The time that had intervened between the writing and the perusal of this letter might already be counted by years.

The fair writer had ceased, not only to exist, but to be the subject of the public talk. The guilty boy to whom it was addressed revolving years had made a man. The event of which he was the worthless hero had been forgotten even in the district where it took place, for more recent adventures, and the very ink of the admonition had already become pale. Still did my heart feel every sentence of the appeal as if yet in all the freshness of its first inditing. It forgot the lapse of time, and became filled at once with sadness as sincere and profound as if Helena's last despairing sighs still were breathing on my ear. Keeping the sacred characters pressed to my lips, I struck my heaving bosom, and flung myself on the floor. "Here," cried I, "let me lie, and commune undisturbed with my wretched soul; here let me shed tears of blood for her whom I first learnt to prize, when through my fault I had lost her for ever!"

Had Sister Agnes known the omnipotence of mercy; had my penitent, my humble suit been unconditionally granted, who knows what richer fruits my first contrition might by degrees have borne? None such were in store for the destroyer of Helena! The nun, the fatal nun, more impelled by vanity than by friendship, more anxious to see my sex humbled than her own exalted, was not satisfied with my writhing under the reproaches of my own conscience, unless I also smarted from the sting of her viper tongue. So keenly did she sharpen its dart, so many little punctures did she one by one inflict, so much venom did she pour into each fresh wound, that resentment at last left not room for regret, and instead of slowly rising with resolves of amendment, I hastily started up with schemes of revenge. A mean ungenerous triumph over one already prostrate I swore should meet with an adequate punishment.

How this was inflicted; how Sister Agnes, who had witnessed the last and direst effects of my unworthiness,—

whose curses still pursued me fresh and green, though time had already long faded the less wrathful farewell of her friend,—was made to blush herself; but to blush at my contemptuous forbearance, let the humbled nun herself explain. All I wanted was, after the haughty dame had sneeringly exclaimed, "You of all men!" to be able in my turn to retort in the same tone, "And you of all women!"

Notwithstanding the ill success of my visit to my father, I had not yet given up all hopes of being restored to his favour. Knowing the uselessness of any attempt at a conciliatory interview, with my brother as the mediator, I penned a letter replete with every possible offer of submission and sacrifice consistent with my safety as a follower of Islam, and sent the supplicating words to their destination by a common friend. Independent of the force of paternal feelings in the head of the family, I depended upon the suggestions of policy in the younger branches. Hatred prevailed over prudence, and I received no answer. After lingering several days in fruitless expectation, I at last prepared to leave Chios.

Ever since the sight of home had revived ancient recollections, and with them the remorse for ancient misdeeds, I had panted for a journey to Samos, there to perform on the lonely grave of my Helena the sad rites of contrition and of penance. On the morning of my own birthday I proceeded to the not far distant island, whose privileged earth held the sacred deposit; landed on its rocky shore early in the afternoon, and, ere the evening cast its lengthened shadows around, reached the hallowed spot, sole object of my visit.

The sun's departing rays were just gliding from the moss-grown tomb. I approached it with awe; strewed upon it the wild flowers which had grown in its shade, bedewed its silent stones with tears of grief and remorse, and over the ill-fated treasure underneath poured out my

heart's bitter anguish in alternate groans and prayers. The whole night Helena's gravestone was my pillow; and early the next morning, ere yet the orb of day rose out of the sparkling wave—making my dagger my pen—I traced on the dusky slab, as on a recording roll, my Christian, my Grecian, my old name ANASTASIUS; filled in the deep sunk characters with the hot stream drawn from my bosom; and exclaiming: "With the purple of my own blood I sign the marriage contract:[2] I make thee mine in death, and mine in life hereafter!" for the last time imprinted my quivering lips on the cold marble, and rushed away from death's receptacle, which I had made my nuptial couch.

By this expiatory visit I felt my heart somewhat relieved. I thought my Helena might, from the higher regions where she dwelt, have viewed if not in forgiveness, at least in pity, my tardy atonement; and with a lightness of soul to which I long had been a stranger, I proceeded to Paros, and there spent a day or two with some of my old kinsmen. Dull stupid islanders as they were, they entertained me not the less kindly for being out of favour at Stambool, and when I went on to Naxia, actually expressed a wish that I might visit them again!

At Naxos reigned supreme, under the wide-spreading wing of Hassan-pasha's all powerful protection, my maternal cousin Marco Politi, heir to all the favour enjoyed at the arsenal, before him, by the papas his uncle, and sole epitrope[3] of the Greek villages that cover the island. From every one of these individually might this wily and ambitious personage be said to wage an incessant warfare against the Latin inhabitants of the city; and if the Grimaldis, the Giustinianis, and the Barozzis of yore once caused Marco's forefathers to groan under the weight of the Venetian yoke, amply did Marco now make the miserable relics of these proud families pay for the sins of their slumbering ancestors. He kept them absolutely shut up in their citadel and towers. Fearful of letting down their draw-bridges to take

a stroll in the fields, they envied their own flocks of pigeons the liberty of their roamings, and seemed perched up in their lofty habitations for no other purpose than to have a better bird's-eye view of their adversary, leisurely walking forth to skim the fatness of the land, and going his rounds among the peasantry, to reap the country's choicest fruits, and to levy his tithe on its fine wines, its fragrant oils, and its rich honey,—while they had often nothing else to beguile gnawing hunger but the treat offered their eyes in the mouldering insignia of their ancestors, clumsily carved over their gloomy gates. Such was their dread of Marco's hostility and power, that, whenever he made a trip to Constantinople, the whole nobility of Naxos took to their beds, in expectation of some new avaniah.[4]

Of his own villages Marco was the idol. Like other idols indeed he was not to be worshipped empty-handed. But he hated the Latins so cordially, that it was universally allowed he must feel an unbounded love for his Greek countrymen. The more, therefore, in his management of the haratsch, and the other contributions to the Turks, he squeezed out their inmost substance, the more he was thanked for his disinterestedness and public spirit. If Marco had any private foibles, they were, like those of other great men, deemed more than atoned for by his public virtues. This was his own opinion also: and it even appeared, as he observed, to be that of the higher powers themselves; from the frequent signal interpositions of Providence in his favour, and the almost miraculous manner in which his greatest enemies had been disabled from putting their wicked purposes against him in execution, by almost always disappearing—nobody knew how or where—just at the juncture when he seemed exposed to the greatest danger, or involved in the most inextricable difficulties.

It was from a kinsman thus mighty and thus fortunate that, within his own dominions, I, a poor unprotected stranger, had to claim an estate, which he called my mo-

ther's indeed, but which, for upwards of five-and-twenty years, he had taken care to nurse as his own. My first point for consideration, therefore, on landing was, whether I should at once offer to him my unwelcome visage, or first keep myself in abeyance until I had tried my ground. It was not exactly the dictates of reason which decided my conduct. During the conflict in my mind, I filled, by way of assisting my judgment, a cup of that delicious muscadel in which, I was credibly assured, Theseus had on that very spot pledged the too tender Ariadné: but just when in contact with my lips, the still untasted glass slipped through my fingers, as the hero did through those of the nymph. "I accept the favourable omen!" cried I, (to my Frank readers it might not appear such)—and resolved to dare my antagonist at once. "Let me seem to fear no one," was my maxim, "and some may fear me!"

Upon this I immediately set out for the village of Trimalia, where the primate resided. He was employed with his men in the fields. The day being sultry, I threw off my cloak in a corner of the house, and went out with a servant in search of his master. We found Marco on a little knoll under an old olive-tree, in the midst of his farmers, finishing his midday meal. He appeared to be eating with uncommon relish a crust of black barley-bread, and enlarging with great earnestness on its peculiar excellence and flavour, when my salutation interrupted the eulogy.

My tone was civil, but decided. I told his primateship that, in conformity to the established custom of informing near relations of especial calamities, I had thought it my duty to acquaint him with the misfortune which had befallen me of turning Mohammedan; and added, how very much I regretted my being obliged, out of respect for my new religion, to claim my mother's estate, till then entrusted to his management. This circumstance he regretted as sincerely as myself; and the more, when I hinted how absolutely my particular situation prohibited my disregard-

ing the partiality of the Moslemin law to its new proselytes; and expatiated upon the powerful support I was promised by the Turkish ministers in the task of maintaining my privilege—and which, to say the truth, I a little exaggerated. At the conclusion of my speech, however, I assured my cousin that I did not think my obligations to my new creed so very strict, but that I might consider myself warranted in some degree to proportion my facility in passing old and intricate accounts to the alacrity I found in giving up the trust.

Much against my expectation, my relation expressed entire readiness to conform to circumstances. No exception was taken to any part of my statement. Nay, my avowed determination to disregard all opposition seemed rather to increase Marco's apparent cordiality and frankness. He even pressed me so earnestly to take up my abode with him, during my stay at Naxos, that I found some difficulty in handsomely declining the offer. But my obstinacy was equal to his solicitation, and after fixing the time the next day when I was to return and enter upon business, I at last took my leave, and bent my steps towards the town.

Scarce had I measured three hundred yards, when I remembered the cloak which I had left behind. Returning back to the house the shortest way across the fields, my path led me by the side of a thick lentiscus hedge, which surrounded the garden. To this my cousin had by this time retired with his confidential agent, for the purpose of more private conversation. As I approached, I could not help hearing my own name uttered with such emphasis, that I was tempted to stop, and indulge for a few minutes in the contemplation of the beautiful shrubs which formed the inclosure. Meantime Marco was proceeding with his conversation. "Cannot you understand," said he to his confidant (in rather a louder tone than became so wary a personage), "that if I had

tempted at once to oppose his claim, he would immediately have resorted to the most effective means for enforcing his demands; and the world would infallibly have joined him in condemning my proceedings: whereas, by admitting his title in the gross, I begin by lulling asleep his suspicions, gain credit with others for fair dealing, and then, by every quibble about the items, and every delay in the forms of law, defeat his purpose in detail, and tire out his very heart, before he gets from me a single inch of his estate?" This plan of the campaign seemed so well worth a cloak, however handsome, that I left mine for the present unclaimed, and wheeling about, went straight to the town.

But I had my cue for the interview of the next day. When therefore I found, in the course of its proceedings, that the more Marco explained the less I understood, and that certainly I was much less master of the subject at the conclusion of the sitting than I thought myself at the opening, I rather abruptly broke off the conference, and rising, said in the smoothest tone I was master of: "Hark ye, cousin; I make no doubt that you have brought forward every quibble concerning the items, and equally mean to use every delay in the forms of law, which belong to so able a diplomatist: but this I would have you remember, that when, thanks to its unraveller, a business is become so thoroughly entangled as to defy the keenest intellect, I know but of one way to cut the knot asunder; and that," added I, pointing to my yatagan, "is with a good Damascus blade;—and so fare ye well."

Marco was fonder of diplomacy than of fighting. He knew his cousin to be a desperate fellow, and he began to think his agent a traitor. In this double apprehension he delivered over the whole concern into my hands; including every deed, agreement, bill, and receipt, accumulated upon the estate since the last clearance of the deluge. "What a thing it is," thought I, "to show a little mettle!"

But I soon found that by mine I had got more than enough. Many of the transactions relative to the property, in the way Marco had managed them, were to me inexplicable enigmas, and this the scoundrel knew. The moment I was proclaimed sole possessor of the estate, and sole respondent for every claim relating to it, there came upon me a host of creditors of every description, from the bishop who had witnessed my mother's will to the moiro-logistri who had wept at her funeral, all of whom I verily believe Marco had kept back on purpose for the occasion. With this posse constantly at my heels, I did not know which way to turn myself. My cousin Marco meanwhile was all at once become so very discreet as to decline interfering even in the smallest trifle, or offering his opinion on the simplest question, until he had the satisfaction of seeing me fairly worn out with business and with perplexity. He then ventured to suggest that the science of accounts did not seem to be the acquirement most congenial to my disposition, and proposed—but with the sole view of relieving me—to take over the estate entirely, for a round sum of money. Convinced, by this time, that every fresh step I took in the management would only lead to fresh confusion, I was become vastly more tractable, and so, after a little demur, agreed to have the property valued. This was done by arbitrators, all so very liberal in their concessions on my part, that the estate was estimated at about half its real worth. But this half was tendered in ready cash; and taking into consideration what most men who drive close bargains seem entirely to overlook,—the waste of time, temper, and breath, in standing out for more than is willingly conceded,—I accepted the sum offered, signed the proper receipts, put my capital into my bag, and took leave of Marco to return to the town.

Whether or not I might think the money too little to take, Marco evidently still thought it too much to part with. Most kindly had he stationed two of his trustiest myrmi-

dons in a narrow lane only just outside his gate, in order to rid me of the burthen as soon as possible. At my going he so earnestly recommended the utmost caution, and so pathetically lamented the unsafeness of the path, that it struck me he must have good authority for his surmises, and considered I could not show my sense of his solicitude more effectually, than by avoiding altogether the road to which he gave so ill a character. Accordingly I waited not even till I was out of my cousin's premises, but, as soon as out of his sight, jumped nimbly over a hedge, and soon got entirely clear of his outpost. I might never have more than surmised the favour intended for me, had I not learnt all the particulars of the scheme the very next day from his own deputy. This worthy person, having been drubbed by his master for not stopping me, came to demand a compliment for the civility of his forbearance. "Then you really saw me pass by?" said I to him. "Yes." "And intentionally permitted my escape?" "No doubt." "Nor let me go home unmolested, only because you could not help it?" "No, indeed." "If so," exclaimed I, "heaven forbid I should encourage disobedience in servants! You were sent by your principal to rob me, and you ought to have done as you were bidden. Here is all the compliment I can in conscience make." Upon which I gave the fellow a second drubbing, and desired him to inform his master of my proceeding; but this he neglected.

From that day forward, however, I thought it prudent not to take long walks by myself in the country; nor to put the obedience of my cousin Marco's servants a second time to the test. I remained chiefly among the Latin inhabitants of the castle, until a conveyance should offer for some other place, which only seldom occurs in an island destitute of harbour, and rarely visited by ships. But my time hung far from heavy upon my hands. I was treated among the Catholics, in my quality of Moslemin, with very great deference. The chancellor held my stirrup; the fiscal

lit my pipe; and the archbishop—an entertaining old capuchin—used, when I went out, to mumble prayers in his chapel for my safe return. I paid these civilities in Constantinople news. What I brought not, I made; but this only rendered it the more novel and acceptable. All I regretted was occasioning a schism between church and state. I had spread the report of a secret correspondence between the grand signor and the pope on an intended conversion of the former to the Catholic faith; and upon this the chancellor and the archbishop quarrelled who should sign the address of congratulation. Before the question was decided, a khirlangitsch[6] of the admiralty, which had spent the summer in a fruitless chase of the Maltese corsairs, cast anchor at St. Mary's, in the neighbouring island of Paros, and induced me to take my departure. Just on setting out, however, a perhaps too fastidious scruple arose in my mind. I did not like to go without making my cousin Marco some acknowledgment for his last mark of attention, however unsuccessful it had been. Five or six honest lads were come from the khirlangitsch to fetch me away in their boat. With a handful of Marco's own piastres, I made it worth their while to convey to the primate my leave-taking in the most cordial manner. But as my cousin had taught me by his example how necessary it is for the master's eye to watch delicate commissions, I superintended the business myself. From the high bank of the lane which led to Marco's fields, I had the satisfaction not only of seeing my relation soundly bastinadoed, but of condoling with him as pathetically as he had done with me, on the unsafeness of the path. This performed, ere he had time to get up and to crawl home I bid him adieu, scampered away with my associates to the boat which lay waiting under a cliff only a few hundred yards off, and was rowed to Parecchia. From that port I got in a few hours, across the mountains, to St. Mary's, and on board the khirlangitsch.

## CHAPTER XIV.

The cutter which touched at Paros so conveniently was on its way to receive the annual contribution of part of the circumjacent islands, and was to finish its cruise at Rhodes. This destination perfectly suited my purpose. In want of occupation, and without any precise aim, Rhodes promised a scene of interest to which I hastened with pleasure.

As my former connexions with the arsenal gave me a certain predilection for whatever belonged to the navy, I speedily formed an acquaintance with one of the tchawooshes of the capitan-pasha, who like myself was only a passenger. Aly was his name, and Crete his country. This latter circumstance added much, in my eyes, to the merit of his society. The Turks of Candia, by their constant intermarriages with Greek women, to whom they permit every latitude of worship, become divested of much of their Mohammedan asperity, and Aly, himself half a Greek, was not entitled to any great prejudice against me for being only half a Turk. In the refinements of his toilet, however, Aly tchawoosh might be considered as a finished Osmanlee. Nothing could exceed the exquisite taste of his apparel. His turban attracted the eye less even by its costliness of texture than by its elegance of form. A band of green and gold tissue, diagonally crossing the forehead, was made with studious ease completely to conceal one ear, and as completely to display the other. From its fringed extremity always hung suspended, like a tassel, a rose or a carnation, which, while it kept caressing the wearer's broad and muscular throat, sent up its fragrance to his

disdainful nostril. An hour every day was the shortest time allotted to the culture of his adored mustachios, and to the various rites which these idols of his vain-glorious heart demanded—such as changing their hue from a bright flaxen to a jetty black, perfuming them with rose and amber, smoothing their straggling hairs, and giving their taper ends a smart and graceful curve. Another hour was spent in refreshing the scarlet dye of his lips, and tinting the dark shade of his eyelids, as well as in practising the most fascinating smile and the archest leer which the terzhana ' could display. His dress of the finest broad-cloth and velvet, made after the most dashing Barbary cut, was covered all over with gold embroidery, so thickly embossed as to appear almost massive. His chest, uncovered down to the girdle, and his arms bared up to the shoulder, displayed all the bright polish of his skin. His capote was draped so as with infinite grace to break the too formal symmetry of his costume. In short, his handjar with its gilt handle, his watch with its concealed miniature, his tobacco-pouch of knitted gold, his pipe mounted in opaque amber, and his pistols with diamond-cut hilt, were all in the style of the most consummate *petit maître;* and if, spite of all his pains, my friend Aly was not without exception the handsomest man in the Othoman empire, none could deny his being one of the best dressed. His air and manner harmonised with his attire. A confident look, an insolent and sneering tone, and an indolent yet swaggering gait, bespoke him to be, what indeed it was his utmost ambition to appear, a thorough rake. Noisy, drunken, quarrelsome, and expert alike in the exercise of the bow (the weapon of his country), and in that of the handjar, he possessed every one of the accomplishments of those heroes chiefly met with on the quays of Constantinople and the other principal seaports in the Othoman empire, whom a modest woman avoids, and to whom a respectable man always gives way.

Intimacies are soon contracted at sea; and Aly was too vain to keep up much reserve. He soon favoured me with an account of some of his adventures! "My dear fellow," said he one day, "I would have you know that from my earliest infancy I always had the most decided taste for idleness; and this ruling passion of my heart has never ceased increasing. The only agreeable occupation I could ever devise was doing nothing. Whatever lures were held out to me by fortune lost all their charms to my eye, the moment their pursuit required the least exertion. Not for an empire would I give up my dear laziness. At the same time, next to doing nothing, my chief delight always consisted in spending a great deal of money. Unfortunately, I was not one of the privileged few who can afford to indulge both these tastes at once. My luck, however, made me succeed in some little commissions for the governor of the Canea, which gained me his good will; and his good will in its turn gained me an employment, in which I was enabled to enjoy my two chief conditions of earthly happiness, if not together, at least alternately. It was that of tchawoosh or messenger of the capitan-pasha. You know the jolly lives these gentry lead; you also know the scanty wages they receive: and you moreover know the splendid figure they are expected to make. I have always suspected our grandees, so profuse in their salaries to their own followers, of having struck a secret agreement with each other, by which each was to support his neighbour's retinue instead of his own. It is but justice to us to say, that we do all in our power to give effect to this contract; for you cannot but remember how, at the terzhana, we lie in wait for every hapless stranger whose evil stars inflict upon him business with our pasha; what fees we exact for every audience he craves, and for every favour he receives. The utmost produce, however, of the fines levied in the capital would but indifferently defray the expenses of our apparel, board, etc. were it not for the chance of being each in

our turn intrusted with some lucrative commission in the provinces.

"For my part, I never, till I saw my wishes fulfilled, ceased praying Allah both morning and evening, that he might be pleased to whisper in the pasha's ear a word in my favour, and make him employ his faithful servant Aly as his representative in some lucrative negotiation. The occasion on which my prayers were granted was this. Certain Specioto[2] adventurers had waylaid a Greek vessel bound for Ancona, and not yet knowing—poor souls—the difference 'twixt good and evil, had, in the innocence of their hearts, sold both cargo and ship in their own native place, among their own fellow-citizens, all more or less engaged in the same primitive sort of profession with themselves. On an application from the owners of the vessel, I was sent to Specia to recover the property, and to bring to justice the culprits. We gentlemen of the short dress carry little ballast, and when we have a prize in view know the value of time. I no sooner had received my instructions than I hoisted my pennant, and set sail. Not that my journey was quite as expeditious as my departure was prompt. Ships at sea sail not always as the crow flies. Besides, one has often to seek a conveyance, as chance may offer it. In addition to which, I thought it would be showing a proper respect for the grand admiral, my patron, to represent his person in some of the smaller islands on my way. This cost him nothing, nor me either. Every where I found board and lodging gratis. I was made welcome to all the necessaries of life,—among the foremost of which I reckoned its superfluities,—and, at my departure, never failed to receive a small present for the honour conferred on the place; for which I always took care, in return, to promise my protection.

"By my deliberate mode of proceeding, I gave the fame of my approach time to precede me to Specia: for I did not wish to take any unfair advantage of its inhabitants, by

coming in upon them unawares, and before they had had sufficient leisure to prepare for my reception. The island is so small, and its population so scanty, that, but for some little management of this sort, I could not have avoided stumbling upon the poor wretches whom I was sent in quest of, at the very first step; and this, considering how essential it was to them to avoid my sight, would have been most unhandsome. Such was the confidence which I inspired by the humanity of this proceeding, that the plunderers of the merchantman did not even seek concealment on the news of my actual arrival, but treated me with an openness of behaviour quite equal to my own. To have taken advantage of such frankness of conduct I must have been callous to all liberal feelings. As the rogues assured me, therefore, upon their honour, that they had already ate and drank three-fourths of the produce of their prize, I only exacted restitution of the fourth which remained. Not wishing, however, to mortify my employers by restoring to them so small a portion of their property, I put it into my own pocket. My conciliatory spirit gained me universal esteem; and the inhabitants—all more or less liable to the same errors—showered upon me from all quarters presents of all descriptions; sheep, kids, fowls, and other live as well as dead stock. Just as I was considering to what market I should carry my perquisites, this vessel hove in sight. I thought the opportunity a good one for disposing of my provision and my person; and thence it happens that you find me going onward to Rhodes, instead of returning back to Constantinople."

"And do you not fear," said I, "that the grand admiral may some day discover your exploits?" "No," replied the Candiote. "He lays his account with them beforehand. He knows he cannot furnish his hall with forty or fifty strapping fellows stiff with gold lace, and ready to break their necks at his nod, for nothing but a miserable dish of pilaff; and like a man of sense, he suffers his Greek

subjects to maintain fellows, by whom they think it an honour to be soundly cudgelled."

A young sailor boy of the district of Sphachia [3]—whose inhabitants consider themselves as the only descendants of the ancient Cretans, and are shepherds in their mountains half the year, and pirates at sea the other half—stood by, listening to Aly's narrative. "You Sphachiote scoundrels," added the tchawoosh, turning sharply upon him, "may thank your stars that your sultana is fond of your cream cheeses. Many a well deserved avaniah does her favour save you from—you and your blessed malkiané.[4] The last gentle correction you had, I think, was in the Russian war, when the expedition from the Canea left not a soul alive in any of your villages."

"Found none to kill, you mean;" answered the boy. "Our men were on board the Russian vessels, and our women and children in the mountains with their flocks. This you knew, or you durst not have come."

Aly began to knit his brow,—and the more, as he saw me entertained. Wishing, however, to prevent a quarrel: "Who," cried I, laughing, "ever wants a broken head, that can get plunder without a scratch on his little finger? For my part I always prefer marauding when the owner is from home; were it only to save the goods from being knocked about."

In this sort of conversation passed away our time, until we came in sight of the island of Scyra. "What have we here!" cried I. "A town like a sugar-loaf, built on the model of a derwish's cap; with the church at the top, by way of a tuft! It must be strange enough to step from one's garret into one's neighbour's cellar!—Though I should be afraid that a walk, begun on two legs, here might end on all fours."

"This happens the oftener," observed Aly, "as the inhabitants are by disposition stately, and fond of strutting about in long robes, in which the unevenness of their

ground often makes them get entangled. Surely you must know that Scyra is the great nursery of men and maid servants of Pera. Two sacolevas, loaded only with this article, go to the capital regularly every year; and no Scyrote returns home till he can live on his island in comfort. This comfort consists in milking their goats and grinding their barley in all the cast-off finery of their former masters and mistresses, with feathered heads and furred tails. When they meet, they treat each other with the forms and ceremonious language of people of quality. The first time I visited the island, I witnessed a salutation in the street between two ladies whom I took for princesses. It began very well, but it ended with one being rolled in the mire by a jackass, and the other riding away upon a pig, which had got entangled among the folds of her trailing drapery."

The captain of our khirlangitsch had to receive the contribution of the little islet of Serpho. On going ashore for that purpose, he proceeded straight to the hospice of an old capuchin. A sort of attraction subsisted between these two gray-beards. From the heaviness of their intellects, I suppose it was only that of gravitation; for it ended in mere bodily juxtaposition, and scarce ever was a word or idea interchanged. Still did its constancy give their mutual regard quite a romantic air. No where but in the friar's dingy cell would the bey receive in state the salutation and the tribute money of the Greek primates, whose troop presently made its appearance. All its members had their hands crossed on their stomachs, and their features composed into as demure a form as possible. The whole Greek community of the island, men, women, and children, formed the long train of the procession.

No sooner was it arrived within hearing of the captain, than the coryphæus of the party stopped short, hemmed, coughed, and commenced his harangue. With singular aptitude of simile, he compared the whiskered bey to an

angel of *light*, and with equal consistency he besought him not to diffuse darkness over the land, by exacting a contribution which its inhabitants could not pay. The pleas for exemption consisted in a catalogue of calamities, of which pirates, floods, short crops, earthquakes, and conflagrations were the least!

"All *that*, gentlemen," answered the bey in his Barbaresque idiom, fetching a sentimental sigh, "no doubt very true and very miserable; but, sun set, you no put tribute here,"—and he pointed to his pouch—"me put bastinado there," added he, pointing to their backs.

At these appalling words, the whole troop, epitrope and commoners, joined in a full chorus of lamentations. When they could squeeze out no more tears, they beat their breasts, and uttered the most piteous groans. Finding all this of no avail, and the bey as obdurate as ever, they at last retired, hanging their heads, and like men led out for execution.

The sun was still above the horizon when the troop returned, with faces as dolorous as before. They only brought half the sum required; affirming with greater oaths than ever, that if they were to be pounded in a mortar they could not produce another aspre.

"Me believe that," said the bey, "and me therefore sorry me obliged to perform my promise. Me however begin with signor epitrope, in due respect for his rank. Him me not dare give less than fifty strokes. Up with his lordship's heels!" added he, turning to one of his attendants, "and begin."

All now cried out for mercy, and swore that, if but allowed five minutes more, they would try to bring the complement, were they to wrest it from the bowels of the earth.

The bey assented, and the troop again retired; but it was only to make a full stop at the first turn of the road, and there to lug out from under their cloaks the entire sum

demanded, neatly tied up in bags. With this reserve they returned, and delivered it. The boy made the proper apologies to the epitrope, and the party was dismissed.

They now in a close phalanx walked slowly home, with the most dejected and miserable look; but they had not gone a hundred yards, when they met some friends returning from a wedding, preceded by music. Both parties stopped, a parley ensued, and presently the whole of the procession, the epitrope the foremost, spread out their arms, and began dancing the romeika! Attracted by the sound of the instruments, the boy went to the window, and beholding the merry scene; "Mirar papas," said he to the friar in lingua franca; "mi parler bono, canaglia senza fede piandgir; ma mi bastonar, mi far pagar, subito ballar et cantar."

Not quite so gay were my friend Aly's accompaniments, when our ship lay rocking on the waves to the music of the roaring winds. On those occasions there was any thing but grace in his movements or melody in his utterance. He had not even a pretension to heroism at sea. The slightest ruffling of its surface made him as quiet as a lamb. To his noisy insolent tone immediately succeeded the most piteous and subdued look and manner. Aware himself how altered a man he became in rough weather, he used, at the first breeze, to slink away like the moulting peacock, and conceal himself in some hole or corner, where he lay speechless while the motion lasted:—nor until the sea resumed its tranquillity did Ali reappear on the deck. How glad he was to see Rhodes need not be told. He almost plumped into the waves in his impatience to step into the boat. But even ashore, he still awhile wore a languid look, which made all the acquaintance he met ask him ironically, "with what fair one of the islands he had left in pledge his spirits?"

My reader has already classed me among those vulgar beings, who take a greater interest in the living occurrences

of the passing day than in the dead letter of remote ages. As a Greek, I ever found but little motive for exultation in any research which led me to compare the present with the past. Still, I had learnt—where, I cannot tell—that Rhodes belonged not to the Turks from the days of the deluge; that it had once obeyed a Christian order of knighthood, of noble blood, high spirit, enthusiastic devotion, and undaunted bravery; that a handful of these valiant warriors had defended it an entire twelvemonth against the whole force of the Othoman empire; and that the Moslemen at last only found an entrance to the citadel over the bodies of its brave defenders, fallen, to the last man, in the long contested breach.

The outside of the ancient fortress—once the chief theatre of these brilliant and bloody achievements—might be seen from every part of the quay, towering high above the modern city. Its wide ramparts, its lofty bulwarks, its crested batteries of a black and rugged stone, deprived as they now were of the once thundering engines of fire and destruction, looked like the silenced crater of an extinct volcano, still frowning upon the fertile plain below, though its devastating powers are no longer feared.

"Let us go," said I to Aly, "and examine this object of so much strife, which Osmanlees knew how to wrest from the hands of the infidels, but know not how to preserve from the injuries of time." "Let us go," echoed Aly, who expected some opportunity to play the tchawoosh: and accordingly we went.

Though now thrown open to all, the formidable enclosure still seems guarded by an invisible power. Few ever enter its precincts; and, on passing its massy gates, I felt struck with inexpressible awe.

Monuments that already have been so long in a state of progressive decay, as less to retain the regular forms of art than they resume the ruder semblance of nature; as to offer less of a mode of existence gone by than of a new one

commencing; less of lapse into death than of return to a different shape of life; less of dissolution than of regeneration: as again on all sides to let in through their crumbling walls the broad glare of day; again every where to show their mouldering joints clothed in fresh vegetation, and again, at every step, to display their mazy precincts tenanted by the buzzing insect, and the blithe chirping bird, —such monuments have their gloom irradiated by at least an equal portion of gaiety; and resemble the human frame so entirely returned to its original dust, as to preserve no trace of its former lineaments, and only to break forth afresh from its kindred clay, in the shape of plants and flowers more luxuriant and more gaudy.——

But edifices, whose abandonment by man has been so recent that they still bear about them all the marks of death and mourning, still preserve undiminished their funereal darkness, still remain the uninvaded property of solitude and silence; that their outlines scarce are indented by the sharp tooth of time, or their surface varied by the softer impressions of the weather-stain; that their precincts offer not yet the smallest transition from entire unmixed death and dereliction, to a new modification of life, and a new order of inhabitants; that they say in distinct terms to the beholder: "It was but yesterday we still resounded with the din of business, and the song of joy,"—such edifices preserve their sadness unaltered; they chill the sense, oppress the heart, and make the blood run cold: for they resemble the human body just abandoned by the vivifying soul; just stiffened into an insensible and ghastly corpse; just displaying the first awful signs of fast approaching corruption.

And of such mansions was composed the scene before me. The broad square, the stately palace, the solemn chapel, once re-echoing with the clang of arms, the bustle of trade, the boastings of youth, and the peal of devotion, looked as if the blood scarce was clotted which had stained

their massy walls, and the sounds still must vibrate in air, which had circulated through their lofty passages;—as if one still might discern at a distance the dying voices of their departing tenants: though the deathlike stillness of the nearer objects was only broken by the plaintive murmur of the pensive turtle-dove, nestling in the jagged battlements, or the measured bounds of some stone, slowly severed from them by the hand of time, and dropping with hollow din through the yawning vaults.

Contemplating the great names, the sadly eventful dates, and the proud armorial bearings, still shining in marble of resplendent whiteness on the black honey-combed walls, like the few memorable persons and periods that still continue to soar in light among the general obscurity of times long past: thinking on the noble ancestry, the high blood, the martial character, and the monastic life of the illustrious youth—the flower of Europe—whose abodes, whose history, and whose habits these monuments so clearly marked, I experienced a new and hitherto unfelt emotion. I envied the heroes who, after a life of religion, of warfare, and of glory, slaughtered in the very breach they defended, now slept in peace and renown, leaving after them names ever young and ever flourishing in the hearts of grateful Europe. I wished that I too had been among these noble few; that I too had sprinkled these edifices with my heart's fullest tide; that I too had fallen in these ramparts, and had filled these yawning chasms with my body. In the enthusiasm of the moment I wished that I too might now be nothing more than a spirit; but a spirit entitled to haunt this august spot as the scene of my past achievements, and to say to other inferior and wandering ghosts: "Here I lived, here I died, here I immortalised my name!"

Disposed, by the comparisons which these ideas suggested, to repine at my own country, condition, and parentage, I sat down on the prostrate trunk of a pillar, and there lamented the hard lot of man, who, so far from being

able to adapt his circumstances to his faculties, is often, with a spirit equal to the highest station, left to linger in the lowest. In my despondency my eye caught a piece of broken marble, gorgeously emblazoned with chivalresque insignia:—but, if the side which lay uppermost displayed the plumed crest of a Gothic knight, the reverse still bore the remains of an Hellenic inscription. It was a work and a record of the ancient Greeks, and had no doubt been brought from the opposite shore, where the ruins of Cnidus furnished the knights of Rhodes with an ample quarry for the monuments of their feudal vanity. At this sight my own national pride returned in all its force. "And does it then belong to me," cried I—the dormant energies of my mind all again aroused and starting up—"to envy the borrowed greatness of Goths and barbarians, only able in their fullest pomp to adorn themselves with the cast-off feathers of my own ancestors? Am I not a Greek? And what Grecian blood, even where remotest from the source and running in the smallest rills, is not nobler than the base stream that flows through the veins of these children of the West, whose proudest boast it is to trace their names to the obscurity of ignorance and the night of barbarism: whose oldest houses only date as of yesterday, and whose highest achievements are the exploits of savages!"

My friend Aly was not a person to sympathise with my feelings on this occasion. From his very first entrance into this dark abode, his mind had misgiven him. Turning as pale as if again at sea, and in a storm, he cried out: "What can you mean to do among these ugly ruins? The place is too dreary even for an appointment with a goule." All the time during which I stood considering the various objects that successively attracted my attention, he had continued most impatient to return; and when, after my first round, he saw me sit down composedly on the old broken pillar, there to follow up at leisure the train of my reflections, he fell into complete despair. "What can

this confounded son of a Greek jabberer he muttering to himself, as if possessed,"—I overheard him say,—"and that in a place where people should keep calling to each other with all their might, in order to frighten away evil spirits?" and after various surmises, it seemed he at last settled it in his mind, that I was brewing some incantation, and going to treat him to a dance of spectres. At this idea his teeth began to chatter; he looked round for a way by which he might escape; but, after several trials, all equally abortive, he at last convinced himself as well as me that he had not the courage to retrace his steps alone.

The only thing left for him to do, therefore, was to exert his utmost arts of persuasion, and prevail upon me to bear him company. Ere his fear had risen to its highest pitch, he had ventured for a moment to quit my side. He now became so pressing to show me what he had seen on that occasion, and was pleased to call the prettiest prospect imaginable, that at last I consented to follow him, merely to get rid of his importunities; but fully expecting to be shown some dunghill, or burying-ground, or other object equally extraordinary and agreeable. My surprise therefore was great, when, from a projecting bastion, I really beheld a most delightful view of the city's gay and busy suburbs, stretching, with their gardens full of orange and date trees, along the winding beach.

"There now!" cried Aly in a coaxing tone, on perceiving the bait to take, "who in his senses would stay another moment among these black and frightful dungeons —in which all the company I could start consisted of as sociable a party of vipers and of scorpions as one would wish to join—that had the faculty to go and investigate all the innumerable species of delight contained in that knot of little snow-white fairy dwellings down below? and hereupon he began to enumerate on his fingers such a wondrous list of all the good things of this world, which might probably be found in the aforesaid habitations, that my

own mouth, by degrees, watered at the catalogue; and, to Aly's inexpressible satisfaction, I at last took him under my arm, and left the castle to explore the breach.

My curiosity was soon satisfied, but my newly acquired taste for travelling only received fresh excitement. From our conversation by the way, Aly had given me a longing desire to visit Egypt, to which country I had now performed more than half the distance from Constantinople; and the commander of the khirlangistch had raised that desire to the highest pitch, by his description of the advancement which I might hope for in the land of the mamlukes. "Egypt," he observed, "always was the cradle of revolutions and the patrimony of strangers; always welcomed the wanderers who had no predilection for any particular soil, or attachment to any particular home.—At present more than ever," he added, "it holds out irresistible attractions to the bold adventurer, who seeks his fortune in strife and confusion. To external appearances, indeed, the country slumbers in the profoundest peace. No one would guess, on a superficial glance, that the least convulsion threatened to disturb its tranquillity. The utmost wish of the two parties who divide the supreme sway seems thus far confined to measuring each other's strength, and watching each other's movements with the eye. But this apparent serenity is only the calm which precedes the storm. The various elements, all preparing soon to fall asunder and to assume new combinations, are ready at a moment's warning to burst out into open strife,—uncertain when the trump of war may sound as the signal for battle. Meanwhile each party most eagerly seeks to increase the number of its adherents by every new sword's man, of tried enterprise and courage, disposed to embrace its cause. Under these circumstances a youth, who like you,—Greek by birth, and Mohammedan from choice—is already beforehand half a mamluke, and handsome, vigorous, and warlike, still adds to his skill in martial exercises

the more uncommon qualification of expertness in languages and readiness at his pen,—wields the hollow reed as ably as the heavy spear, and can execute a delicate commission as dexterously as a dangerous mandate,—is a treasure for which all must contend. He need only show himself on the spot, to ensure opposite factions vying which shall, by the most brilliant offer, enlist him in their foremost ranks."

At this tempting picture, I sighed. The bey guessed my thoughts. "I see," said he, "what you want, and I can supply it. Suleiman, one of the most distinguished among the present rulers of Egypt, is my particular friend. The numbers of his mamlukes has been extremely reduced by the late destructive plague. He seeks every means by which to recruit his house. For this purpose, his kehaya at Constantinople, knowing the number of ports and islands I would have to visit, gave me an express commission to engage for his patron whatever youth of promise I might find. I have watched you during the voyage. You are resolute, sensible, and, as I deem, not likely to demur at trifles; and, if you like the scheme, I will give you the recommendations to my old friend which these qualities deserve."

I bowed, expressed my delight at the commander's good opinion, and accepted his offer. Elate at the idea of not only soon seeing fruitful Egypt, but perhaps myself some day shining in its annals, I immediately sought a vessel in which to take my passage, and embarked the same day.

As the coast of Rhodes receded from my view, my heart beat high with eagerness and with hope. It seemed to me as if thus far I had only been trifling away my existence in contemptible pursuits, and in a contracted sphere. I was now, for the first time, going to take a flight worthy the strength of my opinions.—Wide views, noble prospects, vast plans of fortune and of fame, all at once, as if by the drawing of a curtain, expanded to my enraptured view!

## CHAPTER XV.

The sacoleva which carried Anastasius and his fortunes was first to touch at Castel-Rosso, there to take in fire-wood for Alexandria. The captain seemed to have no acquaintance whatever with the coast for which we were bound; nor could any of his crew boast less ignorance; but they all agreed that Providence was great; and in order to set the greatness of Providence in its fullest light, they always kept as close as possible to a shore set round with hidden reefs, and teeming with avowed pirates.

On the second day of our departure Castel-Rosso came in sight. We were just going to double the most advanced promontory of the island, and to cast anchor for the night behind its projecting cliffs, when on our last tack there suddenly appeared ahead of us, close in with the shore, a long dark object of suspicious form, though the dusk prevented our discerning its precise nature. It lay on the water as still as a rock, but it bore all the appearance of being filled with life. At this sight our caravokieri grew as pale as a ghost, and all the crew showed equal signs of courage. "A bad way, this," cried I, "to meet danger! The pirates cannot see more of us than we do of them: let us at least try what a show of resolution may affect." And thereupon I got our whole artillery brought upon deck, and prepared for a warm engagement. The moment we thought ourselves within musket-shot of the enemy I gave the signal for firing. "If the compliment produce nothing else," thought I, "it will at least make the scoundrels turn out, and show their strength." Off went our first

volley, and after it every eye—expecting immediately to see the hostile boat in the utmost bustle. So far, however, from changing her position, she deigned not even to return our salute. Half surprised and half piqued, we repeat our fire: but our second volley is not more noticed than the first. Still more amazed, we gave a third broadside. Even this makes no impression. But with the seeming shyness of the enemy our own bravery rises. We now approach near enough to be within speaking distance, and a fourth time discharge every gun and swivel into the hostile deck. In short, we continue incessantly firing, without experiencing the smallest retaliation, till, by degrees, this very impassibility of the enemy causes an alarm of a new species — for we now fancied ourselves under the influence of some spell: we supposed that we beheld nothing but an unsubstantial vision; we became convinced that we were fighting only with the phantom of a ship, which presently would either explode or vanish away—either blow us up in the air, or draw us after it into the fathomless abyss. As however neither happened, and the vessel seemed equally little inclined to rise or to sink, we at last agreed that the very few men which she contained must all have been killed by our very first broadside. We therefore suspended all further hostilities during the remainder of the night, purposing as soon as the dawn appeared to remove the dead bodies, and to divide the spoil.

The dawn at last did appear, and as soon as it was sufficiently advanced to light up the scene, showed to our straining eyes, in the object of the whole night's strenuous fighting, a small rock in the sea, which, from the peculiarity of its shape, actually bears the name of the Galley. We regretted all the ball and powder wasted, and agreed not to boast of our intrepidity: but our modesty was, in spite of our caution, put to the blush. The whole island of Castelrosso had been alarmed by the incessant firing; every part

of the shore was lined with spectators; and the moment we landed, they all crowded round our party, and with loud cheers wished us joy for having silenced the enemy.

Having laden our wood, we pursued our voyage. It seemed an eternity in duration. Our crew knew no other mode of sailing than right before the wind; and the least cloud that arose made them put into the first inlet they could reach, wholly heedless of the risk of splitting upon a rock, or running aground upon a shoal. Coasting from one headland to another, we slowly crept round every cape or promontory on our way; and there scarce exists a single creek, I believe, in or outside the Satalian bay, which we did not successively visit. When the wind increased to what was called a fortuna, the sailors could only think of praying and lighting tapers before the panagia; and as soon as fair weather returned, they could only dance and play upon the guitar; nor ever thought of repairing the damage done to the ship, until reminded of it by a fresh storm. Still was the first part of our journey, compared with the latter, the flight of the swallow contrasted with the creeping of the tortoise. In the latitude of Damiat, fate seemed to have fixed us to the spot for life; and we thought ourselves doomed never to pass the eastern outlet of the Nile, even with the assistance of some more experienced sailors whom we there got on board. Every inch the feeble breeze enabled us to advance, the strong current as regularly drove us back; so that on our starboard tack we invariably lost all we had gained on the larboard. Day after day at sunrise we had the satisfaction to find ourselves just in the same place from whence we had parted at sunset the evening before. The fatal mouth of the stream seemed to breathe a fascination which no earthly power could overcome!

An aërial one at last flew to our assistance. It arose on the fifth day of our vain attempt, in the shape of a sciroc sufficiently strong to cope with the current. Backed by the burning blast, we doubled the point of the Delta in the

very teeth of the perverse tide, and thus approached the goal. Even before we could discern the sandy shore on which it stands, we beheld the town of Alexandria, crowned with minarets and encircled with date trees.

In its quality of Grecian property, our vessel cast anchor in the new harbour; the old being reserved for stanch Musselmen keels. Hell itself, as the bourn of a long sea voyage, would have appeared to me a very habitable place; Alexandria seemed heaven. In its melancholy mounds of barren sand I could only see pleasing swells, and in its dismal ruins a picturesque ruggedness. Its inhabitants, ready to assume any hue or form at will, were a sort of human cameleons: but cameleons may afford entertainment by their constant changes. To me the contrast between the liveliness of the Alexandrians and the solemn stupidity of the Turks seemed quite enchanting. As I went to secure my night's lodging at an okkal,[1] I was every instant arrested by their wit and repartee. "How pleasant it must be to reside here!" said I to myself. "Gay people are always so good-natured?"

The words had scarcely dropped from my lips, when I heard at some distance a loud and increasing clamour, which I supposed to be that of some rejoicing or festival. Presently appeared an immense crowd of people of every age and description—men, women, and children—rending the air with their shouts. In the midst of the motley assemblage advanced in a separate cluster a chosen band, trailing after them in procession, with louder howlings than the rest, the city weights and scales.

"What means this ceremony?" said I, accosting one of the actors in this novel scene: "for what purpose are these instruments travelling?"—"For the purpose of gibbeting the chief of the customs, a Syriac Christian, on the very instrument of his malpractices;" hastily answered the fellow, impatient at the detention.

"And has the law weighed, and found him wanting?"—

"How could it help doing so," was the reply, "when we all demanded his punishment? We insisted on the shar-allah, —the justice of God; and the cadee himself thought us too many not to be in the right. So we are going to execute the sentence."

Having now carried his courtesy to the utmost stretch, the man bade me adieu, for fear of further questions, and ran after his companions, who already were out of sight. For my part, I contented myself with inwardly praying to Allah that I might be preserved from his justice; and particularly at Alexandria.

My apartment at the okkal being secured for the night, I went to a native of the place who followed the various trades of ship agent, interpreter, and pilot, in order to obtain from him a conveyance to Raschid.[2] In his youth, this bustling personage had served on board Marseilles, Venetian, and Leghorn traders. He spoke with equal fluency the Turkish, the Arabic, the Greek, the Provençal, and the Lingua Franca. On entering his small abode, where he sat with open door in readiness to receive strangers, I found him gravely discussing with a Franciscan monk, over a bottle of rakie,[3] the relative merits of islamism and of popery.

"Hark ye, father," said he, speaking with such a volubility of tongue and violence of gesture, that at first I thought him in a tremendous passion, "I do not mean to pass myself off for the most squeamish of Moslemen. In my long intercourse with infidels (begging your pardon) I have been obliged occasionally to relax a little from the rigour of our practices; sometimes, when time ran short, to mumble half a prayer instead of a whole one; and where water was scarce, to perform my ablutions to the wrist only, instead of to the elbows; nor did I always remember, when a good joint of meat was smoking on the table, and I sharp set in consequence of a long fast, to inquire, before I fell to, whether the beast had been stabbed with a knife or knocked

down with a hatchet. But, thank God! I have never been a rank heathen—a kafr. I never, like you, believed in scores of Gods, nor worshipped idols of wood and brass."

"Merciful father," cried the friar—setting down the rakie, already in contact with his lips:—"nor I neither, nor any of us! How can you say such things?"

"How can I?" answered the Alexandrian, "but from having witnessed them with my own eyes! Who among you, I beg, thinks of celebrating a festival, building a mosque, addressing a prayer, vowing a present, imparting a wish, or expressing a want to any but St. Anthony of Padua, St. Francis of Assisi, St. John, St. James, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Agnes, St. Catherine, St. Cecilia, or any other of the saints and saintesses, whose interference quite leaves Providence a cipher, and whose number exceeds that of days set apart to worship them? In whose name but in that of these officious go-betweens are your oxen, and your sheep, and your poultry, and your very pigs blessed by the priest at the church-door? In whose honour but theirs do you suspend over your altars silver tokens of broken heads and hearts, of children born, and grown people mended? Can your cook so much as bake his meat but by favour of St. Lawrence?—delighted, it seems, to be reminded of his own broiling on a gridiron! And as to worshipping wooden images—have I not seen whole shoals of Nazarenes leave the nicest, whitest, little flaxen-headed madonnas which your toy-shops could produce, at home quite neglected, to travel barefoot perhaps five hundred leagues to some old mouldering figure, as ugly as a scarecrow, and as black as a negro; which strange fancy you will allow could only arise from some peculiar virtue assigned to the latter image;—since how should they otherwise try to extract it, by rubbing their noddles against its greasy pate?"

"As to that, child," replied the friar—taking a fresh sip of his rakie, and pursing up his mouth like one who is going to give an unanswerable answer,—"it is only on the score

of superior resemblance to the saint that certain images are preferred. All the world knows that the holy Virgin sat for her picture to St. Luke: and we may suppose she wishes to distinguish the originals by some peculiar mark of her divine favour."

"Well!" exclaimed the Alexandrian, in astonishment, "if this same virgin had been offered to me as a wife?"—but again checking himself: "and pray," added he, "your other saints, have they also each had his painter?"

No doubt," replied the Franciscan. "All great personages with us sit for their portraits. I myself have sat, both as a Cupid and a friar."

The factor now got up, and fetching a little parcel, which he gave to the padre: "There," said he, "are the St. Domingo beans you wanted. They are the very best I could find in the market. You may safely send them to your friends in Christendom, and be sure that, when well roasted, like St. Lawrence aforesaid, they will drink them for pure Mokha, and admire how superior they are in flavour to the vile West-India coffee." Upon this, he slapped the father on the back, dismissed him, and asked my business. I had made signs to him before not to break off the discussion, which I thought rather diverting.

On stating my intention to go to Raschid, he agreed for my passage on board one of the country djerms.[4] It was to sail early the next morning; and at the appointed time I went to secure my birth.

The boat seemed chiefly loaded with live stock; and by far the noisiest article of that description was a lot of female slaves, selected from among a ship-load lately brought for sale to Alexandria. A sharp *grego-maestro*, which kept blowing in our teeth all day long, and at dusk forced us to anchor before Bekier, enabled me to form some estimate of the value of this cargo. In the small place where we were all huddled pell-mell, the rolling produced by the storm afforded me every opportunity I could wish for of forming an

acquaintance with such of the ladies as looked most sociable; nor did our innocent chit-chat suffer any interruption from the watchfulness of their keeper, who, horribly sea-sick, lay speechless in the hold, and never opened his mouth for any purpose at all calculated to interrupt our conversation. His charge, inured to the sea by the voyage of the Euxine and the Mediterranean, only laughed at his distress, and, in defiance of winds and waves, chattered away like magpies. A Tcherkassian damsel, whose large black eyes seemed quite determined not to suffer from the concealment of her other charms, chiefly attracted my attention. She rewarded my notice with her utmost confidence, and gave me the rude sketch of her rough adventures.

"One evening," said she, "when I was in bed, and pretended to be asleep, my parents began to talk, as usual, about the trouble I gave them. My mother wished me far away. My father observed nothing was so easy as to fulfil this wish. A Turkish merchant, who used every two or three years to come and collect slaves in our country, had arrived that very day; and assuredly it was fairer that those who had all the expense should have the profit of me, rather than the neighbouring Tartars, who were every day carrying off some of our girls to sell to the Turks. My mother—somewhat fond of contradiction—now changed her tone, and would not hear of parting with her only daughter. But my father, telling her she was always perverse, offered her an alternative between what she liked better than keeping, and what she disliked worse than losing me—a cask of brandy or a sound cudgelling. She took the spirits, and gave up her child. The next day I was carried to the merchant. After a great deal of haggling, he bought, or rather accepted me, in exchange for arms, apparel, and sweetmeats. I was stowed on board a small vessel, with a number of other slaves picked up in various parts. Most of them had been sold by their landlords in payment of rent. The ship proved so leaky that

we never expected to reach Stambool. By a miracle, however, we got there;—at least, so I was told: for I never saw any thing of the place, except the large ugly khan in which we were housed. Our owner had us taught here the various accomplishments requisite for a ready sale—the Mohammedan religion, music, and dancing. Every day customers of all descriptions used to come and cheapen some among us. The price set on me was what few could afford: but my time meanwhile passed comfortably. I had plenty to eat, heaps of fine clothes, and a looking-glass to myself. I should have been quite happy but for the dread of being bought for the grand signor, who, they say, has so many wives, that he does not know what to do with them, and, though as old as Methusalem, yet must have a new one every Christmas. Think of being laid on the shelf at the death of this old spindle-shanks, as useless lumber, in an ancient seraglio with tremendously high walls—there to remain for life neither single nor married! This fate I escaped. The kehaya of Yousoof-bey of Cairo bought me for his master, with some of my companions. We were immediately shipped off in a very comfortable vessel; hardly ever had a whipping during the whole voyage; and here we are, on the eve, thank God! of reaching our final destination. To me it promises a paradise. I wish I could say as much in favour of my companions. But, poor things! they were only, as it were, thrown into the bargain; and I fear will remain all their lives mere drudges."

This last piece of intelligence, though conveyed in a very low whisper, did not escape the quick ears of the damsels for whom Hamida expressed such unacceptable compassion. I thought it would have occasioned an immediate engagement. With one accord the whole party rose up from their mattresses, and, gathering round the frightened Hamida, abused her for telling such falsehoods—she! a low-bred Tcherkassian, without faith, fat, or manners—of

Georgians like them, who at home used every day to go to mass, and had as much victuals as ever they wished to eat! But Hamida's own mettle rose at the base insinuation, and facing her assailants boldly: "It signifies much, truly," replied she in an ironical tone, "from what country we come, when none of us will ever see it again; and whether we had much or little of our religion, when we all have renounced it alike! And as to our fat—which is the most material point—that must be seen to be judged of."

"Then, let it," replied all the others in chorus; "and trust to us for seeing nothing!" and immediately they all fell upon poor Hamida, forcibly tore open her feridjee, and displayed her bosom. It might not answer the utmost amplitude of Asiatic ideas, but I confess, though I looked hard, I perceived no deficiency.

Even before this exhibition, the keeper of the ladies had cast sundry savage glances our way. He now contrived, sick as he was, to crawl unperceived among the busy group, and only announced his presence by unexpectedly laying about him with such energy, as not only to separate the combatants, but to send them slinking away to the furthest corner of the hold. He then lay down before them, and thus formed an effectual mediator for the prevention of further disputes.

No one remained on the field of battle except the spectators: namely, myself, and a single female, as different from our Circassian as night is from day: an Abyssinian negro woman. Manumitted by her last master, the dusky nymph had nobody to whom she was accountable for her conversation but herself, feared not the interruptions of a keeper's lash, and seemed determined to avail herself to the full of her advantages. She began by informing me, most prolixly, of all her concerns, past, present, and future. And first, she told me, her stars had looked but coolly upon her. She had been carried to Constantinople in winter, had suffered much from chilblains, and had been

married to a black eunuch. But the husband died, the chilblains healed, the summer came, and lovers began, like bees, to buzz about the black rose. "Still," continued she, "as I now was rich, I resolved again to quit the cold climate of Constantinople, and gradually to reapproach the milder temperature of Sennaar. Perhaps, thought I, in my way, at Alexandria, I may chance to find among the Mawgarbees[5] some proper husband for my money, to make me amends for my former empty honours. Nothing, however, worthy the acceptance of the widow of Ibrahim-aga offered; and I am now moving onward to Cairo, where, wholly independent of your insipid whites, I am quite sure of suitably matching my own colour,—unless," added she, with a significant glance, "something very tempting should offer by the way."

That this something actually had offered, and that every objection to the insipidity of whites had been overcome, I soon felt convinced of by the lady's *œillades*. Certain of her own approval, she did not in the least seem to trouble herself about any possible objection on my part; and her advances presently became so marked, that I owed the greatest obligation to the timely interposition of the Boghaz. This formidable sand-bank, which muzzles the mouth of the Nile, was announced at a most critical moment. Immediately every other passion yielded to terror. The Circassians screamed, the Turks fainted, and the negress turned as pale as she was able. Even after the peril was surmounted, all thoughts of taking the citadel by storm seemed laid aside, and the siege dwindled into a mere blockade, which lasted till we got to Raschid.

The abrupt transition from the yellow aridity of Alexandria to the verdant freshness of Rosetta, rising on the margin of a beautiful river, and embosomed in orange, in sycamore, and date trees, might give a foretaste of Elysium. I spent a whole day in a jesmine arbour, eating bananas, and drinking the juice of the sugar-cane;

and after thus having truly tasted the sweets of Raschid, re-embarked on board a maash,[6] destined to sail up the river, and to land us at Cairo. It resembled Noah's ark; was filled with beasts of every description, and surrounded by an universal flood. As far as the eye could reach, the waters of the Nile suffered nothing to rise above their surface but the buildings of the towns and villages, looking, on their artificial platforms, as if floating in trays on the liquid plain. Among the strange animals which our barge conveyed across this immense plash, shone conspicuous, from the bright yellow of his glossy skin, a short bloated biped, who, on a head scarce peeping above his shoulders, wore, perfectly poised, a huge flat turban, which gave the *tout-ensemble* the complete proportions of a toadstool; and truly, in the eyes of the other natives, this natural production seemed to be very much held in equal estimation with a fungus. An osmanlee of Cairo—a man of unusual information for his country, and of open pleasant manners—seeing the wonder with which I contemplated this figure, whispered me: "Coobd is the name these people bear, and they trace their descent from the ancient Egyptians; but they have changed the object of their worship from cats and onions to gold; and the only hieroglyphics they preserve are those in their scrutoires, which secure to them the exclusive knowledge of the size, produce, and boundaries of all the cultivable tracts in the country. Nor is this, in their hands, a mere speculative and barren science. It ensures them the stewardship of all the property of their Mohammedan masters. More conversant in arms than in arithmetic, we cannot dispense with this vermin, though it lives upon our best substance; and every Moslemin of any rank or wealth, from the schaich-el-belled,[7] who farms the whole territorial contribution of Egypt, to the smallest aga of a village, or subtenant of the schaich-el-belled, has his coobdtic steward or writer, whose accounts he understands just as much as the coobd under-

stands the language of his own prayers. He only knows that he is cheated, and has no way to help himself."

Night, meantime, had begun to cast its veil even over the nearest objects, when, on a sudden turn of the river, we all at once beheld at a distance before us a most splendid spectacle. The left bank of the Nile seemed for a considerable space in an entire blaze, and the luminous streak which edged the winding shore, producing by its reflection a parallel line of light in the mirror of the stream, made the whole resemble a riband edged with fire. It glittered more brilliantly from the surrounding darkness. The spot which it skirted resounded with the incessant clang of cymbals, of kettle-drums, and other musical instruments; and, as we approached near enough to discern in the fairy spectacle the effects of a most extensive illumination, the shouts and song of innumerable voices met the ear. The place thus distinguished was Mektoobes, famous in all seasons for its gaiety, and at this particular period engaged in the festival of its patron schaich, which drew together the population of all the surrounding districts. For almost a mile the quay was lined with barges, so closely wedged that one might walk from deck to deck; while the interior of the town was rendered as light as day by thousands of lamps; some winding in lofty spirals to the summit of the minarets, others thrown in long festoons from pinnacle to pinnacle, others again expanding in wreaths, in sheaves, and other fanciful forms. As we drew nearer, the eye was not more dazzled by the glare of light than the ear was stunned by the din of instruments. At every corner of a street a different band of musicians played a different tune, in hopes of drowning all the others in its noise; and in every open space some different troop of singers, dancers, tumblers, sorcerers, or fortune-tellers exhibited their different sorts of feats, with a view to eclipse all the rest. Here a string of awalis[6] strained their windpipes in tremulous quavers, until

they grew as hoarse as the frogs in the neighbouring ditches; and there a knot of ghazie[9] distorted their limbs into as uncouth postures as if they had been frogs themselves; and while one portion of our passengers stood watching the tricks of a juggler, whose troop of performers consisted in a basket full of serpents, another portion sat gaping at the feats of a rival mountebank, whose *chef-d'œuvre* was turning water into blood, and earth into vermin. I speak not of the female charmers, who preferred for the exhibition of their fascinations the darker places, where they excelled in emptying of its last para the closest drawn purse. Of these syrens our poor coobd might give the best account. He had been missing almost from the moment we went ashore, and no one could guess what witchery had conjured him away, until we all got back to our barge. It was there he first reappeared among us; and the first thing he did was to untie his pouch, in order to ascertain the damage it had sustained. A sequin was the utmost he rated it at; and that was just twice as much as, by his own account, the thrifty personage ever had spent on similar aberrations. What was his horror when he found that, by an art exactly contrary to that of the alchymists, the ladies, whose leger-de-main tricks he had been too curiously investigating, had converted all his gold into base metal. His purse indeed, externally, preserved its full size and weight; but alas, the contents had experienced a sad transmutation! His gold was all turned into brass!

At any other period, the adventures of Mektoobes, and the misfortunes of the coobd, would have furnished materials for conversation till we reached Cairo: but at this moment, the mind of no Egyptian born was sufficiently disengaged for such idle talk. A topic of higher, more universal, and more vital interest engaged every thought, and dwelt on every lip; absorbed the whole mind of man, woman, and child; and was sure, whatever other subject

most foreign from it might accidentally be started, ultimately, by imperceptible steps, to regain full possession of every receptacle of thought or words!

This was the rise of the Nile — the phenomenon on whose measure and degree depended, throughout Egypt, the serious difference between plenty and famine; and whose increase, perceptible inch by inch, and sometimes rapid, sometimes slow, sometimes wholly at a stand, kept, while it lasted, every eye on the stretch, and every mind in a fever.

In vain, as a stranger not yet embued with the spirit of the universal subject, I now and then tried to turn the conversation into another channel. The slimy ducts that carried the muddy waves of the Nile to the furthest limits of the country, were the only channels which my hearers could contemplate. When I talked of Hassan's expedition to the Morea, a person on my right observed it must have happened the year when the river only rose fifteen cubits; when I hoped to engage the attention of the company by describing the splendours of the sultan's court, a man on my left asked whose office it was to bring him the daily intelligence of the Nile's increase; and when I extolled the beauty of our islands, some one, who till that instant had never opened his lips, sighed to think they had no rivers to rise like the Nile. I now despaired of any other general conversation, and, in order to hear the last of the ruling topic, took my osmanlee friend aside, supplicated as a favour that he would first say all that his imagination could suggest concerning the Nile and all its branches, and would then vouchsafe to give me a little sketch of the politics of Egypt. This he readily undertook, and as his information on that subject may render more intelligible my own subsequent adventures in that country, I shall here transfer it to the reader—in substance more than in form—and with such additions and emendations as I subsequently derived from my own observation.

## CHAPTER XVI.

"Egypt," said (or said not) my osmanlee, "after its conquest by Omar, first obeyed a race of Arab sovereigns called kaliphs. To these succeeded, on its occupation by Selah-el-din, a race of Tartar princes denominated sultans.

"It was the early practice prevailing in every country under Tartar government, to leave the cultivation of the ground to the free-born peasant, and to employ the prisoner taken in war, and the purchased slave, in domestic and personal services alone. When, however, the Tartar swarms in their southward progress came in contact with black and woolly-haired nations, the destination of their slaves became as changed as their colour. The more pliant and pacific negro, foreign in habits as in looks from his purchaser, was under the name of abd, or domestic slave, confined to household services, and was never kept for defence. Admitted to the highest posts in the household, he could attain no advancement in the state. The more warlike white slave, on the contrary, not unfrequently the neighbour, nay the relation of his master in the country whence both derived their origin, and considered as more able to wield a patron's authority, and more fit to represent his person, was, under the name of mamluke, trained up to arms as well as to attendance. While in his master's house, he served him not only as his domestic but as his military guard and defender, and when manumitted, he became entitled to aspire to the highest dignities in the army and the state. The custom of raising military slaves or mamlukes to eminent employments has prevailed wherever

throughout Europe, Asia, or Africa, a Tartar dynasty has arisen. Indeed, slaves of this description were employed by Tartar sovereigns as their generals and their ministers, in preference to freemen, whether of the conquered or even of the conquering race. Torn up by the root from their native soil, strangers to that into which they were transplanted, unconnected with the body at large either of the vanquished or of the vanquishers, deriving their existence, their support, their greatness from their master alone, raised by his will, and at his nod again reduced to their original nothingness, they appeared of all descriptions of men the least formidable to a despotic ruler. In their hands the power which an absolute monarch is obliged to delegate in all its fulness to each of his ministers down to the last and least, seemed most exempt from the danger of being turned against its author.

"No device, however, has yet been discovered, by which a single hand can long continue to hold undivided an absolute sway over an extensive country. He who must singly withstand the pressure of many, is doomed at last to fall. Thus it fared with Selah-el-din's successors. The mamlukes intrusted by them with the command of provinces, amended their original insulation by their subsequent leagues. They set aside their legitimate sovereign, and established a military government in a republican form. Each of the fourteen provinces of Egypt was governed by its own bey. These lesser chiefs used to assemble in council under a president called schaich-el-belled, or chief of the country. In this divan were enacted by plurality of votes the decrees for the common welfare of all, and each bey presided in his own department over their due execution.

"From its first origin, and throughout all its later vicissitudes, this republic of beys has been perpetuated by means unexampled to the same extent in any other country,—namely, by an uninterrupted importation of strange slaves.

transformed by degrees into rulers of Egypt. Not that, as foreigners have sometimes imagined, the constitution of the Egyptian commonwealth prohibited by any positive law natives, freemen, and the actual progeny of prior rulers, from participating in the government of the country: not that any express ordination ever reserved the succession to power and the exercise of authority exclusively to strangers and to slaves. Throughout every period of the domination of the beys, instances have existed of individuals who were neither slaves nor strangers, but free-born Mohammedan Turks, nay sons of mamlukes and of beys, being allowed to attain the highest employments in the state. Three generations of beys shone in the family of Beloofi: at this moment, Ibrahim, our schaich-el-belled, boasts of the great destinies that await his son Marzook; and at some future day you yourself, who as far as *I* know were never bought nor sold, may, unless prevented by prior claims, become one of our beys.

"But a concurrence of circumstances has nearly effected what no law ever expressly decreed. According to our customs, the prolific period of youth is spent by the mamluke under his patron's roof in forced singleness, and in the society of none but his fellow soldiers. His constitution, more liable to the enervating tendency of the climate in proportion as it derives from its more bracing native atmosphere a greater natural fulness and succulence, is weakened, perhaps his very imagination receives a fatal bias, ere manumission allows him to quit his master's house, and to enjoy the comforts of the connubial state. No sooner, indeed, is he gifted with freedom than he seeks a wife, were it only to acquire in the sacredness of the harem a security for his person, and a sanctuary for his property: but even on this occasion his pride and his prejudice lead him to spurn from his embrace the woman of the country, whose seasoned constitution might counteract the effects of his debilitated system, and suffer him to form an alliance

only with some female slave of his own nation, on whom the climate of Egypt exerts the same enervating influence. Seldom does any progeny arise from these too well assorted marriages; or, if blessed with offspring, and such as attains maturity, it is in general too degenerate in body, and too imbecile in mind, to hold and to defend the parental authority against a host of sturdier competitors: and for want of a sufficiency of natural heirs to succeed to their possessions and their power, the rulers of Egypt have, throughout every period of their history, been obliged to seek, in fresh slaves imported from their own native realms, the heirs to their wealth, the successors to their dominion.

"Among these creatures of servitude and devotees to ambition, the Abases, the Tcherkassians, and the youths of Odeshé and of Gurgistan[1] are in general the most esteemed, as being the nearest in blood to their patrons, and the most eminent in corporal endowments and warlike accomplishments. Renegadoes themselves, their masters make it a rule, more in compliance with custom than out of respect for religion, to raise no servant to any employment who is not by birth or from choice a Mohammedan. But this condition fulfilled, whatever native of any country north of Egypt is willing to owe his whole existence and advancement to his patron, may aspire to all the advantages which an Egyptian grandee can bestow. The bey connects with the artificial relationship between master and slave all the reciprocal duties, nay attaches to it all the reciprocal appellations, that belong to the natural ties of which he lives bereft: he calls his mamlukes his children, and hears them call him their father. According to the measure of their attachment, their deserts, or their favour in his eyes, he promotes them successively, while yet in bondage, to all the honourable offices in his own household, from that of simple body-guard, to that of hasnadar or treasurer; and, when manumitted, to all the dignities in the state at his

disposal, from that of single aga, to that of kiaschef,[2] and bey, and schaich-el-belled. During his lifetime he marries them to whatever female relations of his own he can discover, and at his death he leaves them heirs to his wealth and his offices. So much are these adoptive children considered as the natural heirs to all their patron's property, that his very wives, and sisters, and daughters devolve to them, according to the date of their creation and the eminence of their rank; and the greater the number of such creatures, devoted to his service, defending his person, devouring his property, and raised by his patronage to wealth and to dignities, a man in power possesses, the more the lustre reflected from these satellites that move around him swells his own pride, increases his own importance, and extends his own sway. It is by the vast circumference of its base that we estimate the height of the mountain.

"Such is in Egypt the inertness of the native, and such the insulation of the country, encompassed on all sides by seas or by deserts, that the domination of the beys, though only continued by slaves, by renegadoes, and by strangers —by men forswearing every tie of country, of blood, of sex, and of religion, and presenting every form of anarchy, civil war, and murder by steel and by poison—yet subsisted near two centuries, without being wrested from the feeble hands that held it, either by an indigenous subject, or by a foreign invader.

"At last, however, the sway of the mamlukes seemed destined to decline. In the year 923 of the hegyra, Selim, sultan of the Turks, invaded Egypt, conquered the land of the beys, hung their chief, and degraded their body: the former rulers of the country were reduced to the rank of collectors of its revenue. Attached to different provinces, they and their kiaschefs became the farmers of the territorial contribution; while their chief, the schaich-el-belled, was alone fixed at Cairo under the watchful eye of the sultan's own visier.

"As an intermediate power between the mamlukes and the pasha, the conqueror created a provincial militia. It was destined to support the financial operations of the beys, and to restrain the political influence of the visier. It is true that these troops swore submission to severe regulations. Confined in the citadels of Cairo and of Djirdgé, they were to exercise no trade, lest they should lose their martial spirit, and to possess no land, lest they should acquire a local interest. Great privileges, however, made amends for these restrictions; since, in order to render his military force independent of his representative, the sultan allowed its odgiaklees, or chiefs, to enact in their own private councils the laws necessary for the welfare of their corps.

"No human power, however, can be so nicely poised, but that a little excess in some quarter will by degrees determine all further weight to flow to the same side, until the balance be at last wholly destroyed. Stationary in the country, and commanding a formidable force, the chiefs of the militia soon began to resist indiscriminately every order of a pasha liable to constant removals, and the bearer of unsupported mandates: they ended by compelling him to sanction in the name of the sovereign the statutes decreed in their own. A prisoner in the castle, while suffered to remain at Cairo, he no sooner gave the least offence than he was dismissed without delay.

"The beys were held in still more open and degrading subjection: for the schaich-el-belled was made, on days of ceremony, to hold the stirrup to the aga of the jenissaries. Even the subjects of the Porte at large experienced at the hands of this lawless soldiery the direst oppression. They could only escape its rapacity by enlisting in its corps: but in proportion as the candidate for this honour was wealthier, and thus exposed to greater extortions, he obtained less easily the immunity which he

more urgently wanted. One half of his fortune was generally the price of his security during his life, and at his death the other half devolved to the regiment in which he was enrolled; nor, if a rich individual had by some means succeeded to elude while he lived the burthensome boon, could his good fortune while he had breath, on his demise avail his heirs. In default of a real engagement, a forged contract was soon produced and promptly acted upon.

"Thus did the militia of Egypt, in spite of the sultan's edict, soon absorb all its personal property: nor was it long ere, by a still more glaring infraction of their rules, the odgiaklees became possessors of most of the land:—but if their power at first thus gained them inordinate wealth, that wealth again, by a just retribution, served to undermine their power; and just as the Nile, after rising till it overflows the country....."

At this ominous simile I took fright, put my finger on the narrator's lips, and earnestly entreated that he would tell his tale in a straight-forward manner, without tropes or figures—especially about the Nile.

He smiled, and thus proceeded:—"By becoming landed proprietors, the members of the militia had rendered themselves accountable in one sense to those very beys who were amenable before them in another: but there remained no longer an equal security for the discharge of the mutual obligation. While, by the enrolment in their corps of every peaceful citizen disposed to pay the admission fee required, and the discarding of every able soldier himself requiring a stipend, the militia was become at once enfeebled at the heart, and unwieldy at its extremities, the beys seemed to have regained all the strength which their antagonists had lost: for the mamluke tribe —that indestructible plague of Egypt, that weed always alive, and at every new subversion of a more artificial sys-

tem again springing up in all its former luxuriance—had, by constant fresh supplies, meanwhile recovered all its vigour.

"Thus the different departments of the state, intended by Selim to check each other's pressure, became totally confounded; or rather their offices were exchanged, their interests reversed, and the supremacy made to flow back into its pristine channels. While the militia insensibly spread over the surface of the land, to attend to its culture, the beys again flocked to Cairo, to resume their cabals: while the odgiaklees had erst given to their creatures the employments of the beys, the beys now gave to their freedmen the rank of odgiaklees: the public revenue, before squandered by the soldiery, now became wasted by the mamlukes; and what power remained in the hands of the sultan's forces was no longer employed to resist but to protect the sultan's enemies. The spider was left to weave its web in silence over those gilded vaults, which had once re-echoed with the fierce debates of commanders; and the pasha, who formerly had only feared the power of the militia, now only trembled at the name of the beys.

"Scarce however had this revolution been perfected, when the daring Aly, bey and schaich-el-belled, succeeded in wresting its fruits out of the hands of its authors. Renouncing his allegiance to the Porte, and contracting an alliance with the Russians, he awed into silence his colleagues, and reserved every office for his own adoptive children. He sent his son Ismaïl to sack Damascus, and his son Hassan to pillage Djedda; while he kept his eldest son Mohammed at home, to bear as he could the whole weight of his favours: and great it was;—for he honoured him with the hand of his sister, sent for purposely from Georgia; he heaped upon him such riches as to cause him to be surnamed Aboo-dahab, or the father of gold; and he endowed him with sufficient power to create his own dependents beys: insomuch, that at last Aboo-dahab, dis-

abled by his patron from rising any higher, except by stepping on his patron's neck, slew him, in order that his work might be completed.

"Nor was Aboo-dahab disappointed in this purpose. Named schaich-el-belled by his own beys, and chosen pasha by the grateful Porte, he offered the first example in Egypt, as he did the last, of all the grandeur which the country can bestow, and all the authority which the sultan can give, united in the same person:—but his joy was short! Intoxicated unto madness by these too copious draughts of successful ambition, his blood began to ferment; his fluids turned to poison; a raging fever struck his brain; and in the midst of Acre, which he had taken by storm, and delivered up to pillage, one day saw him resplendent with glory, and the next a livid corpse.

"No sooner had Aboo-dahab breathed his last, than his mamlukes hastened back to Cairo to divide his spoil. Ibrahim, the eldest bey of his creation, obtained with the place of schaich-el-belled the widow of Aly. Mourad, the second in rank of the beys named by Mohammed, married his patron's own relict. The other beys of Mohammed's recent house, Osman, Mustapha, Suleiman, and the two Ayoobs, took, according to their rank and seniority, what else remained to be divided.

"The younger children of Mohammed's ill-requited patron, Ismaïl and Hassan, who shared not in their eldest brother's ingratitude, had, on Aly's death, fled to Upper Egypt. There they remained quiet during the short period of Aboo-dahab's reign; but gained strength by an alliance with two great Arab schaichs; those of Esneh and of Negaddi. Thus reinforced, they determined not to suffer Mohammed's children to supersede the remaining sons of Aly himself, and marched directly to Cairo. Ibrahim, Mourad, and their party, had not yet had leisure to prepare for the attack. With all their followers they passed through the citadel, situated on the utmost verge of the

mount Mokhadem; gained the defiles of that range of mountains which extends along the right bank of the Nile into Upper Egypt, and there took that station, which their antagonist had just quitted to occupy their own at Cairo.

"Ismaïl, received in the capital with acclamation, and immediately installed as schaich-el-belled by a pasha, prompt to confer the title on whosoever held the place, lost no time in clearing his residence of all lurking leaven of sedition. Two old beys yet breathed, owned by no party still in being, but supposed secretly to favour that of Ibrahim. They had nevertheless, when Ismaïl entered Cairo, remained in the capital,—either prevented from quitting it by their infirmities, or relying for protection on their age. They were friends, and saw each other familiarly. But when Sogeir came to pay his court, Ismaïl exacted, in proof of his loyalty, the head of Abderahman, and Sogeir bowed submission. In the midst of the customary reminiscences which formed the conversation of men who had outlived all their contemporaries, Sogeir dropped his chaplet; Abderahman stooped to pick it up, and Sogeir plunged his dagger into his colleague's side. His feeble hand, however, could not give a home thrust, and Abderahman, intended to be laid prostrate for ever, rose from the blow, and struggled with his adversary. The surrounding mamlukes viewed unmoved two men, seemingly united during half a century in the closest bonds of friendship, contend which should first bereave the other by violence of the few remaining sparks of a life almost extinct—should first draw from the other's heart the few remaining drops of an almost stagnant tide, and should first thrust the other into that grave, on whose brink both were tottering. This feat Sogeir achieved. He then crawled back to the schaich with the head demanded; but, exhausted with the fight, fell dead in the act of presenting the prize.

"Ibrahim and Mourad remained not much longer in

Upper Egypt than Ismaïl and Hassan had done before them. With the assistance of the Arab schaichs of Farshoot and of Dendera, they descended from Djirdgé, and demanded readmittance into Cairo. Ismaïl consented, in hopes of more effectually ending the struggle by treachery. With the concurrence of Ezedlee, the pasha, his antagonists were to be murdered in the citadel, in full divan. Hassan, however, dissatisfied by the small share of power ceded him by Ismaïl, thought he now had the means for ever to secure the gratitude of the adverse party. He warned its leaders of the plot; and the same night Ibrahim and Mourad, with all their adherents, again evacuated Cairo. As soon as they had passed the gates, they proclaimed all reconciliation with Ismaïl henceforth at an end, and went back to their old post at Djirdgé. Here they fortified themselves, and determined to reduce the capital by famine. All provisions which descended the Nile were intercepted, and Ismaïl at last found himself obliged by the impending scarcity to collect his few troops, to march southward, and to give his rivals battle. It was Hassan who gave them the victory, by going over to their side in the midst of the combat. Ismaïl immediately fled back to Cairo.

"The schaich-el-belled's popularity in the capital had been annihilated by his exactions. Closely pursued, he felt his situation desperate. In haste he loaded his camels with his treasure, abandoned his honours, and crossed the desert as a fugitive. At Gaze he embarked for Stambool, to seek assistance from the Porte.

"As Ismaïl went out at one gate of the city, Ibrahim and Mourad rushed in at the other. Content to resume their former station, they impeded not their enemy's convenient flight. After reinstating themselves in all their offices, they strengthened their party, and rewarded their adherents, by making a considerable promotion of beys and of kiaschefs.

"Hassan himself gained the least by his defection. This bey, surnamed Djeddawee from the sacking of that city, was among those unfortunate individuals who, with the greatest physical bravery, entirely want moral resolution and steadiness; by their waverings and changes forfeit the confidence of all parties, and to every faction alike appear more desirable in the character of avowed enemies than in that of seeming friends. Whatever sacrifices he might make to the cause he espoused, they were uniformly attributed to interested motives; truth from his lips was received as falsehood, and generosity in his behaviour could only be viewed as cunning. The bare circumstance of his asserting a fact caused it to be discredited, and his being the author of a scheme sufficed for its rejection. Thus situated, he always found the thanks of his associates short of his pretensions, failed not soon to accuse his colleagues of black ingratitude, and scarce had joined a party, when he afresh meditated a change. His most ordinary converse necessarily degenerated into a tissue of dissimulation and fraud which produced no illusion, and his life became a series of intrigues and of cabals which brought him no benefit.

"Tired of his complaints, and fearing his fickleness, the sons of Mohammed resolved to stop his reproaches by cutting short his career. The Saturday exercises in the place of Roumaïli were fixed upon to execute the purpose.

"The exercise of the djereed was over. One of Mourad's mamlukes enters the lists for the game of the jar.[3] He advances in the circle, takes aim, fires, and misses. A second darts forward, and equally fails. A third now tries in his turn: his ball goes wider still than the former from the pretended mark; but it strikes the real one,—for it grazes the turban of Djeddawee. Every bystander loudly laments the accident. The bey alone saw the intent: he saw his death-warrant signed. Immediately he calls round him his mamlukes, and from their close-pressed circle raises

*the cry of war and the sword of defiance. His suite all draw their sabres: so do Mohammed's children. The games cease; the fight commences: the few remaining adherents of Ismaïl join the banners of Hassan.*

"Three entire days did every street of Cairo in turns become the field of battle: three entire days did every stone of the capital in turns stream with blood. At last Hassan felt his strength give way, and saw his supporters fall off one by one. On the point of being overwhelmed by his enemy's superior force, he gathers together a small troop which he still could rely upon, and breaks through the very midst of his assailants. With a speed which nothing could slacken, he gains the vast suburb of Boolak, on the Nile, and there seeks shelter in the house of an old friend, of the Schaich Damanhoori. The sanctity even of that distant asylum is disregarded, and the approach invested, a few minutes after its gates had received the noble fugitive.

"For a while, however, intrenching himself behind the inclosure of his fortress, Hassan gallantly stands the siege, from every window and battlement of the edifice pours down upon Mourad's satellites every species of murderous implement, and makes many a foe atone with his life for the relentless pursuit. But after more than an hour's strenuous defence, he beholds from the top of the building the door burst open, and the entire hostile torrent rush in at once. He now resolves to quit the hopeless contest, and to save himself by flight. Mounting on the terrace of the mansion no longer secure, he thence clambers on the roof of a neighbouring house. From that passes on to the next, and in this manner vaults from terrace to terrace,[4] and climbs from roof to roof—sometimes scaling almost inaccessible heights, at others leaping down awful precipices, and at others again clearing frightful chasms—till at last he gains the furthermost of the habitations that form a connected cluster. Here he finds his aërial progress stopped; and from the summit of this final promontory

again is compelled to descend to the regions below, and to return to the level of his pursuers. From the terrace he lets himself down into the attics; from these into a lower floor: gains the top of the stairs, runs down a hundred steps, reaches the hall, and opens the entrance door. In the very porch stood sentinel a hostile mamluke of gigantic stature, waiting his arrival to intercept his passage: him he fells with his sabre at a single blow, and mounting the mamluke's own steed, he rides back at full speed to Cairo. But at every turn his antagonists were watching. They soon espy his escape: and in a moment he heard the whole troop again close at his heels. Danger seemed to lend him wings. He reaches Cairo the first—though scarce by the distance of a pistol-shot. Clearing the crowded entrance of the city, and pushing up the main street, he rushes, as soon as opportunity favours, into the midst of the most populous and busy district; runs up one narrow lane, and down another. As he enters a new division, he causes its gates to be shut behind him, in order to delay the progress of his pursuers. Meeting a string of camels carrying water, he rends open the skins with his dagger, to increase the slippery smoothness of the pavement. Coming up with a file of arabas, conveying a wedding, he tilts over the waggons to bar the passage. No throng of human beings, however great, stops his career. His yatagan cuts its way through the thickest cluster of passengers. Overthrowing some, trampling others under foot, he still advances unslackened in his speed. Every where warning shouts announce his approach; every where screams of terror precede his rapid steps. At sight of him the horror-struck mob flies in every direction like chaff before the hurricane; and his wide circuit frequently bringing him back to the same places in which he had appeared before—but each time more pale and ghastly, and covered with blood than before—he at last begins to be viewed as his own ghost, still continuing the flight of the body. It was a stupendous

thing to behold a vast capital, successively filled throughout each of its numerous quarters, from one end to the other, with ever increasing terror and dismay, by the appearance of a single man,—and that man himself a fugitive, only darting by like a meteor; just heard, just seen, and then again disappearing.

"Hassan's strength now begins to fail him. His horse is ready to drop. His pursuers—who for a while had lost his track—guided by the clamour of the mob at his appearance, again recover the scent. They gain ground upon him so fast, that nothing seems capable any longer of saving him from becoming their victim.

"He now bethinks himself of one last desperate expedient. The house of his most inveterate enemy—of Ibrahim, the schaich-el-belled—had just risen in sight. He springs from his exhausted steed, no longer able to move, and summoning all his remaining strength, runs to this perilous abode, and gains with difficulty its frowning portal. Entering the reluctant gates, he forces his way athwart the bevy of astonished pages, who in vain try to stop the intruder; and makes straight for the holy of holies, for the women's apartment. Pushing away right and left the eunuchs, the slaves, and the guards, stationed to defend the entrance of the gynecæum, he bursts open the prohibited door, advances through the labyrinth of narrow passages, and at last, after many wanderings, reaches the very centre of the sanctuary.

"Here, totally exhausted, and faint with fatigue and loss of blood from many a wound inflicted by a distant carbine, Djeddawee at last stops, lays down on the rich carpet his ensanguined sword, and viewing before him that mightiest of her sex, the sister of Aly, the widow of Mohammed, and the wife of Ibrahim—risen from her seat in mute astonishment—he throws himself prostrate at her feet, clasps the hem of her embroidered garment, and implores her all-powerful protection.

"What could Ash-har do? when a son of her brother,

and a brother of her first husband, humbled to the dust, implored her to save his life!

"She swore to protect him, while he remained in her sight; and in her presence none durst lift his hand against the supplicant. Even Ibrahim her husband consented to respect his hated existence, until he again should go forth from the shadow of his roof.

"But Mourad appears! Furious from his numerous disappointments and Hassan's hair-breadth escapes, he demands possession of his victim, or threatens to abandon his party. The schaich-el-belled wavers, and at last consents to cast a stain upon his character, in order to satisfy his colleague. In defiance of the laws of hospitality, he insists on Hassan's quitting his habitation, content to receive a safeguard to the frontiers of Egypt. The bey was not in a condition to decline the specious offer. Accompanied by a numerous escort, he takes leave and departs. But what is his new dismay, when he learns on the road that his destination is the very town in Arabia, once the scene of his devastations! To turn him adrift among the injured populace of Djedda was to devote him to a death more cruel than the fate from which he had fled. On the least resistance, however, to the mandate of his enemies, he was to be killed on the spot. He therefore feigned acquiescence, and suffered himself quietly to be conveyed to Suez, and there to be embarked for the harbour of Meccah. At sea he might by surprise have slain a few of his conductors, but in so rash an attempt he must soon have been overpowered by the rest. He devised a better plan. In the darkness of the night he fell upon the reïs himself, the moment sleep closed his eyelids; and with his arm round the pilot's throat and his pistol to his heart, he forced him to steer for the African coast, and for the port of Cosseir. There, under favour of a mob, whom the cry of a son of Aly soon collected round the boat, ready for his defence, he disembarked, by forced marches gained Akmim, and from that place plunged into the desert. In

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a few days he reached the tents of his former Arab allies. Under their wing he took shelter: the fame of his wonderful escape spread in all directions:—at last it reached Cairo, and the wreck of his party, remaining in that capital, insensibly withdrew, and joined, high up the Nile, its imperishable leader.

"Ismail, on his arrival at Constantinople, had found the Porte too deeply engaged in war with Austria to involve itself in fresh hostilities with Egypt. Tired of consuming his time in fruitless expectation, and his wealth in unproductive bribes, he at last reimbarked, landed at Derné, and through the oasis of Sewa rejoined Hassan near the Cataracts. Either chief had gained too little by deserting the other, not to meet his former rival with willing heart half way. Common disappointment for this time riveted the union of the boys. They agreed to consign to oblivion the past, and for the future never more to abandon each other.

"Thus far," added my osmanlee, "the engagement has remained inviolate. Three years and more the sturdy veterans have continued to live together in undisturbed possession of Es-souan, the furthest place in the Saïd, on this side the falls. Too weak to molest the chiefs at Cairo, and too near the confines of Nubia to fear their molestation, they are watched, but are left quiet. All the land on either side the river, their small district excepted, obeys Ibrahim and Mourad. These chiefs reign uncontrolled at Cairo, and heavy is the yoke which they impose upon the provinces. But it bears alike on every one, and therefore appears less galling than the partial miseries of a civil war. People pray for an oppression which prevents their being torn limb from limb, in the strife of contending parties."

Here ended the long narration of my Caïreen friend, and high time it was. Already rose in sight the vast pyramids to the right, and the castle of Cairo on our left. Each passenger began to collect his parcels; and scarce

half an hour more elapsed ere we cast anchor at Boolak, and stepped ashore. Our little party broke up, and every one of its members went his different way. My new friend and myself walked on together to Cairo.

## CHAPTER XVII.

From the brilliant descriptions given me of the celebrated Masr[1]—of the kalish[2] that runs through its centre, and of the birkets[3] that adorn its outskirts—I expected, if not an earthly, at least an aquatic paradise. On first reaching this vaunted city, I saw nothing but filth and ruins on the outside, and filth and misery within. "So much!" exclaimed I—thinking of Aly tshawoosh—"for travellers' tales!"

"So, too, said I," echoed my companion the Caïreen, somewhat nettled, "on first entering Stambool." The retort startled me in my turn. "Heavens and earth!" was my answer, "would you compare Cairo with Constantinople? Where can you find the least resemblance? Is it between the vile offensive swamps which here have confounded the river with its banks, and the verdant hills which there hem in the very sea? between the yellow muddy stream here treasured up for refreshment in sooty pitchers, and the crystal rills there gushing forth from golden fountains? or finally between the smoke-dried men, tattooed women, and blear-eyed bloated children of this over-grown beggarly place, and our population of patriarchs, of houries, and of cherubs? In Constantinople, the very cemeteries of the dead look like portions of elysium; here, the habitations of the living already seem charnel-houses."

"With us each gem has its foil," observed my friend, drily; "and we admire our beauties the more from the

relief produced by that very circumstance. Suspend your judgment on our comforts till you see the palaces of our beys."

This was not to be my destiny immediately. I had observed the haughty looks and gorgeous apparel of the meanest of the mamlukes who condescended to mix among the populace; and I wished to avoid the privileged cast, until I might vie in my appearance at least with its inferior members. I therefore was content to sleep the first night at a khan, and the next morning prepared for presenting my letters. Keeping my friend Aly in my mind as my model, I put on my gayest attire, and, when fully equipped for my visit, viewed myself in a looking-glass with such complacency, that I began at last to apprehend the fate of Narcissus, and, for fear of catching the evil eye from myself, tried to spit in my own face;[4]—deeming an extraordinary case to require an extraordinary remedy.

This exploit performed—not without some labour—I sallied forth, feeling quite secure as to what might happen. A fellow in the street, himself totally deprived of eyesight, showed me the way with the utmost readiness to Suleiman's palace. The grandeur of its portal, far from damping my confidence, rather elevated my pride, by promising a theatre worthy of my ambition. Bounding like a ball, I ascended its spacious stairs, paced the long gallery, and entered the hall of audience. Perceiving the bey, seated in the angle of his sofa at the upper end of the room, I boldly advanced—retorting with equally haughty glances the supercilious and scrutinising looks of the gay youths who lined the passage—and, when arrived near their patron, put my hand to the ground, to my forehead, and my lips, and presented my credentials with every possible grace.

Throughout the East, grandees, when first addressed, preserve an impenetrable countenance. Their internal emotions lie concealed under a mask of stone. Thus they

avoid committing themselves, as they must in some measure be liable to do, were they even to express the reverse of what they feel. Still I fancied I could discern athwart the bey's immoveable features such an impression, produced by my first address, as left me little cause for uneasiness. Once or twice, while one of his eyes affected most diligently to run over the recommendatory lines, I caught the other straying from the paper, and stealing a sly survey of my person, with an air of most encouraging approbation. Having at last—apparently with great toil—completed the perusal of the long epistle, Suleiman laid it by him on the sofa, wiped his face, and bade me welcome. "My friend Othman," said the boy—moving his little hands in unison with his speech—"describes you as possessed of valuable talents, and I feel anxious to acquire a claim to your services. Unfortunately," added he in a lower tone, after beckoning to his attendants to retire out of hearing, "our mamlukes, with all their excellent qualities, are somewhat addicted to idleness, to deceit, and to treachery, and extremely jealous of all whom they look upon as intruders: nor dare we openly brave these little weaknesses, or confer on a stranger what these our adopted children consider as their rightful honours. Indeed, the stranger himself would soon have cause to rue the unavailing favour. I therefore do not immediately give you in my house a definite office. But stay as a guest, a friend, a household counsellor; and in time the thing I wish may be managed. God be praised, you are not at least a native Turk! Like us, you are an islamite from choice."

After this little preamble, the bey proceeded to try me on the nature and extent of my acquirements; and, as he was not sorry that his mamlukes should have an opportunity—which occurred but seldom—of witnessing his own vast erudition, he made signs to them to return within hearing distance, during the examination. An Italian missionary had once given him a dictionary, as a book replete with

short and pithy stories; and in its sedulous perusal the boy had contrived to pick up a considerable assortment of technical terms of art and science, which he employed as it pleased Providence. Of the things themselves whose appellations he had learnt he seemed to have no more idea than the huge Angora cat which sat purring by his side; and an elementary chaos of astronomy, tactics, geography, mythology, and medicine, all huddled together at random in his brain, flowed in most picturesque confusion from his lips. Extensive, therefore, as certainly was the general outline of his attainments, it still left me room to fill up a few intervening blanks in such a way as to give a very favourable opinion of my own information, even without presuming so far on its superiority as to tell his highness point blank, for instance, that England lay not contiguous to India,—as he had imagined from their constant warfare; or that Voltaire had never been Pope of Rome,—as he had inferred from the frequent juxtaposition of these personages in his missionary's anecdotes. With all this forbearance, however, my course of practical education at the arsenal, joined to the speculative topics which I had heard discussed at Pera, still enabled me to pass myself off in the meridian of Cairo for a youth of no common accomplishments; and at every answer I gave to Suleiman's subtle queries, he failed not to assume a profound look, and, after some little apparent meditation, to exclaim in an emphatic tone, "good, very good, excellent, admirable! In time you will know as much as I do!" The only thing which seemed to give a little offence was, my affirming peremptorily that the earth revolved round the sun, and not the sun round the earth. At this bold assertion, so contrary to my previous caution, the boy looked as if he suspected me of a design to play upon his credulity; and I could only get out of the difficulty into which my pride of learning had led me, by assuring him that it was among us a very common belief; which he nevertheless still won-

dered that so sensible a fellow, as I seemed to be, should have adopted.

When satisfied with the exalted idea which he doubted not he had given me of his own learning, Suleiman by degrees descended to more familiar topics; and I now was surprised in my turn to find a man, so utterly ignorant in matters of general information, at the same time so much at home in all that concerned the immediate interests of his country and station. But, like many other people, the bey prized his knowledge in proportion to its rarity, and seemed to value most that of which he possessed the least. He threw out all his questions about the politics of the Porte in so careless a manner, and seemed so little to heed my answers, that an indifferent by-stander would have sworn the most vital subjects to Suleiman were just those which weighed the least in his mind.

Having exhausted every topic of more immediate importance to himself,—"You have been long at Stamboul," said he at last, "and therefore cannot fail to know all about Franguestan.[5] What bone, pray, are those Christian dogs now contending for? Do they think they possess enough upon the earth; or are they planning some expedition to the moon? Blind as they be, poor creatures! they bustle about as eagerly at those that can see!" I assured him that this blindness and this bustle had increased to such a degree, that, from one end of Europe to the other, every potentate was actually at the present moment disposing of his neighbour's property, as if it had been his own![6]

Book-learning and general politics might afford a pretty pastime; but, with a race like the mamlukes, whose chiefs as well as meanest individuals were always required to be on the alert, and ready alike for attack, for defence, and for retreat, skill in the exercise of the carbine, the pistol, and the sabre were more essential,—indeed, were indispensable qualifications in every candidate for preferment. In re

spect of these military accomplishments also Othman-bey had in his letter mentioned me with praise; but I perceived in Suleiman a conviction that the same human being could not possess talents so opposite and so varied. When therefore I begged permission to join in the martial sports of his mamlukes, appointed for the next day, he strongly tried to dissuade me, lest I should only expose my want of skill; but my perseverance conquered. He at last consented, though evidently concerned at my obstinacy, and pitying my rashness. Not so his young mamlukes! They were delighted with anticipations of the sorry figure which the stranger was expected to make; and significant glances circulated round every part of the room. The morrow was to be a day of merriment.

At the appointed hour on that morrow I went to the bey's palace, and found the whole household assembled in the court-yard, ready to sally forth. We soon marched out in grand procession; but when I inquired whither we were going, not a creature knew. The beys are too fearful to trust their followers with so important a secret. Not until the whole party is turned adrift in the fields does the serrah, or domestic charged with the camp apparatus, receive intelligence of the destined halting-place. Off he then sets, on his dromedary, to make his preparations: the rest follow with loud clamour; and when the place of destination is reached, the mamlukes immediately dispose themselves in a spacious ring round the ground.

The Koobbet-el-haue proved to be the spot selected; and I suspected the bey of a secret wish to verify his forebodings, when I understood it to be the most trying ground about Cairo for martial exercises. In order to judge how it lay, and to study the mode of play of the mamlukes, I hung back at first, as if not daring to enter the lists with men so distinguished for their skill and address: but of course, the less alacrity I showed, the more I was pressed to expose myself. "The youngsters knew, it was in sheer

compassion upon their inferiority, that I did not choose to come forward. But my backwardness would not serve me: I stood engaged, and my modesty must be put to the blush."

As if only reluctantly urged on by these ironical observations, I at last, in seeming trepidation, snatched up a djereed. In order to render my incapacity the more palpable, the most indifferent performer of the set was pitted against me. Off went my adversary's staff! and after it every eye. Spite of my indifferent steed, I avoided the blow, and the harmless stick only raised a cloud of dust. All wondered at my escape. In my turn I flung the wooden weapon, but not with similar effect. It reached its destination, and most unequivocally delivered its errand. The astonishment of the spectators redoubled, and my antagonist, dismounted, limped in rage out of the circle. The rest of his companions now began to suspect that it was not a tyro's task to contend with the new comer. The more skilful players took their turn. They had little better success: and the first exclamations of surprise gradually subsided in speechless disappointment and dismay. Every voice was hushed, and every lip bleeding with bites of vexation.

I had the good fortune to show equal dexterity in the use of the pistol and the sabre. The jar flew in pieces, and the felt[7] was cut through and through. In the Koobbet-el-haue at Cairo I thus first reaped the fruits of the exercises performed in the Oc-meidan of Constantinople, and the dejection of spirits which led me to the one prepared the way for the triumph which I obtained in the other. So high rose in an instant my reputation, that the bey himself proposed to try his hand against me. I had heard him described as an indifferent performer. I could have no doubt that, equal as my skill appeared to that of Suleiman's ablest mamlukes, I had little to fear from their master. Yet did every person present seem to re-

vive at the bare proposal of the match. "How is this?" thought I:—but a moment's reflection gave me the clue to the phenomenon. "Ah rogues!" I inwardly exclaimed —on penetrating the new drift of my friends—"to see me victorious is now precisely what you wish for, in order that I may irretrievably lose the favour of the bey. But take leave of your hopes! Selim not only knows when to play well, but also when to play ill;" and in fact, I took such uncommon pains for this prudent purpose, that, on quitting the field, Suleiman pronounced me by far the best player next to himself he knew in Cairo, and the one he liked most to engage with; and, on returning home, took me definitively into his service. Fearful, however, of putting me at once on the footing of the favoured cast, he placed me for the present among his scratches.[8] My salary was trifling; but who, among the followers of beys of Egypt, depended upon his wages for his emolument?

Suleiman possessed, in addition to the numerous mamluke sprigs ingrafted upon the family tree, one male and sundry female suckers, directly sprung from the original stock. To his female offspring Suleiman seemed attached: the male shoot no one could accuse him of spoiling, at least by excess of fondness. He considered the bey-zadé as a perfect cipher. Seldom he deigned to inquire after his health: never to demand his presence. "What interest," would he say, "can I take in a plant on which all culture is thrown away? Why cherish a reed, too feeble to support my increasing age? What I lay out on a conceited idiot, who forgets his deficiencies only to remember his birth, I lay out to utter loss: I even expend it without reaping empty thanks! Are not then my gifts more wisely bestowed on men whom I cherish for their intrinsic merit, and who reward me with their gratitude?" To this mode of reasoning I, for one, could not possibly object.

Various were the sorts of merit which, in the eyes of my patron, took precedence of kindred. Valour, capacity,

zeal, each obtained their share of superior esteem: but the quality rated above all others was a pair of ruddy cheeks. Among many other instances of their paramount influence, a young fellow from Odesché, remarkable for his stupidity and peevishness, had just superseded in the bey's favour, and in the place of Ichibookdjee,[9] a Georgian, esteemed for his good qualities by all his companions: and that, for no other earthly reason which any one could discover, except that his face looked like a ripe Damascus peach. Suleiman himself saw nothing singular in this fancy. "People," he said, "value a tulip, a shawl, a ruby, a canary-bird, a horse, for the brightness of their hue: they dress up their domestics in the gaudiest colours! Why then should they not be as particular about their faces? and choose their attendants by the same rule as their flower-pots—since both alike are destined to furnish their chamber? For my part, it is my delight, when I cast my eyes around, to view a long row of handsome busts; and I think I may be permitted to be as fastidious about the hue of my pages as my neighbour Ayoob is about that of his pipe-sticks!"

Fortunately, the new comer possessed not in his complexion wherewithal to make any very valuable addition to Suleiman's collection of youthful colours, as it must have kept me at home much oftener than I liked, for fear of disturbing the set. So far from my hues being any longer of a pure and primitive description, they were rather become what painters might call neutral tints, and such as could not, by their absence, leave the smallest sensible gap in the bey's prismatic scale. Scarce a day therefore passed without my allowing myself—in company with some of the younger mamlukes of our house—time to visit Maallim[10] Ibrahim, Maallim Yacoob, Maallim Yoossef, or some other of the Maallims, or writers of the coobdtic persuasion, who lived round the lake Yusbekieh[11]. They assisted us in keeping up some of our good old Christian customs: for

they never would let us depart without reviving our spirits with a few glasses of rakie: "In order," they said, "to keep out of our stomachs all the water that surrounded us." This good purpose, however, they sometimes overshot; for one evening my companion and myself took so copious a dose of the antidote, that on returning home we no longer could distinguish the path from the canal that ran alongside of it, and so fell into the ditch, which was full to the brink. My companion at first pulled me in, and I afterwards pulled him out; and he felt so thankful for this trifling compliment, that from that moment we became sworn friends. Some of the other mamlukes, indeed, wished to sow the seeds of discord between us; but in vain they tried to damp the ardour of an attachment begun in a ditch.

Rashooan was my comrade's name: Gurgistan his country. He possessed in an eminent degree all the qualities in which mamlukes excel. Equally active and vigorous, he could break the most unruly horse; leaped a ditch (when sober) with the agility of a deer; brought his steed to a dead stand in the midst of the swiftest race; and wielded with equal dexterity the scimitar, the musket, and the pistol.

One day I found him describing in glowing terms to a knot of his companions the glories of his native soil. Its flowers, fruits, verdure, streamlets, men, women—its very tobacco-stoppers—were, according to his account, positively of a different nature from those of every other country; and could he but once more behold this land of wonders, he would resign his breath contented! "I did not know, Rashooan," said I, when the party separated, "that you so grievously regretted your native country." "Nor I neither," was his answer;—"and between ourselves, I pray to God every morning that I may never see it again. A sad exchange for fine horses, rich caparisons, costly armour, sumptuous apparel, Egyptian grooms, and negro slaves, indeed, would be that of a life of mere hardships and

poverty;—and for what purpose? Only to find myself forgotten by my parents, and recognised by nobody but a landlord who would sell me again, as he sold me before! I have lost my relish for simplicity, and am weaned from mother nature. But my imagination got the better, just now, of my sober senses, and besides it is not amiss, now and then, to remind these pert coxcombs that they are only savages, and that I am a Georgian."

Scarce had Rashooan uttered these words, when two or three of Suleiman's younger mamlukes came running to us, and addressing my friend, said in an animated tone: "Either something very good, or very bad, is hanging over your head. We have left Othman kiaschef closeted with the bey, and you seem to be the sole theme of their discourse. Both repeated your name frequently, and with considerable vehemence." "Ah!" answered Rashooan, "if any thing extraordinary awaits me, it is sure to be bad. I never was fortunate myself, nor ever brought good fortune to others! When a boy I was sent among the Kabardahs. Kind people! My host adopted me as his child, his wife sealed the act with the milk from her own breast, and his sons swore to treat me as a brother. What was the consequence? Tartars carried me off, my adopted kinsmen fell in my defence, and I was sold to the Turks. I now am a slave by habit as well as from necessity, and no longer wish to be free: the chance therefore is that I am doomed to have my liberty."

Other mamlukes now brought Rashooan word that his presence was commanded. Sighing he went, and in about half an hour he returned to us with a countenance clouded by sadness; "Selim," said he, "I leave you: for ever I leave the house of the noble Suleiman!"

"What motive," cried I, "can induce the bey to part with a favourite?"

"Listen," answered Rashooan: "Othman kiaschef had an elder brother in Georgia, settled at a distant place. The

kiaschef has just discovered that I am that brother's son. He has consequently requested of Suleiman to purchase me. But, as you may suppose, our patron did not think himself warranted by any circumstance, however singular, to listen to the proposal. 'Such a disgrace,' cried he, 'as that of bartering my mamluke for money, shall lie neither on his head nor on mine. Suleiman may inflict death on an undutiful son, but his enemies shall never say he exchanged him for gold!'

"Othman upon this looked exceedingly dejected, and Suleiman for awhile seemed rather to enjoy his distress. At last he proceeded thus: 'Since, however, Rashooan is your nephew, God forbid I should keep him from his uncle's longing arms. Receive the young man as my gift, and let the donor ever remain near your heart.'

"Othman," pursued the Georgian, "would fain have excused himself from accepting me in the burthensome form of a present; but, unable to obtain his nephew on any other terms, he submits. I therefore leave you; I leave all that is dear to me! Torn in my childhood from my natural friends, I now in my youth am wrested from all my adoptive brethren. But the will of God be done!"

We accompanied Rashooan back to the palace, where he took an affectionate leave of his patron and his friends. All regretted the young mamluke sincerely, and Suleiman himself appeared greatly moved. Little did he foresee what luck his gift one day would bring him!

The removal of Rashooan left me fewer inducements for rambling, and this was fortunate; for every day the bey could less endure my absence. I was his cyclopædia, and whatever puzzled his sagacious brain—whether a paragraph on Egypt in an old Vienna gazette, or the site of Cairo in a worn-out Nurnberg map; whether the arranging of a microscope presented by a traveller, or the telling of the weather by a barometer extorted from a jew; whether the construction of a barge, or the design of a kcoschk – all

was referred to me, as to the oracle in chief: so that many a time, when there occurred what seemed inexplicable riddles to mamluke intellects, I could only escape my part of Œdipus by my insufficient proficiency in the language of the Egyptian sphynx; and my ignorance of the Arabic saved my credit for information on many other subjects. The bey, however, recommended me to the tuition of a schaich, bred in the college of El-Azhar,[14] not doubting that, when once taught all the refinements of the Caïreen idiom, I should no longer be at a loss for an answer on any topic whatsoever. He thought me a positive abyss of science: and in truth it would have been difficult to discover on what foundation bottomed my knowledge. Whenever I feared that its want of solid basis might become palpable, I diverted the bey's attention by some piece of flattery. Not that I ever condescended to perform so inferior an office in the endless departments of adulation, as that of administering to Suleiman his daily dose of crude unmodified incense, which, in common with all other grandees, he had from long and inveterate habit come to regard —like his daily pill of opium—as an absolute necessary to his constitution; and therefore took as a thing he could not well dispense with, but no longer either derived much exhilaration from, or felt much gratitude for. The task of cramming him with this insipid sort of panegyric I left to the vulgar herd of attendants. Mine was the nicer office of stimulating the appetite, and of heightening the flavour of the draught, through means of that little previous fermentation which gives spirit to the flattest beverage. I therefore usually began by putting my patron, by some point-blank contradiction, into a violent rage. To yield afterwards to the force and perspicuity of his arguments was a species of adulation perfectly irresistible: it gave my patron all the pleasure of a complete surprise, and me all the appearance of a sturdy sincerity!

Such pains to please deserved a recompense, and the

reward was liberally bestowed; but in a mode nearly as circuitous as that in which it had been earned. Suleiman naturally abhorred a direct gift: what he usually granted to his favourites was an opportunity of grinding other favourites, already provided for,—or of laying under contribution some dependent or client. He would send me, for instance, to inform some rich jew protegé that he had been thinking of him all day, or some wealthy christian tradesman that he had been dreaming of him all night; and truly I had never before experienced such a solid way of thinking, or such golden dreams! As an additional favour, he introduced me to all his most distinguished colleagues; particularly to Ibrahim-bey Sogeir, to Mustapha-bey Skanderani, and to Ayoob-bey the great. This latter was pleased to express great regret that the commander of the kirlangitsch should not have addressed me, at my outset, to himself.

On first entering Suleiman's house, I had found the envy of his mamlukes entirely centred in the tchibookdjee. It was hard to digest so marked a preference shown a native of Odesché, whatever might be the colour of his cheeks. But when I, who was not even a purchased slave, became the bey's right hand, only for practising a few foreign juggling tricks—as they were politely termed—even the favourite was thought aggrieved, and began to be pitied. Accustomed to dissimulation, he however preserved with me an exterior of civility, tempered only by a few cutting remarks, so expressed as to seem to arise from sheer kindness; until a favourable opportunity at last offered of letting loose upon me all his long suppressed malice.

Suleiman had been rather too eager one day in exhibiting his prowess at the djereed. Over-heated with an exercise too violent for his age, he returned home greatly indisposed. His illness soon became so violent a fever that his life was thought in danger; and his hakem in ordinary, at his slender wit's soon reached ends, no longer knew what to do. All

his mamlukes stood aghast round their patron, expecting every hour to be his last. I was looking on with the rest, when all at once it occurred to me that I need not remain an idle spectator. Eugenius, my French instructor at Pera, whose strong mind lodged in but a weakly sort of a body, had on occasions derived relief from an English powder, which he always kept himself provided with. Of this panacea he had at parting given me a few papers, as a valuable present. But Anastasius in health never remembered that Anastasius might fall ill, and the medicine was abandoned to whoever chose to try its efficacy: an occurrence the more frequent, as the result of the experiment always was favourable. It however now struck me that, possibly, among my clothes, there might be some powders left which might save the bey's life, and make my own fortune.

Full of this idea, I broke through the circle, burst out of the room, and ran, with a throbbing heart, to my own chamber to look for the medicine. But where to find it I knew not. Every corner of my box was ransacked, every hole of my room was searched, every article of my apparel was turned over fifty times, without my being able to discover the least symptom of the tiny blue papers for which I was hunting. At last I gave over the search, considered the case as hopeless, and went down stairs again, to resume my forlorn station in the sick chamber, where even during my short absence matters were grown worse. Scarce had I entered it, than I recollected that in tumbling over my wardrobe I had perceived the blade of an old rusty handjar —a keepsake from Aly—thrust half way out of the sheath, and had met with some resistance on trying to push it home. In the flurry of my spirits, I had only curst the rusty weapon, but, on recurring to the circumstance, a glimpse of hope flashed upon me. Aly had taken one of my powders after his sea-sickness, and the handjar in question had been his acknowledgment for the relief obtained. I ran back to my chamber, probed the scabbard to the bottom, and,

from the inmost core of the implement of death, drew forth the last dose of my restorative of life and health—probably thus untidily stowed away in some thoughtless moment. Wrapping up the precious medicine in an embroidered handkerchief, I ran down again to the boy; gave him—for fear the simple truth should sound too homely in his ears—a pompous account of the singular and superhuman personage to whom I owed the gift; expatiated on the incalculable rarity and wonderful powers of the medicine itself; and ended by imploring him to take perhaps the last dose of this powder of life existing on the whole terraqueous globe!

Most ready was my patron to try its efficacy; but I had seen him swallow other medicine of less vital importance with an ill grace, and spit out three good quarters and a half. Fearful lest he should serve in the same manner what I considered his sole remaining chance of existence, I went for some palatable vehicle, in which to secure a safe transit to the powder.

Though scarcely absent two minutes, I found, on my return, the face of affairs entirely changed. The tchibookdjee had employed the short period of my absence to insinuate that the medicine probably was a poison, and the giver a rogue. Of late, I had been much with Ayoob-boy. Ayoob indeed was Suleiman's most intimate friend! But what were mamluke friendships? And my evident confusion, my wildness, and my running in and out, clearly bespoke a guilty mind. When, full of exultation and hope, I offered the draught, the boy pushed it aside, and, without giving any reason, said he would take no more physic. This declaration was in itself sufficiently stunning; but much of the mischief it implied might depend upon its particular author.—I cast my eye leisurely round the mamluke circle: the tchibookdjee looked away; I guessed the truth, and trembled.

It now became necessary to insure my own safety. I

therefore said with firmness: "This powder has some other virtues beside that of expelling fever: it exposes calumny. Since my patron rejects its healing powers, let it at least bear witness to his Selim's heart;—and may God forgive the unfaithful servant who suffers the waste of what might have saved his master's life!"

Saying this, I carried the cup to my lips. My speech had restored to the bey his former confidence. With all the eagerness which his debility permitted, he interposed his trembling hand between the rim and my mouth, wrested from me the draught, and, whispering to the tchibookdjee in a faltering accent, "he cannot be a poisoner," at one gulp poured down his throat the whole contents.

In my eagerness to do good I certainly had not sufficiently proportioned the dose to the weakness of the patient. Instead of finding relief, he felt greater oppression; and soon his constitution appeared utterly unable to struggle with the energy of the medicine. The mamlukes, upon this, renewed all their former surmises, and spoke their sentiments so loudly in the bey's hearing, that they seemed quite determined to justify their imputations, cost what it might, and, in default of real poison, to kill their patron through the fear of it. My life seemed to hang by a thread! Had I dared, I should have mounted my horse, and rode away without waiting the issue; but I saw myself watched on all sides, and I knew that on the smallest attempt to make my escape I must be cut down on the spot. Meantime a death-like paleness overspread the bey's countenance: his features became fixed, and his breath ceased to be perceptible. This was the critical moment. I gazed on his countenance like one whose own life depended on its changes. At last a slight dew broke out upon his forehead:—plentiful relief soon followed. The system threw off the weight which oppressed it, and the fever abated! From that instant the bey's illness took a favourable turn. Every hour showed an improvement on the preceding; and in a short

time after, being to all appearance in the agony of death, Suleiman was on his legs again as well as ever; while—as had been predicted at the fanar—I fell upon mine at last, and stood proclaimed the saver of the bey's life.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

On the occasion of his recovery from the first alarming illness which he had yet experienced, Suleiman took with its vanquisher a less circuitous mode than usual of showing his gratitude. He made me at once, by a direct grant, multezim or proprietor of a cluster of villages near Djarrah; and Selim-aga thus became a man of substance. But this favour inflamed to such a degree the jealousy and murmurings of the bey's mamlukes, that he would at last, I believe, gladly have seen me in the condition from which I rescued him, and that without the benefit of Eugenius's powders. An urgent summons into his presence was the consequence. The moment I appeared; "Selim," he cried, "you prescribed the other day for me: I must now prescribe for you!"

I thanked my patron, and assured him that the pleasure of seeing his health restored had put mine beyond the reach of accident.

"You mistake," resumed the bey. "I see by your face that you are ill—very ill, indeed! The air of Cairo disagrees with you. Take my advice, and change it immediately for that of the healthier province in which your property lies."

It was something to find that I was not expected to swallow a positive dose, which I feared might cure all my

ailments too effectually. Still I considered the prescription as indicating something critical in my case, and exclaimed: "Say at once, sir, that I have lost your favour; say at once that you banish me your presence; say that my enemies have prevailed!"

"To prove you mistaken," replied the bey, "to prove that I lose not so soon all sense of gratitude, I add to my former gift a new one; I name you caïmakam[1] of Samanhood. It is a delightful place, and your residence in your own district will season you to the climate. On your return, you will appear less a stranger among us:"

From some lips, "I advise," implies "I command." My only business, therefore, was to go where bidden, as soon as invested with the insignia of my office.

Meanwhile, behold me now become Selim-caïmakam! and by the indefeasible privilege of always rising one step at least above one's real rank, giving myself by anticipation all the airs of Selim-kiaschef. Not a single rayah of the inferior sort had the misfortune to meet me in the street, whom my mokhadam[2] forced not to jump from off his long-eared steed, and humbly to salute me in the mire. The great fat Frank merchants, indeed, showed themselves as yet more firm in their seats, and these I could thus far only indulge in the pleasure of bespattering from head to foot, *en passant*, while I promised myself ampler satisfaction on their persons at some later period. These were the follies of my youth;—and would that they had been the worst for which my riper years have had to blush!

Suleiman's regular bazirghian[3] was the merchant, on whom chiefly devolved the honour of fitting me out for my lieutenancy. I chose at his shop broad-cloths, shawls, silks, muslins, armour, etc. sufficient for the equipage of a bey. These I paid for in orders on my villages; and as the term of payment was distant, so was the price of the goods proportionably high. My indignation, therefore, exceeded all

bounds, when, alarmed at my increasing requisitions, the wary trader at last swore—with great apparent concern—that he had not a strip left of the articles I wanted. A piece of information so little expected put me under the disagreeable necessity of secretly watching the entrance of some customer of more established credit into Zoorab's shop, when, gliding in after the new visitor, and finding the whole counter covered with the choicest specimens of the very goods which I had in vain demanded, I congratulated the merchant on his seasonable supply, swept away the whole assortment, and resold what I could spare from my own private use.

Spite of Suleiman's impatience to see me gone, I was determined to witness at Cairo the opening of the Kalish. Rather than lose that festivity I chose to sprain my ancle, and limped to the show. Among the valuable articles which I had bought to do honour to my government, shone pre-eminent a fine samoor[4] pelisse. This costly fur I was dying to display at the fête; and caught a cold on purpose to wrap myself in it in the midst of the dog-days: nor did I stir a step except in my pelisse. The very mob raved of its beauty; and one youth in particular eyed it with such intense adoration, that, unable to possess himself of the whole, he cut off the left sleeve while it swung at my back; and bore the important appendage away as a relic. It was mortifying to learn my loss from some persons behind me, in the very midst of my happiness. The sleeve indeed might be replaced, but the pelisse could no longer be worn that day, and with a deep sigh I sent it home. Scarce, however, had its mangled body reached my door, than after it walked in the severed limb. Dropped, in the confusion of the place, by the thief, the precious fragment had been picked up by an honest fellow, who by the greatest good luck happened to be a tailor into the bargain, and offered to wield his needle with such diligence, as in a trice to enable the signor

caïmakam to resume his robe of state. The honest fellow's services were accepted: the cloak was given him, and he retired to work in a little back chamber.

Unluckily this room—besides a door—also had a window; and, having come in at the one, my friend chose, for variety, to go out at the other. On my looking in to hasten the business, tailor, cloak, and sleeve had disappeared together, nor have they ever since been heard of. I applied to the schaich or chief of the robbers at Cairo, who, for a certain consideration, undertakes to restore stolen goods; and during the sultriest season of the year had every day fifty pelisses of cat and rabbit skin brought me to examine, but not one of samoor!

Spite of my loss I proceeded on my journey. According to the custom of the country, I was accompanied by some of the fellahs[5] of my own estate, to serve me as a sort of hostages for the good behaviour of my remaining serfs; and, in addition to these, had, by way of retinue, four black slaves for the service of my person, three hawarees or Barbaresque horsemen for the protection of my vassals, half a dozen kawasses[6] to clear my way of canaille, and four or five saïs, or grooms, to take care of my stud. This latter consisted, besides the steeds we mounted, of three or four fine led horses for show, as many mules for use, and a dromedary for flight, should circumstances render a retrograde movement expedient. As to asses for incognito expeditions, they were, thank God! to be found at every turn. This little assortment of bipeds and quadrupeds—extended on as long a line as possible—formed a very respectable procession, and quite sufficient to make passengers inquire, and have an opportunity of learning, that it was Selim-caïmakam on his way to his government.

I began my journey by land, and, spite of the humble entreaties of the schaichs and shehoods[7] of the different places where I halted, preferred pitching my tents in the open air to lodging in the close and miserable hovels of the

towns and villages; but I took care that the inhabitants should lose nothing by the great man keeping aloof; and consoled them by sending for as much provision of every sort as I could manage to consume or carry. The schaich-el-belled of each district is obliged to supply the public officers on their route at the expense of the district; in consequence of which excellent regulation, I should never have given up the more economical way of travelling by land, for the more expensive conveyance by water, had not some of the kiaschefs on my way been most inconveniently engaged in hostility with the neighbouring Arabs. This rendered part of the road insecure; and as I had but an inadequate force, I resolved, after three or four days' march along the banks of the Nile, to contend with its adverse current: myself in a light khandgea,[8] which went on before, and the bulk of my equipage in a larger and heavier boat behind.

In consequence of the adventure of my pelisse, I had conceived the erroneous notion that the thieves of Cairo far excelled in skill those of the provinces. This opinion, so injurious to the latter, maturer experience enabled me to correct. One evening, advancing with a fresh breeze pretty rapidly against the stream, our ears were suddenly struck by the noise of a heavy body, plumping into the waves; and inexpressible was my surprise and concern when, running to the stern of the boat, I beheld this body to be that of my best mare; and when I saw the faithless Noorshah, whom I thought I had left tied fast by the legs, swimming away to the land with all her might. Unable to guess the cause of this strange freak, I did all in my power to entice the beast back. In vain!——As if bewitched, the more she heard me call the faster she swam; so that at last I gave orders to tack and row after the fugitive with all possible speed. Noorshah, however, reached the bank about fifty yards in advance of her old master, and no sooner had she touched the shore, than out came the secret, in the

shape of a thief, who, to my inexpressible horror, started up from behind the animal, cut the strings that confined its legs, pressed its loins with his own bandy shanks, and scampered off. By diving all the way, the scoundrel had contrived to reach the boat unperceived, had crept in by favour of the dusk, had slipped under the mare, and, by raising his back under her belly, had tilted her over into the water; when, confined as were her extremities, it became an easy task to push her to the land. Unfortunately, the boasted speed of the animal put out of question all chance of successful pursuit; and Noorshah was placed in my memory, with the pelisse, among the things that had been.

At Mamfloot I again quitted the khandgea. Only five or six days' journey now separated me from my new district, which bordered upon the province of Djirdgé; and the road bore a good character.

On the third morning of my progress, however, I began to doubt its claims. All the inhabitants, young and old, of the first village we passed through were under arms; some carrying clubs, others stones, and the most distinguished a rusty sword or a worn-out matchlock. The enemy against whom they marched, drawn out in the most martial array on the brow of an eminence hard by, were the inhabitants of the next village; and, inquiring into the cause of hostilities, all the information I could get was that nobody knew the date of its first beginning. The origin of the hereditary animosity between the two districts lay concealed in the obscurity of ages; but its virulence remained not the less unimpaired: — it had been laudably kept up by as many subsequent injuries and retaliations as other business permitted; and to my great edification I understood that, however completely the first cause of the enmity might be forgotten, it was only the more implacable on that account.

Though gratified by so praiseworthy a spirit, I judged nevertheless that it might admit of some modification, and

took the liberty to represent that, even supposing the happiness of the community to be quite beyond enduring, I still thought that certain regular drawbacks—such as contributions to the sultan, taxes imposed by the beys, provisions claimed by travelling officers like myself, exactions of avaricious landlords, depredations committed by wandering Arabs, and yearly encroachments of the sand on the cultivable soil, together with the incidental circumstances of locusts, plague, imperfect irrigation, mortality, and famine —might, upon the whole, qualify it sufficiently, without the gratuitous addition of civil warfare and bloodshed between neighbours, begun without a cause, and carried on without an object!

This civil remonstrance, I rejoiced to find, made a great impression. Not a single objection was raised, and my speech—frequently interrupted by cries of, "listen! listen!" —seemed to obtain universal approbation. The auditors thanked me humbly for my good advice: when I departed, they remained for a considerable time immoveable on the spot, and only after I and mine were quite out of sight, they proceeded on, and gave their enemies (as I have since understood) the bloodiest battle on record in their annals.

After nearly four weeks spent on the road, I found myself at last, to my great satisfaction, approaching the conclusion of my tedious journey. In the midst of a deep reverie, I was suddenly aroused by the loud shouts of my suite, at the sight of my capital. Already delighted with these welcome sounds, I expected to be soon still more so by the appearance of my subjects, drawn out in due state to meet their new governor, with drums beating and colours flying. "How long they must have been watching my arrival!" thought I, and spurred my horse on, straining both eyes and ears to discover some distant stir; but no symptom of bustle being yet discernible, I again slackened my pace, in order to give leisure for the procession to advance. Vain considerateness! I might proceed as slow as

I pleased; not a creature appeared, early or late, to welcome my arrival; and I had to enter my capital unhonoured with the smallest notice. Matters mended not even as I penetrated deeper into the town. Every street or lane which I successively entered looked peculiarly forlorn. Every door and window was as empty as if the city had been visited by the plague; and the inhabitants, so far from impeding my passage by their congratulations, seemed, on the contrary, to have all fled from their homes at my approach. Inconceivably mortified, I fell into a state of such complete abstraction, that—no longer minding what I was about—I crossed my capital (which, to say the truth, was not among the largest) through and through, and again issued forth at the opposite extremity from that at which I had entered, so as to leave my destined residence wholly behind me, and to continue on in full march toward the Saïd. In fact, I would have proceeded in this way to the very end of the world, had not all at once my ears been assailed by a prodigious clamour, raised a hundred yards or two in my rear. It was that of no less than all the schaichs, shehoods, and notables of the place collected, who, seeing me thus contemptuously turn my back upon my new subjects, and run away from my government, were in full cry at my heels, to stop my alarming progress. Unfortunately, the discord of their shouts had the contrary effect from that which they intended. Imagining it in my abstraction to be some fray in which I had no concern, I only spurred my horse on the faster, and the more pertinaciously the procession pursued me, the harder I galloped: until one of my own suite, who had learnt the truth, at last got me to hear him, and rectified my mistake. My subjects, poor creatures! had only appeared remiss from an excess of loyalty. Apprised that I drew near, they had, early in the morning, taken their station where they expected me to enter their city:—totally forgetting a bad pass in the road, which compelled me to make a circuit, and thereby obliged my subjects to run

after their governor, instead of advancing in due state to meet him face to face. Matters now were soon brought to an amicable understanding, and I turned back without any other ill consequence arising from the mistake, except that of the whole procession—governor and governed—entering the town the wrong end foremost.

It had been sheer modesty in me not to expect a capital at least equal to Raschid or to Fooah. When, therefore, on looking round, I saw how little the real dimensions of my residence agreed with those assigned to it in my imagination, my first impulse was to accuse Suleiman of having treated me with disrespect. Time only inspired me with more reasonable sentiments;—time only taught me that mine was a situation not of amusement but of profit: but by degrees my docile intellect became so thoroughly imbued with this principle, that, through dint of unabating diligence, I was at last able to tell to a fraction of a para what each feddan of ground might yield, and each head of man or beast thereto belonging be chargeable for, whether to the multezim, the lieutenant, the governor, or the miri. [9]

After these severer studies, letting leases, imposing contributions, levying fines, receiving presents, and inflicting penalties were only my pastimes. Indeed, as the Egyptian fellah makes it a matter of conscience never to pay his rent until compelled by main force, and wears the stripes he has incurred in his resistance as badges of honour, my financial operations sometimes even afforded me a fair field for the exercise of my warlike propensities: not but what my genius—even in its fullest exertions in that line—still shrunk into absolute insignificance before that of my coobdtic writer, who, with a salary of six medeens a day, and a large family to maintain, had become by mere saving as rich as a sultan's seraf. It is true, that whenever he drew a para out of his vest, it was as if he tore his very vitals out of his bosom. Once, indeed, I tried to throw some light upon the intricacies of his accounts, but those of the

labyrinth of Crete would have been less perplexing. When I complained of the easy honesty of this worthy personage to my confidential servant, I found little sympathy. Seyed shrugged up his shoulders; owned that certain things might be tiresome—but they were the regular practice. If the coobd cheated the multezim, did not the multezim in the same way cheat the caimakam, and the caimakam the kiaschef, and the kiaschef the bey, and the bey the schaich-el-belled, and the schaich-el-belled the pasha, and the pasha the Porte, and the Porte the sultan? who, he was very sure, cheated Allah himself, when he assumed the title of Kaliph of the Faithful.

The only thing I could see through tolerably were the decisions of the cadee, which I sometimes went to witness at the mekkiemé. In Egypt, as elsewhere, the conjugal union seemed to be in all its various stages the most universal source of discord, and subject of litigation. One day there appeared a fair one, entitled thus far only to the blushing honours of a bride, who, on being conducted in state to her bridegroom, had been refused admittance, and had found herself compelled to return as she went. Another day came a wife regularly installed. She, poor woman! had been dispossessed less openly, but of rights already exercised, and now claimed her long unpaid dues with arrears of interest: and on another occasion in walked a mourning widow, who, still as much in love with her dead husband as while he was alive, only demanded the empty gratification of nightly visiting his grave, unimpeded by her churlish relations. She was pretty; her grief affected me, and once or twice I went to the scene of her affliction, to mix my tears with hers.

In Europe, the law, they say, demands a long apprenticeship: it is not so among Mohammedans. The koran and its commentaries decide every case, from a point of faith to a right of gutter, in a very few seconds. The form of trial is simple. Every man pleads his own cause; and

wonderful is the readiness of the Egyptians in finding answers to every interrogatory, excuses for every action, witnesses to every fact, and sureties for every engagement. I remember a poor fellow, who, called upon for his respondents, and having none on earth, had recourse to heaven. Imam-Aly was the one he chose: nor dared the other contracting party, albeit somewhat startled, both at the distance of the saint's abode, and at the difficulty of enforcing his appearance, refuse so respectable a security.

My stay was long enough in my lieutenantcy to find that peculiar subject of discourse the most interesting, which I had once thought the most tiresome; I mean, the rise of the Nile. By degrees I could think of no other. Yet was it this season a source of no very cheering contemplation. The river, as if in a trance, displayed such unusual tardiness in rising, that soon every district trembled lest its waters should fail of attaining the requisite height. Nothing was heard but lamentations and complaints. One came to tell me of canals which not a drop of moisture reached; another, of such as had been drained prematurely of their insufficient contents. Here the legal period for cutting a dam had been wholly disregarded; there a single field had been made to engross the supply of a whole district: every where it seemed as if the dread of a scarcity had made man exert his utmost ingenuity to render a famine unavoidable.

I now became haunted by the phantom of drought, the most dreary that stalks over Egypt's thirsty plains. My thoughts by day, and my dreams by night, equally presented to me its ever extending, blasting form, followed by the whole train of its frightful offspring: unirrigated tracts, fields remaining fallow, insufficient crops, farmers unable to pay their contributions, peasants abandoning their villages, whole troops of fellahs leaving their possessions and their homes to till the land of the stranger, impositions to remit, short rents to receive for the bey; and the caimakam alone held accountable for all the deficiencies of nature, and all

the waywardness of man. Oh! how earnestly did I now pray for some lucky incident, which might release me from my stewardship and responsibility! But of such a piece of good fortune I entertained no hopes.

It however came, and when it came, it failed of its promised pleasure. One morning, as I sat puzzling over some of my writer's explanations, in walked a smooth-spoken gentleman, who, followed by a whole body of less engaging satellites, in a civil tone informed me that he came to take my place, and, lest I should doubt his word, handed me an injunction from the bey to return forthwith to Cairo. This unlooked-for recall produced such a revolution in my sentiments, that I now would gladly have given just as much to retain, as I would have done the instant before to get rid of my trust. It is true, that to my concern for what I left was to be added my apprehension of what I might find. So sudden a removal, so little accounted for, savoured of a disgrace. I doubted not but my enemies had improved my absence to undermine my favour. The tchibookdjee was evidently at the bottom of the whole affair; and, as I had already vowed the insidious pipe-bearer an eternal hatred, I could now only add the vow of a speedy revenge.

Absorbed in my meditations on the best mode of executing what, but for the consequences, was feasible a thousand ways, I one day, on my homeward journey, rode on so fast as to get entirely out of sight of my suite, when suddenly I found myself breast to breast with a troop of Bedoween Arabs, whose low dusky tents, pitched behind a sand-hill, had remained concealed from my view, till I almost stumbled over their inclosure. The same instant the chief of the tribe, followed by half a dozen of its ragged members, advanced upon me with couched spears, demanding either a hundred sequins for my passage, or all I possessed. Neither of these proposals suited me; but my retinue amounted not to one-fourth of that of the Arabs, and it seemed quite cer-

tain that if it came to blows we must have the worst of the fray: wherefore, without advancing, but without either answering the summons, I turned round to the foremost men of my escort, who by this time had approached within reach, and bid them fill a basket with ball and cartridge. This ammunition I sent to the Bedoweens; telling them at the same time that it was the only coin in which I paid impositions: but, if not content with the quantity, they might, I added, as soon as my army came up, have more of it, and that sent by the speediest conveyance possible. This rhodomontade took effect. The schaich received the gift with thanks, filled the basket in return with super-excellent dates, and bade me pass on, with the salutation of peace. This civility I most readily returned; nor waited until my army should be in sight, to hurry with all possible speed out of that of the Arabs.

Brooding all the way to Cairo over the cause of my recall, I could scarce avoid, on my entrance into the capital, reading in every countenance the confirmation of my disgrace. This idea made me conceal my own features in my shawl, till I reached the palace. There, meeting at the gate an old and confidential comrade, I gave vent for the first time to my apprehensions, and by way of obtaining, without asking it, more explicit information respecting the manœuvres of the tchibookdjee, cried out, "I was come to look after Osman."—"God forbid!" was the only answer I received.

But these few words, with the addition of an ominous smile, sufficed to complete the subversion of my senses.—I rushed up stairs, flew into the bey's apartment, and hardly allowing myself time to perform a respectful salutation: "Sir," cried I, in scarce articulate sounds, "Osman, I know, will never cease his machinations, until he has entirely ruined me in your esteem!"

"If so," coolly answered the bey, "your knowledge far

exceeds in its reach even what I imagined; nor did I think poor Osman still continued to disturb your repose, after being himself laid at rest for ever."

"How!" cried I—more bewildered than before—"is Osman dead?" "And what else," replied the bey, "do you think could have made me send for you in such haste? What but the means of now conferring upon you without any obstacle.....but you are too much agitated to listen. I must wait till to-morrow to unfold my designs. Meanwhile, go, and compose yourself."

I went, but whether I obeyed the sequel of the injunction, need scarcely be told. My imagination, always ardent enough, had been set in a complete blaze; and, burning with impatience to learn my new destinies, I only felt my agitation changed in its object, without being in the least diminished in its intensity. The whole night my brains were kept on the stretch to clothe into some definite shape the bey's vague and desultory hints; and in my anxious wish for the day that was to clear up the mystery, I began to think night had overslept herself, and the morning, pregnant with my future fate, would never arrive.

At last it duly shone upon the world, and the summons to my patron's chamber greeted my impatient ear. Left with him in much-portending tête-à tête, he looked at me, smiled to see the eagerness depicted in my countenance, hemmed twice or thrice for no purpose but to increase the fever of my spirits, and, having asked me some trifling questions, which I answered without well knowing what they were—at last began his discourse.

## CHAPTER XIX.

"Selim," said Suleiman, in all the solemnity of a set speech, "you have seen our two leaders, and seldom, I should think, can have observed two personages more unlike both in mind and in body. The short spare form, the mild countenance, the insinuating address, the cautious calculating turn of the schaich-el-belled could not find a greater contrast than in the ferocious features, the colossal frame, the voice of thunder, the violent temper, the fearlessness of danger, the impatience of control, and the prodigality of disposition of his blustering colleague. Little of union might be expected between qualities so dissimilar: and, in fact, the public at large, which sees Ibrahim ever prefer artifice to force and negotiation to war, while Mourad openly professes to hold in his sword his only instrument of persuasion, regards these two chiefs as constantly on the eve of a rupture, and about to hoist the standard of interminable enmity. But we who observe more closely, have lost all hopes on that head.—We can only, when Ibrahim and Mourad affect to be at variance, view in their reciprocal strictures upon each other studied sallies carefully rehearsed beforehand by the performers, with the view to mask their schemes, and to mislead their rivals. Each appreciates in his heart at its true value that difference of disposition from the other, which gives him in his associate precisely all he wants in himself, and makes Mourad cut asunder the knot which Ibrahim cannot untie, as it again enables Ibrahim to cure by his management the wounds which Mourad has inflicted by his rashness. Thus it is that the dissimilar qualities of the two chiefs—like the gold and the steel of a

Damascus blade—only form a closer amalgam, and leave less hopes of those chasms and fissures in their union, at which competitors insinuate themselves to divide a party, to drive its members asunder, and to rise on its ruins!

"Some of us therefore—Ibrahim-bey Sogeir, Osman-bey Tcherkavi, Mustapha-bey Skanderani, Ayoob-bey the lesser, and myself—have at last agreed upon uniting our strength, in order to bring these all-grasping leaders to a more equal division of the spoil; and even Ayoob-bey Kebir, Youssoof-bey, and Ismaïl-bey Sogeir, though they still seem to waver, only do so in order that they may sell their co-operation at a higher price. Their irresolute and doubtful conduct, however, would have made us put off the execution of our design until it had had time to acquire greater consistency, did not the present juncture offer advantages which perhaps may never hereafter recur. Ismaïl and Hassan, after their long sleep at Es-souan, are at last roused, and prepare for a descent to Cairo. Aware how little our assistance is to be depended on, should the capital be made the field of battle, the leaders have thought it advisable to hush the storm, if possible, in its very cradle, and Mourad is going to march to the Saïd, while Ibrahim stays to awe us at Cairo. Thus separated from his colleague, and deprived of half his strength, the schaich-el-belled must, if attacked with vigour, yield to our united force: and in order to be in readiness for the day of trial, we are all busy in recalling with the least possible show our adherents from the different provinces. This made me summon you from your government, with that abruptness from which you drew such unfounded conclusions. You now know the great secret for which your presence was wanted; and all that I have to add is the strongest recommendation that it may never pass your lips."

Here my patron—rising from his seat—marked the end of his discourse. The conclusion fell somewhat short of my expectations. Great undoubtedly to one like me was

the satisfaction of learning that all the world was going to unsheath sword and dagger; but still I had looked forward to the disclosure of some more directly personal advantage. It however occurred to me that whatever new favour Suleiman might destine his servant was probably deferred to a later conference, on very purpose lest it should appear the consequence only of his necessities; which circumstance being made due allowance for, I humbly thanked him for his expenditure of breath, made every requisite profession of attachment, fidelity, and zeal, and respectfully retired.

A slave of Ayoob's had been waiting for my appearance near the gate of the palace. The moment I went forth he came up to me, and, rather in a mysterious manner, whispered an invitation to his master's palace, which I obeyed with alacrity.

As soon as Ayoob saw me: "Signor Caimakam," cried he, in his eager way, wholly unlike that of his brethren—true volcanos wrapt in snow, "a most extraordinary occurrence has happened. It is still a secret to all, save the parties concerned; and you are the first stranger destined to learn the wonderful event!

"You know," continued he, after a short pause to fetch breath, "that since I cannot have my mamlukes of my own blood, I at least spare neither money nor pains to have them of my own country—my beloved Gurgistan. Doomed to live and to die in this distant region, whoever comes from the land of my birth seems to me a relation. Not many days ago, my harem was enriched with a new bud reared in the parent soil. In order to save the maiden from the rapacity of her landlord, her friends were going to place her under the protection of a husband, at the tender age of eleven: but already they had deferred their purpose too long. Her wedding-day was fixed, when an armed troop swept the district, and made her a slave ere she was become a wife.

"Brought hither to adorn my garden, this lovely rose of

the East became my favourite flower: yet had I the forbearance, ere with eager hand I placed it in my bosom, to observe our sacred custom,—to inquire on what stem it had grown, and what walls had sheltered its infancy from the rough blasts of heaven, and the rude touch of man? Selim—would you believe it? In my slave I found a sister!

"The virgin blushing before me was my own father's daughter; was a young and solitary shoot, which, long after the elder branches had been severed from the parent stock, seemed springing up for the sole purpose of shading, with fresh and tender foliage, its bare and withering top. For the first time during my twenty years' sojourn in Egypt I heard the voice of kindred, and felt the ties of blood.

"But what is this to you? Listen! and you shall hear."

Here Ayoob gave me nearly the same sketch of the state of affairs and of the views of the party as Suleiman had done before: except that he spoke of himself as more decided in his sentiments than he had been represented by my patron. I began to fear that I had twice in one day been inveigled by a hope of personal advantage into listening to a long detail of other people's concerns. But mark the sequel!

"At a moment so critical," continued Ayoob, "I naturally feel anxious to surround myself with men, who to such bravery as depends not on the fumes of hashish[1] add such intelligence and skill as may render that courage useful. Of men of this description, small, alas! is the number; but you are one, and I may now freely urge your devoting your future existence to my house, since it affords me—God be praised!—the means of rewarding your services.

"The husband my sister lost in Gurgistan we must find for her at Cairo: yet what man is there among my own mamlukes, worthy of the honour of so great an alliance, and able at the same time to requite it by undivided attention? The elder individuals of my household are already established, and the younger have not yet accomplished

their probation. To you, therefore, I offer Zelidah's youthful hand; to you, who may become my own support as well as my sister's solace! Let me however add, that this proposal would never have passed my lips while Suleiman your old patron continued faithful to his promise; but since, for what reason I know not, he resigns his claims upon a faithful servant, I may, without scruple, offer you all I can bestow,—an alliance with my blood, a share in my honours, and a home in my house."

At this overture, I felt utterly confounded. It filled me with pleasure, but at the same time with anxiety. I knew not how to choose between the brilliant offer which came unexpectedly, and the expected favours as yet unbestowed. I dared not hope that Suleiman's thus far undisclosed designs would ever gratify my ambition beyond Ayoob's avowed intentions; but then again, I saw no means of attaching myself to Ayoob, without setting at nought the debt of gratitude, and the duties of the allegiance which I owed to Suleiman. In this dilemma between the certain and the promised boon, I magnanimously determined to make the proposals of the strange bey, in the first instance, instrumental only in bringing to the test the munificence of my own patron,—reserving their final acceptance or refusal for a later period; and, in a speech brimful of those high-flown nothings called thanks, begged Ayoob's permission to ask Suleiman's consent, ere I changed my allegiance: observing, that so far from my favour at home being on the decline, it stood higher than ever; and, in order to confirm this assertion, representing by a little transposition of the future to the past, those honours which I still expected, as already come to pass, and only for political purposes kept as yet unpublished.

Ayoob seemed not much to relish the idea of having his splendid offers only accepted conditionally, or his liberality submitted to the discussion of a rival; and swore by his beard he thought it very strange: but seeing me in-

flexible on this point, "Then go," said he at last, "since you will be so obstinate; but remind Suleiman, that if he stops the current of my intended bounty, his own should make you unbounded amends; and above all, stay not long. An hour is the utmost I can bear to be left, with my richest gifts thus hanging unaccepted on my hands."

I promised to return in much less time; and flew home as on the wings of lightning, to communicate to my patron the substance of the interview with his colleague. On hearing of Ayoob's offers, Suleiman reddened, and seemed offended. "By the head of our holy prophet," he cried, in a tone of bitterness, "my brother the Georgian uses me ill: but these are times in which we must hush our resentments, and *this* Ayoob knows. You, Selim, I cannot blame: the offers of my insidious colleague took you by surprise, and you could not stop your ears. I however feel happy that, ere my rival made his proposal, I hinted the new favours with which I myself purposed to crown your zeal. You might otherwise suspect me of only acting from the fear of being out-bidden. Now mark me. My oldest kiaschef, Mooktar, is married, as you know, to my first-born daughter. My second kiaschef to her sister next in age. My other children, already sent forth into the world, are provided for in different ways adequate to their deserts. Thank God! I have been able to make *all* my freedmen lords. My haznadar,[2] first in rank of those still under my roof, I cannot yet afford to part with, and I do not wish to conceal from you, that, had Osman lived, his name would have graced the nuptial song, sung in honour of my youngest girl. But Providence has called him away, and none of his comrades are yet entitled to an alliance with their patron's blood. I may therefore indulge the suggestions of my heart, by giving you my only remaining daughter. It is true, the man she marries must hold a high station: but this also I confer. I name you kiaschef. Remember, however, that as my favours are great, so will

your duties be arduous.—Of our intended plan of insurrection, the success may depend in a great measure upon your devotion, your skill, and your activity!"

To this hour I value rank: it is reverenced by fools; and fools form the major number. In the first aspirings of youth, so vast an accession of honours as that offered me by Suleiman almost overpowered my senses. It scarce left me able to make my patron the proper acknowledgment for his liberality, ere I retired out of his sight, to give vent to my emotions.

"I shall then see myself a kiaschef!" exclaimed I aloud, whirling round like a top, in an ecstasy of joy: "I shall then, every time I stir out, behold dancing before me those dear damasked spears which I so often have coveted! I shall appear abroad only with a handsome retinue, and at home possess my own separate establishment and harem! No longer a mere graft on a strange tree, I shall cast my own roots in the soil, and on my own independent stem bear my own separate fruits. This chin of mine shall henceforth cease to be kept close mown, and shall put forth unrestrained its most luxuriant crops!"[3] And immediately, with the anxiety of the husbandman, eager to ascertain whether in his field the budding blade comes up close and strong, I ran to a glass to see whether my broad jaw promised to bear a thick and handsome beard; already began to coax and to perfume, by anticipation, the still sleek unclothed skin; traced in imagination the symmetric outline of its future jetty fringe, and wondered how the new appendage would become the remainder of my manly features!

My raptures lasted some time, ere I remembered that I had promised Ayoob an immediate answer; and as soon as my memory returned, my imagination began to wander; —I became suddenly seized with a romantic fit. The substantial advantages were nearly balanced in the rival offers; but as honour threw its additional weight into the scale of

my patron, I took it into my foolish head that beauty must preponderate in that of Ayoob. In short, I persuaded myself that Zelidah—by birth a Georgian, and by condition a slave—must be as superior in personal charms to Khadidgé, a daughter of Egypt and a descendant of rulers, as the fairest lily is to the dusky bulrush; and determined, at every risk, to see Ayoob's sister ere I decided.

A jewess of my acquaintance was the chief purveyor of female finery for Ayoob's harem. I went straight to this useful person, and made her instantly collect some of the richest stuffs she could find: then put on the blue shift and chequered veil of the Egyptian women of the lower order; and, in Sarah's unassuming suite, loaded with all her heaviest packages, proceeded to Ayoob's palace—now and then sharply reproved by the way, for my long strides and strapping gait.

Zelidah, when we arrived, was unfortunately in the bath, and Signora Sarah had to wait. In order to be less conspicuous the while, I squatted myself down on the floor, in the darkest part of the room. Even this had too much light to conceal me from Ayoob, who, whether informed of the entrance of a suspicious figure, or from some other cause, himself unexpectedly made his appearance, as if to see his sister. The moment his eye fell upon the bundle into which I had transformed my person, his countenance changed, his brow became contracted, and he rushed out again, muttering to himself some words of ungracious import, and not at all complimentary to somebody's mother. At this ill-boding symptom, the jewess turned pale, and striking her breast,—"I have brought," cried she, "the thing I should not, and have left behind what I meant to have brought! Go, Dalla; run home, fetch the tissue we were talking of, and return not without it."

Scarce had the words been uttered, when heavy footsteps were heard to approach the place. Active as she was, Dalla had but just time to make her escape, and to reach

the outer gate without hinderance. Running home as fast as possible, I cast off my disguise, and immediately hastened back to Ayoob, in my proper form and character.

With many apologies for the unavoidable delay, I now solemnly declined the bey's offers, but in terms full of regret, of gratitude, and of protestations. The answer was in the same strain, though, as I thought, delivered somewhat coolly, and in a ruffled manner: and I afterwards understood from the jewess, who had bravely remained at her post, that in less than half a minute after I had made my exit, Ayoob reappeared in the harem, followed by a host of black eunuchs, and looking blacker than any of his suite. He again cast round an inquiring eye; and in seeming disappointment asked what was become of the Egyptian woman. Sarah told off-hand some just possible story, and, expressing a shrewd doubt of her servant's finding the stuff she wanted, went home herself, too happy at encountering no impediment. Thus ended my courtship with the fair Zelidah!

The instant Suleiman's intentions in my behalf became known, the greatest discontent showed itself among his mamlukes. "Their patron," they asserted, "had no right to give his daughters to any but mamlukes, or to make mamlukes any but purchased slaves. Othman-bey Abooseïf and Achmet-bey el Sukari, Turks by nature, and beys by the favour of Ibrahim kehaya, though precedents, were not examples. The oftener such abuses occurred, the more they ought to be resisted." At last, losing my temper at these repeated murmurings, I went hot with passion to complain to my patron. "Sir," cried I, "your mamlukes judge me unworthy of your favours. Permit me to make them repent of their insolence—equally insulting to yourself and to your servant,—or suffer me to renounce your kindness, and bid Egypt farewell."

At these words the bey only stared full in my face, and set up a loud laugh; but perceiving that I joined not in his

mirth, and continued immoveably grave, he too, by degrees, dropped his assumed gaiety, and in a serious tone replied, "If, Selim, you really feel desirous to leave me, go! Why should I detain your person, when I cannot prevent the estrangement of your mind? But," continued he, raising his voice till it sounded like thunder, while he darted looks fierce as lightning round the mamluke circle, "I acknowledge not yet my slaves as my masters. Let them harmlessly sharpen with kohl[5] the soft glances of their eyes, but let them repress the more offensive sallies of their tongues. Too soon may the voice of this presumptuous cast cease to be heard in Cairo! Too soon may we be too happy to replenish our thinning ranks with men, not worthy to wield the sword of him, whom these young fools abuse!"

This speech—supported by a letter from Suleiman's kehaya at Constantinople, read aloud to the bystanders, in which the trusty agent actually complained that the slave market was empty, that the Russian she-emperor had, out of mere spite, made the padishah[6] renounce the living tribute, yearly claimed from the Crimea; and that it was feared the whole world meant soon to be at peace—gave me some comfort, and my enemies more discretion.

My marriage being fixed, the wedding-day was soon announced. Meanwhile, every hour intervening seemed an age. I longed to possess a wife who, if she could not be an object of love, must be an earnest of promotion; and I was dying to have in a harem of my own a sanctuary, where, even though my person should be proscribed, my wealth still must remain inviolate, and my dear sequins undisturbed!

All things being ready for my nuptials, the ceremony began. My bride was conducted to the bath in state, lest the world should remain in ignorance of her cleanliness. Properly steamed, jointed, and pumiced, she next went through the labours of a toilet so exquisite, that on its completion not one among her beauties remained nature's own.

Several hours were employed in twisting her hair into the semblance of whipcord; in adding two hundred and fifty false plaits to the hundred and fifty which grew from her head; and in forming the joint mass into an edifice so ponderous, that a second head, merely for use, would have been very acceptable. A pair of eyebrows, sufficiently notable in themselves, were only dismissed the artificer's hands after being shaped into two exact semicircles; and a pair of eyes, expressive enough without foreign assistance, were not deemed to possess all their requisite powers, until framed in two black cases of surmeh.[7] Henna,[8] the symbol of joy, and already most profusely lavished upon the epistles which communicated my marriage to my patron's numerous clients, but bestowed in still greater profusion on my bride's own plump and lustrous person, made it emulate the colour which I suppose Isis displayed, when doomed to roam through Egypt's plains in the undignified shape of a red cow. After all these pains taken for the sake of beauty, the lady was, on the score of modesty, wrapped up in so many veils impervious to the eye, as scarce to escape suffocation; but the most celebrated awalis of the capital took care to inform the assistants, in their epithalamiums, of the vastness of the charms and of the splendour of the jewels, which were not allowed to gratify their sight.

I do not know how, at the nuptial feast, with the prospect of all these attractions before me, and in the midst of all the bustle of the dance, all the din of music, and all the glare of the lights, I insensibly fell into a reverie, composed of at least as many gloomy as cheerful thoughts; but so it was!

"Here," said my wandering mind, "am I, the youngest son of a petty drogueman, in an island of the Archipelago; I, at one time fallen so much beneath the level of my own legitimate pretensions, as in vain to seek the situation of a menial, become the master of a host of slaves, the son to a bey of Egypt, and the governor of a province:—in other

words, already occupying a station far beyond what once my most sanguine dreams durst have promised me; and yet regarding that elevation only as a stepping-stone to a station infinitely more exalted—to that of bey; nay, who knows—of schaich-el-belled itself!

"But by what a series of toils, and sacrifices, and perils I may be doomed to purchase these honours, who also can tell? Alas! do I not, on the very threshold of a career, strewed with as many thorns as roses, begin by yielding up my person perhaps to an unseemly female, and my freedom to a domestic tyrant? For well I know the condition of marrying a patron's daughter! And what labours, what snares, what treachery may be the offspring of this splendid union, may accompany every step in the road of my advancement, I know not yet. But the die is cast; and I must wait the issue of the game!"

A shake, prolonged by the chief of the singing damsels with the most consummate skill through every note of the gamut, until it drew forth a thunder of applause or taibs which lasted full five minutes, roused me from my unseasonable meditations, and brought back my mind to where sat my body. A pretty almé,[9] presenting her tamboureen for my liberality, completed the reconveyance of my thoughts into the proper channel. I now became impatient for the moment that was to disclose to my sight the partner of my future life, and in this disposition obeyed with eagerness the damsel who, delivering me from these tiresome amusements, summoned me away from the noisy hall of mirth to the silent sanctuary of Hymen. With awe and anxiety I passed its threshold, and was ushered into the presence of her, on whose qualities of person and of mind must depend so great a portion of my future fate. The mysterious veil which till then had concealed her—face, form, and all—from my inquisitive eye, fell at my feet; and I saw.....

"What?"—wonders, perhaps, the curious reader. "An

angel of light, sent from the highest heavens, on purpose to make my earthly dwelling a paradise?"

"Oh no! that would have been too unreasonable an addition to my good fortune."

"An ugly little monster, then; sufficient, were this earth a heaven, to convert it into a hell?—A being calculated to stamp on each endearment all the merit of martyrdom?"

Alas! is it then decreed that the human mind must always, from one extreme run straight into the other? like the ball whose recoil is ever proportioned to the violence which projects it! And are there not a sufficient number of individuals in the world neither handsome nor ugly?

Of my spouse, at least, I do not know what else could have been said, with due adherence to truth. Her face was neither of a description to excite, in defiance of reason, a very extravagant passion; nor yet of a species to damp, in despite of duty, a more legitimate ardour. Like other plants kept carefully secluded from the beneficial aspect of the sun, this prisoner of the harem certainly had a sickly pallid hue. Bounded by its sable locks, her wan colourless face might aptly be compared to the moon, surrounded by dark conglomerate clouds: but then again, from the midst of this unvaried hue, her large languishing black eyes shot forth glances like lightning in a lurid sky; and, as virtue is its own reward, the assurances of unbounded devotion which my situation called for tarried not to diffuse over Khadidgé's countenance some of that animation which alone seemed wanting to class her, if not with the Helenas, and the Cleopatras of two thousand years ago, at least with the prettiest of the mongrel race, which at present grace the land of Egypt.

But ere, from the hour when I first beheld my spouse, the sun had completed a single one of its daily revolutions, not a doubt remained on my mind, that I had obtained, instead of a mistress, a master. I had only changed my allegiance from the father to the daughter, and from a lord's

dependant was become a lady's slave. Nor was even the general rule, applicable to whatever mamluke married his patron's offspring, modified by the peculiar disposition of the Lady Khadidgé. Quite the reverse! Within a most delicate frame the young lady concealed a most unbending mind. The least breath of air seemed capable of annihilating her person, but no breath of man had any power to influence her will. Already in the first coyness of the bride there lurked more of pride than of timidity; and in the subsequent altered conduct of the wife, there shone forth an exaction of dues, rather than a surrender of affections. Jealousy, indeed, Khadidgé felt, and in all its force; but it was of that contracted sort which fears the loss of a tangible property, rather than that of a mental tenure: of that sort which in a man rests at ease, when he has locked up his wife. As Khadidgé could not, consistent with custom, in the same way lock up her husband, she took care not only to let me have no female retinue of my own, but to keep concealed from my view all the nymphs of her own suite, who might divert my feelings from their legitimate current. The instant my footsteps were heard near the gynecæum, all its inmates short of sixty used to hide themselves, or fly, leaving me with my lady in awful tête-à-tête. In one instance, indeed, the anxiety of the attendants to obey their instructions defeated its own purpose. A young and pretty slave, unable to get away in time, took the desperate resolution of creeping under a clothes-basket, in the very middle of the room through which I had to pass. In the dark I fell headlong over the awkwardly placed utensil, and in my rage grasped with such violence the bundle which had caused my downfall, that, ere I recognised its nature, my ever watchful spouse found her fair slave in my arms. In vain I pleaded ignorance of what I thus had grasped. The pretty Zuleika—never more beheld—seemed to have dissolved in air.

"And Anastasius, the impatient of control," here ex

claims no doubt my reader, "submitted tamely to such egregious tyranny!"

Alas! already had the climate of Egypt begun to exert over my energies its enervating influence; already had I imbibed all the languor with which its humid exhalations by degrees affect foreigners: already was I, in point of listlessness and apathy, a perfect match for my indolent helpmate. While she lay all day long motionless on her sofa at one end of the house, I lay all day long, equally motionless, in my recess at the other end; and if she could scarce accomplish the labour of clapping her hands[16] for a slave, to hold a rose or jessamine up to her nose, I could hardly go through the exertion of calling an attendant to sprinkle some fragrant essence over my beard. Hour after hour I used to sit, inaccessible to visitors, in a sort of trellised bird-cage suspended over the kalish, puffing clouds of perfume through a pipe cooled in rose water, and deeming an antere thin as a cobweb too heavy clothing for my delicate person.

I felt the more anxious to enjoy the moments of repose still within my reach, as I considered the days of toil to be at hand. The rumour of Ismaïl and Hassan's impending descent acquired new strength every day; and the preparations of Mourad for a southward march every day became more active. But the whole was a bubble, and it burst at last. Misunderstandings arose between the exiles in the Saïd, and the Arab schaichs on whose alliance they depended. The quarrel rose at last to such a height, that the Bedoween troops, already with the beys, again retired into the desert. The expedition to Cairo, therefore, was given up; and with the plot fell the counter-plot. On all sides affairs seemed to assume, for a season at least, an aspect more calm and serene.

Meanwhile I had secured my kiascheflik as well as my spouse; and finding that for some time to come no personal service would be required, I felt it incumbent upon me to

act like other governors, who annually visit their provinces, and spend a few weeks in the agreeable occupation of inspecting the morals and regulating the expenditure of their subjects. For the purpose of appearing in my government with proper éclat, I mortgaged one year's income of my estate, took an affectionate leave of my patron, sighed with my wife over the duties of my station, and set out to riot in the luxury of receiving presents and imposing avanias.

## CHAPTER XX.

According to custom, I journeyed slowly. The tent from which I set out in the morning was, by my more diligent attendants, pitched before my arrival, where I had settled to stop in the evening. Frequently, during my march, I assumed some disguise. Sometimes it was that of a travelling Syrian, sometimes of a Barbaresque, and sometimes of an Arab, enveloped in his abbah.[1] Thus, fearless of observation, and aloof from my suite, I amused myself in prowling about the country, and peeping into the peasants' hovels. My servants, indeed, discouraged this mode of travelling: they never ceased to express their uneasiness at their lord's thus exposing his precious person; but the more good reasons they gave for my staying with my retinue, the further I extended my rambles. I wanted to see all that passed; and if the master's eye be the best, the master's garb I knew to be the worst for making discoveries. My trouble seldom went unrewarded. In one place the village schaichs, mistaking me for the kiaschef's caterer, offered bribes of fattened fowls, to make me swear

by the Prophet to an absolute famine. In another, the town-folks, investing me with the office of the great man's steward, promised me ten paras in the piastre on whatever sums I disbursed for his account; and in a third, where I passed for an entire stranger to the travelling officer, they proposed a joint concern in plundering his equipage. Here an Arab, who was abusing a fellah for preferring the service of the mamluke to the freedom of the desert, appealed to me as to a brother Arab for the justice of his reproach; and there a peasant, who was describing to a townsman the rapacity of the kiaschef's people, referred to me as to a fellow peasant, for the truth of his assertion.

One day in my solitary rambles I met on its way to the river a family of villagers, consisting of three generations and upwards; for, besides grandfather, father, and sons, several of the daughters seemed burthened with more than the babes which they bore on their backs. An ihram in rags, an old mat torn to pieces, and an assortment of pitchers worthy of an antiquarian's collection, were the travelling relics of the deserted home. A few head of consumptive cattle formed the van of the procession, and a plough all in pieces closed its rear.

"Whence come you, good people?" cried I; addressing the patriarch of the family.—"From the Feyoom," was his answer.

"And you leave the native soil to seek the bread of strangers?"

"Soon I shall be called away, and my son will not be able to redeem his inheritance. Must he wait to be driven from the land his father tilled?"

"Whence arises your distress?"

"From God and man, in conjunction. Every year the waters of the Nile make less way in our kalish; and every year the sands of the desert creep further over our fields. Egypt's soil, instead of crops, will soon only bear corpses! Can we then fly too soon?"

"And let those that stay behind bear the burthen of the absent?"

"Those we leave to-day would have left us to-morrow."

"Who is your lord?"

"Even that we scarce can tell. One day it is the sultan, in whose name we are taxed; another, the beys who are employed to tax us, or the delegates of those beys throughout all their numberless subdivisions and stages; another, the multezim or owner who accounts with the beys; another, the Arab schaich who rents the land of the owner. All call themselves our masters, while we can pay them tribute; all deny their being so, when we want their protection!"

My retinue now came in sight—"Hark ye," added I, therefore, in haste, "servants should not betray servants; but here come the masters. Take this, therefore, and go;" and hereupon I gave the party to the amount of a piastre, begging they might not huzza, lest the lord should hear the noise.

Scarce had I, at the ensuing halting-place, sat down to my welcome supper, when in burst a fellah, dragging by the sleeve another of the same class. "This rogue," said the first, "is the man who last year stole your lordship's mare." Of course the heavy charge was most solemnly denied; but not minding what I considered as a thing of course, "Scoundrel," said I to the accused, "had you been content at least with only taking my black mare;—but to rob me of my white one!" "The white one!" exclaimed the man—"As Allah is my witness, I never once came near her." "No more you did," was my reply, "for there she stands: but the black one you stole, I find; and for her you shall swing."

I was still exulting in my ingenuity, when, passing by a Latin hospice on the out-skirts of the town, my ear was assailed by most piteous groans; and looking through a latticed window, I discerned their cause in the shape of a

flagellation, which a lusty friar was inflicting with his knotty girdle, not on his own sturdy back, but on the much less able shoulders of a little yellow coobd, whom he forcibly held down on the ground, before him. Doubting the efficacy of this mode of instilling a doctrine, I interposed, and inquired of the missionary the reason of this paternal correction.

"While we distributed rice," replied the friar, "this fellow chose to become a catholic; now that supplies grow scarce, and that we hardly have enough for ourselves, he brings me back his chaplet, and has the face to cry, 'no pilaff, no pope!'"

The conduct of the little coobd I certainly could not approve; but it reminded me of my own toward Padre Ambrogio. I conceived a fellow-feeling for the defenceless sufferer, and released him from the clutches of his ghostly corrector. Thus I amused myself with acting the knight-errant; and, in my own mind, became another Antar.

Knight-errantry, however, was entirely set aside as soon as I reached the pale of my own jurisdiction;—though perhaps it might there have been exerted to the best purpose. Nothing could give me a more indifferent opinion of the condition of my vassals than the first hovel within my domain which I entered. In the mud of the door-way lay weltering—affected in various degrees with the rheum that was to end in total blindness—five or six bloated brats, quite naked, and fighting for a bit of mouldy millet cake, of the size of my little finger. Further on in the cabin sat, over a heap of buffalo's dung, and quite enveloped in its offensive smoke, a female spectre, mother of these gaunt abortions, who, on seeing a stranger, tore off the only rag which protected her body, to use it as a cover to her face; and at the most distant extremity of the hovel stood the head of the dismal family, burying the single bag of rice left for its support in the earth that formed the floor. One more spade-full, thrown over the store, would have com-

pleted its concealment, when I made my appearance. At the awful sight of a mamluke the spade dropped out of the peasant's hands, and the rag he called his turban rose a full inch from his head.

"Be composed, my friend," cried I; "it is not the enemy that is coming, it is your own governor."

"Alas!" replied the man, "will not the kiachef devour my rice—and can the Bedoween do more? But since you have seen the heap, take half, and mention not the other, or we must all perish!"

"Come," rejoined I, "for once keep the whole; but when my writer calls for my tribute, remember I know your hiding-place, and think not your honour engaged in letting yourself be cut in stripes, ere you pay the rent you owe."

At these words I departed; leaving the fellah motionless with astonishment at having seen his kiaschef, without paying for the sight.

"And this, then," thought I, "is the land which its infatuated natives think the finest on the surface of the earth; where they would rather die of want, than live in plenty elsewhere. That it has a hidden charm, I needs must believe, since all obey its attraction; but where the spell lies I cannot yet discover. I am now in the very heart of that Feyoom so famous for its roses, and all that yet has struck my senses is the smell of its cow-dung!"

Arrived at the place of my residence, I immediately set about receiving with all proper dignity the homage and the presents of my subjects. My writer took special care that none of my vassals should have to complain of my forgetfulness. To each he sent a summons to welcome their lord; and his invitations were addressed not only to the stationary tillers of the soil, but also to the Arab schaichs, who occasionally here and there rented a district. The liberality of these latter on this occasion exhibited various shades of difference. The first of my Bedawee tenants

who attended my summons gave me, over and above the tribute due, two camels, a dromedary, and fifty fat sheep, with fleeces white as snow. "This begins well," thought I. The second produced for my acceptance a present of a different hue;—two jolly Abyssinian damsels as black as jet: observing "that even ivory looked insipid, unless contrasted with ebony."—The third only presented his landlord with a lean steed; but then the very four-footed animal was of noble blood, and its pedigree so long, that it would have reached to Cairo. "Even this is not much amiss," said I to myself. A fourth Arab chief now made his appearance, who gave me not a single para beyond the stipulated rent; and to him I only grew somewhat reconciled, when there came a fifth, who raised such a commotion, that I would willingly have remitted all he owed me, and have added a handsome consideration into the bargain, to see a hundred leagues of imperviable desert separate our respective jurisdictions.

I had left the Lady Khadidgé, my wife, fully occupied in collecting every species of amulet and charm, and recommending herself to the efficacy of every form of devout orison and practice in vogue either among Moslemen or Christians, for the purpose of getting rid, on my return, of the perverse slimness of her waist: but, excepting the doubts I might entertain as to the result of these pious endeavours, I felt with regard to my faithful spouse in the most happy security; when, unexpectedly, an express arrived from Cairo, with the sad tidings that she had not only been seized with a sudden illness, but was actually considered as in imminent danger. As, however, the sapient Moslem Esculapius, called in on the occasion, had decided upon the case without seeing the patient, on the shallow evidence of a mere bit of silk thread tied round her wrist, I chose not implicitly to trust to his report, and immediately set off myself with all speed for the capital; resolved that some Frank physician should, if possible, cure

my wife, even at the risk of seeing her; and only puzzled how to bring about, in the very teeth of islamism, so desperate a measure.

Alas! it was written that I myself should behold my Khadidgé no more. Just before the last stage of my journey, the breath of life had forsaken her youthful frame for ever. My speed only brought me home in time to hear the dismal howlings that were raised on her decease. At my first alighting in the court-yard of the house of mourning, a fresh peal of woolliah-woos, louder than any former, went forth from every window, by way of an appropriate greeting, and, without much preparation, gave me the first notice of my heavy loss. I was next dragged by force of arms to the place where lay an insensible corpse, she whom my last parting look had left elate in all the pride of youth, of health, and of power. Dazzling tissues hung suspended from the bier, plates of gold encircled the coffin, and flowers of every hue, filling the air with their fragrance, embowered the glittering chest, as if to mock, or to render more dismal, by the contrast of their gaudiness, the foul corruption already busy within. "O Khadidgé," cried I at the appalling sight, "too soon has thy tale been told: too soon hast thou glided by like a noon-day shadow; too soon has the rough wind of death swept away the just expanding blossom of thy existence!" and was hereupon going to perform some demonstration of respectful regret: but already the attendants had begun to chide me, that I thus rudely kept the black and blue angels of the tomb waiting for their new guest. I therefore let the funeral proceed without further interruption, lest Azraïl and his host should render me accountable for the delay.

My myrtles now faded—my only remaining shade now depending on the mournful cypress, I went and deposited my grief at Suleiman's feet. A good deal afflicted himself, he yet preserved his wonted placidity of manner, and assured me that his sentiments in my behalf would ever remain

unchanged. I thanked him for saying so; but felt that I had lost the surest pledge to his favour, and was tempted to apply the Greek saying: "Welcome this misfortune, so it come but single!"

A mamluke seldom finds much leisure for mourning. Scarce had I composed myself for the purpose, when my retirement was invaded by a rumour that the expedition against the beys of Upper Egypt, a few months before unexpectedly abandoned, had been as unexpectedly resumed. It soon was followed by a strange report that Mourad had actually set out on his march for Es-souan. This event would only have afforded us a subject for rejoicing, had not the Signor Mourad—whether with the view of reserving for his own adherents all the profits of the campaign, or in the idea of leaving Ibrahim provided in his absence with sufficient means of defence—contented himself with only taking on this occasion his own troops, instead of collecting all those at Cairo which belonged to his party; whence the schaich-el-belled retained a larger force at his disposal than was desirable for the success of our plan. Still, despairing of a more favourable opportunity, we determined to put the scheme forthwith into execution; and a meeting of all the principal confederates was convened at Ayoob's palace, to determine upon the best mode of proceeding.

When it came to my turn to give my opinion, I proposed rushing at once with all our host upon the schaich-el-belled, surprising him in his palace, ere any assistance could reach him from the citadel, and running every hazard in order to secure his person. No hint whatever was to be given him of the least dissatisfaction lurking in our breasts; above all, no proposal of any sort was to be made, nor any step to be taken that could put the wily chief in any way upon his guard, ere this purpose was accomplished. When once fairly in our power, Ibrahim must submit to whatever terms, and grant whatever securities, we chose to prescribe.

Several of the party, and among others Suleiman, my pa-

tron, felt the expediency of this decisive conduct, and supported my proposal with all their influence; but Ayoob as strenuously opposed it. He would not hear of proceeding, as he called it, to the last extremities with the head of the corps, till less galling measures had been tried; and when I reproached him with faint-heartedness, he looked significantly, first at me, then at the further corner of the room, and at last cried out in an angry tone, "that at least he never yet had fled from any place in women's clothes."

Encouraged by the sentiments of this leading personage, some of the lesser members of our party now in their turn opposed my scheme with all the resolution of cowardice; and the boldest measure which could obtain the assent of the majority was that of marching out of Cairo, collecting all our forces in the Koobbet-el-haue, and from our camp sending Ibrahim the option of compliance with our terms, or immediate and interminable warfare. On this poor and spiritless conclusion of the meeting, Suleiman in his wrath rent his garment, I shrugged up my shoulders, and the few that had common sense considered our affairs as lost.

According to the plan resolved upon, as soon as Mourad was supposed to be sufficiently advanced on his way to the Saïd, we bravely rushed out of the capital, pitched our camp under the city walls, and deputed Saleh, the ablest of Ayoob's kiaschefs, to lay before Ibrahim our long list of grievances. On the first blush of the business, the schaich-el-belled appeared more frightened and more disposed to grant redress than I durst have hoped. He seemed ready to accede to any terms; and only wanted, he assured us, clearly to understand what were our wishes. Those who had insisted on gentle measures now looked all exultation. In the course of the negotiation, it is true, their confidence in their sagacity abated a little. The first panic of the chief seemed gradually to subside: he showed symptoms of returning resolution; and contrived to make the affair drag on a long while after the period fixed for his decisive an-

swer, ere he came to a conclusion. At length, however, he agreed to our demands; the treaty was put into writing, and emissaries went out in every direction to collect such of the schaich-el-belled's creatures as were to be our securities. We only waited for the hostages, triumphantly to enter the city, and take possession of the government.

All at once a most appalling report spread through the camp! While we were quietly drawn up under one extremity of the city, Mourad, it was said, had with all his forces re-entered its precincts at the other. Informed on his march of our insurrection—which perhaps its only object had been to bring to a premature disclosure—he had redescended the left bank of the river, crossed over at Djizeh, and resumed his post at Cairo, ere the enormous circuit of that city had permitted our receiving the least intimation of his precipitate return; and the very messenger who was to have brought us the pledges for the fulfilment of the treaty brought the first authentic intelligence that all negotiation was at an end! "Tell my friends outside the gates," were the last words addressed to this personage by Ibrahim, "that since they have taken the trouble to quit Cairo of their own accord, they have nothing to do now but to make the best of their way to Upper Egypt. Mourad, my colleague, is less enduring than I am."

We looked aghast; but followed the schaich-el-belled's advice. Raising our camp without a moment's delay, we glided in haste behind mount Mokhadem, and during four days marched without interruption along the back of the rugged ridge of which it forms the extremity. Then crossing its uneven width, we on the fifth morning gained the river. This too we passed, and soon, on its western bank, reached the town of Minieh.

Here we fixed our head-quarters. Our position afforded us every convenience for what was next in our wishes to ruling at Cairo—namely, starving the capital by intercepting its supplies. To contribute to this laudable purpose as

effectually as possible, I stationed my own little troop in the vicinity of Ash-Moonin, where I had opportunities of making good captures, and of manifesting a laudable impartiality. The times in truth admitted not of nice distinctions between friends and foes: besides which there lurked about me—I know not why—a presentiment that my sojourn in Egypt was drawing to a close. I therefore determined to make the most of my time while I staid. Summer insects sting sharpest in autumn, when they begin to grow weak.

Still it was my study that the little offerings of my friends should appear the sole result of their own liberality. Receiving intelligence one day that a rich coobd of Cairo was to be on the road, I took special care to greet him on his passage. "I knew your intention, my worthy friend," said I, "of travelling this way with all your money and jewels; and for old friendship's sake immediately scoured the country, that you might meet with no extortion." Davood was all thanks. "Set bounds to your gratitude," resumed I. "The two hundred sequins you destine me for my trouble I positively will not take. All I can consent to is to accept a hundred." Davood began to remonstrate. "No words," cried I, "but the sequins; for the robbers still are near!" So thought Davood, and paid the money.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Hunger, they say, drives the wolf out of the forest: it certainly in the year eighty-four drove the schaich-el-belled out of Cairo—but with a full determination to clear the banks of the Nile, of which we entirely impeded the navigation. Some surprise, indeed, was created by thus seeing the two leaders exchange offices and characters: for while Ibrahim sallied forth in warlike trim to attack the enemy, Mourad remained in the capital a tranquil spectator of the fray. The conclusion, however, showed that for once Mourad had foiled Ibrahim with his own weapons. During the march of the schaich-el-belled, his colleague negotiated so successfully with the sultan's pasha, that he induced the visier to invest two of his mamlukes—Osman kiaschef surnamed Tamboordji, and Mohammed kiaschef called the Elfi—with the rank of beys.

This proceeding of Mourad's appeared so suspicious to Ibrahim, that he began to fear lest his colleague might be meditating the same game which he himself had played before; and having drawn him out of Cairo, might shut its gates against his re-entrance, as he had shut them against ours. He therefore changed his plan, or at least seemed to do so; and made this occurrence the pretext for sparing us the battle which he probably never had intended to give.

Instead of waging savage war, he proposed terms of peace. Our leaders judged it prudent to meet his advances; and in October of the same year Ibrahim reinstated our whole party in Cairo.

Mourad now in his turn suddenly marched out: but we at first heeded not much his pettishness, it being far from

a rare occurrence for the rulers of Egypt to agree most amicably upon a rupture. The apparently impending hostilities afford each party a pretence for imposing on its adherents and clients extraordinary contributions; and when the last para for the warlike preparations is paid, lo and behold! the world is gladdened with the news of a reconciliation.

On this occasion, however, Mourad protracted the show of warfare somewhat longer than usual; and indeed acted his part with such truth of imitation, as almost to impress us with the idea of the reality: for not only he actually retired into the Saïd, but there continued with such earnestness the task which we had undertaken of destroying the supplies of the capital in their very sources, that Ibrahim at last began to think the joke too serious, and, in order to appease his rival, again sent us fresh notice to quit the capital. It was unpleasant to be thus bandied to and fro; but at this juncture braving Ibrahim would have been braving the whole force in the citadel, ready to move at his command. Thus deprived of every hope of successful resistance, we agreed to obey; but only with the view of executing a scheme proposed many times, and as often rejected, of coalescing in the Saïd with Ismaïl and Hassan.

I was at my own home when the resolution of our boys to quit Cairo reached me. Immediately on receiving it I collected all that was most valuable in my harem, and, while the beasts of burthen were loading, walked over the various apartments of my abode, as one who bestows a last look on friends he leaves for ever. "Happen what may," exclaimed I, "here I have at least enjoyed a few moments of ease and quiet, the existence of which fate has no power to expunge from the records of time! Should, while I live, no other hours of repose fall to my lot, my mind will revert to these with a grateful recollection!" All now being ready, I joined my patron, and with the rest of our party marched out of the city.

In the full confidence that Ibrahim must make the peace-offering required of him, Mourad had redescended from the said along the eastern banks of the Nile, and had returned to the vicinity of Cairo. From the heights of the mokhadem he Saw our troop wind along the plain. He had the vantage ground, and thought the moment propitious for exterminating our hostile body at a blow.

To rush down the hill with all his force, and spring upon us like a lion on an unsuspecting prey, was the work of an instant. Fortunately his superior numbers were exhausted by a long march, while our fewer men were all fresh. We therefore received the first shock of his onset without giving way, and a bloody combat immediately ensued.

As usual, the mamlukes of each different house at first remained in close order round their chiefs; and I therefore fought next my patron, till, wounded in the shoulder, he was carried to the rear; when I acquired greater latitude of movements. Spying in the thickest of the fight a son of Osman—my oldest, bitterest enemy—I took aim at him while firing his carbine, and lodged a ball in his side, which made him bite the dust. One of Elfi's harebrained children instantly sprung forward to revenge Mahmood's death, and made a thrust at his slayer. Him also a stroke of my yatagan sent reeling out of the field. He scarce had gone fifty yards, ere he fainted and fell. Another myrmidon of Mourad's now advanced: Assad was his name. Proud of his size and strength, he used to boast of victory before he fought; and in order to give greater splendour to his triumph, prefaced his assault with the most insulting language. The clash of swords soon followed; and here again proved mine the better blade: my adversary's sabre was shivered in his hand, and his huge person unhorsed. Maddened by his previous taunts, I was going to despatch him as he lay in the dust; but he begged mercy so meanly, that for very contempt I forbore to take his life. Scarce had I turned my head to call to my people, when the mis-

creant fired at me with deliberate aim! The ball grazed my cheek. I now dismounted to pierce the scoundrel's heart; but in the very act of lifting my poniard, a bullet struck my hand, and paralysed my fingers. I dropped my handjar; and Assad—tearing himself away—darted afresh amid the combatants, and soon slunk out of sight.

Grievously disappointed, I vaulted back into my saddle, but, from the uselessness of my left hand, was unable either to hold my reins or to wield my fire-arms. Soon, therefore, my horse, unsupported by his rider, and sorely wounded, came down. Thrown off and lamed by the fall, I was obliged for some time to ward off a hostile mamluke with one knee to the ground. While in this posture my yatagan feebly parried his repeated blows, another of his party spurred on his courser to trample me to death. The more generous steed refused to obey his rider, and my own horse, exhausted with loss of blood, falling dead by my side, now served me as a rampart. Yet still must I in my helpless state soon have been despatched, but for one of my own mamlukes, who dashed through the adverse current, and came to my assistance. Shot by him in the loins, my adversary was pulled off his horse, and I mounted in his stead. I could however only hold my reins with my teeth, and guide my new courser with my sword, while, raging with the thirst of vengeance, I flew from rank to rank, to seek the traitor Assad.

Already had impending darkness begun to baffle every act of personal animosity, and only permit random blows and general slaughter. My search, therefore, was fruitless. Ere yet, however, the closing night had wholly dropped its sable curtain, a colossal form, soaring like the spirit of evil, caught my searching eye. Instantly I threw myself down, stooped close to the ground, penetrated through the surrounding phalanx, and, while the haughty chief was giving a signal, struck at his face one single furious blow. A second must, from the unavoidable retort of all around

him, have wrought my own death. Quick as lightning, therefore, I made my escape: while a long protracted shout of terror announced to all his men that Mourad was wounded.—His hated blood, drawn by me, formed the last event of the expiring battle.

Our principal apprehension had been all along lest Ibrahim, apprised of the engagement, should sally forth and support his colleague with the troops from the citadel. Probably he wished not to render his rival's success too complete; and Mourad himself, now having had enough of fighting, no longer opposed our retreat. He entered the city, while we, gathering up our most distinguished dead, to be consigned to earth wherever the safety of the living permitted, continued our march uninterruptedly all night. Suleiman, who suffered much from his wound, was carried in a litter, and I, with my hand in a sling and my leg bandaged up, figured on a jaded hack. I regretted the richly caparisoned steed of my enemy Assad, which I for one moment had regarded as mine; I still more grievously regretted the home-thrust of my dagger, which I hoped to have made his: but my successful aim at Mourad himself, the ugly gash imprinted on his rugged jaw, and the streams of blood gushing from his hateful face, though sights which I had not had leisure to enjoy in the reality, were a rich treat for my imagination!

Several years had elapsed between the first combat I witnessed, and this last engagement. In both I was allowed to have shown some valour; but how different were the sentiments which, on these different occasions, nerved my arm and directed my blow! In the fight against the Arnaoots I only obeyed a vague desire to gain applause,—I was only driven on by the youthful ferment of my blood. I fought the foe, as I would have hunted the beast of prey, from mere wantonness: no personal rancour envenomed the wounds I dealt at random. Here, on the contrary, every feeling of personal interest, animosity, and revenge

directed my aim, and dwelt on my blows. After hewing down my enemy, I greedily watched his fall, and contemplated my dagger thrust up to the hilt in his wound: my soul seemed to thirst after his blood as after a refreshing stream; and, when the hot spring gushed from Mourad's own swelling veins, I could have dared death itself to riot in the crimson tide!

Just at the period when the animosity between the insurgents and the chiefs of Cairo was at its height; when both parties had sealed their enmity with their blood; when all chance of reconciliation seemed for ever at an end, arose that never-failing healer of internal feuds, the fear of an external enemy. A report, bearing the stamp of undoubted authority, suddenly spread itself through Cairo, that Hassan was making immense preparations at Constantinople for reinstating Ismaïl. Immediately the terrified leaders sent after our fugitive troop proposals of mutual forgiveness. The bearers, intrusted with no less credentials than Mourad's own ring and chaplet, reached us the sixth day of our march, in the midst of the mountains. The sole indispensable condition of the reconciliation which they offered was a sacrifice of a few of our beys' trustiest followers, whose spoil was wanted to feed the rapacity of their own mamlukes. It is true, the interests of these very adherents had been the ostensible pretext of the rupture: but they were readily given up as a peace-offering, when deemed the only obstacle to renewed harmony.

Among the appointments to be ceded was mine. Suleiman indeed proposed a commutation; but whether Mourad knew the author of his wound, or from whatever other cause, he would hear of no exchange. My father-in-law therefore ended, like other politicians, by yielding to circumstances. He declared himself unable alone to resist the importunities of all the other beys, and I was summoned to give up my possessions. Thus were realised the effects which I apprehended from the loss of my wife

My patron had only yielded, he said, to superior force; I thought it fair to follow his example. When therefore the storm burst forth, I gathered together my trustiest followers, and, instead of returning to Cairo, and expressing my readiness to be stripped—as I was expected in deference to higher interests to do—struck across the country, passed the river, and reached my kiascheflik. There, intrenched in the best manner I was able, I bade my antagonists take into their own hands the trouble of turning me out.

During a whole month they seemed averse from the task, until at last I thought myself forgotten; but on the fifth week after my arrival I received intelligence that my successor was coming. A force so very superior to what I could muster accompanied this personage, that I gave up the kiascheflik for lost, and only resolved to make the new kiaschef pay a handsome admission fee. Collecting all my cash, jewels, and other valuables, I loaded with them half a dozen camels and dromedaries, freed my slaves, gave away my fixtures, and, followed by my small troop of faithful mamlukes, posted myself in ambush a few leagues from the town, in a place where I knew that the enemy must pass. It was an elevated plain, advantageously situated for my purpose. In front rose a hillock covered with ruined koobbehs,[1] cactus hedges, and date trees, which screened us completely, while behind lay an open country, and a kalish, with a bridge of boats and boards, which secured our retreat.

After a whole night of tedious expectation, we heard at the early dawn the tramp of horsemen, and presently the enemy came in sight. By his loose and straggling order of march, it appeared evident that no suspicion was entertained of our design. Soon the troop approached so near our masked battery, that every individual of the party might easily be recognised. Heavens! how my heart bounded when, in the chief—in him who came to dispossess me—I beheld the identical Assad who had sought my life,

as my reward for saving his own. I immediately made a signal to my followers to leave to myself the soothing task of just revenge; took the best aim I was able, and fired. A general discharge instantaneously followed: but I had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing Assad fall first, though several of his troop soon bit the dust around him. The remainder, unable to guess the force of their invisible assailants, immediately took flight, and dispersed in all directions.

Save the place which my men occupied, there was not a spot in sight where the fugitives could halt and rally. The rout of those that remained sound, therefore, enabled me to approach the wounded. Assad, though weltering in his blood, was still alive: but already the angel of death flapped his dark wings over the traitor's brow. Hearing footsteps advance, he made an effort to raise his head, probably in hopes of approaching succour: but beholding, but recognising only me, he felt that no hopes remained, and gave a groan of despair. Life was flowing out so fast, that I had only to stand still—my arms folded in each other—and with a steadfast eye to watch its departure. One instant I saw my vanquished foe, agitated by a convulsive tremor, open his eyes, and dart at me a glance of impotent rage: but soon he averted them again, then gnashed his teeth, clenched his fist, and expired.

Wishing for nothing more now than I could obtain, I only sought the speediest retreat, fell back in all haste, and got to the westward of the beaten track, into the boundless desert. Several of my camels were intercepted by the Arabs, and my men suffered much from missing a well: but falling in soon after with the Nubian caravan, our distress was relieved, though at the expense of half my remaining treasure. At last, after performing a prodigious circuit, during which we experienced incredible hardships, we contrived to reach Es-souan, and joined the exiled beys, Ismaïl and Hassan.

Never had the insurgents, even when acting in most open hostility to the chiefs of Cairo, formed a common cause with the party in the Saïd. Too deeply rooted a jealousy divide the houses of Mohammed and of Aly. The first and only attempt at an union of interests was that which followed the battle of the mokhadem, and was foiled by the reconciliation of which I became the victim. At enmity now with every party in the capital, I was well received by the beys of Upper Egypt. I confirmed to them the welcome intelligence of the capitan-pasha's preparations, and engaged soon to return with Ismaïl to Cairo. Meantime, apprehending that I might, in spite of appearances, be deemed a spy only upon the ex-schaich-el-belled, I made over to him my few remaining mamlukes, and, rid of this burthen, determined to withdraw from Egypt, until the grand admiral should actually be on his way. Having, however, still some goods and valuables, I kept my design a secret, lest my kind friends should make my property a keepsake. After a few short rambles, to wean them by degrees from the pleasure of seeing me, I at last undertook a longer flight. On a fine starlight night, of which there is no lack near the Cataracts, accompanied only by two trusty servants, mounted like myself on dromedaries, we slipped away, and again plunged in the desert.

By a forced march I reached Gieneh. Its kiaschef had been formerly my friend, and what deserves to be recorded, still showed himself my well-wisher. He gave me letters for his lieutenant at Aïdab. I travelled across the sands to this seaport, by the Franks called Cosseir; and found its road full of zaims[2] from Djedda, freighted for Suez, but which had lost the season. One of them I engaged to carry me across the Red Sea; and bidding Egypt's plagues as well as blessings—its mud and misery, as well as its perfumed rice and purple dates, its golden grapes and azure nileh[3]—a long and reluctant adieu, with heavy heart embarked.

The vessel was wretched, and the passage stormy; but after expecting to founder on every coral reef in our way, we at last providentially ran safe into Djedda harbour. On pressing the Arab shore, after perils so vast and various, I could not help exclaiming: "My native land has renounced me: the country of my adoption has cast me off: be thou, O strange soil, the wanderer's less fickle friend!"

I had left a storm gathering in Egypt, of which I since have thanked God I witnessed not the bursting. Already previous to my departure, the consequence of the scarcity had begun to appear partially in many places: but it was only after I left the country that the famine attained its full force; and such was, in spite of every expedient of human wisdom or appeal to divine mercy, the progressive fury of the dreadful scourge, that at last the schaichs, and other regular ministers of worship—supposing the Deity to have become deaf to their entreaties, or incensed at their presumption—no longer ventured themselves to implore offended Heaven, but henceforth only addressed the Almighty through the voices of tender infants; in hopes that, though pleased with the sufferings of corrupt man, Providence might still pity the pangs of untainted childhood, and grant to the innocent prayers of babes what it denied to the agonising cry of their expiring parents. Led by the imams to the tops of the highest minarets, little creatures from five to ten years of age there raised to heaven their pure hands and timid looks; and while all the countless myriads of Cairo, collected round the foot of these lofty structures, observed a profound and mournful silence, the feeble voice of spotless infancy was alone heard to lisp from their summits entreaties for divine mercy. Nor did even these feeble supplicants continue to implore a fertility, which no longer could save the thousands of starving wretches, already in the fangs of death. They only begged that a general pestilence might speedily deliver them

from their lingering and painful agony: and when, from the gilded spires, throughout every district of the immense Masr, thousands of infantine voices went forth at the same instant to implore the same sad boon, the whole vast population below, in hoarse and half-extinguished sounds, jointly answered, "So be it!"

So humble a petition was not offered up in vain: the plague followed the scarcity, and the contagion completed what the famine had begun. The human form was swept away from the surface of the land, like the shadows of darkness which the dawn puts to flight. Towns, and villages, and hamlets innumerable were bereft of their tenants to a man. The living became too few to bury the dead. Their own houses remained their cemeteries. Where long strings of coffins at first had issued forth, not a solitary funeral any longer appeared. Hundreds of families, who had fled from famine to Syria, were overtaken by the plague in the midst of their journey, and with their dead bodies marked their route through the desert. Egypt, smitten by the twofold visitation, almost ceased to appear inhabited; and both plagues at last disappeared, for want of further victims to slay.

## CHAPTER XXII.

I was near the Holy City, and had all my time at my disposal. Could it be better employed than in seizing so favourable an opportunity of acquiring—without the trouble of a journey on purpose—the title and the prerogatives of a hadjee?[1] I therefore determined to perform, in its utmost strictness, the pilgrimage imposed on all true believers; and no sooner had set foot on the shore of Djedda, than I immediately proceeded onwards, and soon arrived at Mekkah, where I achieved in solitude my first round of devotions at the kaaba.[2] It is true that, as on this globe at least the holiest places are not always the most agreeable, I tarried not in this epitome of paradise beyond the time prescribed by the law, but hied with equal expedition back to Djedda. This, however, was only to wait in that seaport until the Coorban bayram[3] should bring together at Mekkah the whole body of hadjees, when I purposed to revisit the corner-stone of islamism, and to perform under its shadow rites more solemn and more public.

Even in the busier seaport of Djedda itself, it must be owned, my pursuits scarce soared above the amusements of a paltry coffee-house, where I went every morning to smoke my pipe, drink my cup of kishr,[4] and play my game of chess with a famous hand from Surat; always hoping—but in vain!—to retaliate my adversary's infallible checkmate. These harmless pastimes were varied, alternately by a turn on the quay, to see the unlading of goods and monsters from the Red Sea, and by the tales of a poor schaich of the neighbourhood, who possessed the true art of breaking off his story in the midst of the most interesting occurrence,

leaving his audience all agape till he resumed his narrative, and never dismissing his hero, or winding up his plot.

An accidental rencontre with an inhabitant of Djedda, Sidi Malek, for whom I had recovered at Cairo some property purloined by Hassan's people on their visit to his city, promised me a little change of pastime. Our first meeting was in the bazaar. "I knew," exclaimed Malek on seeing me, "that this would be a day of rejoicing! The word 'Allah,' heard the first thing in the morning, never fails to bring good fortune. I shall not, however, think mine complete until you leave your okkal, and take up your abode under my roof." So easy a mode of making my friend happy, my conscience suffered me not to decline. I collected my chattels, and followed Malek to his habitation.

My acceptance of the sidi's hospitalities, however, soon turned out a greater burthen than I had suspected. According to Derwish—the star-gazer at Constantinople, whom I left meditating how to undermine the aqueduct—the most distinguished among the heavenly bodies alone troubled their pates about the fate of man: but in the opinion of Malek, every stone, beast, and plant on the surface of the earth, presumed most unwarrantably to meddle with our destiny. Nothing animated or inanimate could be named, which exerted not over our being a mysterious influence.* From every occurrence, however trivial, some omen might be extracted, if one only knew the way; and that way my friend Malek was determined to find out, cost what it might. Not that, in the course of his research, he ever dreamt of looking for such connexions between cause and effect as must arise from the intrinsic nature of things, and the palpable relationships between the productions of this globe. Such a course would have been derogatory to the dignity of his pursuit. His science only admitted what was totally out of the course of nature, and beyond the reach of human understanding. The occult virtues which Malek sought in objects were always precisely those which common

sense would never have guessed at. Every secret agency was to have in it a something savouring of a prodigy, which chance alone could disclose. Accordingly, the less foundation there appeared for a belief, the more strenuous the advocate it found in Malek; and while he looked upon men of real science—astronomers, physicians, and mathematicians—as paltry geniuses, who could not penetrate beyond the surface of things, he considered soothsayers, jugglers, and conjurers, as the only men of real and profound talents. To Aristotle and Galen he would probably have given but an indifferent reception;—to the most arrant fortune-teller his door was open day and night. His house seemed a sort of asylum for all decayed mountebanks. One party, out of gratitude for his kindness, recommended another: and though, where astrology interfered not, rather a strict Mohammedan, Sidi Malek immediately made a favourite of every dirty Jew, Gentile, or Christian, who had the least pretensions to occult knowledge. "Because weak man happens to err in one particular, can he be right in no other?" Malek used to ask; and on the strength of this truth, he believed every lie, and trusted every impostor.

While merely theoretical, this system might have been entertaining enough, but reduced into practice, it rendered Malek's society very irksome. His own conversation was incoherent, mysterious, and often unintelligible; and he took it much amiss when his friends wished to converse on what they understood. On the least appearance of incredulity with respect to his favourite tenets his passion knew no bounds. Always on the watch for every chance word or gesture that might be construed into a prognostic either good or bad, he was constantly floating between idle hopes and silly fears, and conceived the strangest predilections or the most unfounded antipathies. My nose unfortunately had a curve which promised uncommon capabilities for astrology, if but properly cultivated, and Malek determined

that so happy a disposition should no longer lie fallow, for want of any pains which he could bestow.

The sidi's stationary oracle was a soothsayer of established repute, residing in one of the remotest suburbs of Djedda, and who seldom condescended to go from home, but waited to be worshipped in his own cave or temple. For the sake of peace, I promised not to neglect the opportunity of being enlightened, and only bargained to find my own way to this celebrated personage, the odour of whose fame, I was told, extended all the world over. It might be so;—for it affected me almost to suffocation on entering his den:—a sanctuary which, to say the truth, smelt more of things below than of the stars above. I groped on, nevertheless, with the most undaunted bravery, till I reached the furthest end of the unsavoury abode.

There the wizard sat in all his state. A stuffed crocodile canopied his head; a serpent's skin of large dimensions was spread under his feet, and an old clothes-chest afforded support to the parts between. Potent charms and powerful spells entirely covered the wall. They had their names written over them for the information of the beholder; and hair of unborn dives,[5] heart of maiden vipers, liver of the bird roc,[6] fat of dromedary's hunch, and bladders filled with the wind simoom,[7] were among the least rare and curious. Of the wizard's own features so little was discernible, that I almost doubted whether he had any. An immense pair of spectacles filled up the whole space between his cloak and turban. These spectacles veered incessantly, like a weathercock, from left to right, and from right to left, between a celestial globe robbed of half its constellations by the worms, and a Venice almanack despoiled of half its pages by the wear and tear of fingers. Before the astrologer lay expanded his table of nativities.

Opposite the master shone—but only with a reflected light—his little apprentice, crouched, like a marmoset, on

a low stool. The round sparkling face of this youth—immoveably fixed on the face of his principal—seemed to watch all his gestures; and never did he stir from his station, except to hand him his compasses, to turn his globe, or to pick up his spectacles, which for want of the proper support from underneath came off every moment. After each of these evolutions the little imp immediately ran back to his pedestal, and resumed his immoveable attitude till the next call for his activity. So complete a silence was maintained all the time on both sides, that one would have sworn every motion of this pantomime must have been preconcerted.

Fearful of disturbing the influence of some planet, or confusing the calculations of some nativity, I myself remained a while silent and motionless at the entrance of the sanctuary; but finding that I might stay there till doomsday if I waited for an invitation to advance, I at last grew impatient, marched up to the wizard, put my mouth to his ear, and roared out as loud I could: "I suppose I am addressing the learned Schaich Aly."

Upon this the astrologer gave a start, like one suddenly roused from some profound meditation, turned his head slowly round, as if moving by clock-work, and after first leisurely surveying me several times from head to foot, and again from foot to head, at last said, in a snuffling but emphatic tone—drawling every word, in order to make what in itself was not short longer still:—"If you mean the celebrated Schaich Abou Saleeh, Ibn-Mohammed, Ibn-Aly el Djeddawee el Schafei,[8] schaich of the flowery mosque, and the cream of the astrologers of the age, who holds familiar converse with the stars, and to whom the moon herself imparts all her secrets, I am he!"

"And if you should happen to want the best-beloved of the pupils of this luminary of the world, the young bud of the science of which he is the full-blown pride, the nascent

dawn of his meridian splendour," added, from his pedestal, the worshipful apprentice,—"I am he!"

"Hail," answered I, "to the full-blown pride of astrology, and hail to its nascent bud! May they be pleased to inform me what I am, whence I come, whither I am going, and whether or not I may hope to recover what I have lately lost?"

"Young man," replied the wizard, "you lump together a heap of questions, each of which, singly, would take a twelvemonth to answer at length. Besides, it is not in my own person that I disclose such matters. You cannot be ignorant that the voice of prophecy has ceased with the holy one of Mekkah. I am but the humble interpreter of the stars. It is true," added he, lest this exordium should deter me from giving him my custom, "that my vast knowledge of the celestial oracles which glitter in the firmament enables me to understand their language as clearly as my mother tongue; and that I thence know to a tittle all that was, and is, and is to be. I may therefore, forthwith, if you please, ascertain from the chance opening of the holy book in what way the heavenly bodies choose, on this occasion, to be addressed."

I agreed. The doctor performed his ablutions, and the dawn of his meridian splendour shook the dust from off his gown. Thus cleansed, at least externally, he mumbled a prayer or two, and then with great solemnity opened the koran.

"Child," said he, after having inspected the page displayed before him, "the admirable and important chapter on which Providence has willed the eye of its servant to fall treats of the balance Wézn.[9] This proves incontestably—but, ere I proceed further, what do you mean to pay me?"

"Two piastres," was my answer; thinking this a liberal remuneration. Not so the wizard: the most grievous of

insults could not have put him into a greater rage. "Two piastres!" exclaimed he; "why, in the quietest of times, and when a man's fortune might almost be told him blindfold, this would scarce have been an aspre each adventure; and now that the world is all turned topsy turvy, that men do not know whether they stand on their heads or their heels: now that women wage war, kings turn philosophers, and high priests stroll about the country; now that the grand lama of Tibet takes a turn to Pekin, and the pope of Rome travels post to Vienna—to offer such a fee! insolent, absurd, preposterous!"

I let the astrologer's passion cool a little first, and then resumed the negotiation. After a good deal of altercation, it ended in Ibn-Mohammed, Ibn-Aly el Schafei undertaking to reveal my destiny in two days, for the important sum of as many sequins.

At the appointed time I returned, but found not Schaich Aly, as before, in solitary meditation. He stood surrounded by a whole circle of customers, and was abusing one poor fellow so tremendously as to terrify all the rest, and make them tremble lest their own fortunes should fare the worse for the incident. "Wretch!" he cried;—"to apply to me for charms to rid your house of vermin; as if I was in league with vipers and with scorpions! Go to the wandering santons that ply in the cross-ways, and presume not again to appear in the presence of one whom the very skies treat with deference."

The frightened peasant retired, and the remainder of the party received the devout and wonderful sentences, which only required being kept carefully sealed up, to procure the bearer every species of bliss.

The levee thus despatched, the wizard turned to me: "I have completed your business," cried he, handing me a dirty scrawl. "But it has been with incredible toil. I cannot conceive what you have done to the stars. At the bare mention of your name they all began to laugh. It has

cost me a whole night's labour to bring them to their senses. Instead of two sequins, I ought to have two dozen."

"Not one single aspre," replied I, glancing over the paper, and then throwing it in the wizard's face. "The beginning informs me that I shall certainly die young, provided I do not grow old, and cannot fail to marry, unless I die single; and as to the end, it has no meaning at all!"

"It has a great deal of meaning," replied the now infuriated star-gazer—grinning like an afrite;" "for it means that you certainly will be hanged."

"It then also means," replied I, "that I need not pay a farthing; for, if I am not hanged, you have written a parcel of lies undeserving of a fee; and, if I am equally to swing whether I pay or not, I may as well save my money, and give you a drubbing to boot." So saying, I laid on; and the young bud of science, who tried to protect his master, came in for his share of my bounty. All intercourse with the constellations now being broken off, I walked away, alternately threatened with the justice of the stars, and with that of the cadee.

My behaviour to his pet astrologer made Malek think somewhat less favourably of my docility, and our friendship, hereupon, cooled a little. Fortunately, the season of the festivals was at hand, and I returned to Mekkah, to witness the arrival of the pilgrims.

At Cairo I had viewed the departure of the caravan from the Birket-el-hadj," as a species of public rejoicing. The whole of the night which preceded the raising of the tents, the camp, resplendent with the light of millions of lamps, and re-echoing with the sound of thousands of musical instruments, seemed the special abode of mirth and pleasure; and the ensuing morning the pilgrims, fresh, gay, full of ardour, and prancing along the road, looked like a procession of the elect going to take possession of Paradise.

Alas, how different was the appearance of this same caravan, after a long and fatiguing march across the desert,

on its arrival at Mekkah! Wan, pale, worn out with fatigue and thirst, incrusted with a thick coat of dust and perspiration, the hadjees who composed it seemed scarce able to crawl to the place of their destination. The end of their journey looked like that of their earthly existence; or rather, one might have fancied their bodies already smitten by the spirit of the desert, and their ghosts come disembodied to accomplish their vow.

Among the arrivals were some of my Egyptian friends; but their sufferings had so altered them, that they were obliged to syllable their names ere I could bring their persons to my recollection. One had almost lost his eyesight, another scarce preserved a remnant of his before slender intellect, and a third was, in consequence of constant alarms, become subject to such spasmodic movements, that he believed himself obliged to hold his head fast by the ears, lest it should veer on his body like a weathercock.

The holy house of Mekkah offers nearly the same difference from that of Loretto which the Moslim character does from that of the Franks. Every body knows the Santa Casa to be a whirligig sort of thing, which, in its roving disposition, changed its abode half a dozen times before it could finally settle. The Kaaba, on the contrary, is a steady, demure sort of an edifice, which, from the day the angels placed it where it stands, never manifested the least inclination to move. Accordingly, even Mohammed dared not meddle with its well established reputation. It stood its ground most firmly in spite of his reform, and to this day remains the chief object of the worship of his followers.

Seven times I walked round the holy pile in full procession, and seven times kissed the black stone, which the angel Gabriel brought from Paradise (I did not inquire why), to figure in its south-west corner. I next went to the valley of Menah to renounce Satan and his works, by flinging a pebble over my left shoulder; nor did I fail to fill a pitcher with the brackish water of the well Zemzem, to quench the

thirst of the soul. But what I prized beyond all other things were the parings of the besom that had swept the tabernacle, which I purchased from the shereef of Mekkah[12] to cleanse the impurities of the heart, and which, if mine were not all wiped away in consequence, failed of doing its duty.

My spiritual concerns thus attended to, I turned to my temporal affairs, and made an exchange of some of the property which I brought from Egypt, for other and more suitable articles; for be it known that the festivals of the holy house end in a fair, held in the innumerable tents which surround it like a zone, and bring together merchants and goods from the most opposite extremities of the old hemisphere—very properly making even the worship of Mammon lend its support to the temple of the Lord.

From Mekkah I proceeded with the whole body of the pilgrims to Medinah, a place somewhat less holy, though infinitely more agreeable. There (still intent on deeds of holiness) I bargained for a little bit of the fringe which had adorned the prophet's tomb; but found the unconscionable vender ask a price which I scarce would have given for Mohammed's own two front teeth, enshrined in the sultan's chapel at Constantinople. Fringeless, therefore, I went on to Damascus, with the principal division of the caravan, headed by the celebrated miscreant Djezzar,[13] pasha of Acre.

No extraordinary events signalised that year the homeward journey of the hadj;[14] for I reckon not as such the hundreds of camels that died every day of fatigue on the road, to the great annoyance of the Schaich of Sardieh, who furnished them, and to the great delight of his loyal subjects, who cut them up and ate them; and still less do I reckon as such the thousands of pilgrims that gave up the ghost from the same cause, to the annoyance, I fear, of no one but themselves, and to the unspeakable satisfaction of the conducting pasha, to whom their property devolves.

For my own part, as I observed mortality to be, somehow, rifest among the richest pilgrims, and was still possessed myself of some valuable luggage, I continued during the whole of the journey particularly careful of my health. I ate no made-dishes, knowing them to be heating; and abstained from brewed beverage, as apt to attack the bowels; but preferred the simplest fare, however coarse, and drank plain water, though ever so muddy. By means of this regimen I escaped—thank God!—all the bad effects of the journey. A more difficult task than that of avoiding the consequence of the climate was, in my opinion, that of eluding the overpowering attentions of the Bosniac guard[15] of the emir-hadj. These gentlemen were paid for protecting the property of the pilgrims, and it is but doing them justice to say, that they could scarcely have acted otherwise than they did, if it had been their own. A delibash[16] of the pasha's in particular used to show such solicitude about my equipage, that not one article of it would have escaped his vigilance or been suffered to remain out of his keeping, had I not early in the business bethought myself of recommending to him, as more worthy his attention, the luggage of a wealthy Turkish merchant, which, much heavier than mine, required more being lightened by an experienced hand.

The only one of my companions whom I trusted was a Cypriote. Like myself, a Greek by birth, he had like me embraced islamism from choice: but with this difference, that love led the way to my apostacy, and revenge to that of my new associate. He had turned Mohammedan for the sole purpose of being qualified to return to another Mohammedan, without breach of etiquette, the favour of the bastinado. No sooner was he admitted into the bosom of islamism, than he ran to discharge the debt; and paid it with such ample interest, that his creditor was never heard to utter a single syllable of complaint. To do penance for

this petulance as he pretended—or rather to withdraw from the scene of this achievement, as I believe—he undertook the pilgrimage. From Cyprus he embarked for Jaffa, from Jaffa crossed over to Suez, and at Suez took shipping with a flotilla of hadjees bound for Djedda. "Huddled together so thick," said he, "that we found not room to lie down, in boats so rotten that we expected to split on every coral reef, I never expected to reach land again; and do not know whether I owe my being saved from a watery grave to Mohammed or to the Virgin; as, for fear of a mistake, I addressed my prayers to both. This, however, I do know mesh positively, that, having got once on land again, I mean, please God! never more to trust myself on the water. I have conceived such a horror of that element, that Mohammedan, and, what is more, hadjee as I now am, I can scarce prevail upon myself to drink a drop of any thing but wine pure unmixed."

My friend Mahmood, however, was destined more justly to appreciate the comforts of travelling on dry land, when a three weeks' journey across the sands of Arabia had killed off with fatigue and heat about a fourth of our caravan. Almost become transparent with loss of flesh, he now swore he would rather a thousand times be swallowed up at once by a wave, than be mummified by inches.

On entering the pashalik of Damascus, the scene changed completely. Each league, as we advanced, now brought some improvement in our condition. First came to meet us the supply of fresh provisions from Trabloos; next the convoy from Palestine; and when, soon after, we entered the fertile plains of Hauran, I felt as if ushered at once from the burning bowels of hell into the flowery fields of Elysium. Indeed, on first beholding from a small eminence, after a month's wearisome march through sands almost red-hot, the glassy pool of Mardin, encircled by its verdant banks, such was the fit of hydro—not phobia—but mania

which came upon me, that, had I been within reach of the lovely puddle, I would have plunged into it headlong—dress, armour, and all!

The privations of a pilgrimage are not necessary to render Damascus a true paradise. Groves of orange and plum trees imbosom its walls, limpid fountains sparkle in all its habitations; and so much did its beauties, animate and inanimate, its exquisite confectionary, and its cool and sparkling sherbets, delight my eye and palate, that I purposed making it my abode until I should hear further of the high admiral's motions. Purified by my pilgrimage, I thought I could afford to run up a new score of little peccadilloes; and though, in the course of three weeks, I saw the forty thousand hadjees with whom I had entered Damascus again disappear almost to a man, I still continued without the smallest intention of stirring, until I found that I had reckoned without my host—I mean without Djezzar, the eternal pasha.

One Friday morning, after my devotions, just as I stepped out of the mosque, my eye happened to be caught by one of those celestial beings, found in large cities, who, anticipating the office of the houris of Paradise, have no objection to cast a ray of bliss on the existence of mortal man. Unfortunately, my eagerness to pursue this flitting form of brightness made me overlook some nearer but less attractive objects which stood in my way. Foremost among these happened to be a little man, who, walking up the steps of the mosque just as I rushed down, was so much below my line of sight, directed straight-forward, that I only perceived his proximity by the violence with which I came in contact with his person, and occasioned his downfall. I should more properly have said, his fear of a downfall; since I had the address to catch him in my arms, and to twirl him round like a top, so as to break the force of the shock, and only to lay him neatly down on his seat

upon the steps, without having received the smallest injury.

Great as was my hurry, I felt loth to proceed till I had looked round to see whom I had thus involuntarily helped to a seat. I found it to be a personage dressed indeed after the Turkish fashion, but evidently, from the very Christianlike manner in which his Mohammedan apparel was huddled on, a Frank in disguise. In short, I had run foul of an inquisitive traveller, who, come to have a sly peep at a mosque, noted in the empire for the care with which it is kept sacred from the intrusion of infidels, certainly expected not his curiosity to meet with so providential a punishment.

I always piqued myself upon my good-breeding, especially to strangers, who might report of me in Franguestan. For which reason I turned back, and laying hold of the short person of the traveller in the readiest way for righting it—namely, by the ample folds of his nether man—I lifted him up like an oil-jar, and so set him on end again; at the same time reversing his aspect for the benefit of his curiosity, and turning his face towards the entrance of the mosque which he was come to view.

I do not know by what strange bias in his mind, to be pushed down should have appeared to him a misfortune patiently to be endured, while to be set on his legs again was taken for an indignity, which called for every expression of the utmost resentment—but so it was; and, instead of thanks, I got nothing for my pains but abuse, the more galling, since my courtesy had made me lose sight of the fair object of my pursuit. It is true that, as strong passion is inimical to disguise, my traveller had, in his wrath, resorted to his native tongue—the German; but I had heard enough of that language with the Swedish baron at Pera to understand every term of commendation bestowed upon me on this trying occasion. I therefore ran back, in

order to undo what I had obtained so little gratitude for doing, and again gently laid the angry traveller down in the very place from which I had raised him; at the same time begging his pardon for having presumed to rectify his position.

There is, or was, at Damascus a Latin hospice, tolerated by the pasha, solely, I believe, for the sake of one of its friars, Padre Giacomo, a great favourite with Djezzar for reasons connected by the Damascenes with the magic art. This friar had accompanied our stranger in his rambles through the city, as *cicerone;* but had prudently kept aloof while the bolder traveller made his attempt upon the mosque. However, witnessing from afar the last act of my intercourse with his guest, he took it into his thick skull that I was ill-treating him, and in consequence came up, and began, on the strength of his influence with the pasha, to abuse me in his turn;—not, however, like his more considerate friend, in an outlandish language, in which his impertinence might have passed off for civility, but in very intelligible Arabic, and to the great edification of all the bystanders.

In the midst of Damascus this was not to be borne: "See," cried I, therefore, to the mob, "what it is to have an old woman for a sultan, who grants firmans[17] to Christian dogs," (my politeness had by this time given way a little) "to come and spy, disguised in our own dress, the nakedness of our land; in order that their crals[18] may know how to conquer it.—But glory be to the prophet, and down with the yaoors!"

"Yes, down with the yaoors; and let us go and drown them," answered the ready mob.

This proposal even exceeded my wishes. But I had once saved a Jew from a watery grave, and I thought I might have equal success with a brace of Christians. "No, no," cried I, therefore; "the Arabs would think that inhospitable. Let us only disable these infidels from pass-

ing themselves off for Mussulmen, by stripping them of their mustachios and beard. They will look as ridiculous again when shaved as they would do merely drowned." So thought the mob. My friends consequently were taken to the nearest barber, seated, lathered, shaved, and dismissed.

But the bristles of the capuchin's beard were fated to become thorns in my side. The pasha took up the affair. He could neither bear to be without his friend the friar, nor to see him in his presence with a beardless chin. I very soon got hints of the unwholesomeness of the Damascus air; and of all the physicians in the world I wished least for Djezzar to be my phlebotomist. Having picked up a good number of the country sword-blades, remarkable for their fine temper, I resolved to convert my steel into gold in the capital. There also I should be more in the way of watching the grand admiral's motions; and I doubted not that an ex-kiaschef, hostile to Ibrahim and Mourad, would easily obtain rank in the sultan's army. I therefore packed up my little property, and the very evening after the warning slept at Salieh.

The next morning I proceeded with a caravan to Trabloos, and there embarked for Stambool on board a vessel from Alexandria. The cargo consisted of black slaves. The richest article was a little negro, who had been furnished with his passport for the harem by an old coobd in the Saïd, purveyor to my patron Suleiman. Though the only one of twenty who had escaped alive, poor little blackie looked very unhappy. To console him, I used to prognosticate his becoming some day kislar-aga; when he would have all the beauties of the seraglio under his command! "Alas!" answered he, "of what use will it be to me?" "Of what use?" I replied, "why to whip them, to be sure; and so to vent your spleen!"

## CHAPTER XXIII.

A CERTAIN number of years had now elapsed since I left Mavroyeni; and changes more marked than even those which time effects had since that period taken place in my circumstances. I was not only from a boy become a man, but from a Greek a Mohammedan, and from a person of no note whatever an individual who had filled no inconsiderable character in the world's varied drama. I had acted a part both in negotiation and in warfare. I no longer either thought myself an inferior to the drogueman of the arsenal, or stood in need of his protection. It was doubtless for the latter reason that, when arrived at Constantinople, I no longer felt any hesitation to call at his door. Little acquainted, however, with the revolutions which might have happened in a place so fertile in storms as the fanar, I thought it prudent, ere I ventured upon my visit, to collect some information respecting my old patron; lest, seeking his abode too abruptly, I should be conducted to a burying-ground or a dungeon.

"Friend," answered the old messmate to whom I addressed my inquiries, "Mavroyeni is no longer to be found at the arsenal."

"I understand," replied I—and motioned with my hand, as if to say, "he is shortened by the part above the neck."

"Not yet," resumed my informer, "but in a fair way of being so. He is at present hospodar of Valachia."

"Hospodar of Valachia!" exclaimed I, starting back at least three paces. "What! Nicolas Mavroyeni—a mere man of the islands, a rank taooshan! Has he then at last been able to insinuate himself into the fairest of the two

Greek provinces; and that in the very teeth of every Ipsilandi, Morosi, Callimacki, and Souzzo whom the fanar could muster to oppose his intrusion?"

"He has," rejoined Notara. "After having been, during fifteen years and upwards, regularly threatened every day at the terzhaneh by the grand admiral with being kicked out of office, he has only left the place of drogueman of the fleet, to step into the very highest situation which a Greek can attain in the Turkish empire; and that without any stipulation for the purchase of the principality, without any restriction or engagement as to the persons he was to promote. Fettered by no clause or limitation whatsoever, he has distanced all his rivals, and swept away the whole stake single-handed."

I begged my friend to inform me how this miracle had been accomplished.

"You must remember," replied he, "that Russia never acted with more hostility towards Turkey than after the peace. But the Muscovites were governed by a man in petticoats, and we, ruled by old women in turbans. Haleel-hameed visier, and after him Shaheen-aly visier, seemed determined to abide every insult of the northern virage. At last, however, the interview between Joseph and Catherine opened the sultan's eyes. Abd-ool-hameed felt that his sacrifices would not preserve peace, and must diminish the chance of a successful war. He dismissed the pacific Shaheen, and looked about for a more enterprising and warlike visier. The only one in the whole empire that could be found to suit his views was Youssoof, the water-carrier of Smyrna, the caleondjee of the fleet, the counsellor and right hand of the capitan-pasha, the defender of the Boghaz against the Russians, the moohasseel of the Morea, and finally the supreme visier of the Othoman empire.

"Youssoof in his turn felt the necessity of confiding the government of a province so important and so much exposed

as Valachia to none but a man of resolution and bravery. Such an one was not to be found among the merchant-princes of the fanar : but such an one he knew his old comrade, in the service of the capitan-pasha, Mavroyeni, to be. He therefore proposed him. In vain did all the fanariotes for once cordially unite to prevent your old master's nomination. In vain did they put forward their tool, Petracki, the seraff[1] of the mint. This zealous agent might spend more money to prevent an election to a principality than ever had been wasted to obtain one : it availed nothing. Mavroyeni was invested; and when, in the act of receiving at the hands of the supreme visier the marks of his dignity, he begged, as the single favour which was wanting to complete his bliss, the head of the seraff, that boon also was granted. On going out of the audience chamber —by way of a delicate attention—Petracki's bleeding head was made to roll at his feet.

"Mavroyeni is now gone in the fulness of his glory to take possession of his principality. Perhaps, however, what he regarded as the last testimonial of his elevation may prove the first stept to his downfall. It is secretly whispered that the late sultan, Mustapha, had confided several millions of piastres to Petracki for the use of his son Selim, during the reign of Abd-ool-hameed his brother. This deposit is necessarily involved in the general fate of the seraff's confiscated property. But Selim some day must come to the throne, and he will not fail to remember the loss he sustained through Mavroyeni."

On hearing all this, my first impulse was to pay the patron of my youth a visit in his principality; but my second thoughts presented my stake in Egypt as the one most worthy following up. However, the capitan-pasha being as yet far from ready for his expedition, I determined, in the meantime, to indulge in the supreme pleasure of the Italians —the *far niente*.

At Chios, an intimacy had long subsisted between my

father and another Greek merchant, by name Mavrocordato. His extraction was honourable; friends traced his pedigree to a younger branch of the imperial Palaeologi: history allowed him the latter and more certain honour of being related to several of the princes of Valachia—the first of whom, invested by the Porte, bore the same name. He was a man of most respectable character; nay, while burthened with so numerous a family, that the most rigorous parsimony could only ensure to each of its members a very moderate provision, he even enjoyed the reputation of being particularly liberal, and seemed contented when the expenses of the twelvemonth did not exceed the comings-in of the year. But, strange to tell! no sooner had he through a fatal contagion lost all his children save one, in whom consequently was to centre his whole inheritance, than a total revolution took place in his conduct. The possibility of leaving this only heir extremely opulent now for the first time seizing hold of his imagination, gave it a new bias, and bred a desire for riches, before unfelt. He who while in moderate circumstances had been generous to a proverb, now all at once, when he saw his hoard accumulate, became saving, retrenched many of the innocent luxuries in which he formerly indulged, and began to toil for the acquirement of superfluous wealth with a devotion often before sharply censured by himself, while he only possessed a sufficiency. Still, however, he was never suspected of increasing his gains by dishonourable means, nor could he be accused of sordid avarice. He might be said to live below his income, but he ranked not among those imbecile misers who, during their lifetime, starve the very heir whom they destine at their death to revel in their riches. No expense was spared for the education of Spiridion; and even for the pleasures of this beloved son Mavrocordato would often outstep his own notions of discretion.

The intimacy between Mavrocordato and my father had

produced an habitual intercouse between Spiridion and myself. It could not be called friendship; it was scarce even entitled to the appellation of companionship; for there existed between us a difference of two years—a prodigious one at our age,—and sufficient to make me look upon the son of Mavrocordato as by no means fit to join in my youthful sports. Our connexion might be described as composed of protectorship on my part, and of deference on that of Spiridion. I led him in my train, spoke to him in a tone of authority, and gave myself the airs of his tutor. The fag of the party when I associated with boys of my own standing, my protegé was only allowed to contribute to my pastimes when I found myself destitute of other resource. But, flattered by being admitted in any form, under my auspices, to the diversions of my older playmates, Spiridion asked not for more, contemplated me with sentiments of veneration, felt honoured by my commands, and executed all my high behests with a zeal and promptitude savouring of perfect devotion. To employ in my concerns any other boy but him was on my part a sign of displeasure, and to himself a subject of mortification. It was he who, whenever we went out on a marauding expedition, was sent forward as a scout to explore the ground; who, when we stripped an orchard, kept watch till we had secured the booty; and who, whatever exploit we engaged in, generally paid the penalty while we carried off the fruits. But the sufferings which he earned in our service he ever bore most manfully, and his firmness in submitting to any punishment rather than betray our confidence was truly heroic. In return, I always sustained my part as his protector, defended him against every other boy, allowed none of my comrades to assume over him the least authority, and would have made any one who in my presence had presumed to correct my little Spirro long remember the castigation which would have followed such an offence.

Still, however, spite of the public countenance with

which I honoured Mavrocordato's son, the father would not have grieved to have seen us less together. For a time he kept us as much asunder as his own frequent intercourse with my own sire would permit: but an event took place, which, in the midst of all Mavrocordato's attempts to dissolve it, riveted our friendship more closely than ever.

I had headed a large troop of my companions in a swimming party, when one of the lesser boys spying some way off a small boat upon the beach, set it afloat, dragged Spiridion in after him, and rowed out to a considerable distance. Suddenly there arose a violent squall. The truants grew frightened, they lost their presence of mind, mismanaged the oars, and overset the boat. Much fatigued with a good hour's splashing in the water, I had just finished putting on my clothes, when an universal shout of terror made me raise my eyes, and see the two children struggling with the waves!

Spiridion's companion was a tolerable swimmer, and rapidly approached the beach. No one felt the least alarm for him; but Spiridion himself, only supported by the oar to which he clung, seemed on the point of sinking. Already encumbered with my clothes, I called out to my still naked companions to jump in and save my charge. "Who dares?" was the only universal answer.

Dressed as I was, I now resolved to have recourse only to my own exertions, plunged into the sea, swam to Spiridion, and succeeded in throwing to him one end of my sash, while I held the other fast between my teeth. Supporting the child in this way, I tried to regain the beach. It was still a good way off, when some of my comrades, seeing me appear faint, and overwhelmed with my load, at last took courage, and threw themselves into the water to swim to my assistance. But I had got too far unassisted to accept of their tardy succour, and resolved to achieve the task alone, or perish in the attempt. Collecting all my remaining strength, I pushed away my officious play-

mates, and invoking my protecting saints, strained every still obedient nerve for a final exertion. It exceeded my powers:—held back by the weight of Spiridion, I felt myself going down. In this situation, was I, by a perseverance which could do my friend no good, to share his untimely end? or, by yielding to the suggestions of prudence, at least to save my own life?—Reason, I suppose, would have said, "Save yourself."

Luckily, the dilemma never struck me. I had fully resigned myself to death, when an enormous billow, which only seemed advancing to swallow us up, left me upon a shoal barely covered at low water, of which I had no knowledge. With one arm I clung to the rock, while with the other I now grasped my poor Spirro. Thus we remained afloat, until a boat, which just before had put off to meet me, reached the reef, took us in, and brought us on shore.

Mavrocordato happened to walk with my father on the quay when the accident took place. Apprised of his son's danger, he had arrived in sight half frantic with terror, just as, floundering on the waves, I threw out my sash to Spiridion. He had gone through all the agonies of every subsequent crisis, until he saw us safely landed on the beach. Immediately he ran or rather flew to the spot, and even before he noticed his child clasped me convulsively in his arms, as the preserver both of the son and the father.

These expressions died away on my ear. Exhausted with fatigue, I had fainted, and lay for half an hour bereft of all perception. But on recovering my senses I still found Mavrocordato by my side, ministering to my relief, while poor Spirro was drenching my cold features with his tears.

As soon as his father saw me sufficiently collected, he resumed his boundless thanks, only interrupting them to lay on his son a most positive injunction ever to treat me as a brother; and in the face of all around, and of heaven itself, he took a solemn engagement, strengthened by every most sacred oath, henceforth to consider me as his other child.

"Happen what may, Anastasius," he cried, sobbing with emotion, "rest secure that I shall never abandon you; that in me you will always find a second father:" and indeed, from that day Mavrocordato seemed to have no second object of solicitude (his son always remaining the first) except to palliate my frequent offences. Many a time he redeemed my sins with the sums which he would have denied to his own legitimate gratifications; and, had he been at home, when the ripening effects of my imprudent conduct made me become a voluntary exile, I might not perhaps have fled, as I did, from my natural parent and from my adoptive sire.

Since my abandonment of home I had lost sight of Mavrocordato and his son. When I wanted assistance most at Constantinople, and might have benefited most by their kind offices, Mavrocordato happened to be gone on business to Trieste or to Vienna, I did not know which; and just before I went to Chios, he had entirely quitted that island —a theatre too confined for his extending concerns—and had come to settle at Stambool.

In a capital of that description the love of riches soon begets the love of sway. Mavrocordato, who before only wished to leave his son distinguished for wealth, now aspired at beholding him eminent in rank and dignity. In short, he aimed at nothing less than seeing him some day hey of Valachia or Moldavia, as several of his namesakes had been before him; and all his endeavours now tended to forming the requisite connexions at the fanar. Unfortunately he had not the lungs which ambition requires. Accustomed to inhale the pure mountain air of Chios, he found the confined atmosphere of the capital agree ill with his health. Accordingly, while he only retained at Constantinople a small recess for business, he bought in the country, close to the beautiful village of Kandilly, the villa of a proscribed visier for his permanent residence. It was there that, in one of my excursions, chance again threw me in the way of my adoptive father.

There were two things in this rencontre which surprised me, and to many will appear incredible: the first was, that Mavrocordato had not toiled like a galley-slave for his son, while a boy, only that he might fall out with him the more outrageously when he was grown a man; the other, that he did not consider, because nine or ten years had elapsed since I saved that son's life, the natural term of a father's gratitude as wholly expired: nor did he even think that all the promises made to a Christian must fall away on the misguided wretch becoming a Mohammedan. When indeed Mavrocordato learnt that, for reasons good or bad, I had changed my religion, he looked a little dismayed; but soon recovering: "The will of God," he cried, "be done!" and invited me not the less to his mansion as cordially as if I could publicly have pledged him in the wine of his own growing. Perhaps a person who, in my situation, could raise himself to rank, and had found means to save money, might not, to a mind of Mavrocordato's prudent cast, appear after all wholly destitute of some laudable points. At least my host received me as if he had thought so; and the very day of our meeting wrote to my father, to acquaint him with his rencontre, his pleasure, and his grief.

Many letters between Stambool and Chios, I suspect, are intercepted by the Tritons and the Nereids, curious to know what passes above water; but Mavrocordato's epistle was left by these submarine gossips to take its course. There even came as speedy an answer to it as the diligence of man could indite, or the breath of a favourably disposed servant of Eolus waft to its destination. My host was conjured in the truly paternal epistle, by every tie of ancient friendship, and every motive of religion, to spare no pains in recalling a stray sheep into the way of salvation. A postscript, longer by half a page than the letter, stated that, should my abjuration of my errors compel me to quit the Turkish dominions, my wants would be amply provided

for in whatever nearest part of Christendom I might make my abode. These assurances moved me to tears. "Blessed be my aged parent!" cried I—"When permitted by those that surround him, he still feels anxious for the welfare of his Anastasius!" "And so do your brothers," whispered to me Spiridion. "They had rather even that you should return to your faith than that you should revisit your island. So at least they write."—At this speech a dark cloud again overcast the transient sunshine of my heart.

As to Mavrocordato, he inquired not into the motives, he only considered the merits of the request. At all times he had been religiously inclined: but he had extended the sphere of his devotion, since he had contracted that of his liberality. He gave more to God as he gave less to man; —no doubt expecting the stake in heaven to bear the higher interest. The arduous and delicate commission intrusted to his prudence he undertook, not as a mere act of duty toward a friend, but as an effectual means of working his own eternal bliss. Had he been offered the nursing of a visier's estate, instead of the rekindling of a taooshan's extinguished faith, he could not have engaged with more zeal in the business. I believe he would even have paid me to become once more a Christian, had I been in want of money: but, finding that all I required was good advice, he determined not to spare so cheap a drug, and only considered how he might administer most plentifully the unwelcome potion. Cunningly, therefore, he bethought himself of making his solicitude for my temporal concerns the means of advancing his spiritual aim; and actually offered to manage my property for me to the best advantage, free both from commission and from brokerage! The thing was in itself worth accepting, be what they might the conditions annexed to it. I left my casket in Mavrocordato's custody, empowered him to dispose of its contents to the greatest profit, and even accepted, at his urgent request, of an apartment under his own roof.

Still he at first only ventured upon the performance of the task, to which all this was preparatory, with a very tender hand. He feared to excite my impatience of control, or my jealousy of independence, and carefully abstained from all that might savour of the tone of a pedagogue, or the authority of a parent. My well-bred host contented himself with throwing out, when opportunities offered, such delicate hints and such round-about insinuations, as left it easy at my pleasure either to avoid their hitting, to take off their point, or to let their whole weight fall unnoticed beside me.

At last, however, Mavrocordato began to find out that this overcautious way of proceeding did not advance his purpose. Accordingly, he resolved upon a more open and undisguised mode of attack. He now on all occasions engaged upon the reprehensibleness of my conduct, and the danger of my evil courses; constantly represented me as standing on the very brink of perdition, and never met me, at home or abroad, without significantly shaking his head, uttering a deep groan, and inflicting upon me so vehement a lecture, that, whatever he might say, I could never think myself obliged to submit to the penalty of listening. This new method, therefore, succeeded still worse than the former. Instead of not heeding my host, I now carefully avoided his company. Though still nominally an inmate in his house at Kandilly, I was oftener to be found at the furthest end of Constantinople: and, always out in the morning before he came from his office, and seldom returned at night ere he retired to bed, it was but on very extraordinary occasions that I indulged him with the sight of his very discreet guest.

A third plan of operations was then resorted to. In the idea that the son, from less disparity of age, and greater means of watching my behaviour, might succeed in the scheme in which his father had failed, Mavrocordato now committed the whole labour of my conversion to Spiridion.

This, undoubtedly, evinced a thorough confidence in the steadiness of the youth. Even spotless purity might risk, unless composed of very hard and impenetrable stuff, to contract in the office of cleansing such extreme moral foulness as mine a few unavoidable stains.

Independent even of the danger to which the purpose of the father exposed the son, perhaps the son was the person most unfit to forward the design of the father. I do not mean on the score of insufficient interest in my welfare. Far from it!—In the exuberance of life's early spring, friendship strikes root too deeply in the soul, and entwines itself too closely round every fibre of the heart, to be enfeebled or broken by the vicissitudes of later life. The intimacies of that happy epoch, as they precede, also survive all the more interested connexions of a maturer age; and Spiridion's early devotion to the companion of his childhood had not only kindled up anew, but again glowed in his breast with all its pristine ardour. Spite of my manifold failings, he loved me at Constantinople as he had done at Chios: but the scope of his understanding, so greatly exceeding that of his father's, prevented his wishes for my weal from being exclusively directed to the single narrow point, in which centred all the views of the latter. If he more than emulated Mavrocordato in his solicitude to see me renounce my old sins, he was far from feeling equal anxiety for my abjuring my new worship.

Spiridion had received from nature an expansive mind. It had resisted all the contracting powers of a Greek education. In vain might its glance be obstructed by the opaque blinds of ignorance, its flights impeded by the leaden trammels of prejudice: it could see through the one, and soar above the other. As greater efforts were made to hem in on all sides his powerful faculties, they seemed only to derive superior strength from their concentration, and to break with more irresistible force through their insufficient barriers. While, with all his canvas spread to the breeze of

the passing hour, the father sailed down the muddy tide of the fanar, the son would retire to his closet, there to imbibe long draughts of wisdom at the pure spring of philosophy; and as, in a society where literary discourse is despised or prohibited, men do not peruse books merely to quote sentences, he found more leisure to ruminate upon his reading, and to digest his volumes. Hence his understanding rose far above the level of his age and country: for in those days modern Greece had not yet attained that miraculous emancipation from the bondage of error and superstition, so vauntingly set forth, I am told, by the P—'s and the K—'s of the present enlightened period; and in the more than Cimmerian darkness which surrounded him, Spiridion was almost the only person I could have named, with whom morality weighed more than dogma, and who attached greater importance to inward goodness than to outward practices.

His behaviour and his exhortations wore the stamp of this peculiar frame of mind. He did not indeed say in explicit terms, "Those articles of faith, those forms of worship, which affect not the heart, and influence not the conduct, are of little importance;"—the deference he bore his father forbade such a speech: but, while he more faintly urged, and only in the tone of an irksome task, an ostentatious abjuration of islamism, which might only rid the mosque of a bad Moslemin, in order to throw a worse Christian back upon the church;—while he deprecated with all his might the scandalous spectacle of a man running backward and forward between Mekkah and Jerusalem, between the cross and the kaaba—sometimes kneeling to the one, and sometimes prostrate before the other—while he ventured to believe that even a good Moslemin might still enter heaven, though with different credentials and at a different gate, he insisted, with all the strength of his faculties, and all the warmth of his heart, upon those moral duties commanded by the koran as well as by the gospel; he admitted of no

mode of compounding for those actions on which depend not only our own happiness, but the good or evil condition of our fellow-creatures; he ceased not to depict with all his eloquence, and to urge with all his rhetoric, the beauty of rectitude and the wisdom of goodness; nay, he spoke of the charm which purity of mind and dignity of manners throw over our sublunary existence with such earnestness and such unction, as if he wished me to adopt them not from cold conviction but from positive taste, and to regard myself as sacrificing my terrestrial happiness, not in adopting but in rejecting the restraints of decorum and of principle. Whether with some real foundation for his opinion, or only from the partial medium of friendship and of gratitude through which he viewed my character, he often would say he observed in me a singular and romantic turn of mind, capable of becoming as enthusiastic in the cause of virtue as it had been unrestrained in the career of vice. He believed that the same energy and boldness which, while wasted in fostering my evil passions, had made me seek distinction in all that was profligate and base, when employed to resist their sway, might render me pre-eminent in all that was exalted and noble; and he therefore felt all that eagerness for enlisting me in the cause of moral excellence which was natural to one, who, himself wholly devoted to its charms, wished to extend its empire by procuring it a powerful new champion. It is true, the prodigious change in my disposition, from the extreme of ill to the extreme of good, was a transformation which Spiridion rightly considered as attainable only through immense efforts; and he regarded the victory over my thus far ungovernable temper, the triumph over my hitherto irresistible passions, as an achievement no less arduous than it was desirable; but that very circumstance, by rendering the success as glorious to the conqueror as it was beneficial to the conquered, added a new stimulus to my friend's exertions in my behalf. It made him feel a pride on his

own account, as he felt an interest on mine, in the accomplishment of the task he had set himself: for he too was of an ambitious mind, and more desirous of success in proportion as success was more difficult.

The zeal which he felt from the first outset in his undertaking still grew as he advanced in his labours—as the very obstacles which he met with forced him to devote his time, his attention, and his powers more exclusively to his favourite purpose—as, by keeping his mind more steadfastly fixed upon this single object, he weaned it more entirely from all other pursuits; as, in short, by the pains already bestowed, he felt more committed not to cast them away in a pusillanimous dereliction of his plan, ere he reaped fruits worthy of his perseverance; and he toiled with indefatigable zeal, until at last all his other views and occupations yielded to that of my sole amendment; until he devoted to my reformation alone all the faculties of his understanding, and all the energies of his heart; until he no longer seemed placed by Providence on this globe for any other purpose but that of making me a worthy member of society; and until—almost working himself up, in his honest enthusiasm, into a belief that he had been appointed by the Almighty as my guardian angel—he held himself responsible to his Creator and to his conscience for my conduct, and bound by the very gifts he possessed to devote his whole existence to the purpose of making mine a blessing. To see me wise, to see me happy, and that through his exertions; nay, to sacrifice, if necessary, his own repose and felicity on this globe to mine, became the only bliss Spiridion aspired to on this earth! Indeed, so fully had he identified his fate with mine, or rather, so entirely had he reduced himself to the rank of the mere instrument of my salvation—not indeed by mere faith or even insulated deeds of goodness, but by an entire reformation of my conduct—that, had the irrevocable decrees of fate destined one of us only to be accepted among the

host of heaven, I verily believe he would, with all his ardour for excellence, have submitted to stoop to the bitter fruits of sin, in order that Anastasius might not be the one discarded from the realms of bliss eternal!

## CHAPTER XXIV.

With a temper such as mine, Spiridion was perhaps, in spite of all his zeal—and I may add, all his abilities—the person worst calculated, not only to succeed in the more contracted purpose of his father, but even in his own more extensive and more liberal design; not only to obtain from me a public and ostentatious return to my faith, but even a more private, though more sincere, relinquishment of my failings.

For in truth, up to the moment when my young friend undertook my reformation, what was I? A being of mere instinct; a child over which the cravings of the sense still reigned uncontrolled; and which, like all children, still acknowledged no subjection save to superior strength; still could be made to obey the voice of reason, or even the dictates of caution, by no other means but those of physical compulsion; still must, as it were, have his submission to the rules of society and the requisites of the established order rendered a habit through dint of force, ere it could become an act of choice; but who, while thus still weak in intellect, wholly matured nevertheless in bodily might, nay, possessing with the mental imbecility of childhood more than the ordinary corporeal endowments of grown-up man, required to find even more than the ordinary gifts of body in other surrounding individuals, ere

he could be awed into an external allegiance to social institutions; and though he might, like other children, in some degree be allured to good by the mere imitative bias implanted in our natures, was only disposed to make those members of society the models of his conduct, who had begun by making themselves the masters of his imagination, and to take counsel where he felt a previous deference for the person of the counsellor.

And thus far, alas! such had been the example and the conduct of my chief associates as only to increase my natural aversion from the shackles of civilisation, and my repugnance to the mere approach of those who bore them with meekness. Gregarious indeed, though not sociable, I loved not positively to prowl in solitary majesty through the unreclaimed wilds of nature; I felt that some species of companionship was unavoidable, even for the mere purpose of assuaging the cravings of the sense; but, like the rude tenants of the forest not yet themselves lured into subjection by civilised man, I only loved to herd with other beings equally wild, indocile, and unbridled; I shunned every fellow-creature already entrapped in the snares of society; and could only bear to appear linked by choice with such as, ever prone like myself to deride every symptom of order, and to despise every outward show of decency, were not less anxiously avoided by the sober and steady part of the community than the untamed lion or the unbroken colt. Call it effrontery or bashfulness, temerity or cowardice, I only felt at ease, only thought myself safe as it were from the infection of contented slavery, with men who bade defiance alike to the precepts of morality and the injunctions of the law; and the more an individual showed himself broken into a ready compliance with all the requisites of social institutions, and fearful to outstep any of the rules founded on mere opinion, the more I dreaded and avoided him on that very score as a dangerous person, a confederate in the great plot against

my natural rights and liberties, and a rancorous though secret enemy, who only coaxed and caressed in order to betray me to his associates, and to throw with more certainty the fatal noose round my neck.

Add to this that, still wholly averse from the most distant thoughts of quitting islamism, still elate with all the pride of the turban, I shrunk from the idea of appearing guided in any degree by one not like myself of the privileged cast, and would sooner have seemed to take lesson or example from a Turkish beggar than from a Greek archon.

Now, of the qualifications which a disposition, such as that of the worthy individual here depicted, required in his ghostly director, who possessed fewer, and, on the contrary, of the attributes which must disqualify their owner for the office of guiding a pupil of that description, who reckoned more than my friend Spiridion? Even in point of person he wanted some of the conditions most indispensable to the success of his undertaking. His figure was elegantly moulded, indeed, but, far from possessing the size and strength requisite either to support or to repress insolence, it was rather under-sized; and the son of Mavrocordato appeared by my side like the willow by the side of the cedar. Again: his features were in as perfect a symmetry as Grecian blood could bestow; but his countenance, unarmed with that daring look which daunts the brazen stare of audacity and defiance, habitually only expressed gentleness, nay timidity: and if bursts of indignation or of rapture would sometimes impart to it an air so commanding and so lofty as to awe any being still under the influence of mind, its purely intellectual power must nevertheless remain unacknowledged, where, as in most of my associates, all was mere unmixed matter. His manners too were elegant and refined: but the more they breathed that elevation and dignity calculated to charm a well-educated circle, the less they partook of that coarse and vulgar assurance necessary to please men of blunted feelings and a vitiated taste. Reserved instead

of forward, he never had a chance of making the force of reason silence the force of lungs; and too proud to be conceited, too conscious of his worth to announce his claims to notice, he was only, by people apt greatly to presume upon nothing, and unable to understand a behaviour wholly different, praised, if at all, for discreet and becoming humility.

The sombre livery of Christianity too, by rendering my friend a dark spot—almost a positive blemish—in the brilliant circles of islamism, increased tenfold every difficulty of his arduous task: for while his modest exterior could not prevent me, who knew his inward excellence, from fearing his watchful eye, and feeling restrained by his observing presence, it emboldened low-bred wretches to treat him with a rudeness, the pain of which I shared. Hence, though I could not but venerate Spiridion's character, I mostly felt averse to his company, and, so far from meeting the advances of the too unexceptionable youth, discouraged his assiduity. Sometimes, when he pressed me to make him my associate and my confident, I used only to answer jestingly, and say: "How can I possibly live with you, or introduce you to those with whom I live—you, who have not one idea in common with them; whose very language seems a different idiom, as unintelligible to them as theirs is to you; who stare at every unguarded expression, shrink from every spirited proposal, and groan at every bolder frolick: who stay at the door where others walk in, keep watch where others slumber, and have the folly to be wise where others have the wisdom to court folly!" At other times I spoke more seriously, and warned the youth in sober earnest against wasting his valuable gifts in the fruitless attempt to reform one too long owned by sin to shake off the allegiance. "How can you, Spiridion," would I ask, "with your excellent understanding, expect any good from a wretch so thoroughly broken into every species of evil, so suppled by long practice into every form of vice,

so loose in all his mental hinges, so dislocated in all his moral joints, that all his inclinations turn with equal facility toward wrong as toward right? The very transcendancy of your merit, my all good, all perfect friend, leaves you a far less chance of instilling in my corrupt mind the smallest particle of righteousness than might have befallen a person of inferior worth, less proudly soaring above my own level, and whom I could have met half way. You and I are too far asunder in the scale of beings ever to come in contact together either in this world or the next." And hereupon, in order to prove my assertion by illustrations taken from facts, and to enjoy Spiridion's surprise and horror, I would commence the braggadocio of vice, and give my friend such details of my iniquity as made him raise meekly to heaven his dark expressive eyes; till, unable any longer to bear the revolting tale, he would start up, run to me, put his hand on my lips, and supplicate me to spare at least him, if not myself.

It was not long, however, before even Spiridion felt that nothing was so inimical to the success of his scheme as a forbidding fastidiousness. He therefore tried to repress his too evident disgust at the tone and manner of my habitual associates, and to bring himself (in appearance at least) more nearly down to their level. In short, he gave up his refined pursuits and his regular habits, for the honour of holding in my esteem the same rank with a set of blustering profligates. Upon the sublime principle of seducing me to virtue, he became the patient witness of all my vices. He followed me to those temples where Aphrodite wears no veil, in order to preach to me decency; and more than once, in the orgies at which he assisted, narrowly escaped being the reeling victim to his own laudable fervour for opening my eyes to the loathsomeness of intoxication.

Even this effected not the wished-for purpose. Libertinism, as well as refinement, requires its apprenticeship. It is not the attainment of a single day, and sits as awk-

wardly on the wearer as fastidiousness, where—only stimulated by the lips—it flows not from the heart. Wherever Spiridion followed in my train, he failed alike to catch the spirit of the place and the tone of the company. His best attempts at extravagance only looked like demureness run mad; and if his endeavours to set my gayer friends at their ease had any effect at all, it was only that of making them, whilst he was by, as constrained as himself. The moment his name was announced, every countenance fell and every lip was sealed up. Adieu from that moment to all that lightness of heart, all that flow of spirits, without which vice itself, only pursued with the dulness of a task, loses its seductive gloss, and, for want of a brilliant exterior to dazzle the eye, shows all its inward foulness. Instead of rendering my associates pleased with him, Spiridion only contrived to put them out of conceit with themselves. The genuine sons of mirth and revelry dreaded the intrusion of this false brother. Abashed at the mere sight of one to whose manners they were strangers, and to whose behaviour they had no clue, they insensibly felt in his company—without themselves knowing why—their assurance and boldness degenerate into a subdued and humble manner. Not but that they strove to resist the novel influence. Fearful lest in his presence they should appear to have lost their wonted tone, they even talked louder than usual, were wittier, made more jests, ironically wished me joy of my new friend, and complained of his repartee as too much for their dulness: but aside and by stealth, they frowned at me for having brought an extinguisher among their jovial troop; and I myself wished from the bottom of my heart that Spiridion had remained a complete saint, rather than that he should have become half a sinner, for no purpose but to spoil all the sport of genuine honest rakes!

But what of all this!—Be a man ever so sturdy a hater of all that is good and wise, still, if fated day after day to witness in another the most unabating solicitude for his re-

formation, the most untiring efforts to allure him to virtue; and these endeavours proceeding, not from interested motives, nor even from a wish to display superiority, but solely from a desire the most ardent to procure his lasting welfare: if, above all, forced to own that the symptoms of this soli citude, never shown in intrusive advice, irksome reproof, and acrimonious censure, only appear in the keenest watchfulness, the gentlest persuasion, the most exulting looks at each instance of success, and the most evident dejection at every failure in the benevolent attempt, so as not even to leave him a pretence to feign anger and to fly from his monitor—he must have in his composition materials even more compact than mine to remain wholly impenetrable to so flattering a testimonial, lurking under reproof itself; and to feel no wish, however transient, that it should cost him less to reward with an amendment in his manners so deep a devotion:—he will in spite of himself repay such constant sacrifices, at least by something more than cold and unprolific gratitude.

It is true, no person, wont to combine cause and effect, could expect that, in a vortex of unceasing dissipation, and attracted by the voice of every siren, my heart, volatile by nature, and by constant friction somewhat blunted in its feelings, should return with equal intensity Spiridion's affection. My regard necessarily must have intermittances, display fits and starts, and be interrupted by intervals of forgetfulness, nay of coolness. In the pursuit of pleasure I would shun the sight of the young Greek; in the intoxication of enjoyment I would neglect his society; in the phrensy of passion I would hide myself from his view as from that of an unwelcome monitor: but still did his daily converse here and there drop a seed of tenderness and compunction in my bosom; and this seed—often unheeded at first, and resembling the corn which, in order to germinate, must for a while be screened from the rays of that sun, indispensable to its subsequent development—failed not to

spring up, when his immediate presence no longer obstructed the more general survey of his noble conduct and beneficent precepts. In the midst of the raillery at Spiridion's expense, with which I tried to keep up the unconcern and independence of my mind, I conceived for him a real and deep-rooted attachment; and though we rarely associated together in my hours of joy, the moment I felt the least grief or disappointment—the moment the faithlessness of a mistress, the treachery of a companion, or the superciliousness of a grandee, cast the least cloud over my happiness—I darted past all my ephemeral friends, to pour my feelings and my sorrows into the bosom of their sole legitimate depositary. From his lips alone I expected the balm of consolation; and though long and distant were my flights, still would I ever ultimately return to Spiridion's arms, as the stork from the furthermost region of the globe returns constant to her wonted nest.

My growing regard for Spiridion, and my admiration of his worth, awoke in my breast the first cry of conscience, and the first rising of shame. In the presence of my friend I would sometimes repress the rashness of my temper, and regret the violence of my passions. I blushed for the vices in which I had formerly exulted. For the first time in my life I took pains to excuse my errors, and laid down plans for rooting out my ill-propensities. I went so far as actually to meditate a general reform; nor did I at any time put off the execution to a very distant period. If I carried not immediately my good intentions into effect, if inveterate habit frequently made me relapse into my evil doings, still did I no longer find in the commission that zest, that unalloyed pleasure which used to attend them. I felt the bitterness of remorse follow the sweets of indulgence. So great was the revolution in my sentiments, that it often made me contemplate with envy the calm dignity of Spiridion's life and occupations, which before I had treated

with contempt. Looking over him, when he would hurry the completion of some noble work, or lay by the pursuit of some interesting study, in compliance with my eagerness for some low or trivial pastime, I often could not help repining at the difference of our disposition. "Ah," said I, "Spiridion; why was it not my fate to be brought up like you!—In me, too, nature had implanted many a rich and varied germ. Cultivation might have made them expand into all that was useful and beautiful. Fragrant blossoms might have been grafted on my stock full of vigour and sap; luxurious fruits might have adorned my branches; but, alas! I was born in a desert, I grew up remote from the sunshine of civilisation, and I put forth only wild and fruitless boughs, distorted by ceaseless storms, and casting wide around them a drear and deadly shade!"

Nor was this all! Whenever Spiridion parted from me to go into the presence of his God, to prostrate himself before his Maker, and to listen with devout attention to the loud hymns sung in praise of his Saviour; whenever, in conjunction with all his assembled countrymen, he addressed, through the mediation of holy ministers, his supplications to Heaven according to the forms of his forefathers, and in that language which once had been mine; whenever, in his doubts and perplexities, he derived comfort from performing the awful signs of his creed, and attending the sacred rites of his ancient religion, I panted to follow him to the place of my old worship, to kneel down by his side before the holy doors[1] of the sanctuary, and to join in his ardent and heartfelt devotions at the altar of Christ. I repined at the solace he was receiving, and of which I had deprived myself; regretted that change which only permitted me an open, a public, and a solemn approach to my Creator and my Judge, in a strange house, under a spurious garb, and in an idiom not my own; loathed the Moslem rites, which, converting every act of devotion I panted to perform

into a solemn mummery, bereft my appeal of its earnestness, my prayers of their unction, and my worship of its sanctity; and secretly vowed—should I not be able immediately to re-enter the pale of the church I had abandoned—at least some day before my death to compel the holy gates to open to my supplications, and again to admit within the dread precincts—now closed against the renegade—my sighs of shame, of contrition, and of penitence!

Thus did the gentle timidity of Spiridion end by making a deep impression on my obdurate heart, and resemble the frequent falling drop, which by slow degrees hollows out the hardest stone. That empire over my will, which the young Greek never would have obtained had he attempted to assume the least authority, he, by an almost unreserved submission to my own caprice, now for many an hour held undisputed.

It is however true, that the utmost actual amendment in my ways still remained prodigiously short of the quantity requisite to compose a particularly valuable member of society. The effect of Spiridion's exhortations rarely went beyond good resolutions: seldom did they ripen into actual realities, at least of such a nature as to claim peculiar praise. The occasions on which I expressed the strongest determination to become a new being were often those on which I relapsed into some old sin more deeply than before. The very contrition, however, which followed the misdeed, was already in one who before gloried in evil a great step towards good; and the power in Spiridion to produce that feeling, the sign of a vast hold obtained over my wayward soul.

How great, however, was the toil, how constant the watching of my friend to retain that feeble sway over my furious passions, which he had with such labour acquired! What unceasing terror he felt lest my perverse instinct should again recover its noxious preponderance over my still weak and giddy reason! How he trembled for fear of seeing me, like a young tiger half-tamed, resume, at the faintest scent

of blood or glimpse of the forest, all my sanguinary yearnings and all my roving inclinations—break my fetters, recover my ferocity, and forfeit all the fruits of my tedious education!

And but too often still were all his sinister forebodings on the point of being realised. But too often still would I sigh at the remembrance of those days, when no monitor from within checked the freedom of my will and actions; when, if the voice of pleasure called, or the spur of instinct urged, no second thought, no extraneous consideration held me back; when, above all, no subsequent reflection, no dread of reproof embittered the image of the joys I had snatched from the fleeting wing of time, and had made mine ere age advanced to scare away their very shadow. Often still would I say to myself—"Because a little Greek, who is neither my relation nor my master, happens to owe to me his life, is he entitled to rob me of my liberty; or because his mind is by nature's own ordination so regulated as without effort or sacrifice to pursue a steady course, must my soul, which that same nature has been pleased to render fiery, impetuous, and without rule or measure, be, through dint of the utmost violence, forced into the same even pace?" Often, from feelings of contrition for my offences, I relapsed into feelings of indignation at the shackles imposed upon my will. Railing at Spiridion for thwarting my inclinations, and at myself for submitting to his yoke, I only saw in the influence which he had gained over my mind an usurpation, and in the restraint he put upon my passions a tyranny. The fear I felt of his reproaches, and the care I took to avoid his displeasure, no longer seemed to me aught but a wanton surrender of my rightful independence, a disgraceful prostration of my freedom, which made me weep with anguish, or rather gnash my teeth for very rage. "Is it I—is it Anastasius," I exclaimed, "who suffers the silly and minute forms of society, like the small but numerous threads and meshes of a net, to

confine every limb, and to impede every motion? Is it I who have lost all free agency, and like a puppet can only obey the pleasure of another?" And at these mortifying thoughts shame burned in my cheek, and anger sat quivering on my lips.

I then resolved to tear asunder my slight yet heavy trammels, to assert my ancient freedom, and afresh to roam at liberty. The passions, long restrained, again broke loose with tenfold fury; and the act, intended to manifest my recovered liberty, was always some extravagance, far exceeding the most outrageous of my former follies.

My friend, on these occasions, seemed lost in despair. Breathless, except when now and then a deep sigh forced its way from his inmost soul—like the slow bubble, which rises from the very bottom of the seemingly motionless pool—he hung his head in gloomy silence, while, proud of my feat, and like the steed turned loose in the meadow, I snorted, shook my mane, and looked round with taunting eye; until, after a certain time, the effervescence of my blood again subsiding, I returned to a sense of my folly, felt contrition for my excesses, and blushed at my bravado. Then again I execrated my ungovernable temper, beat in anguish my throbbing breast, convulsively grasped my friend's retiring hand, and, by confessing how little I deserved it, in the end obtained his forgiveness. Spiridion, who the moment before had renounced all hopes of my reform, now again began with fresh ardour to toil at his chimera.

The father's less pertinacious dream had meanwhile wholly subsided. Spiridion might still expect some day to bring me to the path of virtue; Mavrocordato clearly saw that he was not the person destined to lead me back to the porch of the church. He almost began to think it possible, that instead of his son's reclaiming me to Christianity, I might end by seducing his son to Mohammedanism. At

any rate, he now deemed a familiar intercourse with a personage of my description as equally injurious to the sober habits of his family, and to the commercial credit of his house. He first endeavoured to intimate this new opinion to me by a studied coolness and reserve, totally different from his former cordiality. Unluckily, as I never had courted his favour, I heeded not his change of manner, nor considered the caprice of the sire as a reason for withdrawing my countenance from the unoffending son. Mavrocordato therefore was at last obliged to be more explicit.

I had one evening made myself rather conspicuous at Kandilly. The next morning, as I was sitting with Spiridion, in walked his father, who had staid from his office on purpose. He inquired very civilly after my health, hoped I had not caught cold, and then apprised me, in terms polite but peremptory, that his occupations no longer permitted him to manage my property, nor his views to cultivate my society; returned me the remains of my deposit, which my frequent draughts had greatly reduced: presented me with an exquisitely penned abstract of my account, which he begged me to approve at my leisure; recommended to me to seek more complying friends and a more convenient lodging; and, taking his leave, wished me all manner of happiness.

However politely Mavrocordato's compliment might be turned as to the form, I could not help thinking it very rude as to the matter. His behaviour seemed to me both unfair and unhandsome. In fact, was I the one that had made the first advances to this purse-proud merchant? or had he, on the contrary, first sought of me a renewal of intimacy? He might have left me alone if he had chosen. I asked not of him any attention—I expected not any civility: I should have been perfectly contented if the accidental meeting had ended, as it had begun, in the market-place. But to invite me to his house, to press upon me his hospitalities, to admit of no denial to his solicitations!—and all

this only in order that he might end the farce by turning me out of his surly door, at which I hardly ever had cared to present myself; and that without the least preparation or warning!—It was what I could not brook, and what I promised myself some day to resent. Meantime, I determined not to trespass another instant on the forbearance of one so anxious to recall his bounty, and, spite of all Spiridion's entreaties that I should at least stay the night, and all his endeavours to convince me that his father could not mean things as I understood them, I walked out:—nor did I, until launched into the very middle of the street, stop to consider how I was to dispose of my person and my casket. Then, indeed, I felt a little at a loss, and could have liked to walk in again. But this my pride forbade.

I had not ruminated half a minute before I wondered how I could have felt any embarrassment at all. Within a stone's throw of Mavrocordato lived the fittest person to succeed him as depositary of my fortune and director of my actions: namely, his most rancorous enemy; an Armenian, and a cashier, who hated him with all the cordiality of one whose commercial schemes had been less successful than his own. There was no species of mischief which the envious Aïdin had not attempted to do his more fortunate or more skilful neighbour. First, he had endeavoured to ruin him by representing his wealth as a mere fabrication. Unable to succeed this way, he took the contrary method, accused him of being too wealthy, and laid snares, no longer against his credit, but against his life, by tracing his opulence to a treasure of a beheaded visier, found concealed in his garden. But he was fated to be foiled alike in his most opposite attempts at mischief. For when, in order to circumstantiate his evidence, he showed the officers of the fisc the place in the Greek's garden, where from his window he had with his own eyes seen him dig out the ponderous chests, filled with gold and jewels, something more ponderous was found still unremoved;

namely, such an immense and continuous stratum of solid rock, as, without being great mineralogists, the very ministers of the hazné judged to have lain there undisturbed since the flood.

Now the personage who had been at all these pains to stamp himself a rogue was the one whom I sagaciously selected for the depositary of my money:—nor shone my judgment less conspicuously in disposing of my person.

## CHAPTER XXV.

My worldly affairs thus prudently arranged, I attended to my spiritual concerns, and, to compensate for not eating caviar during the Greek lent, fasted with all becoming regularity during the Turkish ramadan. Every one knows how trying that month is to the temper of the stanch Mohammedan. As long as the sun lingers above the horizon he dares not refresh himself with the least morsel of food, the least drop of liquor, or even the least whiff of tobacco. His whole occupation consists in counting his beads, and in contemplating the slow moving hand of his time-piece, until the moment when the luminary of the world is pleased to release him from his abstinence, by withdrawing its irksome orb from his sight. Sufficiently disagreeable as the month of the ramadan might appear for every purpose of salvation, even when it falls in winter, its unwelcome intrusion seems absolutely invented for the destruction of the Moslemin species, when the precession of the lunar months brings it round to the longest and hottest days of summer. It is then that the Christian, rising from a plenteous meal, if he has common prudence, avoids all intercourse whatever with

the fasting Turk, whose devout stomach, void of all but sourness and bile, grumbles loudly over each chance-medley of the sort as over malice prepense, rises in anger at the supposed insult, and vents its acrimony in bitter invectives.

Sometimes a demure Moslemin may be seen looking anxiously round on all sides, to ascertain that he is not watched. The moment he thinks himself unobserved, he turns the corner of some of the Christian streets of Pera or Galata, and ascends the infidel hill.[1] Led on, as it were, by mere listlessness from one turn to another, the gentleman still advances, till perverse chance brings him just opposite a confectioner's or a pastry-cook's shop. From sheer absence of mind he indeed steps in, but he buys nothing. Allah forbid! He only from pure curiosity examines the various eatables laid out on the counter. He handles, he weighs them, he asks their names, their price, and their ingredients. What is this? What do you call that? Where does that other come from? What huge raisins these are! Thus discoursing to while away time, he by little and little reaches the inner extremity of the shop; and, finding himself at the entrance of the recess, in which by mere accident happens to have been set out—as if in readiness for some expected visitor—a choice collection of all that can recruit an exhausted stomach, he enters it from mere thoughtlessness, and without the least intention. Without the least intention also, the pastry-cook, the moment he sees his customer slink into the dainty closet, turns upon him the key of the door, and slips it into his pocket. Perhaps, he even goes out on a message, and half an hour or so elapses ere he remembers his unaccountable act of forgetfulness. He however at last recollects his prisoner, who all the while would have made a furious outcry, but has abstained, lest he should unjustly be suspected of having gone in for the purpose of tasting the forbidden fruit. The Greek unlocks the door with every expression of apology

and regret; the Turk walks out in high dudgeon, severely rebukes the vender of cakes, and returns home weaker with inanition than ever. But when the pastry-cook looks into his recess, to put things in order, he finds, by a wonderful piece of magic, the pies condensed into piastres, and the sugar-plums transformed into sequins.

I suppose my new banker suspected me of sometimes dealing in this unlawful sorcery, and wished to destroy the transmutations in their very source. He disappeared with my casket. On the twentieth day of the ramadan I found myself with a tremendous appetite, five sequins in my pocket, and not a farthing elsewhere.

Ever since my final exit from Mavrocordato's house, Spiridion had kept completely aloof from me, and I had not once seen my till then inseparable friend. That he was a dutiful son, I knew; that he would not openly fly in the face of his father, I had expected; but I was not prepared to find that, where his friend was concerned, he would conform to his parent's orders with such rigid punctuality. It mortified me; and, as prompt as ever to value things only when forbidden, I now began to long for the youth's company: "After all, how preferable," thought I, "was his society to any other! What information he possessed, what knowledge he imparted! How full of resource was his mind, and of variety his conversation! How different from the empty rattle of men whose ideas never moved out of a single narrow circle, and whose efforts at jocoseness absolutely sickened with repetition. How many more acute observations on life at large he used to make, who only seemed to view its storms and whirlwinds from a remote estuary, than those who sailed down its fullest tide. The very reflection of his excellence cast a lustre upon those who were placed within its influence. They felt greater self-esteem from being in his company;"—and I could not forgive myself for so wantonly forfeiting what was so valuable in itself, and yet so willingly bestowed!

Still, if even prior to the loss of all that I possessed I had felt too proud to seek one who shunned me, it may well be supposed that since that event I should more than ever spurn all attempts at renewing the intercourse. However great might be my distress, I would rather have thrown myself upon the generosity of an absolute stranger than upon the kindness of a forgetful friend.

Whatever I might have imagined, such a friend the son of Mavrocordato was not born to be. Two days had scarce elapsed since the retreat of the Armenian, when, as I lay despondingly on my couch, who should I see standing beside me, like a cheering vision, but my still true Spiridion! The disappearance of the banker had soon been published, and amply commented upon, in the commercial world. Spiridion knew my little property to be in his hands. He had immediately inquired into my circumstances, and, apprised of my ruin, had come to my relief.

His pecuniary offers he found me unwilling to accept. "Your friendship, Spiridion," cried I, "is dearer to me than ever; but away with your purse! It offends my eyes. I love you too well to become your debtor."

"Selim," replied the son of Mavrocordato, "if that which affection bestows demands a return of gratitude, believe me, it is too late to escape the irksome burthen. You are already too deeply in my debt for all the anxiety you have cost me. In the scale in which your reformation has outweighed all consideration of my own repose, in which your welfare has preponderated over all my worldly interests, a handful of paltry gold is but a speck of dust—an atom void of weight!"

I felt the truth of this speech, bade my foolish pride be silent, and accepted the money. "This gift," exclaimed I—clasping the purse with both hands, and placing it next my heart—"will enable me to prove that your friendship has not been thrown away; that the seeds you toiled to sow, though slow to rise, have sprung up at last: their fruits

will soon appear. Henceforth, Spiridion, I tear from my bosom every root of evil: henceforth I renounce all the pleasures of vice; henceforth I become a new man, thy boast, thy credit, and thy glory!"

These words, the first of the sort which my friend had ever heard me utter, sounded in his ears like music from heaven. Tears of emotion started from his eyes; he embraced me with convulsive rapture. What more could he wish for? His long-sought triumph was complete; and, like men on the morrow of a victory, which terminates a toilsome war, we had only to sit down and discuss at leisure the new plan of life, suitable to my new resolutions. Upon this we enlarged as upon a delightful dream—soon to be realised, till, fearing to stay longer, Spiridion at last rose to tear himself away from me.

Evening was stealing on, and darkness beginning to let loose all the hounds of hell that shunned the light of day. It was scarce safe for Spiridion to return home without some escort. "Stay, Spirro," said I; "this once let me be permitted to accompany you. Even your father, just now, I am sure, would wish to know me by your side."—Spiridion consented.

Our way lay by a coffee-house, the favourite resort of those against whom more domestic doors were shut. On the threshold stood lounging a boy—the son of a capidjee[2] of the Porte—with whom I had already once or twice had a tiff. Achmet was his name, insolence his profession. His behaviour had made him the pest of the whole neighbourhood. As soon as he spied us: "What," cried he, "the old inseparables again risen from the dead! See how the hound lugs the hog by the ears!" At these insulting words I felt the blood rush in my face; rage convulsed my whole body: I grasped my handjar; but at the same instant the remembrance of my recent promise to my friend flashed across my mind; and, smothering my indignation, I silently hurried on.

Spiridion, who had turned pale with anticipation of the consequences that might arise from so grievous an insult, observed the struggle in my bosom: "Anastasius," said he, "I see all, and I thank you. But suffer me to pursue my way alone. In the land where my ancestors held the sceptre, I am become thy reproach."

"What, Spiridion," replied I, "when you come to save me, I leave you in danger! I leave you exposed to the insult of the bigot, and the blows of the ruffian? Never!"—And spite of my friend's entreaties, I continued by his side until his own door opened to afford him safety. I then pressed his hand, bade him farewell, and returned my own way.

The lateness of the hour quickened my pace. In the most lonely part of the road I overtook Achmet, likewise on his way home—and passed, without seeming to notice him, by the swaggering coxcomb.

His sagacity had construed into fear my preceding endurance. Accordingly, his insolence only derived fresh increase from this conduct. "Coward," exclaimed he, "you run too fast for me to take the pains of pursuing you: but I depute this messenger to give you my errand;" and on my looking round to see what he meant, I felt a huge stone graze my ear. But for the motion of turning round my head, it must have broken my jaw.

Human patience could endure no longer. I faced the ruffian. Each lifted his hand, but mine was the dagger which went first to the heart. My antagonist fell without a groan. I paused a while—but he had ceased to breathe! Raising the lifeless body, I threw it over a wall into an adjoining cemetery, and walked off.

No mortal had beheld the conflict; but the prior provocation had had all Kandilly for its witness. What the darkness of the night a while concealed, the dawn of the next day could not fail to bring to light; and to no one but

me would the deed be imputed. Achmet indeed was abhorred, but his parents were respected. Having therefore much to apprehend from the law, and little means to purchase justice, I determined not to try which would carry the day.

Still, however, before I abandoned for ever the vicinity of my only friend, I determined to see him once more. By another way I ran back to his house. For the first time since his door had been shut against me, I knocked. He recognised my hand. It was the signal I used to give, when, coming in late from my evening rambles, I feared to disturb his father. He himself opened to me.

"Spiridion," said I, "but an hour ago, I pledged all I could pledge to make you witness in me an entire reformation. Alas, it is no longer time! I only return so soon to bid you adieu for ever. Forget me; forget a wretch whom his ill fate pursues: and thank heaven that you thus are rid of one on whom misfortune has set its special mark!"

I then told him what had happened; mentioned where I meant to go; and imploring the Almighty to shower on my tender, my last, my only friend, his choicest blessings, once more pressed to my arms the companion of my childhood, and broke away.

But little time was requisite to deliver over the few articles I left behind me into the care of my hostess, to saddle my horse, and to ride to Iskiudar.[3] There I crossed the channel, entered Constantinople just at the dawn of day, and traversing its long and still empty streets from end to end, went out again at the gate of Andrinople, across field and common gained the western road, and about the middle of the day reached the town of Rodosto.

In this out of the way place I thought myself safe, at least for a few hours; and feeling much fatigued, went to a kind of coffee-house, asked for a private room, and lay down on the floor to take a little rest. I had scarce begun

to doze, when I was suddenly roused by a loud knocking, and by a sort of rumour immediately ensuing, of which I seemed the object.

I listened, though without getting up, and for some time could only confusedly make out inquiries on one side, and answers on the other. At last one sentence distinctly struck my ear, uttered by some one of the party within—"He is up stairs and alone:" it sufficed for my information. Nothing could be more evident than that my exploit had been discovered, and my footsteps traced. The only thing now left for me to do was to sell my devoted life as dear as possible. Already was the posse hurrying up stairs, and approaching my door. I drew my yatagan, and cried out with all my might, "Whoever enters, dies!"—but such was the noise outside, that my threat remained unheard: at least it was not heeded. The door burst open: in rushed my pursuer, and down fell my sword—upon my own Spiridion!

The sight of my friend had not been able entirely to stop my uplifted arm; but it broke the force of the blow. The weapon fell innocuous, and Spiridion, at first quite breathless, and unable to utter a syllable, by degrees recovered his breath, sat down, and spoke as follows:

"You are surprised, Anastasius, to see me again: but listen. When last night, after your departure, I lay down—amazed at what had happened—to reflect upon your conduct and my duties, I persuaded myself that, among those contending in my breast, the more recent obligations contracted towards a friend ought to yield to the prior claims of the parent; and confirmed myself the more in this idea, as all my wishes leaned the other way. The struggle indeed between inclination and reason was long and fierce; but at last I began to conceive a hope that the impulse to follow you, at first almost irresistible, had been entirely conquered. In vain, however, I sought repose—in vain tried to close my eyes in sleep! My mind found no rest, and a feeling of

inexpressible anguish invaded my body. While I lay, oppressed by an insufferable weight, but unable to stir and throw it off, my door gently opened, and, without the least noise, a form glided in, which approached my bedside. It was that of my departed mother—of her whom I loved, and lost the first!

"'My son,' it said—looking sternly in my face, and with an air of settled melancholy, which thrilled me to the heart—'vows of gratitude are recorded by angels, and only demons blot them out. He who at this moment—breaking the solemn silence of the night—with his horse's heavy hoof shakes the ground over my head, saved thy life at the risk of his own, in days that seem forgotten. For the more daring act of saving it a second time, a second time his own is threatened—not by nature, but by man. In return for his first deeds of love, my son, thy very father already made thee promise to regard him as a brother; and thou wouldest, now that their sum is doubled, leave that brother to perish, as a lonely, friendless outcast!'

"Here the dread shade ceased to speak. But much as I tried to answer, I had not the power. My jaw was of stone, and my tongue cleaved to my palate. The vision disappeared. A loud clap like thunder shook to dust my imaginary fetters; I started up—and obeyed the voice from heaven."

Spiridion said no more. I looked at him in astonishment. "Is it you," I cried, "my friend!—you, till now so inaccessible to every form of superstition,—that canst mistake the dream of an agitated mind, or the night-mare of a suffering frame, for a voice from above? Ah! ere you give way to such delusions, reflect but one moment on what may be the consequence. Consider who you are, and what destinies await you. Remember that on you depends the happiness of an affectionate parent, and the preservation of a noble family; that for you are reserved the respect of dependants, the wealth of relations, and the honours of the world: think

that I, on the contrary, am a wretch, ruined in fortune and in fame, rejected long ago by his friends and family, now renounced by his fellow-citizens, and proscribed by the laws of his country: then say yourself that between us no further society can subsist, no common interests can be maintained; that far from offering to follow my fate, it is your business to fly from my society as from a pestilence, and to avoid the contagion of my breath, which must at last involve all who remain within its reach. I myself could not allow you to barter your advantages against my wretchedness; could not permit the sufferings of my friend to increase the sins already on my head: I myself must implore you to remember your now grieving father, and to forget for ever the lost, the miserable Anastasius."

"Cruel friend!" replied Spiridion, "talk not to me of the world. Was I ever elate with its blandishments, or solicitous for its distinctions? My father, indeed.....but who more earnestly than he urged at all times my prior duty to my God? Who oftener dwelt upon the paramount sacredness of the engagements contracted with heaven? Let then the vision I beheld have been real, or have arisen only within my own heated brain; still has it spoken what I must accomplish; still dare I not desert my brother. Since then heaven wills you to go, I must not stay behind. Under Hassan's banners my friend purposes afresh in Egypt to pursue the path of fame. Well! with him I may go; with him I too may run the race of glory! We shall fight side by side. Perhaps I may some day save your life, as you once saved mine. Perhaps, vouchsafed the bliss to shed my blood for my friend, I may die on his bosom the death of the brave!—or if Providence should guard us both, should permit both to live—triumphant with thee, I shall with thee return, and with thine lay my laurels at my exulting father's feet! Does not Mavrocordato himself, prizing his son's elevation beyond that son's existence, destine me

to those high offices, whose approach is over daggers, and whose end is the bow-string? Thus already inured to danger ere I enter my career, already armed with martial renown ere I encounter my rivals, I shall with greater confidence commence the struggle, and with greater vigour contend for the prize—sought by a father's ambition under a son's borrowed name!"

"No, Spiridion," answered I, "it shall not be! In accompanying me, thou goest not to renown: thou goest only to disgrace, perhaps to perdition. Thou assumest the appearance of my accomplice. Thou coverest with dishonour a thus far spotless name. Thanks to my conduct, I am alone in the world; I belong to no one but myself; I am a twig torn from its stem, that strikes no root, and bears no blossom. My existence goes for nothing in the sum of earthly things: my lonely fate involves no other destiny! The weed of my sterile existence any one may pluck up, may tear, may cast upon a dunghill—and no loss be felt, no regret expressed, no cognisance taken of the deed; no tear, save by thee, shed over my remains, nor any flower, save by thee, planted on my lonely grave! Of what importance is it where I may wander, or what may become of me? But thou, to plunge headlong from the summit of earthly blessings into the abyss in which I already lie prostrate; thou, to mix thy fair name with the foulness of mine.... no, no, it cannot, it shall not be!"

Here the young Greek's tone and manner changed at once entirely. "Anastasius," cried he, with a rage so concentrated that it almost looked like calmness; "you may spurn me from your side, you may proceed without me: but mark the consequence.—I return to Constantinople, I go before the judge, and, in the face of the whole public, I proclaim myself what I am—the murderer of Achmet!"

It now became evident that emotion and fatigue, acting on a susceptible frame and a mind always exalted, had

produced in Spiridion that degree of excitement which rendered further opposition dangerous. I thought it best for the present to give way; bowed, and submitted.

On my first arrival at Rodosto, I had desired my horse might be sold for me, and a boat hired to continue my journey. In their excessive zeal for my service, the good people of the house had parted with my steed for half his value, and had taken a barge at double the usual fare: but it was not a time to mind minute miscalculations. The boatmen were waiting; I stepped in, and Spiridion followed. Before the sun had set, the wind, in conjunction with the current, carried us out of the boghaz into the open sea.

Just as we launched into the wide basin of the Archipelago, the sun's brilliant disc was majestically dropping behind the distant peaks of Athos, whose gigantic and insulated mass, alone dimly beheld soaring above the silver wave, looked like the huge spirit of the deep, emerged from its dark caverns to survey its domain. With the last departing rays of the orb of day also died away the breeze, leaving the liquid plain as smooth as a mirror.

The monotonous stroke of the oar, falling upon the waters in slow and steady cadence, now remained the only sound which broke the universal silence, and insensibly its solemn and regular return disposed me to ruminate on my portion of life already wound off.

"How whimsical a thing," thought I, "is man's immutable destiny! How variously seem contrasted its most proximate vicissitudes, and yet how intimately are linked its furthest incidents: by how many anterior minute and hidden agencies is often irresistibly produced the last and sole ostensible cause of the weightiest events! How entirely is the will that seems spontaneously to urge us on an unavoidable offspring of circumstances wholly independent of that will, since they are prior to the very existence of the being whom it sways! A fair form arises in Damascus; and this form, just caught by my eye from a distance as it

flits away—this form, never before or since beheld, makes me throw down a Frank on the step of the mosque, crop a friar's beard in a barber's shop, seek refuge from the governor of a province in the vortex of the capital, incur in protecting an old friend the insolence of a stranger, rid the world of a ruffian for threatening my own life, and again abandon Stambool to fly.... God only yet knows to what remote part of this ill-conditioned globe!

"How fearfully above all blood begets blood! Had I not many years before slain a Greek under the walls of the capital, I should not have spilled mamluke blood under the battlements of Cairo, nor, by a recoil as distant as the first impulse, again have shed Turkish blood in Constantinople's suburbs.

"But stay:—in this filiation of slaughter was I entirely passive? Had my own temper no share in the sanguinary parentage? Did not the untowardness of my own disposition give fertility to otherwise barren circumstances? If at one time I durst have owned a friend, at another could have pardoned an enemy, at a third have held in the contempt which he deserved a silly coxcomb; had not the treble generation of murders been stifled in the birth? the causes that brought them forth remained childless? and the black offspring wasted away in the vast womb of time?

"True, indeed!—But that *if*, the indispensable condition of the more favourable alternative; what prevented its growing into a reality? What mixed up with my temper those fiery, those combustible ingredients, always ready to explode, to silence my reason, and to raise my hand ere my mind could check the blow?—was it myself? Certainly not; for if, at my outset in life, the option had been given me, how gladly would I have received, instead of a bias to evil and its bitter fruits, an inclination to good, and its beneficial consequences!

"But to whom," I exclaimed inwardly, "is such an

option granted? In whom does not the inclination preponderate either on the side of good or evil, only according to the examples beheld, the lessons taught, the circumstances experienced, the very constitution inherited from parents, and the elements imbibed from climate and from food, prior to the first dawn of individual volition? However prone man may be to think himself endowed with free agency, as soon as his actions correspond with his own wishes; however much he may forget that those very wishes are not free; however much he may regard his will as spontaneous, from its being often so nicely poised between agencies so numerous, so complex, so minute, so intimately connected with every most distant prior circumstance, that it yields irresistibly to impulses of which the precise period, and place, and boundary, and existence even cannot be definitely recognised: it is not the less true that—unpossessed of the smallest component particle of body or of intellect, of will or of knowledge, of sensation or of thought, which, if his Maker be really the sole creator, upholder, and mover of the universe, is not an emanation from, a part of that very Maker; incapable of performing the most trifling or conceiving the most transient desire, which, if there be a single first cause of all sensible effects, does not proceed originally from the express will of that first cause alone; liable to no temptation of which the first seeds have not been sown by that first cause itself; and fraught by that first cause alone with the strength which resists, or the weakness which yields to their blandishments—man is, from his first breath unto his last, as wholly passive an instrument in the hands of Providence as the insentient plant, or the unorganised mineral; conforms as fully to the irresistible decrees of heaven in doing what is blamed, as in performing what is praised; becomes guilty of as flagrant an act of rebellion to his ruler in attempting to decline the task of evil as that of good set down for him; or rather—where he most fancies he rebels

against, still most implicitly obeys that ceaseless ruler; and leaves heaven itself as exclusively accountable for the mischiefs of the moral world as it is for those of the mere physical creation,—for the destruction caused by conquerors and statesmen, as for the havock produced by earthquakes, floods, hurricanes, famine, and pestilence. To eat and be eaten by each other is the business assigned us here below by our Maker himself: and, much as I may regret the greatness of my appetite, how can I more restrain it than the wolf or the vulture?"

At this somewhat disheartening period of my reasoning, a new light flashed suddenly upon me. It struck my sublime intellect that, if Omnipotence had not merely permitted, but had itself positively ordained, on this transient globe of wailing, good to be still mixed with evil, production with destruction, knowledge with error, and happiness with suffering, this ordination was only a more palpable effect of Almighty goodness than any other apparently more desirable disposition could have been:—that so far from this temporary conflict of interests and passions being decreed for the cruel purpose of punishing the man who yields to temptations which need not have assailed him, it was in reality only with the benevolent design of teaching creatures, all destined for ultimate felicity, through the means of some intervening sufferings, that which a state perfect from the beginning could not have taught,—namely, the eternal difference between evil and good, ignorance and knowledge, misery and happiness: in order that they might thus, through the unceasing comparison of their opposite effects, more forcibly feel, when attained, the ineffable bliss of that new existence, where good is to be freed from evil, and joy to reign without the alloy of pain.

But man will never be satisfied:—for even in this arrangement (liberal as it seemed upon the whole) I still perceived a clause at which to cavil. I still thought that those ill-fated wretches, selected, as it were, from their very birth,

and wholly without their consent, for the purpose of serving through the mischiefs they were doomed to perform, and the miseries they were destined to suffer, as examples, as warnings, as foils to the rest of mankind, might have reason to complain of partiality in the decrees of Providence, at least during its present temporary dispensations; unless, indeed, as seemed fair, these unfortunate evil-doers in this world were to be made adequate amends in the next, by an additional share of rewards and of glory. But, as I was not at all sure of such a compensation being intended; as, on the contrary, I almost feared that there might still be in store for these unfortunates, even hereafter, a sort of fiery process, for the sole purpose of purifying and bringing them to the precise standard of perfection, requisite to associate with the elect by right of birth, I began to feel wroth at being myself (as I suspected) among these pitiable wretches, forced to perform all manner of mischief for the general benefit; repined at the mortifying part allotted to me on this vilely got-up stage, and wholly lost what little patience I thus far had evinced in following up my cue. In short, I determined no longer to forfeit the certain for the uncertain, but immediately to throw off my compulsory character, and, whatever punishment I might incur for my disobedience, forthwith to become a very pattern of virtue, in spite of heaven itself!

But, alas! I found there is no contending with the powers above: I soon discovered that the scheme which I was meditating is more easily planned than executed. Spiridion, whom till that moment I had looked upon as my good demon, as the angel appointed to guard me from evil, was in reality the spirit destined to scare me from good. Perceiving the strong labour in my mind, he set aside his usual caution, and, in the mistaken idea of availing himself of the propitious moment, commenced so dark a picture of my vices ere my virtuous resolves were well matured, that my self-love—that infernal and ever watchful sprite—

suddenly felt alarmed, flapped its raven wings, and took the field. At once the current of the salutary reflections spontaneously sprung up in my breast became totally stopped, by the fear lest my companion might think me subdued by a sense of my forlorn situation. Angrily interrupting his lecture—"I agreed," cried I, "to the society of a friend, not to the admonitions of a preceptor. It is unfair to get me into a small boat out at sea, in order to pursue me with lectures from which I cannot escape!"

This sally, though it made Spiridion smile, still left me ruffled; and a little after, when my friend, after spreading out our little provision, looked for a knife to divide it, I offered him my handjar, still crimsoned with Achmet's frothy blood. He said nothing, and only turned away his head: but as he leaned over the side of the boat, I saw big round tears drop into the waves. Night, meanwhile, had stolen on, and our little silent skiff, filled with mourning, and encompassed by darkness, looked like the barge which carries to the regions of wailing the souls of the damned.

The hours of darkness passed without further discourse; but early in the morning Spiridion, thinking me more calm, ventured on what he called another appeal to my reason. The very word deprived me of what little I had left. "Appeal to my affections," exclaimed I: "bid me do one thing or leave another for the love I bear you, but talk not to me of reason. I hold the cursed gift in abhorrence. It is the source of all our errors, the mother of all our mischiefs. The brute, who has only instinct to guide him, is sure to act right: but human beings, with their miserable reason, are always acting wrong, and acting wrong through the persuasions of that reason itself. For, if they are liable to evil passions of which brutes have no conception; if they experience avarice, and ambition, and pride—those feelings most fertile in crimes and in havoc among the human species—to what do they owe this

unfortunate distinction, but to the impulse of a reasoning faculty which happens to mistake its way! And if they have been able to accomplish mischief beyond what brutes could have imagined; if they have succeeded, for instance, to double on this globe, through such inventions as printing, cookery, and gunpowder, the three evils of infidelity, disease, and premature dissolution, what again have they to thank for the advantage but their inestimable reason? It is no doubt in mercy to the human species, that, of all its baneful faculties, that of reason, on which it prides itself most, should have been made to develope the last, and to slumber the oftenest."

"I suppose, then," said Spiridion, "it is only for fear of appearing too reasonable that you, who do not think yourself accountable to heaven, and, indeed, are not over nice how you act by your neighbour, yet make your neighbour pay so dearly for any injury he may attempt to do you?"

"Listen," replied I, with becoming gravity. "As to the duties between man and man, if my life or happiness depend upon the bread, or money, or jewel which happens without my consent to be in my neighbour's hands, assuredly I do not see why I should so far prefer his interests to my own as to leave them there, if I can do better for myself. Upon the same principle I defend against my neighbours what I already have gotten; and, as I ward off impending injuries, so I retaliate injuries received, in order to prevent a repetition; but in all this I feel no ill-humour towards my neighbour, allow him a complete reciprocity of rights against myself, and, though I should even occasionally find it necessary to kill, in order to settle whose right shall prevail, I presume not to blame, and think myself not entitled to punish."

"Indeed!" cried Spiridion archly; "and when would you, pray, first think chastisement lawful?"

"As soon," answered I, "as, by an express, or even tacit, but acknowledged agreement between certain indivi

duals, each had ceded to the rest his natural indefinite right over their persons and properties, in return for other definite concessions at once more restricted and more advantageous; and had voluntarily submitted to certain penalties on infringing this agreement."

"Well said!" exclaimed my friend; "you have described the social compact—the source of every law, the cement of every state; and since you not only have acknowledged its sacredness but subscribed to its terms, by claiming its support both as subject and as ruler, what more have you to do but henceforth to abide, while this empire subsists, by all its stipulations?"

Here I rubbed my eyes. "Am I alive," cried I, "and awake; and do I hear a Greek, and under the yoke of the Turks, talk of a social compact—of an agreement intended for mutual benefit, support, and protection, as of a thing actually subsisting; as of a thing that should regulate his conduct to his masters? Ah! had I only discovered the faintest trace of any such agreement between Christianity and islamism, and had I found, in those for whose security it was framed, the least disposition to enforce its terms and to resist its infraction, who would have been more proud than myself of remaining a Greek, of standing by my oppressed countrymen, and of maintaining the glorious struggle to the last drop of my blood! But it was because in these realms the contract, if ever it existed, had been perverted, or rather had been torn, rent asunder, cast away! because my countrymen, as if fascinated by the despot's crooked cipher, had in their own hearts preferred implicit submission to the restoration of an obliterated text, and, not content with themselves going quietly to slaughter, when I claimed their defence, only bade me do likewise, that, no longer either benefited or bound by the broken engagement, I left the community from which I in vain expected support for that from which I hoped for effectual protection,—until, equally disgusted with the brutal stupidity of the rulers as

with the servile apathy of the ruled, and seeing in every system, whether of conquered or of conquerors, equal disorganisation and ruin, I at last resolved to resume my rights of nature, and the primeval state of warfare against all worth attacking!"

Here Spiridion looked, or pretended to look, as if he thought he might be among those entitled to that distinction, and would now gladly have rid me of his company if he could. *That* being impossible, he vouchsafed to answer me. "Men," he cried, "so violently enamoured of their natural liberty, or rather license, should at once remove themselves from the pale of civil society; nor disturb those who are satisfied with what *they* disapprove."

"Spiridion," I replied, "that is easily said; but is it as easily done? Far as that society has spread its insidious snares, has it so much as left a single small spot on earth, where those yet unborn, who should dislike its partial regulations, may find room to retire to the enjoyment of their birthright? Or, if there be any such asylum remaining in the wilds of Tartary or the wastes of America, has not society, at any rate, so monopolised all the means of disentangling oneself from its mazes, as to render the gaining these blissful abodes next to impossible? Must we not possess land caravans, or vessels, licences, and passports, even to fly to the loneliness of the desert, together with a strength of body and of mind, of which the social institutions take care to deprive us ere we suspect their dangerous power? They cut our claws, they clip our wings, and then they cry out with a smile of derision: "poor pinioned eagle, fly if thou list!" The man who is not wealthy can only escape from society through the gates of death. Nor does he every where, I am told, dare to approach even these boldly and honestly. He must, in some countries, smuggle himself out of the world by stealth, and embark for his journey under false colours, lest his body be made accountable for the roving disposition of his soul!"

In this sort of conversation did we while away our time in the boat. I knew that some of my arguments could not bear minute scrutiny; but I felt less solicitous to seek the shortest road to truth, as it must abridge our discussions, and leave us to all the irksomeness of a passage, which grew more tedious in proportion as our sentiments became less discordant.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

After a coasting voyage of three or four days, some ominous appearances in the sky made us veer about, and enter that most beautiful of harbours, Port Calone, on the island of Mitylene, where the olive tree, growing almost out of the sea, again dips its boughs in the tide which laves its roots. "Had it not been written," exclaimed I, as we stepped ashore, "that this brain of mine should be stewing under a huge turban, instead of freely venting its superfluous heat from under a slight scull-cap, what a fine opportunity there would now be, midway as we are between the three hundred rich friars of Nea-Moni,[1] and the three thousand poor friars of Agios-Oros, to turn thrifty myself, and exchange the thoughtless prodigality of the sinner, who stakes eternal happiness against a few years of jollity, for the calculating conduct of the saint, who inflicts upon himself just enough of privation and torture in this life to purchase a perpetuity of bliss hereafter! Or again, had it been written that you should wear the turban as well as myself, how profitably we might spend our time in this boat, slashing our arms and legs, in order to mix our blood, and ever after to be bound to each other both in body and soul, and sure of a companion in hell as in heaven! But I

wrap my brains in muslin, and you in sheep-skin: and so our souls must, whether they choose or not, after their emancipation, go miles asunder; and while they remain in this earthly bondage we have nothing to do, since we cannot pass our lives rowing through the Archipelago, but to consider how we may dispose of our persons to the best advantage, or, at least, where we may convey them with the smallest inconvenience."

"All this," said Spiridion, "I suppose you are already fully determined upon, in your own mind?"

"I am," was my reply; "but still I want your advice. You must know, that, in my humble opinion, this eternal capitan-pasha, whom I am for ever talking of and waiting for, may be longer going to his new harvest-field than my poor old father to his last home; and therefore, as we are approaching my native island, and the attraction begins to operate, I should like, wind and weather serving, with so many sins on my head and so many enemies at my heels, to crave my sire's last forgiveness and blessing. It would lighten my burthen, and strengthen my soul, which sickens, and wants such a cordial."

My motives for visiting the *fior di levante* silenced all Spiridion's objections to going where he himself still had so many connexions. We agreed to cross the mountains which separated us from the town of Mitylene, and there to hire a swifter vessel for the remainder of our journey. Like Orestes, I was to wander about from place to place, trying to expiate my guilt; while Spiridion, my Pylades, had nothing to do but to watch me, in case I went mad.

Arrived in the city and on the quay, the first figure that struck me was a person, like myself going to embark, of whose features my mind seemed to retain a faint reminiscence. On closer examination, I found the gentleman to be an inhabitant of my native town; upon which I accosted him, and inquired the news of Chios. Eight or nine years had altered my features considerably more than his,

of which the already long fixed wrinkles had only acquired a little more depth and sharpness. He therefore answered me as a stranger. His account was not the less minute; but throughout the whole narrative not a syllable was mentioned of the only thing I cared about, namely, my own family, which somehow I had expected would have figured foremost. At last, losing all patience: "And Dimitri Sotiri," said I, "what may he be doing at this time?"

"You come from distant parts, sir," answered the gentleman, smiling agreeably; "otherwise you would know that Signor Sotiri has been dead this fortnight. I myself attended the funeral, and a noble one it was; more sweetmeats consumed than at half a dozen weddings! But you turn pale, sir! Is any thing the matter with you?"

"Nothing, nothing," cried I, trying to contain myself, "but a little giddiness to which I am subject;" and laying hold of a post for my support: "Who," resumed I, "carried the body?"

"His two sons, of course."

"There was a third."

"Ay, so there was; and though absent in person, present enough in name. Sotiri talked of no one else during his illness."

"What was it he said?"

"Why, faith! that is what nobody can tell. Constantine and his brother maintained it was all raving."

"Has that third brother been heard of?"

"Troth! people talk differently. Some say he is a great man—a bey of Egypt; others, a positive beggar at Constantinople. An acquaintance of mine, a man who seldom speaks any thing but the truth, swears he met him the other day in one of the streets of Galata, all in rags, and absolutely begging charity. My friend was going to give it in the shape of good advice, but the spark said that was not what he wanted, and turned away. As to his brothers, they report all that is bad of him. Their father never

could silence their tongues; and though it is likely enough that all they say is true, yet every body cries 'shame' to hear people talk in that way of their own blood. It is what should be left to strangers. With the mischief they have made, it may be as much as his life is worth for Signor Anastasius—or Selim, as they call him—to show his face among us. The Turks' fingers itch to throw the first stone at him, as much as those of the Christians: although they say he is a hadjee, and has been to Mekkah. But none need fear his trying to come to Chios. I'll lay my life on it he is dead long ago!"

"No," exclaimed I—as if suddenly awaking from a deep trance, and grasping the affrighted talker by the wrist;—"he is not! and since you are going to Chios, and may be glad to carry a piece of news, tell them Anastasius still lives; tell them they soon shall see him; and tell them he comes to resent his wrongs, and to claim his rightful property."

Spiridion, alarmed at this sally, interrupted the conversation. Taking the Chiote by the left hand, while I still held him tight by the other, he pointed to his boatmen, who were making signs of impatience at his delay. Nothing he wished for so much himself as to be gone. Disentangling his hands hastily from our grasp, he gave us an awkward half-strangled salutation, and sped to his barge.

As soon as he was out of hearing: "Is this," said Spiridion, shaking his head, "the way in which a son should mourn for his father?"

I could only stammer out, "My brothers, my brothers!" Spiridion let the first emotion pass; and when he saw me more composed, spoke as follows:

"I see, Anastasius, you still meditate some outrage; of what nature I know not, nor wish to hear. But of this I think it right to apprise you: if, impressed with a sense of all the forbearance you stand in need of yourself, you

show equal lenity to your kindred; if, forgetting every injury, you only appear among them to speak words of peace; if, above all, you renounce every advantage bestowed by the partial laws of islamism, you have my friendship for ever: I bind my fate to yours, until the hour of death. But if, on the contrary, you only return to your country to insult the ashes of your father, to devour the little substance of your brothers, and to justify the disgrace stamped in your birth-place on your name, I stay here, I leave you to run your race of shame alone, and I abandon for ever all solicitude about your welfare!"

"Spiridion," answered I, "you know that covetousness is not the vice of my heart; but do you blame just resentment? Do you wish calumny to remain unpunished?"

"And are you then so irreproachable," asked the son of Mavrocordato, "as to leave so much room for injustice in the reports concerning you, and to render every unfavourable representation of your proceedings an unbearable calumny? But be that as it may, promise to do what I ask, or be content to see me withdraw on the spot from the pain of witnessing your future errors, and the disgrace of sharing in your yet unborn crimes."

"I will not," replied I, "bind myself by a promise. I should appear to have taken the engagement, unmindful of its weight; and only to fulfil reluctantly an irksome task, because I had unguardedly pledged my word to perform it. I wish at least to acquire all the merit of acting right, by retaining the power of acting wrong. Only go with me as far as Chios. When there, should my behaviour offend those whose notions of justice differ from my own, it may not still be too late to leave me."

"Then once more go we on!" cried my friend, in a tone half confident, half fearful; "once more be the day yours; but beware!"

I now strewed ashes on my turban, took the gloss of

newness off my glittering vest, and put on the signs of mourning. After this we engaged another boat, and in a short time reached our destination.

There was no necessity in Chios to announce my arrival. On my very first landing I found every minor topic eclipsed by the more important subject of my speedy coming. Already had my brothers found means to stir up the whole town against the renegade: already was every inhabitant up in arms, to prevent him from reducing his nearest kindred to beggary. So loud was the cry of defiance, that, on stepping ashore, I found it expedient to go straight to the mekkiemé. Safe in the hall of justice, I had my brothers summoned.

Spiridion did not know what to think of my proceeding. Questioned by his anxious looks, I made signs for him to remain silent; but though he unclosed not his lips, it was easy to see his heart trembled between hope and fear.

For my part, without giving the least hint of my intentions, without noticing the crowd collected to survey my person and to watch my behaviour, without satisfying the curiosity or correcting the errors of the bystanders—who aloud, at my very elbow, imparted to each other their surmises—I stood haughty, unmoved and silent, waiting the appearance of my worthy pair of brothers.

At last they made their entrance; and never certainly did men take less trouble to conceal the ill-humour they felt at seeing an unexpected relation. Without deigning to address me even in the words of anger, they went and took their station on one side of the hall, while I stood on the opposite side. There—pale, sullen, dejected, and now and then casting upon me a louring look of mingled rage and despair—they awaited, without uttering a word, the legal injunction to surrender the paternal estate.

I own that for some time I enjoyed their dismay. It was the only pleasure which they could afford me. Having indulged in it till its zest evaporated, I at last broke the

long protracted general silence. "My brothers," said I, "you are aware of my claims upon you; and you likewise are conscious of your conduct to me. In your own minds, therefore, you dare not cherish the smallest particle of hope, that I should surrender in your favour any portion of my right. Yet what you dare not expect, I, of my own accord, perform. I here publicly relinquish my privilege. Take each your third of the paternal property; and only leave me that portion which would have belonged to me as a Christian, and which I can but ill spare. That done, mourn for your sins, and repent of your injustice."

To describe the effect which these words produced on the audience would be impossible. Those who before considered me as a devil incarnate, now of course regarded me as an angel from heaven. The hall resounded with loud applause. Nothing was heard but praises of my generosity; and my brothers themselves, stunned by so unexpected a turn in their situation, were reluctantly forced to join in the general cry. They thanked me, but in such a way as made it doubtful whether they more rejoiced at recovering their property, or more regretted retracting their abuse.

I took no notice of their coolness, but, leaving the mekkiemé, went straight to the paternal house. My progress looked like a triumphal march: all that had witnessed my behaviour in the hall of justice, and all whom we met on the way, joined the procession. Having reached the steps of the mansion, I turned round and saluted the company. In its turn the assembly honoured me with fresh cheers, intermixed with a few observations on my brothers, which at least showed that they were not overlooked. I expressed my unmixed gratitude, both in my own name and in theirs; and retired to a private chamber, where I was glad to sit down and rest my wearied mind.

While every one else had been loud in praise of my conduct, the son of Mavrocordato alone had not uttered a syllable. As soon as we were by ourselves, he threw his

arms round my neck, and attempted to speak: but in vain! His emotion was too great for utterance. He could only gaze on me with overflowing eyes. To see his Anastasius, who thus far had caused him nothing but anguish, had afforded him no employment but to conceal his errors, all at once become the theme of universal admiration; to find his friendship thus justified, his perseverance thus rewarded —what a moment for his feelings! Even while speechless for want of breath, his exulting look seemed to say, "Well, my friend, are you sorry or ashamed now that you followed my advice?"

If, however, Spiridion's first thoughts were for his friend, his second were for his father. Till that moment, a more urgent subject of anxiety had occupied his mind. This being set at rest, he took up the other. "Ah, my tender parent," exclaimed he, "why cannot you witness my success, or rather your own! For I act in your name; I but accomplish your vows. Alas! while I triumph, you still remain in anguish. Yet shall you not suffer longer than a grateful son can help."

Hereupon, he proposed to go out, and inquire for the means of sending a letter. Already he had despatched a few lines from Rodosto, to make his father easy respecting his disappearance. On my agreeing to the thing, we went forth. As we crossed the esplanade of the castle, I perceived a dark cloud gather on my friend's brow. His eyes seemed to dart out of his head, and to remain riveted on the quay. I turned mine the same way, but saw nothing to account for Spiridion's perturbation. At last, changing colour and pressing my arm: "We are traced," he cried; "see Marco coming towards us!" This person was his father's steward—an old and confidential servant. "Let us go," rejoined he, "and meet him. I have done nothing for which I ought to blush."

Marco saw his young master advancing. He pressed on

his feeble steps, and with a respectful salutation presented a letter which he took out of his bosom.

Spiridion, with a trembling hand, broke the seal, and read: then paused, ruminated, and read all over again. At last, trying to speak with more composure than he felt: "Your instructions, Marco," said he, "were to trace me, to follow me, and to hand me this letter. Your commission is performed. I have in a great measure answered my father, by anticipation, from Rodosto: what remains I shall go and complete. I now am able to convey the welcome information that the adopted brother whom he committed to my care is become worthy of his kindness, and, like me, only wants his prayers and his blessings."

"Sir," answered Marco, in a firm but respectful tone, "my instructions went further than you state. I am bearer of letters to the despots,[3] the bishops, and the proëstis of our different islands. They import that I am to see you safe home. But even had I not received express orders to that purpose, could I find the courage to reappear before your worthy parent, unaccompanied by the son for whom he grieves? Ah, sir—ah, my dear young master!—already, from the anguish he has suffered, his precious life hangs by a mere thread. Seeing me return alone would certainly break his heart!"

"Hark ye, Marco," replied Spiridion, pacing backward and forward in an agitation which almost bordered upon phrensy: "my father gave me a charge which he cannot recall at will. It was witnessed by heaven, and was recorded by angels! In conformity with his solemn commands, and in compliance with my sacred promise, I have toiled at my task. God knows I have not spared myself. But on the eve of completion, I cannot, must not, give up my work unfinished. On my head would lie, to the end of time, the sins of a brother unreclaimed. If therefore you urge me no further, but quietly return to Kandilly, I pledge

my honour, nay, if you wish it, I take a solemn oath, that all on my part shall end to my father's ultimate satisfaction. If you refuse me, the soul I stand accountable for shall not be lost alone; two shall plunge together into ruin everlasting. I run to the first mosque, and, whatever be the consequence, may it fall upon your head!"

"Sir," replied Marco, "I grieve at this issue of my commission; but the will of God be done! Many years have I lived under your kind roof, many an hour have I had you in my arms, as an infant, as a child, as a boy. From the day on which you first lisped the feelings of your affectionate heart, to that on which you left your home, never have I known your promise fail. The word of Spiridion always was that of truth! I therefore submit. I return alone; yet may I hope you will deign to let me carry to your father a few lines of comfort from your own beloved hands?"

Spiridion, in running home to comply with the request, only performed what he had already promised. I, meanwhile, remained alone with Marco, and availed myself of the opportunity to question him respecting the reports of Kandilly. They were more satisfactory than I could have hoped.

When, on the morning after my departure, the son of the capidjee was found, already taking his last sleep in the proper place, the public cemetery, no one suspected me of being the universal benefactor who had introduced him to the silent, sedate sort of company, in which he for the first time spent the night: inasmuch as he was notorious for his outrageous conduct, and, at the time I met him, had several other quarrels on his hands, much more public than the one for which he deservedly suffered: but every body agreed that whoever had taken the trouble of ridding the neighbourhood of the nuisance rather deserved thanks than blame. As to my disappearance, a sufficient cause for it was charitably found in the very natural wish of a needy adventurer to fleece a wealthy heir.

These particulars left me an opening to return to Con

stantinople whenever I liked. I ran to relate them to Spiridion, ere he concluded his letter; and they relieved his mind completely. He pledged himself soon to bring back to his father two sons instead of one; and, on this assurance, old Marco took his leave. I proceeded to settle with my brothers respecting the succession.

Had I quietly stepped into an undisputed property, and found nothing to do but to mourn to my heart's content for the loss of a parent, I would have fulfilled with the utmost punctuality all the observances of grief. Sadness really possessed my soul, and I had constantly before my eyes my poor father, in his illness wishing to see his Anastasius, to forgive him, and to die in his arms—and perhaps, in his last moments, and when I would have gone to the world's end for his blessing, pierced to the heart by exaggerated accounts of my unfeeling and incorrigible profligacy. But, if mere business accords but ill with sorrow, nothing is so sure to drive melancholy away altogether as strife and bickerings; and my brothers were much too considerate not to afford me every distraction of this sort which they could think of. Theirs was a malice which no kindness of mine could assuage, nor no forgiveness blunt; and the moment my formal renunciation of their portions made them conceive all cause either for hope or fear on my score at an end, their ill-concealed hatred broke out again in all its pristine virulence. They not only cavilled about every most trifling article of the property, they even tried to deprive of every degree of merit the act by which it was restored to them:—they roundly asserted that I had only been influenced by pusillanimity, and had only sacrificed a part to make sure of the remainder. Constantine was the Coryphæus in every invective, as well as the leader in every altercation. Eustathius, more indolent, contented himself with giving his unlimited approbation to whatever his brother (and that meant Constantine alone) thought proper to do.

Thus were all the ancient wounds, inflicted upon me in my former visit to Chios, afresh torn open, and made to fester. Spiridion tried in vain to interpose. He only got for his trouble taunts from his antagonists, and reproaches from me. "Why had he meddled at all?—why had he made it a point with me to behave kindly to unnatural brothers, whose injustice, but for his interference, would have met with its deserts?"

And yet, notwithstanding my murmurings, did I to a certain degree restrain myself; not from any real moderation, but from the wish that my assumed forbearance might encourage my adversaries to so extreme a pitch of ill conduct, as to render its provocations evident to all the world, and to justify any step prompted by my legitimate resentment. Nor did this period seem far distant. Whether from an idea that they had daunted me by their haughty tone, or from an absolute intoxication of brutality, they by degrees cast away all pretensions to decency. The more I forced myself to appear calm and composed, the more they increased in the grossness of their insults.

All wondered at my patience; all beheld me with admiration. When my brothers allowed themselves every license of language, almost every latitude of gesture, all stared to see me content myself with turning up my eyes to heaven like a saint cast among savages. Even those least acquainted with my irascible temper cited me on this occasion as a perfect model of meekness and forbearance. He alone, who, with unwearied vigilance, watched each change of my countenance, and could penetrate each emotion of my heart, was not to be deceived. One day, when Constantine even exceeded his usual insolence, and I my customary forbearance, I caught him expressing, by an almost imperceptible shake of the head, his distrust of my tranquillity. His suspicions were spoken too intelligibly for me to pass over. "What do you fear?" cried I, as soon as my brothers were out of hearing. "Do you not see me

laugh at their meanness?" "Ah!" replied Spiridion, fetching a deep sigh: "you may laugh with your lips; but laughter reaches not your eyes, and fell resentment rankles in your heart."

My friend was right. Suppressed anger had already curdled my blood, and clogged the whole circulation of my humours. Ere yet he had done speaking, a sudden shivering rushed through my frame, my teeth began to chatter, and my limbs to shake. In an instant all my strength seemed to forsake me.

Since my sojourn at Chios, I had resumed my old travelling custom of carrying my pistols, duly loaded, in my belt. Many in Turkey always wear them thus, when out of the capital. As they now impeded my breathing, I took them out, and laid them on the sofa. Scarce was I disencumbered of my weapons, when my knees began to tremble; a dark curtain seemed to drop over my eyes—and I fell senseless on the couch.

I continued some time bereft of all perception. On its return I found myself stretched out at full length where I had fallen, with all the accompaniments of one duly convicted of a decided and lasting illness. A regular physician of the place was feeling my pulse, and going to pronounce on my case; and as my first return to my senses was marked by a fierce struggle with my Esculapius, I was at once judged to be in a violent delirium, and in imminent danger. Sentence was pronounced accordingly, and every internal medicine and every external application prescribed, which could torture the human body and stomach. All the bystanders conceived me to be in the agonies of death, and civilly expressed their regret at the short stay I made among them.

To myself these politenesses seemed premature. The sudden transitions from heat to cold, the suppressed perspiration, the fatigue of body, and the anxiety of mind during the journey, were quite sufficient, in my own opi-

nion, to bring on a strong paroxysm of fever, without death being the necessary consequence. I however deemed it expedient to assent to all the doctor said, in order that he might say no more. It afforded Spiridion an excuse for turning out the company, and procuring me a little quiet. He alone stayed to nurse me.

"What a pity," muttered I to myself, when I thought no one heard me, "that that last dose of the English powders of mine should have been wasted in Egypt on that traitor my father-in-law!" Spiridion lost not a syllable of the soliloquy. "There are foreign vessels in the harbour," he cried:—"possibly they may have some;" and he immediately ran out to inquire.

Meanwhile my brothers had received from the visitors departed the agreeable intelligence of my being at the last gasp. They hastened up to me, eager with curiosity and hope; and finding my door ajar and unguarded, slipped in with the least possible noise. I however had discerned their steps on the stairs, and immediately, before they entered the room, assumed the appearance of one in the act of resigning his last breath. Constantine was the first to approach. On tiptoe he came to my bedside, in order to ascertain whether his joy was well founded, ere he gave it full scope. With that laudable view he examined me most minutely from head to foot, raised and let fall my arms and legs, moved his hand before my eyes, put his ear to my mouth, first addressed me in a low whisper, then audibly, then shouting with all his might, as if he suspected I might not be in earnest.

Most manfully did I stand the whole ordeal. Nothing could make me wince or move a muscle; and my affectionate brother at last acquired the grateful conviction, that, if not quite dead yet, I had at least already lost all perception, and could not fail soon to depart for ever. He no longer delayed conveying the agreeable intelligence to the discreet Eustathius, who, the hindmost on all other oc

casions, on this also had not ventured beyond the door, and there stood, in breathless expectation, waiting the result of the scrutiny; and perhaps also watching the condition of the outposts.

"Stathi," said Constantine, with a sort of subdued exultation; "there is some warmth still about him—but depend upon it he cannot last!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the wary Stathi, shaking his head, "worse than he, I fear, have recovered!" and he fetched a deep sigh at the thought.

"True," answered Constantine; "and as we are alone, and have every presumption in our favour, why not make sure work, and crush the snake at once!" And so saying, he laid his hands on my throat, and attempted to strangle me.

This was doing things in a grand style!—not stopping at half measures. I conceived for my brother a veneration unfelt before; almost thought it a pity to interrupt him in his spirited proceeding, and would have let the farce go on, could I, at its conclusion, have revived at my own pleasure. *That* not being the case, I was reluctantly forced to notice the intended favour, and, weak as I felt, to defend myself as well as I could against my two stout assailants; for Stathi too had now advanced to lend a hand: and it was evident, that having once begun, they would not, if they could any way help it, leave their noble work unfinished.

My fire-arms lay concealed, but within reach. With one hand I seized Constantine's wrist, and with the other a pistol: "Ah, brother! ah, fiend!" I cried—and fired.

Never yet had I missed my aim, even when I held not my prey in my grasp. But at my first sign of life Constantine had started, and, content to leave his jubbee in my possession, had disengaged his person. My hand, besides, trembled with the effects of the fever—perhaps even with some instinctive sense of the dire office it was performing, and—the miscreant only received the ball in his shoulder.

Uttering a dreadful yell, he made a spring at the door, and darted out. Ere I could find my other pistol, Eustathius too had made good his retreat. Both were out of sight in an instant, but not out of hearing. My ears bore witness to Stathi's tumbling down stairs with such violence and outcry, as to make me entertain hopes that neither of them had entirely escaped the merited retribution.

As soon as, after a few dying murmurs, all was again hushed in silence—"Now," thought I, "for the tête-à-tête with Spiridion! According to custom, he will lay the whole blame on me. He will deem my good brothers' intentions all very wise and proper; will see much sound reason in them, and will not be content, I suppose, until I go to them with a halter round my neck, beg pardon for my impatience in stopping their proceedings, and humbly supplicate them to put their design into execution!"

Meanwhile, the report of the pistols had a second time collected the whole neighbourhood round my door. But, if pronounced delirious before, I now was supposed to be under the influence of a phrensy so outrageous, that no one durst step across my threshold. The curious contented themselves with forming a blockade outside the room, each holding himself in readiness to fall back, and to shove his neighbour in his place, should I make an unexpected sally.

This state of things continued till Spiridion's return. His expedition had been unsuccessful. When he appeared, so many officious friends sprung forward to explain what had happened in his absence, that it would have been utterly impossible for him to understand a single word of the matter, supposing even that the relaters themselves had known the truth. But my brothers, to whom they were indebted for all their information, had, in their hurry, dropped the trifling circumstance of their attempt upon my life, in which the affair began. Despairing, therefore, to make any thing of the confused and contradictory accounts with which he was stunned, Spiridion at last pushed

aside the crowd, and, to the utter astonishment of all, entered my room undaunted and alone!

He found me seated on the sofa, with my face in my hands, and my elbows on my knees, overwhelmed more with disappointment than with shame, and incapable either of raising my eyes or unclosing my lips. Thus I remained wholly unmindful of his entrance, until, after contemplating me some time in silent earnestness, he at last took a seat beside me, and spoke.

"Selim," said he, "am I to believe these people? Are you really out of your mind; or are you rather, as I apprehend, perfectly in your senses?"

"In my perfect senses," answered I, with all the composure of which I was master.—"My hand was raised to punish demons. This time they have escaped—but what is not yet, may be!"

"Never, never," cried he, "while I have life.—Rather than that you should hurt your brothers, my breast shall interpose."

"Then through your breast," I exclaimed, "must I strike them."

Spiridion here rose: "Anastasius," said he, calmly, "I feel but little wish to live: not, however, at thy hands must I receive my death-blow! My bosom may be pierced by thy speech, but let it remain sacred from thy sword. The world must not have it to say that thou couldst plunge thy dagger into the heart of thy friend. The crime would be as idle as it would appear heinous. If my presence be a burthen to thee, say but the word, and I go."

"I never desired you to stay," cried I, in a sullen tone.

"Very well," rejoined Spiridion. "You speak plain. Yet ere I act accordingly, once more, and for the last time, I appeal from Anastasius blinded by passion to Anastasius restored to his reason. In an hour hence I return and repeat the same question. If the answer be the same—then farewell, and for ever!"

At these words Spiridion went out, and tranquillised the gentlemen drawn up in the passage, with respect to my situation. On my friend's assurances they all rushed in, and teazed me with so many questions, and with so much advice, that they almost made me lose the little wits I had left. Their annoyance still lasted, when, at the expiration of the hour, Spiridion returned. Without seeking it, he had gained so universal a sway by his dignified demeanour, that at his desire all retired. The room being cleared of strangers, he took me by the hand, and finding that the symptoms of bodily disorder had subsided, he looked sternly in my face, and spoke thus:

"This, Anastasius, is at last the moment which must decide my resolution. The solemn vow is irrevocably spoken; and, according to what you now answer, I may stay, or I must leave you for ever. Do you swear by all that is holy to renounce your impious revenge, or do you prefer to be released from my society?—If the last, utter not, I beseech you, the ungracious word. Only withdraw your hand."

Undoubtedly this would have been the moment thoroughly to explain the nature of the recent conflict with my brothers, of which my friend knew but half, and of which that half more than doubled my guilt. Not aware that my own life had been attempted first, and ignorant that I acted in my own defence, Spiridion considered my illness as a pretence, or, at any rate, my firing as a premeditated scheme. It would have been easy to have removed his error.—Had not my bare word sufficed, Constantine's torn garment would have borne witness to the struggle. But after my solemn promise at Mitylene, I considered the bare suspicion as so injurious to my honour, that my offended pride forbade my undeceiving my friend, or clearing my character. I pulled away my hand, and Spiridion walked out.—Yet God knows that I did not wish to lose him!

As soon as he had left me, I paced up and down the room with a hurried step. After a few turns I went out to fetch breath on the quay. An hour's air and exercise changed the current of my ideas. I felt regret for my obstinacy, and fear of its consequences. With the utmost speed I ran home, and up to Spiridion's chamber.

He was closing his portmanteau. The things about the floor had disappeared. All looked empty, orderly, and desolate.

"What means this?" cried I, affecting more surprise than I felt.

"Only," replied Spiridion, "that what I said, I do."

"Ah! my friend, my real brother," exclaimed I, "do you then, in sad earnest, purpose to leave me? Cursed be my tongue, which uttered what my heart had no share in; and cursed be my hand, which confirmed the untruths of my tongue!"

"Anastasius," now said Spiridion, seating himself upon his little bundle, "fancy not your last words and actions to have been the sole and primary cause of a long formed and long resisted resolution. Its origin dates far higher. The unkind speeches and gestures of this day only gave the final impulse.

"From children we were brothers in love. When you rescued me from death, the day that all our companions stood palsied by fear, gratitude only riveted affection's prior links—and duty, I hoped, had rendered them indissoluble, when my father himself named you his second son. Many years his commands of fraternal kindness to his Spiridion's preserver remained without fruit—you yourself best know how. Yet was the deep-rooted attachment of childhood never replaced by more recent friendships; and when I again beheld you at Constantinople, my feelings for my Anastasius still preserved all their freshness unfaded. Evil inclinations of no ordinary magnitude, indeed, I saw mixed with your better qualities: but I thought that, if

freed from their alloy, your virtue too would eclipse ordinary virtue; and I imagined that an unbounded devotion might enable me to become the instrument of so noble a reformation. I undertook the task. I resolved to save from perdition your soul, as you had saved my body; and I prayed the Almighty to bless the undertaking. Some return on myself also, some selfish feelings, perhaps, were mixed with my wishes for your welfare. I could not help fancying that, regenerated through me, you would become my support and my consolation in the irksome race I am destined to run; that in your turn, you might assist me in the struggles and dangers that strew the rugged path, through which I am destined to journey to my fate. In short, I hoped that, each blessed in the other, we should toil through life together; and that, when shone forth our last day, whichever of us was summoned the first, should only die in the other's loved arms. Great as were the pains you took to expose my presumption and to dispel my foolish dream—long did my soul firmly cling to its fond chimera; long did my heart hug its foolish vision, as a thing too substantial and too precious to part with!

"But there are lights that even strike the blind. Reluctantly, though irresistibly, I have at last been forced to see that no arguments, no persuasion, no labour of mine have power to control the passions which enslave you; and that, however I may strive, I still must leave you ungovernable, and you still must leave me wretched as before. Much as I tried to avert my eyes from the fatal truth, I have at last yielded to the painful conviction that, sooner or later, we still must be separated for ever; and that, by trying to put off the evil day, by struggling for a short and transient respite, I can only at last drink the parting cup with greater bitterness. I therefore submit to the decrees of Heaven: I bow to the will of Providence in flying from thee, as I erst hoped to fulfil its behests by following thy footsteps. In sadness I go; but I go, and for ever! Far from thee I

henceforth shall live; and far from thee it will be my fate to die! Yet, Selim, thou art young still. What the anxious warnings of friendship could not perform, the leaden hand of time may achieve. It may allay the ferment of thy passions, clear away the impurities of thy heart, and, though I shall not witness the blissful change, still make thee great and virtuous. This happy consummation God in his goodness grant!"

"Ah, Spiridion," cried I, clasping my friend in my arms, "you cannot, you shall not leave me thus!" But he, fearing his own weakness, in order to render a relapse impossible, "On my head be God's eternal curse, be that of my aged father!" cried he, "if I do not immediately return to my paternal roof!"

I now felt all remonstrance to be fruitless. "You are right," replied I. "The game could not go on between us. The stakes were not even. Loaded with the gifts of Providence, and accountable to your fellow-creatures for their use, you may not squander your ample means on a barren soil, nor seek ruin with a reprobate whom you cannot save. Yet, if once Anastasius did possess your love, and still returns all your affection; if that wretch, that reprobate, in the midst of all his errors never ceased to reverence your virtues; if his spirit, undaunted by all else, stooped to you, and worshipped you alone—oh, Spiridion, listen! At present, when, bereft of all hope, indeed weaned of all wish, to hear a sentence repealed on which depends your peace, he for ever renounces the happiness of your society, nay urges you himself to fly his baneful presence, at least grant his last and only request; grant what he, who never yet humbled himself before mortal man, implores of you on his bended knee: tell him—lay this unction to his sickening soul to know—that you do not hold him in utter detestation; that on leaving him, to return no more, you at least feel a pang: and when, all earthly things gone by like unsubstantial shadows, comes the day of your reward

in heaven for the good deeds done on this earth; when, before the throne of Mercy, arrayed in all your worth, you receive your well-earned meed of ineffable joy, cast back one look of pity on the wretch who, overwhelmed by the weight of his guilt, sinks irretrievably while you rise to glory. Speak for him to your Maker one poor word of intercession: and supplicate that he may not fall so low in the abyss of wretchedness, but that from an immeasurable distance he still may behold, and be consoled by your bliss!"

"Here, or hereafter," cried Spiridion, "if I forget you, may Heaven forsake me!"—and bending down his head, he wept aloud.

After some time he rose up, and wiping away his tears: "I have," said he, "signed an engagement to endure through eternity: now, in your turn, make me a promise to hold good only for a short space of time."

"Any promise you please," I answered.

"What a temptation that!" rejoined my friend.—"But I shall not abuse your confidence. I shall not ask what you cannot perform. It was only a trifling favour which I wanted for the mutual mitigation of pain. Take this watch," he added, giving me the one he wore; "and count just twenty minutes ere you stir from this spot."—Saying which, he took up his parcel, and walked to the door. I tried to remonstrate and to stop him; but, gently pushing me aside: "you have promised," he cried, and instantly disappeared.

I ran after my friend as far as my pledged honour would permit—to the threshold of my room, and there called him back with loud and repeated cries: but in vain! Spell-bound by my promise, I stood motionless on the utmost verge of my apartment, with ears stretched out to catch each fleeting sound, and eyes riveted on the hands of my watch. At first I perceived some commotion, some distant

bustle in the house, some running backward and forward; but very soon all these noises sunk away in a dreary and lasting silence. Yet were there several long minutes wanting of the point marked on the inexorable dial for my release. Each of these appeared an entire age, composed of many lesser periods of endless duration, and all the time I kept my eyes straining on the figures, as if my bare look could quicken by its motion the impulse of the hand. At last they approached the goal, glided over the last second, and attained the long wished-for term!—I now dart forward like an arrow; I run, I leap, I fly; first, through the house, from room to room; next, on finding all deserted within, out into the street, and lastly to the quay.

There I perceive nothing but an indifferent and gaping crowd, which my eyes in vain interrogate, and which gives me no satisfactory answer. Wherever I look, no Spiridion appears!

Fearfully I at last cast my eye on the wave; and, after an anxious search among the shipping in the road, spy, already far away, a small caïck, which, with stress of sails and oars, seems steering towards Tchesmé. A young man, I was told, for whom the caïck lay waiting, had been seen to step in, with his face wrapped in his shawl; and immediately the boat was pushed off, and cleft the billows with such speed, as already to appear little more than a mere speck.

The young man was Spiridion, and my first impulse, to go after him. I called for another barge; but while it was preparing, soberer thoughts drove away my first design.

Why in fact follow a friend determined to fly from me! Was not his purpose irrevocably fixed? Went he not back to his father and his home? Was he not right in doing so? Did not the happiness of his life depend upon this measure? Was I to impede his progress, or to increase

his parting pangs, and that from a mere selfish feeling? For what now could he gain, by aught that I could say or do?

Immediately I gave up the short-lived project, and having paid for the trouble I occasioned, walked away, and sought on the beach a more retired spot, in which to vent my sorrows. Distracted by so many opposite feelings that I scarce seemed to feel at all, I threw myself on the ground, and moistened with my tears the sand on which I lay. "All now," cried I, "is to me at an end; my abode is become a desert, my life a scene of solitude, my very existence a blot in the creation!"—and hereupon I struck my breast, until, exhausted by my grief, I grew somewhat more quiet, and began my song of sorrow.

In the midst of my melancholy ditty I remembered that, together with his watch, Spiridion had slipped into my hands a pocket-book, which, not knowing what to do with, I had thrust into my bosom. I now pulled out the toy. It might contain some farewell token—some last and sacred behest.

A few words had indeed been written on one of the leaves, but had been rubbed out again. The only uncancelled document I could find, and to which the case seemed intended as a vehicle, was a loose slip of paper, an order to the bearer—but to what amount I know not; for, without looking at the figures, I tore the draft to pieces, and scattered the useless fragments in the wind. No sooner, however, had I done so, than I regretted my precipitation. The sum was nothing! I never meant to claim it; but the last signature of my friend in my behalf—what to me could be equally precious? As of many other things, however, of that also I first felt the value when too late! Already had the surf washed away the last remnant of the paper.

I now pressed to my lips the empty book. "Last remembrance," exclaimed I, "of a friend for ever lost, be thou my sole unceasing companion. Lie ever next my

heart. Continue its ægis against all evil passions. Preserve me henceforth, not from grief, but from sin!"

This said, I started up, and left the lonely spot: but as I returned among the bustling throng, my sadness increased. Why did I tarry any longer in my native land? How could I face my countrymen, abandoned as I was by my friend? "Ah!" cried I, "since I have him no more to guide and to support me, let me fly from Chios, as from the place of my shame. Let me seek refuge in Egypt, at Algiers, in France—or wherever else men acquire fame by destroying each other! There let me forget the silenced voice of friendship, in the savage cry of war and the shout of defiance; there pass my days in strife, there conquer, or there die!"

Conformably to this resolution, I determined not to stay for the completion of the settlement with which had commenced my worst misfortune, but left my full powers with a friend, or, in other words, sold my birth-right to a schemer, for an immediate sum. The same act rid me of my troubles, and began those of my brothers:—a circumstance which they probably only learnt after my departure, as in consequence of their ill-fated attempt both kept their beds; not entirely from choice, however—Constantine having got a broken arm in the conflict, and Eustathius a dislocated hip. These were the only incidents which soothed my disappointment.

As for me, I took my passage to Cyprus, where I thought I might join the Turkish fleet in its way to Egypt; and, in the act of embarking, called down upon my head the utmost wrath of heaven, if ever I set foot in my native land again.

Spiridion, by the way of Smyrna, speedily reached his home, and his father's longing arms. Whether from fatigue or from mere disappointment, he fell into a state of languor, which long threatened a fatal termination. But time and corporeal debility at last blunted the sting of

mental suffering. Insensibly health returned, and with health a calm hilarity. The youth then resumed, never more to abandon it, the regular mode of life which only for my sake had been interrupted. In good time he married a young lady of noble blood and distinguished beauty, and became the happy father of a lovely family.

Mavrocordato, as observed before, had destined his son to run the perilous race of ambition; and had he never known what it was to fear the loss of that darling son, would with difficulty have been diverted from his vain-glorious purpose. But while Spiridion's fate hung suspended between life and death, his father too strongly felt the blessing of his existence, and the value of his happiness, any longer to stake them against perilous honours, difficult to attain, and unsubstantial when possessed. His desires became sobered, and his views less aspiring: he determined to prefer the certainty of his son's bliss to the probable misery of his grandeur; and vowed, so heaven but left him his child, never more to abuse a father's authority, by goading him on to dangerous distinctions. Mavrocordato thus forfeited, indeed, the advantage of boasting, like the Ghicas, the Callimackis, and others, that their nearest of kin had been bow-stringed on a throne;—but this misfortune he bore with becoming resignation. As to Spiridion, content to move in the sphere of a wealthy merchant, he employed his daily growing riches in diffusing around him happiness and prosperity. His life resembled the course of a majestic stream, whose deep but tranquil waters, winding their ample way through fertile plains and flowery meads, as they advance still receive from new rills fresh increase, while at each step also they bestow more profusely all the fruits of industry and all the blessings of plenty.

Far different was the similitude borne by my roving existence. Seeking my fortune in strife, not in harmony;

making havoc, not culture, the means of my support: and engaged, not in the steady pursuit of a regular profession, but in a wild wandering flight from one career to another; sometimes prosperous, and oftener unfortunate: now in unavailing plenty, and now again in pinching want, I at best resembled the blustering mountain torrent, which, only acquiring might and substance during the war of the elements, as soon as their contest ends, again subsides in a mean rill; in times of serenity shows no trace of its passage, save in the havoc of darker days brought to light; and so far from diffusing in its fulness more benefits than in its penury, only effects greater mischief as it receives ampler supplies. While still near its source in the upper regions of the globe, this ill-favoured offspring of the clouds, hurried over fell and precipice, only presents a succession of fierce struggles, furious falls, and impracticable shallows; when further advanced in its impetuous career, and rushing with tremendous roar into the fertile plain below, it seems indeed determined to seek a full recompense for all former restraints;—it disregards all rights, destroys all property, and levelling fence and boundary, annihilates crops, habitations, and life; but, throughout the whole of its wild uncertain progress, from where it first bubbles up near the sky, to where it finally plunges into the vast abyss of the deep, it equally remains a curse to the regions it pervades!

## CHAPTER XXVII.

The paroxysm of fever which seized me at Chios had, in the hurry of the strange and multifarious events to which it gave rise, been entirely forgotten. I was therefore surprised when, on board the ship, a second more violent attack came on; and was still more mortified when it appeared that, so far from being allowed to drop the acquaintance, I had thenceforth to consider the unwelcome intruder as my regular guest. Its visits were repeated with most irksome punctuality every third day, during the whole of the passage; and this passage seemed to have no end.

Oh! how long appeared those sleepless nights, in which I felt no change of motion in the ship but what was caused by its rolling from side to side, or pitching from end to end: in which every object suspended round my narrow berth—my clothes, my lamp, my person, and the very shadow they cast on the wainscot—never ceased exhibiting the same monotonous see-saw motion, which found its equally monotonous response in the periodical creaking of the hulk, straining of the mast, swaying of the yards, and flapping of the sails and tackle. How slowly approached those mornings which were neither announced by the crowing of the cock, nor hailed by the twittering of the swallow; and whose dead and universal silence was only broken by our own harsh discord, added to that of the howling winds and roaring waves! How often I anxiously looked out at my narrow loop-hole, to see whether the stars had yet lost their quivering radiance, and whether the horizon yet reddened with the approaching dawn! My mind suffered with my body: and, during those tedious

hours, the depression of disease made me survey with deep contrition the errors of days past, and form sincere resolutions for my future life. They lasted with unremitting continuance—until health and strength returned.

This happened at Cyprus. That island which gives agues to so many, cured my tertian completely; or perhaps only transferred it to some other luckless wight, most opportunely in the way to catch the disorder, on its getting tired of its former incumbent. I was, however, only just convalescent, and had scarce left my bed, when, from the heights above Larneca, Hassan's armament was descried five or six leagues out at sea, in full sail for Egypt. That fleet which I had so long expected now cleft the wave almost under my eyes, without its proximity enabling me to join the nearest vessel of the squadron.

Fortunately I had another string to my bow:—but ere I proceed to tell by which way I returned to the land of the mamlukes, I must premise a few words concerning what happened there after my departure.

I have already mentioned, I think, that in Aly-bey's time an alliance had been proposed between Petersburg and Cairo. This project the autocratrix of all the Russias failed not to resume, as soon as she saw Ibrahim and Mourad in firm possession of the supreme authority. Her wish was to obtain from the beys the port of Alexandria; an object of the greatest importance to her future maritime operations against the Turks. In return, she offered to afford these turbulent leaders every assistance in shaking off the yoke of the sultan; and the Russian consul-general at Alexandria, Thonus by name, was intrusted with the negotiation. He had the facility of corresponding with the rulers of Cairo through the medium of a personage, once a Russian subject, but then a renegade, a mamluke, and a bey, under the appellation of Khassim. On the other hand, he found indissolubly united against him the consuls of the other European powers in Egypt.

who, whether friendly to the Porte or not, were all alike hostile to the plan of giving up to the Russians so important a harbour as Alexandria. Thonus undertook to defeat their opposition by the simple expedient of removing their persons. A petty quarrel had arisen between Mourad and the commercial diplomatists, respecting some trifling repairs to the Latin hospice at Alexandria. This slight spark of misunderstanding the crafty Livonian contrived to fan into so furious a blaze, that the consuls no longer thought themselves safe on land, and determined to take refuge at sea. Their intention was to sail in a body to Constantinople; and this design, sedulously fostered by Thonus—who suffered not the fears of his friends to relax—would soon have been fulfilled to that gentleman's utmost wish, had not Ibrahim, alarmed at the consequences of the dispute, sent a messenger to efface by his concessions the outrages of his colleague. Already were the consuls on board, and in the act of weighing anchor, when, stopped by this trusty agent, the exulting Thonus had the mortification to see them return on shore and resume their situations.

Ibrahim's conciliatory measures, however, came too late to prevent the interference of the Porte. On the first blush of the business, the consuls, apprehensive of violence on the part of the beys, had despatched an express to Constantinople, to lay their complaints before the sultan; and Abd-ool-hameed had determined to resent the insult offered by the rulers of Egypt to the strangers under his special protection, in an exemplary manner. Had it suited the convenience of the Porte to remain at peace with its vassals, the representatives of all the potentates of Europe, flogged round Mourad's hall, would have obtained no other redress than an exhortation to mutual forgiveness of injuries; but the divan wished to humble the rebellious beys, and it therefore expressed the utmost readiness to resent their behaviour to the high offended personages. In vain

did these worthy individuals themselves, as soon as they no longer entertained any apprehension for the safety of their persons, try to undo what they had done, and to prevent a rupture injurious to their interests. In vain did they write to assure the ministers that they had been premature in their fright, and had forgiven their enemies, like true Christians as they were:—Hassan capitan-pasha, who was a Turk, and moreover had never yet found, in his varied expeditions, an opportunity of exploring the fertile plains of Egypt, expected too plentiful a harvest, if not of laurels, at least of piastres from this business, to let the quarrel be hushed up; and, under Abd-ool-hameed, the wishes of this favourite were law. The divan, therefore, in answer to the pacific protestations of the consuls, only observed that they were much too lenient, that the offence could not be overlooked, and that they must have satisfaction whether they chose or not; and hereupon proclaimed the beys outlaws, and ordered an armament to be fitted out against them.

A show of negotiation had, however, been kept up, and had to a certain degree succeeded in lulling asleep the apprehensions of the mamlukes, when, on the sixth of July, 1786, the squadron which I had beheld with longing eyes from the coast of Cyprus appeared before Alexandria. It consisted of six ships of the line, four frigates, some gunboats, and forty or fifty kirlangitshes, and other small craft capable of going up the river to Cairo. These vessels carried six hundred chosen Arnaoots from the interior of Epirus, as brave as well armed, and about five thousand raw recruits from every corner of the Archipelago, possessed of neither arms, courage, nor discipline. To this small force the grand-admiral added at Alexandria about three thousand Maugarbees, or Barbaresques, very lightly equipped. Of cavalry, the species of troops most wanted against the mamlukes, Hassan's armament was entirely destitute: but the Asiatic pashas of Oorfa, of Haled, of Trabloos, and

others, had been ordered to bring with all expedition from their respective governments more horse than were wanted, to Belbeis, near the Syrian confines of Egypt, there to wait the grand-admiral's further orders.

These orders were indeed despatched the day that the commander-in-chief reached Rosetta; but their execution experienced some difficulty, inasmuch as the pasha of Oorfa was not yet arrived at the place of rendezvous, and as all the others had, immediately after Hassan's departure from Constantinople, been entirely countermanded. The ministers were in daily expectation of a war in the north, and felt unwilling to waste all their resources in the south.

Hassan, thus disappointed, resolved to compensate for want of numbers by celerity of movements, and began to ascend the Nile on the last day of July. The land troops marched along the banks of the river, while the flotilla of gun-boats advanced by their side on the stream.

When the intelligence of the capitan-pasha's operations reached Cairo, the greatest unanimity took place among the beys as to their sense of danger, but the greatest diversity of opinions as to the mode of repelling it. Ibrahim was for submission, Mourad for resistance; and no medium being hit upon between these two extremes, the former retired into the said to avoid the imputation of rebellion, while the latter marched into Lower Egypt to oppose force by force.

The fourth day of August witnessed the meeting of the two armies near Mentoobes. Mourad with his well-mounted mamlukes, all mail without, and all ardour within, felt secure of an easy victory over the grand-admiral's ill equipped foot soldiers. He had neither taken into his account the artillery by which they were flanked on the stream, nor the swamps he must wade through, to attack them on its banks. Received, on his first onset, with a tremendous discharge of cannon from the boats, his troops were immediately thrown into confusion. Even the safety

of flight was denied them. Sinking with the weight of their accoutrements, up to their horses' bellies into the rice grounds that formed the field of battle, they became motionless, and were slaughtered at pleasure by Hassan's naked infantry, which might have walked on the wind. The few mamlukes that escaped immediately fell back upon Cairo; but, finding the gates of the citadel shut against them by the sultan's visier, they only traversed the city, and joined Ibrahim in Upper Egypt.

Hassan entered without further opposition the defenceless capital, and received the homage of the country. He took up his abode in Ibrahim's palace at Kasr-el-aïni, and conferred on the long-exiled Ismaïl, arrived from the saïd to meet him, his long vacated office of schaich-el-belled. Djeddaweo's more dubious loyalty was less splendidly rewarded; and Yeyen-visier, the obsequious tool of every party in power, was dismissed from his place: it was reserved for the expected conductor of the Asiatic troops.

This personage, Abdi by name, had been pasha of Haleb. Turned out of that city by its janissaries—jealous of his Koordish body-guard—he had just been consoled for his loss by the government of Oorfa, when he received orders to march with all the force he could collect from Diarbekeer to Egypt. As nothing had been said about provisions, he resolved to trust for his supplies to the plunder of the districts through which he had to pass; and, as he only had to traverse Syria from end to end, in its greatest length, he only contrived to spend, for want of subsistence, the whole summer on his march.

Nothing could have happened more conveniently for a man who, like me, wished to go from Cyprus to Egypt. It afforded the readiest means of making up for the loss of my passage on board the fleet on my right, by joining the army advancing on my left. A boat conveyed me from Larneca to Trabloos; and thenceforward I found the track of Abdi's troops too distinctly marked by their devastations to miss

the way. I could, however, only overtake the pasha near Nabloos, in Palestine, where I reached him in the best possible disposition for glory; that is to say, not valuing life a straw. Had I been inclined to fastidiousness, I might have found some fault with the appearance of my competitors for warlike fame. They pursued its career unincumbered by superfluities. The best equipped among the pasha's troops were his own body-guard of Koordish horse, who, under the denomination of dellis,[2] still exercised their old trade of banditti, and plundered every friend on their march to the enemy. To this body of about eight hundred men was added another of about six hundred Spahees, in very indifferent condition. The infantry was composed of about five hundred Maugarbees, who looked as if they could be led to victory by nothing but famine. In fact, this ravenous horde only resembled a swarm of locusts, who suddenly appear in a region as if driven by an evil wind, fall on whatever spot offers the most abundant harvest, devour all its crops, and, when they find nothing further to consume, rise again, only to lay waste the fields next in succession. As long as there remained in a place a single article to take away or to devour, the pasha thought not of stirring. The complete denudation of all around him became the signal for departure; but the tents were again pitched in whatever nearest district admitted of the same proceeding. The march was lengthened only when such deserts intervened as offered neither provision nor plunder. Every where, before the approaching army, the inhabitants abandoned their villages, carrying with them all that was moveable to the mountains; so that every new region we came to looked as if we had been there already, and left us no means of marking our route but by the destruction of the fixtures; and, from the elongated shape of Syria, and the direction of the march, no district escaped the devastating scourge.

Besides the general claim which my former rank in Egypt gave me to the attention of a commander in the pay of the

Porte, I carried particular letters to Abdi from the governor of Larneca. Accordingly, I was promised the reversion of whatever eligible appointment might become vacant, and, meanwhile, stepped into the place of a captain of dellis, most fortunately killed the very morning of my arrival, by some peasants, in an ambush.

On calling over the muster-roll of my corps, I found not a single baïrak[3] possessed of half of its complement of men. Each was a grand skeleton composed of lesser skeletons; and never did troops, at the opening of a campaign, more strikingly resemble soldiers returning from the wars. This remark, however, I kept to myself. As a new comer, I took it for granted that my predecessor knew what he was about (except indeed when he got killed); and resolved not to begin by breaking through established customs. Quietly therefore pocketing the surplus pay, and selling the supernumerary rations, I gained the love and esteem of all my fellow-officers. We agreed that Hassan would not give us more fighting than was necessary, and it would be wrong to tempt him to imprudences by too martial an appearance. The only thing I took care of was to be well mounted myself. But the horses and accoutrements which I purchased having drained me of most of my remaining cash, I was obliged to draw from my other expenses on the present holder of my kiascheflik,—whoever that might be.

At Gaza we made our scanty provisions for the great desert. Very ample ones were left in it for the vultures. Belbeïs saw us arrive at last, not in May indeed, but in September; and from that place of general rendezvous, where not a soul met us, we marched on to Cairo.

It was here that an edifying scene of mutual astonishment took place, in Hassan, at the smallness of our force, and in us, at the absolute nothingness of his. In fact, we had never had many more troops, while he had disbanded half the men which he brought, to pocket their pay.

Nothing could equal the change of scene which Cairo

presented from what I had known it before. I had left it a mamluke city; I found it a Turkish camp. Every object indicated a change of masters and of regulations. Turkish detachments patrolled the streets, Turkish piquets occupied the places; and those porticoes of the grandees' palaces which formerly witnessed the mamlukes driving away with their naboods the famished Egyptians, now saw the Osmanlees treat the mamlukes with scarce more respect. My friend Aly-tchawoosh, whom I had the pleasure of finding with the capitan-pasha—but somewhat impaired in flesh, in spirits, in brilliancy, and in boastfulness—took me to the house where I was billeted. "What!" cried I, on seeing it, "am I to lodge with my old acquaintance Sidi-emin, who used to rail so loudly against usury, and, when a friend wanted money, would oblige him by buying his old slippers at fifty sequins down, so he only consented, in return, to buy Emin's new ones at five hundred, payable in three months?—I shall be glad to shake hands with the worthy man." "Ah!" cried Aly, "you will only shake hands with his ghost. But that you may make sure of. It stalks all night about its old mansion."

And good reason it had for being disturbed. The reader may remember the dreadful famine which I left hanging over Egypt. Emin, on this occasion, was one of the provident. During the years of plenty he had laid by for those of want. But, like the ant, he laboured for himself, and cared not to share his savings with the idle. Though his granaries could scarcely hold all his corn, he saw unmoved the thousands of wretches who every day perished with hunger under their very walls. When the bodies of the sufferers choked up the entrances of his store-houses, he still refused to unbar their surly gates, until grain had reached the exorbitant price fixed by his avarice. This it at last attained;—and now, exulting at the thoughts of the millions he should make in a few hours, Emin took his keys, and opened his vaults. But, O horror! O dismay! Instead

of the mountains of golden wheat which he had accumulated, he only beheld heaps of nauseous rottenness. An avenging worm had penetrated into the abodes fortified against famished man! A grub had fattened on the food withheld from the starving wretch! While the clamour of despair resounded without, a loathsome insect had in silence achieved within the work of justice. It had wrought Emin's punishment in darkness, while his crimes shone in the light of heaven. The miser's wealth was destroyed, the monster's hopes were all blasted! At the dire spectacle he uttered not a word. He only for a few minutes contemplated the infected mass with the fixed eye of despair; then fell—fell flat on his face upon the putrid heap. God had smitten him! On raising his prostrate body, life had fled. Like his corn, his frame was become a mass of corruption!

I had the pleasure to find Mavroyeni's former place of drogueman of the fleet occupied by his nephew Stephan. This youth's character presented a singularity among Greeks in public situations, wondered at by all, and disapproved of by most:—he was a perfectly honest man. His enemies rejoiced at it, though his friends still kept hoping that he was not too old to mend. Meanwhile the acquaintance, begun between us in the Morea, ripened at Cairo into a real mutual regard. I say mutual—for though Stephan did not always think well of my conduct, he valued my sincerity.

The strongest proof of attachment, however, which I received in Egypt, was from my quondam mamlukes, whom I had ceded to Ismail at Es-souan, and now found established with the reinstated schaich-el-belled in the capital. At the time of my flight they seemed perfectly satisfied with the transfer; and, indeed, had they now thought it incumbent upon them to leave the schaich-el-belled and to return to their old patron, they must have been great losers by the change. But so excessive became, on seeing me again,

their generous wrath at thinking I had renounced their services, that they could not even bear to remember that they once had belonged to me.

As to the capitan-pasha himself, his memory was more retentive. He not only recollected having seen me in the Morea: he even remembered the proposal he made me after the affair of Tripolizza. When again presented to him: "You would have acted more wisely," said he, "to have embraced the true faith for the sake of a patron, than for the love of a mistress; and perhaps you might have found the service of the sultan more profitable than that of the beys. You have lost much time, and gained few friends. But you are young still, and what is more, you are brave. if you would not let me lay the foundation of your fortune, I still may raise the fabric by a few additional stories. And so saying, he recommended me to his kehaya: who grinned a ghastly smile of obedience and of spite.

The government of Egypt being completely organised by the installation of Abdi pasha in the office of visier, and all the forces having arrived that could be looked for, Hassan at last began to busy himself about the long talked of expedition to Upper Egypt, in pursuit of the rebels. Resolved himself not to stir from his commodious quarters, he gave the supreme command to his kehaya. The troops destined for the expedition were to rendezvous at Atfer-el-nebbi, a place on the Nile, half a league above Cairo. As before, the land force was to follow the banks of the river, and to be supported by the flotilla. Hassan's favour enabled me to exchange my ragged koords for a fine body of Arnaoots; and in honour of my new soldiers I furbished up my old Epirote pedigree, and my presumptive descent from Achilles and from Alexander. The former indeed they knew little about, but the latter all seemed acquainted with; and only maintained, in opposition to my doctrine, that he had fought the doge of Venice—which, in fact, he had.[4] Including the militia of the country, supplied by the citadel

of Cairo, our force might amount to six thousand men; and I could not help thinking that Hassan rather overrated our chance of success, when, at parting, he recommended to us, in a speech full of pathos, to bring back the days when the schaich-el-belled held the stirrup to the aga of the janissaries, and when, in return, the pasha of the Porte hung up the beys under the gate of the castle:—a wish at which Ismaïl, now surnamed Kbir, or the great, Ali-bey-defterdar, Mohammed-bey-mabdool, Rodoan-bey the bold, and several other beys present, I thought, winced a little.

As usual, our army depended for its subsistence on the plunder of the provinces through which we had to pass. This circumstance would alone have retarded our coming up with Mourad; but what still more increased the difficulty of closing with this chief was his own good management. He had profited by his discomfiture in the Delta. Instead of advancing to give us battle, he this time, on the contrary, kept constantly retreating before us; only now and then just letting his rear appear in sight, to keep up the ardour of the pursuit. We discovered his drift—somewhat late, however—when at Sioot we found the waters too low to permit the further progress of our flotilla, and thus were obliged to proceed, deprived of the support of our floating battery. With a diminished strength we only reached the rebels at Djirdgé, where they had all the advantage of the ground. Their position was admirable. Backed by the walls and garrison of the city, they had in front a long declivity of hard even ground, where their excellent horses and impenetrable coats of mail gave them as great an advantage, as they had caused them a disadvantage in the swamps of the Delta. They rushed upon us like a torrent, and it soon became evident on which side the scale would turn. Our rout began with the Asiatics. The brave Arnaoots alone kept for a time the victory in suspense. Unable, however, entirely to dismiss all anxiety

for the character of my former troops, the delhs, I set some Epirotes at their heels, and thus got them wedged in between two fires. This concern for the credit of others cost me dear. A pistol shot struck my hip, which certainly came not from the enemy. It brought me not the less to the ground; and I must have died from loss of blood, or have been trampled under foot, had not by good fortune one of my trusty Albanians thought me dead already. He judged it a pity that my handsome armour should become the spoil of rebels, and approached to strip me; when, to his great dismay, he found me still alive. For a second or two he seemed to hesitate whether he should not realise his surmise: but my good stars prevailed. Shrugging up his shoulders, as if to say, "it was not his fault," he took me in his arms, carried me off the field, bound up my wounds, and left me in the care of two of his comrades, themselves disabled from continuing to support a more active part in the engagement.

Meantime our commander, seeing the rout become general, sounded the retreat. Fortunately, the enemy had determined only to act on the defensive, in order not to cut off all opening to a reconciliation. Thanks to Mourad's moderation, we experienced no annoyance in our flight, except from the fellahs, whose corps we had destroyed in our progress. At Sioot we rejoined our flotilla; and thence returned to Cairo in a plight, which even those among the mamlukes that had been reinstated by Hassan could view without breaking their hearts. The assistance of a rival is seldom forgiven.

After a certain period Mourad's Arab allies, tired of the protracted war, as usual withdrew from the contest; and Mourad, deprived of half his strength, no longer appeared averse to a negotiation. Of this disposition Hassan availed himself to draw him down to Djizeh, when he again sent his kehaya in pursuit of the bey. Cured of my wound, I joined the expedition, and on the eighth of January, 1787

we crossed the Nile. The flotilla was on this occasion out of the question—the river being at its lowest, and the commander of the gun-boats dismissed, for an offence which Hassan seldom forgave in his officers; namely, robbing without his participation.

At the news of our approach, Mourad again fell back; but we came up with him at Sioot, where he was forced to halt, to face about, and to receive us. His position was exactly the reverse of that which he had held at Djirdgé. Instead of occupying the top of a long declivity, of which we filled the bottom, his army was drawn out at the bottom of an extended slope, of which we occupied the summit; and instead of having immediately in his rear a high wall to cover his movements, he only had a deep ditch to cut off his retreat. The consequence was, that when we fell upon him, as he had before done upon us, with all the impetus of a downhill charge, we almost immediately drove his troops backward into the fosse, where, tumbling head over heels in the mud, they left us no trouble but that of despatching them at our leisure.

Of my old patron, who sided with the rebels, I hitherto have made no mention. The edge of the ravine, down whose slope the mamlukes were sliding with different degrees of speed, gave me the first glimpse of his venerable figure. He was curveting mid-way the long descent, surrounded by his retinue. The sight roused all my dormant feelings of relationship, and others not less warm; and I became most irresistibly anxious to join my father-in-law, to lock him in my arms, nay, to keep entire possession of his valuable person. Calling to my best men, I showed them the bey, and proposed a bold push for so important a prize. They fired at the thought, and off we set! I was within ten yards of his person, and already in imagination hugging him most fervently, when some of his guards, perceiving our drift, gave the alarm. Immediately his whole horse closed in upon him, and our purpose mis-

carried. I retired not, however, empty-handed. We had penetrated so far into the mamluke knot, that I was enabled to seize by the arm, and to carry off, what at the time was nearest Suleiman's heart, his tootoondjee.[5] This young fellow I consigned to some of my servants in the rear, and having seen him safe in their custody, again returned to business.

The chase of a young mamluke, whose showy accoutrements caught my eye, had inadvertently drawn me out to some distance from my men, when another mamluke of more advanced age and greater powers—till then concealed behind a small eminence—suddenly darted forward between us. The contest now lay with the new comer, and his agility already rendered the issue somewhat doubtful. But when a third mamluke of colossal size—a kiaschef of my ancient patron—found means by a dexterous circuit to join his comrade, my situation seemed indeed become desperate. It was plain that a scheme had been concerted to entrap me;—and, unable single handed to contend with two such formidable antagonists, whom others were still approaching, I gave myself up for lost, and only resolved to sell my life as dear as possible.

To my inexpressible surprise, just as I rushed forward—to certain death as I thought—the new comer made a signal for a truce, which his comrade immediately obeying, I failed not to do the same. I stopped short like my antagonists, still however remaining on my guard, and watching every motion of the two mamlukes, in order to make my escape, should an opportunity offer. The kiaschef perceived my apprehensions. "Fear not," he cried: "your life is indeed in our hands: but we seek not your death; we want only your prisoner. Restore Suleiman's tootoondjee, and in return take this handjar studded with diamonds, this order on the bey's harem at Cairo for two thousand sequins, and this signet of our patron's to corroborate his draft."

All this was vastly better than to be butchered at Siout

I accepted the offer. Meantime some of my Arnaoots, who had perceived my danger, were coming up. I cried to them, as soon as within hearing, to fetch back the prisoner. One went on the errand, and the others waited at my signal. The tootoondjee was delivered over, and the ransom placed in my hands. With this rich spoil, the thing which I feared most was to return to my own men. Fortunately they were full-handed themselves, and I rejoined our troops safe and sound—just in time to see the remnant of the enemy's force, which had escaped the ditch, in full flight towards the said.

Our men were so exhausted, that we spent the night where we had won the day. The next morning, ere we marched, I walked over the field of battle. Beholding on all sides sturdy limbs locked in death, which but the day before had turned my blows with all the energies of life; lips closed in eternal silence, which had stunned me with their clamour; and eyeballs fixed in sightless glare, which, when met by mine, had sent forth flashes of lightning;—unable to avoid treading upon the mangled bodies of some who often had attempted to crush me with their very look, and now could not keep away the already busy vulture—I felt a strange delight! I contemplated with a bitter satisfaction that unavoidable lot of all mankind, that doom of mortality remitted to none, that precariousness of life shared alike by king and beggar, thanks to which, if I could not be sure of a single instant before me, no more was the proudest of my antagonists certain of not being the next moment a clod of clay, a mass of corruption, a feast for worms; thanks to which, if any rival obtained over me a temporary advantage, it was, however important, a trifle, an atom, a nothing, in the contemplation of the common fate awaiting all that breathe, and awaiting all too soon; and thanks to which, finally, if I could not reach the very top of fortune's wheel, or for the present carry my head quite as high as some of my more successful opponents, I

knew that theirs must ultimately lie as low, and be as little regarded as mine!

"Poor speechless ghastly object!" cried I, lifting up by the ears one whose taunting language had but the day before still tortured my own; "thou art now not only below me—below the meanest of my slaves; thou art worse in estate than the live dog that licks my hand, or the very worm that lies to feast on thyself; he harbours joy, thou feelest not even my abuse and my scorn!"

Though we did not absolutely stay in the agreeable spot which occasioned these reflections, we seemed loth for a time to move beyond its influence. Want of money to pay his troops prevented our commander from proceeding in good earnest, in pursuit of the rebels, until the month of May. We then made a sudden advance: but as soon as we came in sight of Mourad's men, they crossed the river, and retreated into Nubia. Arrived at the Cataracts, heat, want, and disease stopped our further progress. We admired the falls, wheeled about, and marched back to Cairo.

# NOTES.

## CHAPTER I.

Note

1. p. 3. *Jubbee*. flowing gown, generally worn in the Levant by men of sedentary habits and professions.
2. p. 3. *Drogueman*: official interpreter employed by the Franks in their conferences with the Mohammedans.
3. p. 3. *Agrumi*: Italian denomination used in the Levant for every species of fruit of the orange and lemon kind.
4. p. 4. *An Ipsariote reis*: or master of a merchant vessel from the island of Ipsara.
5. p. 5 *Hamal*: the Turkish for a porter.
6. p. 6. *Caloyera*: a nun, as Caloyer means a friar.
7. p. 7. *Moslemin*: a true believer; title assumed by the Mohammedans.
8. p. 8. *Papas*: Greek priest.
9. p. 9. *Panagia*: the All-holy! the Virgin.
10. p. 10. *The Mitre*: the cap of the Greek priesthood.
11. p. 10. *Yaoor*: infidel; word of abuse frequently used by the Turks in reference to Christians.

Note

12. p. 10. *The Russian war:* namely, that which ended in 1774, by the peace of Kainardjee.

13. p. 13. *The slim Perote dress:* that worn by the Greek women of Pera, and of the continental provinces; wholly different from that of the islands.

14. p. 16. *Caravan:* word applied in the Levant to voyages of merchant ships, as well as to land journeys of merchants and goods.

15. p. 18. *Maynote:* native of the peninsula of Mayno, whose inhabitants are almost all pirates.

16. p. 19. *Capitan-pasha:* commander in chief of the Turkish navy.

17. p. 19. *Arnaoot:* Turkish name given to the Albanians who profess the Mohammedan religion; and form the body guard of many of the Turkish pashas.

18. p. 19. *Caravellas:* frigates.

## CHAPTER II.

1. p. 20. *Codgea-bashees:* chiefs of the Greek communities, accountable to the Turkish governors for the contributions imposed upon their districts.

2. p. 22. *Lacedemon and Christianopolis:* two Greek bishoprics in the Morea, thus denominated.

3. p. 22. *Buskined hero:* the Albanians wear buskins or rather greaves of cloth or velvet, often richly embroidered and adorned with silver clasps.

4. p. 22. *Rayas:* subjects of the Porte, not Mohammedan, who pay the capitation tax; such as Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and gipsies.

NOTES

5. p. 22. *Grand Visier*. All Pashas, before whom are carried the three horse-tails, have the title of Vizier: but the head of that distinguished body, the lieutenant of the Grand Signor, who represents him in his councils, and commands his armies, is called by the Turks Vezir Azem, by the Franks Grand Visier.

6. p. 24. *Waywode*. Turkish farmer of the revenue of a district.

7. p. 25. *Haratsh-tickets*. vouchers for the payment of the haratsh or poll-tax, due by all rayahs.

8. p. 25. *Cadee*. Turkish judge.

9. p. 28. *Spahees*. Turkish holders of military fiefs, which oblige them to join the army, mounted at their own expense.

10. p. 30. *Tamoshan*. bare, epithet given to the Greek islanders.

11. p. 30. *Fenar*. district of Constantinople, where chiefly reside the Greeks of the higher class.

CHAPTER III.

1. p. 31. *Terguman*. the Turkish for Dragoman.

2. p. 31. *Benesh*. cloth vestment worn over the jubbee on occasions of ceremony.

3. p. 31. *Kulpack*. cap worn by rayahs.

4. p. 31. *Tshawooshes*. ushers and messengers of men in office.

5. p. 35. *Cafedjee*. the servant who in Greek and Turkish houses hands round the coffee.

6. p. 37. *Osmanlee*. follower of Osman or Othman, the founder of the Turkish or Othoman empire:—epi-

Note

thet which sounds as agreeable to its bearers, as the name of Turks is offensive to them.

7. p. 38. *Yatagan:* Turkish sabre, worn in the belt or sash.

8. p. 42. *The head, etc.* It is customary among the Turks after a battle to give a reward for every head of an enemy that is brought to the commander.

9. p. 43. *The difference between Kyrie-eleïson and Allah Illa Allah:* Greek and Mohammedan forms of prayer or invocation.

10. p. 45. *Kehaya:* official agent of a public personage in Turkey.

11. p. 45. *Roumili:* the Greeks of the lower Empire affected to call themselves Romans, their language the Romaic, and their country Romania, which the Turks have changed into Roumili.

12. p. 45. *Moohasil:* a governor of a province, inferior in rank and power to a pasha.

13. p. 46. *Stambool:* the Turkish corruption of the Greek εις την πολιν, pronounced by them ees teen bolin: and used to denote their going to the city κατ' εξοχην.

14. p. 47. *Shaksheer:* ample breeches made of cloth.

15. p. 49. The *Boghaz:* generic Turkish name for straits; here applied to those of the Dardanelles.

16. p. 49. *Didaskalos:* a teacher.

17. p. 49. *Three distinct Cities:* namely, Constantinople, Galata, and Scutari.

## CHAPTER IV.

1. p. 50. *Caïck:* light and elegant wherry, plying about the quays of Constantinople.

Not

2 p. 50. *A house of a dark and dingy hue, apparently crumbling to pieces with age and neglect.* The former circumstance being in consequence of the sumptuary laws imposed by the Turks upon the Greeks; the latter in consequence of the Greeks often affecting poverty in order to avoid being heavily taxed by their tyrants.

3. p. 51. *A Mamluke*: name given among Mohammedans to such white slaves as are destined to be gradually promoted to offices of importance within doors and without.

4. p. 52. *Frank philosophers*, all Europeans not rayahs, and therefore considered as strangers in Turkey, are called Franks or Franguee, their country Franguestan, and the corrupt idiom composed of their various languages current along the Mohammedan shores of the Mediterranean, *lingua Franca*.

5. p. 52. *Purses*: denomination for a sum of five hundred piastres.

6. p. 52. *Tchartchees and Bezesteens*: places in Turkish cities, distinct from the habitations of the merchants, in which they keep and sell their wares.

7 p. 53. *Harem*: the Turkish name for the apartment of the women: Seraglio or Serai meaning palace in general.

8. p. 53 *Therapiah*: one of the villages on the Bosphorus which the Greeks of quality make their country residences.

9. p. 54. *The Bostandjee Bashee*: officer who acts as ranger of the Sultan's demesne, and superintends the police of the waters about Constantinople.

10. p. 55. *Tandoor*: a square table placed in the angle of the sofa, with the brazier underneath and a rich counterpane over it, under which, in cold

houses, in cold weather, the company creep close to each other.

11. p. 55. ***Bab-Humayoon:*** the imperial gate or principal entrance of the sultan's palace at Constantinople.

12. p. 55. ***Feridjee:*** cloth capote worn out of doors by the Greek and Turkish women of Constantinople

13. p. 55. ***Archons:*** denominations assumed by the principal Greeks.

14. p. 55. ***Spatar:*** sword-bearer; one of the principal officers at the courts of the hospodars of Moldavia and Valachia, which are formed on the model of the ancient Greek court of Constantinople.

15. p. 56. ***Slipper-money of the Sultanas:*** in Turkish, peshmalik; equivalent to our pin-money.

16. p. 56. ***Reis effendee:*** the Turkish secretary of state for foreign affairs.

17. p. 56. ***Pounding the grand Mufti in a mortar.*** according to the ancient mode of capital punishment inflicted on the heads of the law, whose blood it was deemed irreverent to shed.

18. p. 59. ***Caicondjees:*** marines; from caieon, a galley.

19. p. 59. ***Romaic:*** the modern Greek; as Hellenic means the ancient Greek.

20. p. 60. ***The Holy Mountain:*** mount Athos; that beautiful promontory, now infected by twenty-two Greek convents.

21. p. 64. ***Kiad-hane:*** public walk near Constantinople. called by the Franks *Les Eaux douces.*

## CHAPTER V

Note

1. p. 67. *Galata* suburb divided from Constantinople by the harbour; and occupying the base of the hill of which Pera crowns the summit

2. p. 67. *Para* a small Turkish coin.

3. p. 70. *The antere* part of the long dress of men of sedentary professions

4. p. 71. *Sultan-Bayezid* one of the Imperial mosques at Constantinople, near which is held the market of second-hand apparel

5. p. 71. *Hash-keui* suburb of Constantinople, where the Jews live

6. p. 71. *Furred cap* which the drogueman wear when in *porchi*, and the physicians habitually

7. p. 72. *Lahse jacket* the Lahses, or inhabitants of the northern shores of Asia Minor, are chiefly employed at Constantinople in garden-work

8. p. 72. *Lorenzo* Nucciolo, a Ragusean, physician to the Seraglio, and only very lately (as I find from Mr Turner's account) beheaded, in his eightieth year, by order of his chief patient, Abd ool-Hameed

9. p. 73. *Hekim-bashee* chief of the college of physicians

10. p. 74. *Blacquernes* a remote district of Constantinople.

11. p. 75. *A Beglier-bey* or bey of beys, title given to the pashas of Roumili and of Anadoly

12. p. 76. *Moonedjim* astrologer

13. p. 76. *Backtche-capoossee* the garden-gate, one of the gates of Constantinople

14. p. 78. *Bagnio* the vast enclosure near the arsenal, which serves as a prison to the Christian captives and the Turkish and Bavah criminals

## CHAPTER VI.

Note

1. p. 85. This description of the plague is conformable to the modern Greek personification of that disease.

2. p. 88. *Islamism:* the true belief, according to the Mohammedan doctrine.

3. p. 88. *Namaz:* the chief prayer of the Mohammedans.

## CHAPTER VII.

1. p. 89. *Procsti:* the Greek primate of a district.

2. p. 92. *A seven years' ague:* the liberal wish of an enemy in a country replete with *malaria*.

3. p. 93. *Hydriote:* from the island of Hydra; chiefly inhabited by sailors and ship-owners, who, at the beginning of the revolution, when France was shut out from the Baltic, supplied her with corn from the Archipelago.

4. p. 93. *Tophana:* the cannon foundery, which gives its name to a handsome quay near Galata.

5. p. 93. *Kiebabs:* mutton steaks, sold in the cook-shops at Constantinople.

6. p. 94. *Stambool effendee:* inspector of the police of the capital.

7. p. 94. *My cries of "aman:"* of mercy or pardon.

8. p. 96. *My forehead used to be studded with gold coins.* Turkish mode of rewarding public dancers and singers.

9. p. 96. *The Mewlewi Derwishes:* sort of Turkish friars, whose devout exercises consist in twirling round like tops.

Note

10. p. 98. *Yaoort:* a sort of Turkish cream cheese.

11. p. 100. *The solemn ceremony:* still in use in Albania, and along the eastern shore of the Adriatic.

12. p. 101. *Epirotes might retain such old customs* under the denominations of *probratimi* for the men, and *proestrimi* for the women.

## CHAPTER VIII

1. p. 104. *Hoshab:* a beverage made of fruit of various sorts

2. p. 106. *St. Demetrius:* remote suburb of Constantinople, where the Greeks have an hospital.

3. p. 108. *Araba:* Turkish waggon.

4. p. 108. *Tartar:* the Mohammedan messengers in the service of the Porte are called Tartars, or more properly Tatars, as the gate porters in France used to be called *Suisses*, from their original extraction.

5. p. 109. *Sultana's husbands* the Sultan's sisters and daughters—whom consequently he cannot espouse—are alone called Sultanas: his wives or concubines never assume that title, appropriated exclusively to the imperial blood.

6. p. 109. *Internuncio:* title given to the Austrian minister at Constantinople, in order to avoid conflicts of etiquette. Baron Herbert Rathkeal was equally venerated by Turks and by Christians.

7. p. 109. *Envoy of Sweden:* Mouradgea d'Ohson; an Armenian by birth, originally drogueman to the Swedish mission; and author of a celebrated work on the Othoman Empire.

8. p. 109 Anastasius sometimes spells Frank names very incorrectly. On inquiry I find that of the gen

Note

tleman in question to be Vanden Dedem tot Gelder.

9. p. 110. *Kislar Aga:* chief of the black eunuchs: a personage possessed of vast power and patronage; being intrusted with the administration of all the religious foundations of the Turkish empire, of which the revenues are immense.

10. p. 114. *Handjar:* Turkish poniard.

11. p. 116. *Emir:* or Shereef: names given to the descendants of Mohammed's daughter, who in every city of the empire have their own distinct tribunals, and the exclusive privilege of wearing turbans of the sacred colour: namely, green.

## CHAPTER IX.

1. p. 118. *Berath:* Foreign ministers being often obliged to employ rayahs as their domestics, originally obtained for them patents of exemption from the jurisdiction of the Porte, which they now find it more profitable to sell.

2. p. 130. *Djamee:* name given to the mosques founded by sultans.

3. p. 130. *The Mihrab:* or altar.

## CHAPTER X.

1. p. 132. *Extended not further than his nose.—Il ne voyait pas plus loin que son nez.*

2. p. 135. *Scheyis:* the two principal sects among the Mohammedans are the Sunnees and the Scheyis:

Note

and as the difference between them is small, so is the hatred proportionably intense. The Turks are all Sunnees, the Persians all Scheyis: the former are more fanatical, and the latter more superstitious.

3. p. 135. *Pretty faces*: the Persians admit representations of human figures in their books of poetry, which the Turks hold in abhorrence.

4. p. 136. *The bridge Seerath*, over which the souls of the elect glide into heaven, while those of the damned tumble from it into hell.

5. p. 136. *Three hundred and sixty days in the year* the Mohammedan months are lunar.

6. p. 136. *Deras*: the Mohammedan spirits that guard subterraneous treasures.

7. p. 136. *Hafeez*, holy, but in a less degree than the Wely, or saint.

8. p. 136. *Reekath*: a division of the Mohammedan prayer

9. p. 136. *Karagheuz*: black-eyes; the principal personage in a Turkish puppet-show resembling the *Ombres Chinoises*.

10. p. 136. *Ramadan*: or Ramazan: the month during which the Mohammedans fast all day, and feast all night. While the sun remains above the horizon they dare not even refresh themselves with a drop of water or a whiff of tobacco.

11. p. 137. *Moollah* generic name for the doctors of law, who according to the Mohammedan system are doctors of divinity; inasmuch as the Mohammedan law is entirely founded on the Koran

## CHAPTER XI.

Note

1. p. 142. *Top Capoosee:* cannon-gate; one of the gates of Constantinople.

2. p. 142. *Zeeameth:* denomination of the military fiefs which ought to supply the regular cavalry of the Othoman empire, but by a frequent abuse pass into the hands of women or children, who find substitutes.

3. p. 142. *Sharp stirrups*: with which the Turks perform the office of spurs.

4. p. 143. *Bernoos:* cloak worn by the Barbaresques, by naval characters, and by those who adopt the short dress.

5. p. 144. *The same festival:* outside the Top-capoosee there is a holy well much resorted to by the Greeks on the day of St. George's festival.

6. p. 145. *Candiote Turks:* reckoned peculiarly brave and dashing, though often intermarrying with Greek women, whom they suffer to retain their religion.

7. p. 149. *Mekkiemé:* Turkish hall of justice.

8. p. 149. *Naïb:* the cadee's clerk.

9. p. 149. *The boiled wheat:* or colyva, distributed by the Greeks at burials.

10. p. 150. *Moirai:* The Fates, who in some of the Greek islands are still worshipped with superstitious rites.

11. p. 151. *Djereed:* a staff, which the Turks make it one of their favourite sports to fling at each other with prodigious force on horseback.

12. p. 151. *Oc-Meidan* and *Hippodrome* the first the place of

arrows; the latter, still called by the Turks At-Meidan, or the place of horses.

13. p. 152. *Theriakee Tchartchee:* place where the lovers of opium used to resort. On one side of it rises the superb mosque built by Suleiman the 3d; and in front stands the hospital for insane persons.

14. p. 152. *Mudjoon:* Turkish name for opium.

15. p. 153. *With outstretched hands:* the Greeks still utter their imprecations with outstretched hands and fingers.

## CHAPTER XII.

1. p. 155. *The arches of Backtche Keui*, magnificent aqueduct near the village of that name, built under the Greek emperors, in the pointed style, and which still supplies Constantinople abundantly with water.

2. p. 155. *Eblis:* his satanic majesty.

3. p. 156. *Caravakeiri:* master of a merchant vessel.

4. p. 157. *Sacoleva:* small merchant ship.

5. p. 158. *Muezzeem:* person who among the Turks cries the hour of prayer from the top of the minarets. Sultan Achmet is a magnificent mosque at Constantinople, built by that sovereign, and the only one which has six minarets.

6. p. 162. *Palikaria:* my brave fellows!

7. p. 163. *Ihram:* a small floor carpet, used chiefly by the Turks for prayers.

8. p. 164. *Eyoob and Sultanieh:* the former a beautiful suburb, the latter a delightful valley near Constantinople.

Note

9. p. 165. *Kleidon Rysika:* the game of drawing lots by means of keys.

10. p. 165. *Paramana:* nurse.

11. p. 165. It is the custom among the Greek islanders to preserve the broken vessels of a twelvemonth, in order to throw them away in a single heap at Christmas.

12. p. 165. *Papadia:* the wife of a papas, or priest.

13. p. 167. *The ceaseless grinding of the water-wheel:* used in the gardens of Chios to irrigate the numerous plantations of orange-trees.

## CHAPTER XIII.

1. p. 171. *With the moisture of my lips:* a superstitious process supposed to avert the influence of the evil eye, or other ominous circumstances.

2. p. 175. *With the purple of my own blood I sign, etc.:* alluding, I suppose, to the custom of the Greek emperors of signing their name with purple.

3. p. 175. *Epitrope:* primate of a Greek community.

4. p. 176. *Avaneah:* name given to a contribution imposed by Turks on rayahs, on some unfounded pretence.

5. p. 180. *Moiro logistri:* the hired female who in some of the Greek islands still follows a funeral, singing the praises and bewailing the loss of the deceased.

6. p. 182. *Khirlangitsch:* properly a swallow; a Turkish sloop of war.

## CHAPTER XIV

Note

1. p. 184. *Terzhana:* the admiralty.
2. p. 186. *Speciote:* from the island of Specia
3. p. 188. *Sphachia:* district on the coast of Crete, forming the dower of one of the Sultanas, and whose inhabitants combine the pastoral and piratical life.
4. p. 188. *Malkiane* fief, of the nature of an *apanage*

## CHAPTER XV.

1. p. 202. *Okhal:* name for an inn or caravan-serai, in Egypt.
2. p. 203. *Rashid* Rosetta.
3. p. 203. *Rakie* an ardent spirit.
4. p. 205. *Djerms* small country vessels.
5. p. 209. The *Mawgurbees*, men from Garbieh, or the West; name given to the Barbaresques.
6. p. 210. *Maash*, covered passage-boats that sail up and down the Nile.
7. p. 210. *Schaich-el-belled:* chief of the country, or rather land; title given alike to the chief of the whole body of Beys of Egypt and to the chief among the notables of a small district.
8. p. 211. *Awalis:* plural for Almé; public female singers.
9. p. 212. *Ghazie:* female public dancer.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Note

1. p. 217. *Gurgistan*, Georgia.

2. p. 218. *Kiashef*: an officer commanding part of a province under a bey; though, like the title of bey, that of Kiashef is often merely honorary.

3. p. 225. *The jar*: an earthen vessel, which, in one of their martial sports, the Mamlukes try to hit.

4. p. 226. *From terrace to terrace*: the houses at Cairo are all flat-roofed; and each peculiar district of the city is separated from the neighbouring ones, by its particular gate, which is kept shut at night.

## CHAPTER XVII.

1. p. 231. *Masr*: Cairo.

2. p. 231. *Kalish*: Canal or cut, communicating with the Nile. That which runs through Cairo and feeds its different birkets or lakes, is opened every year with great solemnity, when the Nile has attained the requisite height.

3. p. 231. *Birkets*: excavated ground in and about Cairo, transformed, after the rise of the Nile, into tanks, on which the inhabitants go in boats.

4. p. 232. *Tried to spit in my own face*: see vol. i. chapter 13, note 2.

5. p. 235. *Franguestan*: land of the Franks; name given by the Mohammedans to Europe.

6. p. 235. *As if it had been his own*: Anastasius can only allude to such trifles as the partition of Poland;

nothing like the Congress of Vienna having yet been witnessed at that period.

7. p. 237. *The jelt:* which the mamlukes practise to cleave at a single stroke with their sabres.

8. p. 238. *Seratches:* domestics of the beys, who are not slaves.

9. p. 239. *Tchibookdjee:* pipe-bearer; from tchibook, pipe.

10. p. 239. *Maallim:* master; Arabic form of address to gentry of an inferior description.

11. p. 239. *The lake Youshekieh:* one of the handsomest birkets or lakes in Cairo.

12. p. 243. *El Azhar:* one of the great religious foundations at Cairo for the promotion of science; but where, of course, all science which is considered as any way militating against the interests of the foundation is utterly discouraged.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

1. p. 249. *Caimakam:* lieutenant or official representative of a public personage. The grand visier, when he takes the command of the Turkish army, leaves his Caimakam at Constantinople.

2. p. 249. *Mokhadam:* servant who, in Egypt, precedes public officers with a staff called nabood, to drive away the mob.

3. p. 249. *Bazirghian:* merchant or purveyor of a man in office, by whom he is paid in drafts on his estates or government.

4. p. 250. *Samoor:* spotted fur, much esteemed in the Levant.

5. p. 251. *Fellahs:* peasants; who in Egypt are all of Ara-

Note

bic extraction, and hold the land according to different tenures; though considered in general as serfs.

6. p. 251. *Kawasses:* servants who follow their masters on foot.

7. p. 251. *Shehoods:* notables of a village or district.

8. p. 252. *Khandgea:* boat for passengers, used on the Nile.

9. p. 256. *Miri:* territorial imposition of Egypt.

## CHAPTER XIX.

11. p. 265. *Hashish:* an intoxicating drug.

2. p. 267. *Haznadar:* treasurer,—from haznè, treasury.

3. p. 268. *Luxuriant crops:* among the Mohammedans slaves are not suffered to let their beards grow: this appendage therefore is always a sign of freedom; and generally marks official dignity, or at least gravity of deportment. Having been once suffered to grow, it is thought indecorous and almost profane again to shave it.

4. p. 269. *Somebody's mother:* allusive to an exclamation of anger, much in use among the Turks.

5. p. 271. *Kohl:* a black and almost impalpable powder, used to tinge the eyelids, and supposed to strengthen the sight.

6. p. 271. *The Padi-shah:* the emperor; title given to the Sultan.

7. p. 272. *Surmeh:* another name for kohl.

8. p. 272. *Henna:* a red juice, extracted from a plant, with which the Egyptians dye their women, and the Persians their horses.

Note

9. p. 273. *Almeh:* the singular of Awali or singers.

10. p. 276. *Clapping her hands:* which in the East, where servants are always in waiting in the room, stands in lieu of ringing the bell.

## CHAPTER XX

1. p. 277. *Abbah:* Arab cloak.

2. p. 281. *Bedaween:* or Bedoween

## CHAPTER XXI

1. p. 294. *Koobbees*, sepulchral chapels.

2. p. 296. *Zauns* vessels which navigate the Red Se

3. p. 296. *Nileh* indigo

## CHAPTER XXII

1. p. 299. *Hadjee*, a pilgrim; from hadj, pilgrimage. All Mohammedans are enjoined by the Prophet to perform that to Mekkah in person, or at least by proxy.

2. p. 299. *Kaaba* the holy house of Mekkah, originally built by the angels in Paradise: in its wall is inserted the black stone, probably of atmospheric origin, already worshipped by the Arabs previous to Mohammed, who found the superstition in its favour too deeply rooted to contend with.

Note

3. p. 299. *Coorban Bayram:* festival which takes place forty days after that of the Bayram.

4. p. 299. *Kishr:* a beverage much used in Arabia.

5. p. 302. *Dives:* celebrated magicians.

6. p. 302. *The bird roc:* a fabulous bird of prodigious size.

7. p. 302. *Simoom:* the poisonous wind of the desert.

8. p. 303. It is customary with men of letters in Arabia to assume a number of surnames, borrowed from different circumstances.

9. p. 304. *The balance Wezn:* in which, according to the koran, are weighed man's good and evil actions.

10. p. 306. *Afrite:* evil spirit; demon.

11. p. 306. *Birket-el-hadj:* the lake near Cairo, on whose banks the pilgrims bound for Mekkah assemble.

12. p. 308. *The Shereeff of Mekkah:* the prince or sovereign of the country.

13. p. 308. *Djezzar:* whom it fell to our lot to defend against Bonaparte.

14. p. 308. *The Hadj:* or caravan of pilgrims.

15. p. 309. *Bosniac guard:* some of the Turkish pashas or governors of provinces have Bosniac soldiers for their body guards, as others have Albanians, and others Koords or Turkmen.

16. p. 309. *Deli-bash:* or officer of dellis.

17. p. 313. *Firmans:* passports from the Grand Signior.

18. p. 313. *Crals:* petty sovereigns of christendom.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

1. p. 317. *Seraff:* cashier, banker.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Note

1. p. 338. *Before the holy doors.* According to the ritual of the Greek church the priesthood alone enters the sanctuary, which is divided from the nave by a screen, the doors of which are called the holy doors.

## CHAPTER XXV.

1. p. 345. *The infidel hill:* on which stands Pera, the quarter of the Franks.
2. p. 348. *Capidjee:* gentleman usher of the Grand Signior. The capidjees are wont to carry to the governors of provinces the commands, favours, and bowstrings of the Sultan.
3. p. 350. *Iskiudar:* Scutari; situated opposite Constantinople, on the Asiatic shore.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

1. p. 364. *Neu-Moni*: rich monastery in the island of Chios.
2. p. 365. *Fior di Levante*: emphatic epithet of praise given by the Greek islanders to Chios.
3. p. 372. *Despots*: title given to the Greek archbishops.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

1. p. 396. *His Koordish body-guard:* The Koords and Turk-

Note

men are mountaineers of Anadoly, who often carry their tents to a great distance from their native provinces, combine a predatory with a pastoral life, and form the body-guard of the Asiatic pashas, as the mountaineers of Albania form that of the governors of Turkey in Europe.

2. p. 397. *Deltis*: properly madmen: species of troops who in the Turkish army act as the forlorn hope.

3. p. 398. *Bairak*: company.

4. p. 401. *Which in fact he had*: namely Alexander—or Iskander—bey; commonly called by the Franks Scanderbeg.

5. p. 405. *Tootoondjee*: officer who carries the tobacco-pouch of a great man.

END OF VOL. I.